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THE

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A MAGAZINE OF

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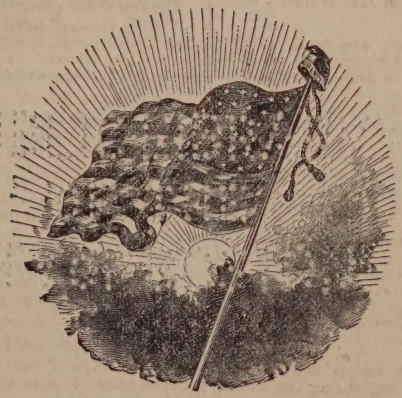

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THE

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LADY WENTWORTH.

ONE hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,
Neat as a pin and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,
And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair.
For from his lofty station he had seen
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four in hand,
Down the long lane and out into the land,
And knew that he was far upon the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!

Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare, —
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon;
A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore

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A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace, —
The slender form, the delicate, thin face;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced:
And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say
These words, or thought he did, as plain as day:
"O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go
About the town half dressed, and looking so!"
At which the gypsy laughed, and straight replied:
"No matter how I look; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma'am." And on the child
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner, and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,
Drew his august attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,
While all alone within the chariot sat
A portly person with three-cornered hat,
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast;
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea, —
A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great highroad,
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air, —
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye, —
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs;

Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,
A widower and childless; and he felt
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom
That like a presence haunted every room;
For though not given to weakness, he could feel
The pain of wounds that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went, — seven in all, —
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall;
The dawns their splendor through its chambers shed,
The sunsets flushed its western windows red;
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain;
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved;
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining through;
A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
Through her each room was fair to look upon,
The mirrors glistened and the brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of Time, that never for an hour stands still,
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday
And powdered his brown hair with silver-gray.
The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with his jocund carolling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May, —
All welcomed this majestic holiday!
He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers, —
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest,
For why repeat the name of every guest?

But I must mention one, in bands and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church; with smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and said grace;
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there stood
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How lady-like, how queen-like she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty!
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there,
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
"This is my birthday; it shall likewise be
My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified,
None more so than the rector, who replied:
"Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
Your Excellency; but to whom, I ask?"
The Governor answered: "To this lady here";
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.
She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried:
"This is the lady; do you hesitate?
Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."
The rector read the service loud and clear:
"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
And so on to the end. At his command,
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring; and that was all:
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

Henry W. Longfellow.

SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

IT was a day in early spring; and as that sweet, genial time of year and atmosphere calls out tender greenness from the ground, — beautiful flowers, or leaves that look beautiful because so long unseen under the snow and decay, — so the pleasant air and warmth had called out three young people, who sat on a sunny hillside enjoying the warm day and one another. For they were all friends: two of them young men, and playmates from boyhood; the third, a girl who, two or three years younger than themselves, had been the object of their boy-love, their little rustic, childish gallantries, their budding affections; until, growing all towards manhood and womanhood, they had ceased to talk about such matters, perhaps thinking about them the more.

These three young people were neighbors' children, dwelling in houses that stood by the side of the great Lexington road, along a ridgy hill that rose abruptly behind them, its brow covered with a wood, and which stretched, with one or two breaks and interruptions, into the heart of the village of Concord, the county town. It was in the side of this hill that, according to tradition, the first settlers of the village had burrowed in caverns which they had dug out for their shelter, like swallows and woodchucks. As its slope was towards the south, and its ridge and crowning woods defended them from the northern blasts and snow-drifts, it was an admirable situation for the fierce New England winter; and the temperature was milder, by several degrees, along this hillside than on the unprotected plains, or by the river, or in any other part of Concord. So that here, during the hundred years that had elapsed since the first settlement of the place, dwellings had successively risen close to the hill's foot, and the meadow that lay on the other side of the road — a fertile tract — had been cultivated; and these three young people were the childrens' childrens' children of persons of respectability who had dwelt there, — Rose Garfield, in a small house, the site of which is still indicated by the cavity of a cellar, in which I this very past summer planted some sunflowers to thrust their great disks out from the hollow and allure the bee and the humming-bird; Robert Hagburn, in a house of somewhat more pretension, a hundred yards or so nearer to the village, standing back from the road in the broader space which the retreating hill, cloven by a gap in that place, afforded; where some elms intervened between it and the road, offering a site which some person of a natural taste for the gently picturesque had seized upon. Those same elms, or their successors, still flung a noble shade over the same old house, which the magic hand of Alcott has improved by the touch that throws grace, amiableness, and natural beauty over scenes that have little pretension in themselves.

Now, the other young man, Septimius Felton, dwelt in a small wooden house, then, I suppose, of some score of years' standing, — a two-story house, gabled before, but with only two rooms on a floor, crowded upon by the hill behind, — a house of thick walls, as if the projector had that sturdy feeling of permanence in life which incites people to make strong their earthly habitations, as if deluding themselves with the idea that they could still inhabit them; in short, an ordinary dwelling of a well-to-do New England farmer, such as his race had been for two or three generations past, although there were traditions of ancestors who had led lives of thought and study, and possessed all the erudition that the universities of England could bestow. Whether any natural turn for study had descended to Septimius from these worthies, or how his

tendencies came to be different from those of his family, — who, within the memory of the neighborhood, had been content to sow and reap the rich field in front of their homestead, — so it was, that Septimius had early manifested a taste for study. By the kind aid of the good minister of the town he had been fitted for college; had passed through Cambridge by means of what little money his father had left him and by his own exertions in school-keeping; and was now a recently decorated baccalaureate, with, as was understood, a purpose to devote himself to the ministry, under the auspices of that reverend and good friend whose support and instruction had already stood him in such stead.

Now here were these young people, on that beautiful spring morning, sitting on the hillside, a pleasant spectacle of fresh life, — pleasant, as if they had sprouted like green things under the influence of the warm sun. The girl was very pretty, a little freckled, a little tanned, but with a face that glimmered and gleamed with quick and cheerful expressions; a slender form, not very large, with a quick grace in its movements; sunny hair that had a tendency to curl, which she probably favored at such moments as her household occupation left her; a sociable and pleasant child, as both of the young men evidently thought. Robert Hagburn, one might suppose, would have been the most to her taste; a ruddy, burly young fellow, handsome, and free of manner, six feet high, famous through the neighborhood for strength and athletic skill, the early promise of what was to be a man fit for all offices of active rural life, and to be, in mature age, the selectman, the deacon, the representative, the colonel. As for Septimius, let him alone a moment or two, and then they would see him, with his head bent down, brooding, brooding, his eyes fixed on some chip, some stone, some common plant, any commonest thing, as if it were the clew and index to some mystery; and when, by chance startled out of these meditations, he lifted his eyes, there would be a kind of perplexity, a dissatisfied, foiled look in them, as if of his speculations he found no end. Such was now the case, while Robert and the girl were running on with a gay talk about a serious subject, so that, gay as it was, it was interspersed with little thrills of fear on the girl's part, of excitement on Robert's. Their talk was of public trouble.

"My grandfather says," said Rose Garfield, "that we shall never be able to stand against old England, because the men are a weaker race than he remembers in his day, — weaker than his father, who came from England, — and the women slighter still; so that we are dwindling away, grandfather thinks; only a little sprightlier, he says sometimes, looking at me."

"Lighter, to be sure," said Robert Hagburn; "there is the lightness of the Englishwomen compressed into little space. I have seen them, and know. And as to the men, Rose, if they have lost one spark of courage and strength that their English forefathers brought from the old land, — lost any one good quality without having made it up by as good or better, — then, for my part, I don't want the breed to exist any longer. And this war, that they say is coming on, will be a good opportunity to test the matter. Septimius! don't you think so?"

"Think what?" asked Septimius, gravely, lifting up his head.

"Think! why, that your countrymen are worthy to live," said Robert Hagburn, impatiently. "For there is a question on that point."

"It is hardly worth answering or considering," said Septimius, looking at him thoughtfully. "We live so little while, that (always setting aside the effect on a future existence) it is little matter whether we live or no."

"Little matter!" said Rose, at first bewildered, then laughing, — "little matter! when it is such a comfort to live, so pleasant, so sweet!"

"Yes, and so many things to do," said Robert; "to make fields yield prod-

uce; to be busy among men, and happy among the women-folk; to play, work, fight, and be active in many ways."

"Yes; but so soon stilled, before your activity has come to any definite end," responded Septimius, gloomily. "I doubt, if it had been left to my choice, whether I should have taken existence on such terms; so much trouble of preparation to live, and then no life at all; a ponderous beginning, and nothing more."

"Do you find fault with Providence, Septimius?" asked Rose, a feeling of solemnity coming over her cheerful and buoyant nature. Then she burst out a-laughing. "How grave he looks, Robert; as if he had lived two or three lives already, and knew all about the value of it. But I think it was worth while to be born, if only for the sake of one such pleasant spring morning as this; and God gives us many and better things when these are past."

"We hope so," said Septimius, who was again looking on the ground. "But who knows?"

"I thought you knew," said Robert Hagburn. "You have been to college, and have learned, no doubt, a great many things. You are a student of theology, too, and have looked into these matters. Who should know, if not you?"

"Rose and you have just as good means of ascertaining these points as I," said Septimius; "all the certainty that can be had lies on the surface, as it should, and equally accessible to every man or woman. If we try to grope deeper, we labor for naught, and get less wise while we try to be more so. If life were long enough to enable us thoroughly to sift these matters, then, indeed! — but it is so short!"

"Always this same complaint," said Robert. "Septimius, how long do you wish to live?"

"Forever!" said Septimius. "It is none too long for all I wish to know."

"Forever?" exclaimed Rose, and shivering doubtfully. "Ah, there would come many, many thoughts, and after a while we should want a little rest."

"Forever?" said Robert Hagburn. "And what would the people do who wish to fill our places? You are unfair, Septimius. Live and let live! Turn about! Give me my seventy years, and let me go, — my seventy years of what this life has, — toil, enjoyment, suffering, struggle, fight, rest, — only let me have my share of what 's going, and I shall be content."

"Content with leaving everything at odd ends; content with being nothing, as you were before!"

"No, Septimius, content with heaven at last," said Rose, who had come out of her laughing mood into a sweet seriousness. "O dear! think what a worn and ugly thing one of these fresh little blades of grass would seem if it were not to fade and wither in its time, after being green in its time."

"Well, well, my pretty Rose," said Septimius apart, "an immortal weed is not very lovely to think of, that is true; but I should be content with one thing, and that is yourself, if you were immortal, just as you are at seventeen, so fresh, so dewy, so red-lipped, so golden-haired, so gay, so frolicsome, so gentle."

"But I am to grow old, and to be brown, and wrinkled, gray-haired and ugly," said Rose, rather sadly, as she thus enumerated the items of her decay, "and then you would think me all lost and gone. But still there might be youth underneath, for one that really loved me to see. Ah, Septimius Felton! such love as would see with ever new eyes is the true love." And she ran away and left him suddenly, and Robert Hagburn departing at the same time, this little knot of three was dissolved, and Septimius went along the wayside wall, thoughtfully, as was his wont, to his own dwelling. He had stopped for some moments on the threshold, vaguely enjoying, it is probable, the light and warmth of the new spring day and the sweet air, which was somewhat unwonted to the young man, because he was accustomed to spend much of his day in thought and study within doors, and, indeed, like most

studious young men, was overfond of the fireside, and of making life as artificial as he could, by fireside heat and lamplight, in order to suit it to the artificial, intellectual, and moral atmosphere which he derived from books, instead of living healthfully in the open air, and among his fellow-beings. Still he felt the pleasure of being warmed through by this natural heat, and though blinking a little from its superfluity, could not but confess an enjoyment and cheerfulness in this flood of morning light that came aslant the hillside. While he thus stood, he felt a friendly hand laid upon his shoulder, and looking up, there was the minister of the village, the old friend of Septimius, to whose advice and aid it was owing that Septimius had followed his instincts by going to college, instead of spending a thwarted and dissatisfied life in the field that fronted the house. He was a man of middle age, or little beyond, of a sagacious, kindly aspect; the experience, the lifelong, intimate acquaintance with many concerns of his people being more apparent in him than the scholarship for which he had been early distinguished. A tanned man, like one who labored in his own grounds occasionally; a man of homely, plain address, which, when occasion called for it, he could readily exchange for the polished manner of one who had seen a more refined world than this about him.

"Well, Septimius," said the minister, kindly, "have you yet come to my conclusion about the subject of which we have been talking?"

"Only so far, sir," replied Septimius, "that I find myself every day less inclined to take up the profession which I have had in view so many years. I do not think myself fit for the sacred desk."

"Surely not; no one is," replied the clergyman; "but if I may trust my own judgment, you have at least many of the intellectual qualifications that should adapt you to it. There is something of the Puritan character in you, Septimius, derived from holy men among your ancestors; as, for instance, a deep, brooding turn, such as befits that heavy brow; a disposition to meditate on things hidden; a turn for meditative inquiry; — all these things, with grace to boot, mark you as the germ of a man who might do God service. Your reputation as a scholar stands high at college. You have not a turn for worldly business."

"Ah, but, sir," said Septimius, casting down his heavy brows, "I lack something within."

"Faith, perhaps," replied the minister; "at least, you think so."

"Cannot I know it?" asked Septimius.

"Scarcely, just now," said his friend. "Study for the ministry; bind your thoughts to it; pray; ask a belief, and you will soon find you have it. Doubts may occasionally press in; and it is so with every clergyman. But your prevailing mood will be faith."

"It has seemed to me," observed Septimius, "that it is not the prevailing mood, the most common one, that is to be trusted. This is habit, formality, the shallow covering which we close over what is real, and seldom suffer to be blown aside. But it is the snake-like doubt that thrusts out its head, which gives us a glimpse of reality. Surely such moments are a hundred times as real as the dull, quiet moments of faith, or what you call such."

"I am sorry for you," said the minister; "yet to a youth of your frame of character, of your ability I will say, and your requisition for something profound in the grounds of your belief, it is not unusual to meet this trouble. Men like you have to fight for their faith. They fight in the first place to win it, and ever afterwards to hold it. The Devil tilts with them daily, and often seems to win."

"Yes; but," replied Septimius, "he takes deadly weapons now. If he meet me with the cold pure steel of a spiritual argument, I might win or lose, and still not feel that all was lost; but he takes, as it were, a great clod of earth,

massive rocks and mud, soil and dirt, and flings it at me overwhelmingly; so that I am buried under it."

"How is that?" said the minister. "Tell me more plainly."

"May it not be possible," asked Septimius, "to have too profound a sense of the marvellous contrivance and adaptation of this material world to require or believe in anything spiritual? How wonderful it is to see it all alive on this spring day, all growing, budding! Do we exhaust it in our little life? Not so; not in a hundred or a thousand lives. The whole race of man, living from the beginning of time, have not, in all their number and multiplicity and in all their duration, come in the least to know the world they live in! And how is this rich world thrown away upon us, because we live in it such a moment! What mortal work has ever been done since the world began! Because we have no time. No lesson is taught. We are snatched away from our study before we have learned the alphabet. As the world now exists, I confess it to you frankly, my dear pastor and instructor, it seems to me all a failure, because we do not live long enough."

"But the lesson is carried on in another state of being!"

"Not the lesson that we begin here," said Septimius. "We might as well train a child in a primeval forest, to teach him how to live in a European court. No, the fall of man, which Scripture tells us of, seems to me to have its operation in this grievous shortening of earthly existence, so that our life here at all is grown ridiculous."

"Well, Septimius," replied the minister, sadly, yet not as one shocked by what he had never heard before, "I must leave you to struggle through this form of unbelief as best you may, knowing that it is by your own efforts that you must come to the other side of this slough. We will talk further another time. You are getting worn out, my young friend, with much study and anxiety. It were well for you to live more, for the present, in this earthly life that you prize so highly. Cannot you interest yourself in the state of this country, in this coming strife, the voice of which now sounds so hoarsely and so near us? Come out of your thoughts and breathe another air."

"I will try," said Septimius.

"Do," said the minister, extending his hand to him, "and in a little time you will find the change."

He shook the young man's hand kindly, and took his leave, while Septimius entered his house, and turning to the right sat down in his study, where, before the fireplace, stood the table with books and papers. On the shelves around the low-studded walls were more books, few in number but of an erudite appearance, many of them having descended to him from learned ancestors, and having been brought to light by himself after long lying in dusty closets; works of good and learned divines, whose wisdom he had happened, by help of the Devil, to turn to mischief, reading them by the light of hell-fire. For, indeed, Septimius had but given the clergyman the merest partial glimpse of his state of mind. He was not a new beginner in doubt; but, on the contrary, it seemed to him as if he had never been other than a doubter and questioner, even in his boyhood; believing nothing, although a thin veil of reverence had kept him from questioning some things. And now the new, strange thought of the sufficiency of the world for man, if man were only sufficient for that, kept recurring to him; and with it came a certain sense, which he had been conscious of before, that he, at least, might never die. The feeling was not peculiar to Septimius. It is an instinct, the meaning of which is mistaken. We have strongly within us the sense of an undying principle, and we transfer that true sense to this life and to the body, instead of interpreting it justly as the promise of spiritual immortality.

So Septimius looked up out of his thoughts, and said proudly: "Why

should I die? I cannot die, if worthy to live. What if I should say this moment that I will not die, not till ages hence, not till the world is exhausted? Let other men die, if they choose or yield; let him that is strong enough live!"

After this flush of heroic mood, however, the glow subsided, and poor Septimius spent the rest of the day as was his wont, poring over his books, in which all the meanings seemed dead and mouldy, and like pressed leaves (some of which dropped out of the books as he opened them), brown, brittle, sapless; so even the thoughts, which when the writers had gathered them seemed to them so brightly colored and full of life. Then he began to see that there must have been some principle of life left out of the book, so that these gathered thoughts lacked something that had given them their only value. Then he suspected that the way truly to live and answer the purposes of life was not to gather up thoughts into books, where they grew so dry, but to live and still be going about, full of green wisdom, ripening ever, not in maxims cut and dry, but a wisdom ready for daily occasions, like a living fountain; and that to be this, it was necessary to exist long on earth, drink in all its lessons, and not to die on the attainment of some smattering of truth; but to live all the more for that; and apply it to mankind, and increase it thereby.

Everything drifted towards the strong, strange eddy into which his mind had been drawn: all his thoughts set hitherward.

So he sat brooding in his study until the shrill-voiced old woman — an aunt, who was his housekeeper and domestic ruler — called him to dinner, — a frugal dinner, — and chided him for seeming inattentive to a dish of early dandelions which she had gathered for him; but yet tempered her severity with respect for the future clerical rank of her nephew, and for his already being a bachelor of arts. The old woman's voice spoke outside of Septimius, rambling away, and he paying little heed, till at last dinner was over, and Septimius drew back his chair, about to leave the table.

"Nephew Septimius," said the old woman, "you began this meal to-day without asking a blessing, you get up from it without giving thanks, and you soon to be a minister of the Word."

"God bless the meat," replied Septimius (by way of blessing), "and make it strengthen us for the life he means us to bear. Thank God for our food," he added (by way of grace), "and may it become a portion in us of an immortal body."

"That sounds good, Septimius," said the old lady. "Ah! you 'll be a mighty man in the pulpit, and worthy to keep up the name of your great-grandfather, who, they say, made the leaves wither on a tree with the fierceness of his blast against a sin. Some say, to be sure, it was an early frost that helped him."

"I never heard that before, Aunt Keziah," said Septimius.

"I warrant you no," replied his aunt. "A man dies, and his greatness perishes as if it had never been, and people remember nothing of him only when they see his gravestone over his old dry bones, and say he was a good man in his day."

"What truth there is in Aunt Keziah's words!" exclaimed Septimius. "And how I hate the thought and anticipation of that contemptuous appreciation of a man after his death. Every living man triumphs over every dead one, as he lies, poor and helpless, under the mould, a pinch of dust, a heap of bones, an evil odor! I hate the thought! It shall not be so!"

It was strange how every little incident thus brought him back to that one subject which was taking so strong hold of his mind; every avenue led thitherward; and he took it for an indication that nature had intended, by innumerable ways, to point out to us the great truth that death was an alien misfortune, a prodigy, a monstrosity, into which man had only fallen

by defect; and that even now, if a man had a reasonable portion of his original strength in him, he might live forever and spurn death.

Our story is an internal one, dealing as little as possible with outward events, and taking hold of these only where it cannot be helped, in order by means of them to delineate the history of a mind bewildered in certain errors. We would not willingly, if we could, give a lively and picturesque surrounding to this delineation, but it is necessary that we should advert to the circumstances of the time in which this inward history was passing. We will say, therefore, that that night there was a cry of alarm passing all through the succession of country towns and rural communities that lay around Boston, and dying away towards the coast and the wilder forest borders. Horsemen galloped past the line of farm-houses shouting alarm! alarm! There were stories of marching troops coming like dreams through the midnight. Around the little rude meeting-houses there was here and there the beat of a drum, and the assemblage of farmers with their weapons. So all that night there was marching, there was mustering, there was trouble; and, on the road from Boston, a steady march of soldiers' feet onward, onward into the land whose last warlike disturbance had been when the red Indians trod it.

Septimius heard it, and knew, like the rest, that it was the sound of coming war. "Fools that men are!" said he, as he rose from bed and looked out at the misty stars; "they do not live long enough to know the value and purport of life, else they would combine together to live long, instead of throwing away the lives of thousands as they do. And what matters a little tyranny in so short a life? What matters a form of government for such ephemeral creatures!"

As morning brightened, these sounds, this clamor, — or something that was in the air and caused the clamor, — grew so loud that Septimius seemed to feel it even in his solitude. It was in the atmosphere, — storm, wild excitement, a coming deed. Men hurried along the usually lonely road in groups, with weapons in their hands, — the old fowling-piece of seven-foot barrel, with which the Puritans had shot ducks on the river and Walden Pond; the heavy harquebus, which perhaps had levelled one of King Philip's Indians; the old King gun, that blazed away at the French of Louisburg or Quebec, — hunter, husbandman, all were hurrying each other. It was a good time, everybody felt, to be alive, a nearer kindred, a closer sympathy between man and man; a sense of the goodness of the world, of the sacredness of country, of the excellence of life; and yet its slight account compared with any truth, any principle; the weighing of the material and ethereal, and the finding the former not worth considering, when, nevertheless, it had so much to do with the settlement of the crisis. The ennobling of brute force; the feeling that it had its godlike side; the drawing of heroic breath amid the scenes of ordinary life, so that it seemed as if they had all been transfigured since yesterday. O, high, heroic, tremulous juncture, when man felt himself almost an angel; on the verge of doing deeds that outwardly look so fiendish! O, strange rapture of the coming battle! We know something of that time now; we that have seen the muster of the village soldiery on the meeting-house green, and at railway stations; and heard the drum and fife, and seen the farewells; seen the familiar faces that we hardly knew, now that we felt them to be heroes; breathed higher breath for their sakes; felt our eyes moistened; thanked them in our souls for teaching us that nature is yet capable of heroic moments; felt how a great impulse lifts up a people, and every cold, passionless, indifferent spectator, — lifts him up into religion, and makes him join in what becomes an act of devotion, a prayer, when perhaps he but half approves.

Septimius could not study on a morning like this. He tried to say to him-

self that he had nothing to do with this excitement; that his studious life kept him away from it; that his intended profession was that of peace; but say what he might to himself, there was a tremor, a bubbling impulse, a tingling in his ears, — the page that he opened glimmered and dazzled before him.

"Septimius! Septimius!" cried Aunt Keziah, looking into the room, "in Heaven's name, are you going to sit here to-day, and the red-coats coming to burn the house over our heads? Must I sweep you out with the broomstick? For shame, boy! for shame!"

"Are they coming, then, Aunt Keziah?" asked her nephew. "Well, I am not a fighting-man."

"Certain they are. They have sacked Lexington, and slain the people, and burnt the meeting-house. That concerns even the parsons; and you reckon yourself among them. Go out, go out, I say, and learn the news!"

Whether moved by these exhortations, or by his own stifled curiosity, Septimius did at length issue from his door, though with that reluctance which hampers and impedes men whose current of thought and interest runs apart from that of the world in general; but forth he came, feeling strangely, and yet with a strong impulse to fling himself headlong into the emotion of the moment. It was a beautiful morning, spring-like and summer-like at once. If there had been nothing else to do or think of, such a morning was enough for life only to breathe its air and be conscious of its inspiring influence.

Septimius turned along the road towards the village, meaning to mingle with the crowd on the green, and there learn all he could of the rumors that vaguely filled the air, and doubtless were shaping themselves into various forms of fiction.

As he passed the small dwelling of Rose Garfield, she stood on the doorstep, and bounded forth a little way to meet him, looking frightened, excited, and yet half pleased, but strangely pretty; prettier than ever before, owing to some hasty adornment or other, that she would never have succeeded so well in giving to herself if she had had more time to do it in.

"Septimius — Mr. Felton," cried she, asking information of him who, of all men in the neighborhood, knew nothing of the intelligence afloat; but it showed a certain importance that Septimius had with her. "Do you really think the red-coats are coming? Ah, what shall we do? What shall we do? But you are not going to the village, too, and leave us all alone?"

"I know not whether they are coming or no, Rose," said Septimius, stopping to admire the young girl's fresh beauty, which made a double stroke upon him by her excitement, and, moreover, made her twice as free with him as ever she had been before; for there is nothing truer than that any breaking up of the ordinary state of things is apt to shake women out of their proprieties, break down barriers, and bring them into perilous proximity with the world. "Are you alone here? Had you not better take shelter in the village?"

"And leave my poor, bedridden grandmother!" cried Rose, angrily. "You know I can't, Septimius. But I suppose I am in no danger. Go to the village, if you like."

"Where is Robert Hagburn?" asked Septimius.

"Gone to the village this hour past, with his grandfather's old firelock on his shoulder," said Rose; "he was running bullets before daylight."

"Rose, I will stay with you," said Septimius.

"O gracious, here they come, I 'm sure!" cried Rose. "Look yonder at the dust. Mercy! a man at a gallop!"

In fact, along the road, a considerable stretch of which was visible, they heard the clatter of hoofs and saw a little cloud of dust approaching at the rate of a gallop, and disclosing, as it drew near, a hatless countryman in his shirt-sleeves, who, bending over his horse's neck, applied a cart-whip

lustily to the animal's flanks, so as to incite him to most unwonted speed. At the same time, glaring upon Rose and Septimius, he lifted up his voice and shouted in a strange, high tone, that communicated the tremor and excitement of the shouter to each auditor: "Alarum! alarum! alarum! The red-coats! The red-coats! To arms! alarum!"

And trailing this sound far wavering behind him like a pennon, the eager horseman dashed onward to the village.

"O dear, what shall we do?" cried Rose, her eyes full of tears, yet dancing with excitement. "They are coming! they are coming! I hear the drum and fife."

"I really believe they are," said Septimius, his cheek flushing and growing pale, not with fear, but the inevitable tremor, half painful, half pleasurable, of the moment. "Hark! there was the shrill note of a fife. Yes, they are coming!"

He tried to persuade Rose to hide herself in the house; but that young person would not be persuaded to do so, clinging to Septimius in a way that flattered while it perplexed him. Besides, with all the girl's fright, she had still a good deal of courage, and much curiosity too, to see what these red-coats were of whom she heard such terrible stories.

"Well, well, Rose," said Septimius; "I doubt not we may stay here without danger, — you, a woman, and I, whose profession is to be that of peace and good-will to all men. They cannot, whatever is said of them, be on an errand of massacre. We will stand here quietly; and, seeing that we do not fear them, they will understand that we mean them no harm."

They stood, accordingly, a little in front of the door by the well-curb, and soon they saw a heavy cloud of dust, from amidst which shone bayonets; and anon, a military band, which had hitherto been silent, struck up, with drum und fife to which the tramp of a thousand feet fell in regular order; then came the column, moving massively, and the red-coats who seemed somewhat wearied by a long night-march, dusty, with bedraggled gaiters, covered with sweat which had run down from their powdered locks. Nevertheless, these ruddy, lusty Englishmen marched stoutly, as men that needed only a half-hour's rest, a good breakfast, and a pot of beer apiece, to make them ready to face the world. Nor did their faces look anywise rancorous; but at most, only heavy, cloddish, good-natured, and humane.

"O heavens, Mr. Felton!" whispered Rose, "why should we shoot these men, or they us? they look kind, if homely. Each of them has a mother and sisters, I suppose, just like our men."

"It is the strangest thing in the world that we can think of killing them," said Septimius. "Human life is so precious."

Just as they were passing the cottage, a halt was called by the commanding officer, in order that some little rest might get the troops into a better condition and give them breath before entering the village, where it was important to make as imposing a show as possible. During this brief stop, some of the soldiers approached the well-curb, near which Rose and Septimius were standing, and let down the bucket to satisfy their thirst. A young officer, a petulant boy, extremely handsome, and of gay and buoyant deportment, also came up.

"Get me a cup, pretty one," said he, patting Rose's cheek with great freedom, though it was somewhat and indefinitely short of rudeness; "a mug, or something to drink out of, and you shall have a kiss for your pains."

"Stand off, sir!" said Septimius, fiercely; "it is a coward's part to insult a woman."

"I intend no insult in this," replied the handsome young officer, suddenly snatching a kiss from Rose, before she could draw back. "And if you think it so, my good friend, you had better take your weapon and get as much

satisfaction as you can, shooting at me from behind a hedge."

Before Septimius could reply or act, — and, in truth, the easy presumption of the young Englishman made it difficult for him, an inexperienced recluse as he was, to know what to do or say, — the drum beat a little tap, recalling the soldiers to their rank and to order. The young officer hastened back, with a laughing glance at Rose and a light, contemptuous look of defiance at Septimius; the drums rattling out in full beat, and the troops marched on.

"What impertinence!" said Rose, whose indignant color made her look pretty enough almost to excuse the offence.

It is not easy to see how Septimius could have shielded her from the insult; and yet he felt inconceivably outraged and humiliated at the thought that this offence had occurred while Rose was under his protection, and he responsible for her. Besides, somehow or other, he was angry with her for having undergone the wrong, though certainly most unreasonably; for the whole thing was quicker done than said.

"You had better go into the house now, Rose," said he, "and see to your bedridden grandmother."

"And what will you do, Septimius?" asked she.

"Perhaps I will house myself, also," he replied. "Perhaps take yonder proud red-coat's counsel, and shoot him behind a hedge."

"But not kill him outright; I suppose he has a mother and a sweetheart, the handsome young officer," murmured Rose pityingly to herself.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE GUESTS OF NIGHT.

I RIDE in a gloomy land,
I travel a ghostly shore, —
Shadows on either hand,
Darkness behind and before;
Veils of the summer night
Dusking the woods I know;
A whisper haunts the height,
And the rivulet croons below.

A waft from the roadside bank
Tells where the wild-rose nods;
The hollows are heavy and dank
With the steam of the golden-rods:
Incense of Night and Death,
Odors of Life and Day,
Meet and mix in a breath,
Drug me, and lapse away.

Is it the hand of the Past,
Stretched forth from its open tomb,
Or a spell from thy glamoury cast,
O mellow and mystic Gloom?
All, wherein I have part,
All that was loss or gain,
Slips from the clasping heart,
Breaks from the grasping brain.

Lo, what is left? I am bare
As a new-born soul, — I am naught;
My deeds are as dust in air,
My words are as ghosts of thought.
I ride through the night alone,
Detached from the life that seemed,
And the best I have felt or known
Is less than the least I dreamed.

But the Night, like Agrippa's glass,
Now, as I question it, clears;
Over its vacancy pass
The shapes of the crowded years;
Meanest and most august,
Hated or loved, I see
The dead that have long been dust,
The living, so dead to me!

Place in the world's applause?
Nay, there is nothing there!
Strength from unyielding laws?
A gleam, and the glass is bare.
The lines of a life in song?
Faint runes on the rocks of time?
I see but a formless throng
Of shadows that fall or climb.

What else? Am I then despoiled
Of the garments I wove and wore?
Have I so refrained and toiled,
To find there is naught in store?
I have loved, — I love! Behold,
How the steady pictures rise!
And the shadows are pierced with gold
From the stars of immortal eyes.

Nearest or most remote,
But dearest, hath none delayed;
And the spirits of kisses float
O'er the lips that never fade.
The Night each guest denies
Of the hand or haughty brain,
But the loves that were, arise,
And the loves that are, remain.

Bayard Taylor.

COLLEGE DAYS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

JEFFERSON was a stripling of seventeen, tall, raw-boned, freckled, and sandy-haired, when, in 1760, he came to Williamsburg from the Far West of Virginia, to enter the College of William and Mary. With his large feet and hands, his thick wrists, and prominent cheek-bones and chin, he could not have been accounted handsome or graceful. He is described, however, as a fresh, bright, healthy-looking youth, as straight as a gun-barrel, sinewy and strong, with that alertness of movement which comes of early familiarity with saddle, gun, canoe, minuet, and country dance, — that sure, elastic tread and ease of bearing which we still observe in country-bred lads who have been exempt from the ruder toils of agriculture, while enjoying, in full measure, the freedom and the sports of the country. His teeth, too, were perfect, which alone redeems a countenance destitute of other charm; his eyes, which were of hazel-gray, were beaming and expressive; and his demeanor gave assurance of a gentle heart and sympathetic, inquisitive mind.

Such lads, eager and unformed, still come to college from honest country homes, in regions where agriculture is carried on upon a scale that allows some leisure to the farmer's family, some liberality of expenditure, books, music, a tincture of art, and hospitable habits. How welcome, how dear, to instructors worthy of them, are such unhackneyed minds in bodies unimpaired!

The abode of this youth was a hundred and fifty miles to the northwest of Williamsburg, among the mountains of Central Virginia, near where the river Rivanna, an important tributary, enters the James. His home was a plain, spacious farm-house, a story and a half high, with four large rooms and a wide entry on the ground floor, and many garret chambers above. The farm was nineteen hundred acres of land, part of it densely wooded, and some of it so steep and rocky as to be unfit for cultivation. The fields near the river were strong land, not yet (though soon to be) worn past the profitable culture of tobacco; but the upper portions were well suited to the grains and roots familiar to the farmers of the Middle States. For sixty years the staple product of all that fine mountain region, with its elevated fields, its far-reaching valleys and rapid streams, was wheat, which the swift tributaries ground into flour, and the yellow James bore down its tranquil tide to Richmond, distant from the Jefferson home two days' ride. The rustle of wheat-ears was familiar music to Thomas Jefferson from infancy to hoary age.

The farm was tilled, at this period, by thirty slaves, — equivalent to about fifteen farm hands. The circumstances of the family were easy, not affluent. Almost every common thing they consumed was grown or made at home, — all the common fabrics and ordinary clothing; and of home-made commodities they had an abundance; but the thirty pounds sterling per annum in cash, which the student was to expend at Williamsburg for his board and tuition, was not so light a charge upon the estate as it sounds to us. The entire expense of his maintenance away from home may have been fifty pounds a year; which was probably not less than half the sum that could be taken properly from the annual product of the farm and shops, after all the home charges had been paid. The yeomen of Virginia, though they enjoyed a profusion of the necessaries of life, were sometimes sorely put to it when a sum of money was to be raised.

This student of seventeen, through

the death of his father three years before, was already the head of the family, and, under a guardian, the owner of the Shadwell farm, the best portion of his father's estate.

The happy results that spring from the intermingling, by marriage, of families long cultured, with families more vigorous and less refined, has been often remarked. Such conjunctions gave us Shakespeare and Goethe. A novelist of the day tells us of a ducal house which, on system, married a plebeian estate every other generation, which renewed, at once, its blood and its fortunes. The material point was the renewal of the blood, which brings with it the brain, the stamina, and the self-control by which great houses are founded and all great things are done. If, at the present time, there is an aristocracy in Europe which in any respectable degree earns its wages, it is that aristocracy which has oftenest renewed itself by the strenuous blood of men who have won commanding places by sheer strength of mind and purpose. The world would never have heard of the Palmerstons if the second lord had not wooed and won the admirable daughter of a Dublin tradesman; nor of Brougham, if the father of the late lord had married, as he intended, in his native country and class. Nature so delights in uniting opposites, that she seals with the unmistakable signet of her approbation the coming together of opposites artificially produced, ancient culture and plebeian force.

Peter Jefferson, the father of the student, was a superb specimen of a class nearly extinct in Great Britain which used to be called yeomen, — farmers who owned the soil they tilled, but had no pretensions to aristocratic rank, — a class intermediate in a parish between the squire and his tenants. In old Virginia, yeomen were farmers who, beginning life with little capital besides a strong arm and an energetic will, had taken up a tract of land to the westward of the great tobacco region of Virginia, and gradually worked their way to the possession of a cleared farm and a few families of slaves. In this manner Peter Jefferson, and his father before him, had achieved an independent position; stanch yeomen both, of strong, unlettered sense, and of signal ability in the conduct of business; enterprising and methodical; liberal but exact; good at figures, with a clear, careful handwriting, and an aptitude for mechanics. The family was of Welsh extraction. The first of the name in Virginia, it is well worth noting, was a member of that Virginia Assembly of 1619, the first legislative body ever convened on the Western continent, the summoning of which ended the twelve years' anarchy that followed the planting of the Colony, and notified the colonists that, in crossing the sea, they had lost none of the rights of Englishmen. All that is important, characteristic, and hopeful in the history of America dates from the meeting of that Assembly; and an ancestor of Thomas Jefferson was a member of it. Virginia then contained six hundred white inhabitants. The church nearest his farm was called the "Jefferson Church" for a hundred years after his death, and the ruins of it were visible as late as 1856.

Peter Jefferson, a younger son, and therefore having little to expect from his father, made his entrance into responsible life by the door which, many years later, admitted the son of another Virginia yeoman, George Washington. He learned the art of surveying land, — a kind of liberal profession in a new country. He practised this profession in his native county of Chesterfield, and in all the region trodden by the Confederate armies and torn by Federal cannon during the long siege of Richmond and Petersburg, — cities which then existed only in the prophetic minds of men like Colonel Byrd, who marked both as the sites of towns when as yet not a tree of the primeval forest had been felled. Like George Washington, too, this young surveyor owed his rise in the social scale to a marriage; though it was Peter Jefferson's happier fortune to win a maiden

heart, and to create for her the home over which he asked her to preside. What a pretty romance it was! The athletic youth, master of his surveyor's chain and knowledge, a natural Prince of the Frontier, becomes knit in an ardent, young man's friendship with William Randolph, son of one of those flourishing Randolphs who lived in such lordly state, in the good old barbaric days, when the soil of Virginia was still unworn, when negroes were twenty-five guineas "a head," and tobacco brought four pence a pound in London docks. Together they visit an uncle of William Randolph, seated on a vast plantation on the James, some miles below the mouth of the Rivanna, — one of the few grand houses of Virginia where knowledge and taste were more conspicuous than pride and profusion. Isham Randolph was the name of this tobacco lord, and his eldest daughter was Jane. She was born while the family were living in London, where her father knew Peter Collinson, wool merchant, botanist, and friend of Pennsylvania; also Hans Sloane, founder of the British Museum, and all that circle of the Royal Society's more active members.

She was not too lightly won, this daughter of a stately house. Peter Jefferson was twenty-eight and she seventeen when he mounted and rode a hundred miles to the northwest of his home, and fifty miles beyond hers, and bought his first thousand acres on the Rivanna, and began to hew out a farm and home. Within half a day's ride, the smoke of only three or four settlers' cabins floated up through small clearings to the sky, and the trail of Indians was to be seen in the woods. For two years he wrought there in the forest, aided, doubtless, by a slave family or two; and when he had cleared a few fields and built something a little better than a cabin, he went to Dungeness, and brought home his bride, Jane Randolph. To do her honor, he named their abode Shadwell, because it was in a London parish of that name that she first saw the light. He was married in 1738. Five years after — April 13, 1743 — his third child was born, whom he named Thomas, that student who stands at the threshold of William and Mary College, waiting our convenience to be admitted.

Of this adventurous lady, who gave her hand to Peter Jefferson and rode by his side to their home in the woods, we only know that she was the child of an intelligent and hospitable father; and this one fact comes to us by a strange and pleasant chance. There was a Quaker farmer near Philadelphia, at the beginning of the last century, named William Bartram, who, while he was resting from the plough one day, under a tree, pulling a daisy to pieces, and observing some of the more obvious marvels of its construction, suddenly awoke to his pitiful ignorance of the vegetable wonders in the midst of which he had lived and labored from childhood. He resumed his toil, but not with the stolid content with his ignorance that he had enjoyed so long. On the fourth day after, raging for knowledge, he hired a man to hold his plough, while he rode to Philadelphia, and brought home a work upon botany in Latin and a Latin grammar. In three months, by a teacher's aid, he could grope his way in the Latin book; in a year he had botanized all over the region round about, and cast longing eyes over the border into Maryland and Virginia. By good management of his farm and servants, — emancipated slaves, — he was able to spend the rest of his life in the study of nature, making wide excursions into neighboring Colonies, until he knew every plant that grew between the Alleghany range and the Atlantic Ocean; becoming at length botanist to the king, at fifty guineas a year, and founding on the banks of the Schuylkill the first botanical garden of America. He and his garden flourished together to a green old age, and he died, at the approach of the British Army during the Revolutionary War, of terror lest the pride of his life should be trampled into ruin by the troops. Among his European corre-

spondents was that assiduous friend of Pennsylvania and of Franklin, Peter Collinson, with whom for fifty years he exchanged letters, seeds, roots, trees, slips, nuts, grafts, birds, turtles, squirrels, and other animals; and it is to their correspondence that Europe owes the profusion of American trees and shrubs that adorn so many parks, gardens, and highways. To the same interchange America was indebted, among other benefits, for those rare kinds of plums, cherries, apricots, gooseberries, and other fruits that flourished for a time, though the climate has since proved too harsh and exacting for them. In a singularly quiet, homely way, those two excellent men, at the cost of a few guineas per annum, conferred solid and lasting benefits upon countless generations of the inhabitants of two continents.

It is in the letters of Peter Collinson to his American friend, that we find allusions to the father of our Jefferson's mother. William Bartram may have seen Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph married; for, a few months before that event, when the botanist was about to make a botanical tour in Virginia, Collinson sends him the names of three or four gentlemen of that Province who were interested in "our science," one of whom was Isham Randolph. "No one," he remarks, "will make thee more welcome"; and he adds, "I take his house to be a very suitable place to make a settlement at, for to take several days' excursions all round, and to return to his house at night." The worthy Quaker favors his somewhat too plain American friend, who was also of Quaker family, with a piece of advice, that gives us some information. "One thing," he says, "I must desire of thee, and do insist that thee oblige me therein: that thou make up that drugget clothes" (a present from Collinson to Bartram) "to go to Virginia in, and not appear to disgrace thyself or me; for though I should not esteem thee less to come to me in what dress thou will, yet these Virginians" (having in his mind's eye his old acquaintances, Isham Randolph and his young family) "are a very gentle, well-dressed people, and look, perhaps, more at a man's outside than his inside. For these and other reasons, pray go very clean, neat, and handsomely dressed in Virginia. Never mind thy clothes; I will send more another time." The benevolent Peter was a dealer in woollens, and sent the rustic Bartram many a good ell of cloth to wear at the great houses in the country.

The botanist visited Isham Randolph's mansion on the James, in and about which, it is said, a hundred servants attended. There he must have seen the eldest daughter of the house at the time when she was busy with preparations for her marriage, and he may have stayed to the wedding feast, and cheered the bride and bridegroom as they rode away on horseback to their new home. He had generous entertainment; of which he sent grateful accounts to his patron in London. Collinson replies, that it was no more than he expected of his friend Isham. "I did not doubt his civility to thee. I only wish to have been there, and shared it with thee." In another letter, the worthy merchant mentions that "our friend, Isham Randolph (a generous, good-natured gentleman, and well respected by most who are acquainted with him)" had agreed to correspond with him on their beloved science. When the news came of Isham Randolph's death, Collinson wrote of him as "the good man" who had gone to his long home, and, he doubted not, was happy.

These glimpses of the father of Jefferson's mother are slight, but they are the more interesting because they confirm the tradition that it was from his mother he derived his temper, his disposition, and his sympathy with living nature.

Though his mother had been the tenderest of women, his father had strength to match her tenderness. Tradition, current in the county where he lived, and gathered by Mr. Randall, whose extensive and sympathetic

work * must remain the great reservoir of information respecting the Jeffersons, reports Peter Jefferson a wonder even of physical force and stature. He had the strength of three strong men. Two hogsheads of tobacco, each weighing a thousand pounds, he could raise at once, from their sides, and stand them upright. When surveying in the wilderness, he could tire out his assistants, and tire out his mules; then eat his mules; and still press on, sleeping alone by night in a hollow tree, to the howling of the wolves, till his task was done. He loved mathematics. He managed his affairs so well that, in twenty years, he was master of a competent estate, and could assign a good plantation to his younger son, after leaving the bulk of his estate to his eldest. But with this strength of character there was genuine intelligence. He relished Shakespeare; and Shakespeare alone can be a liberal education. His fine edition of Shakespeare, still preserved among his relics, attests by its appearance that the man whose property it was loved it, and repaired often to it, during many years, for solace and delight. The Spectator, a new work in his day, and some volumes of Swift, are among the books, once his, that his descendants possess.

County honors, which, at that time and place, could mean nothing but public duties, always difficult, often perilous, never compensated, made him at length the unquestioned chief of that frontier region. When the county was set off and named Albemarle, Peter Jefferson was appointed one of its three justices of the peace; afterwards, county surveyor; then, colonel of the county, chief of provincial honors in old Virginia, in which capacity he was the defender of the frontier against the Indians; finally he was sent to represent his county in the House of Burgesses, which sat at Williamsburg, the capital of the Province. In politics, he was a British Whig, like most of the Western yeomen of the early day; the great planters of the lower country generally affecting Tory politics. For many years he was vestryman of his parish church.

His qualifications were recognized by the royal government. He was out, when his boy was six years old, for several weeks on the line between Virginia and North Carolina, as joint commissioner with Joshua Fry, Professor of Mathematics in William and Mary College, completing the boundary between these two Provinces. Two years after, he was associated with Professor Fry in the construction of the first map of Virginia ever attempted since Captain John Smith's conjectural sketch of 1609. The boy of eight must have seen the surveys and broad sheets spread upon the great table in the family room. Perhaps this honorable connection with one of the college professors may have strengthened, may have originated, the fondest purpose of Peter Jefferson's heart, which was to give his son the best chance for education the Colony afforded.

From this natural chief of men Thomas Jefferson derived his stature, his erectness, his bodily strength, — in which only his father excelled him of the men known or remembered in that county, — his self-reliance, his habit of waiting upon himself, his aversion to parade and ceremony, his tendency to humane politics, his curious exactness in matters of business, his strong bias toward mathematics, mechanics, and architecture. He may have derived from him, too, some traits that limited his ability as an executive chief. One of his father's maxims was, "Never ask another to do for you what you can do for yourself." A man who has to direct extensive affairs and control many men must reverse this maxim, and never do anything himself which he can properly get another to do.

We can hardly imagine a boy better placed for the equal development of mind, body, and character than Thomas Jefferson was during his father's lifetime. That region combines both the charms and the advantages of mountain and plain; for the heights are not

* The Life of Thomas Jefferson, by Henry S. Randall, LL. D. Three vols. New York, 1858.

too difficult of access, and the lowlands are not insalubrious. He could shoot wild turkeys, deer, and all flying game, without going off his father's estate; and past his native fields flowed a river, over which he was early taught to swim his horse. The primeval wilderness covered the mountains, and waved luxuriant in many a valley, — the most conspicuous fact of nature around him till he was long past boyhood. But by the time he was a well-grown lad there were neighbors near and numerous enough for society. His father's official position made him the arbiter between contentious men, and the minister of justice. The lad must have seen his father try many a petty case, and settle many a difference, as well between white men as between whites and Indians.

That liking for Indians which we observe in the writings of Jefferson resulted from his early acquaintance with some of the best of the uncorrupted chiefs who used to visit and stay with his father on their journeys to and from the capital of Virginia. The Indians held his father in that entire respect which they were apt to feel for men who never feared and never deceived them. One of the most vivid recollections of his boyhood was of a famous chief of the Cherokees, named Ontassetè, who went to England on behalf of his people. The boy was in the camp of this chief the evening before his departure for England, and heard him deliver his farewell oration to his tribe, — a scene that he used to describe with animation seventy years after its occurrence. The moon was in full splendor that evening, and it seemed as if it was to that lustrous orb the impassioned orator addressed prayers for his own safety and the protection of his people during his absence. The powerful voice of the speaker, his distinct articulation, his animated gestures, and the silence of the listening Indians sitting motionless in groups by their several fires, filled him with awe and veneration, although he did not understand a word that was spoken.

All the important circumstances of his home come to mind as we brood over scattered indications in old and new Virginia books. We see that giant of a father, steadfast, reserved, even austere, but not ungentle, busy with official labors and the details of farm and barn during the day, and in the evening giving his boy (his only son for many years) lessons in book-keeping and arithmetic; two elder sisters, perhaps, taking their turn at slate and pencil, or sitting with their mother plying the needle: the father, not unfrequently, treating the group to a favorite paper from the Spectator. The morning scene, too, with the mother and her servants, we can infer with much probability from descriptions of similar interiors preserved from that period.

Deeply as Jefferson came to hate slavery, clearly as he foretold the ruin enclosed in the system, he saw it only in its better aspects at his own home. He saw his father patiently drilling negroes, not long from their native Africa, into carpenters, millers, wheelwrights, shoemakers, and farmers. He saw his mother of a morning in her sitting-room, which was well furnished with contrivances for facilitating labor, seated with her daughters and her servants, like Andromache surrounded by her maidens, all busy with household tasks. We possess authority for the picture. Have we not been favored with a glimpse of Mrs. Washington's morning-room at Mount Vernon, — that room which was so "nicely fixed for all sorts of work"? "On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting; on the other, a little colored pet, learning to sew. An old, decent woman was there with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes' winter clothes, while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself. She points out to me several pairs of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished, and presents me with a pair half done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake." Bishop Meade, who quotes this interesting

passage from an old Virginia manuscript, adds that, in other houses (like the home of the Jeffersons) less opulent and containing many children, the mother would have her daughters with her in the same apartment, one spinning, another basting, another winding yarn, another churning, — all vigorously at work ; for, at that day, a plantation was obliged to be nearly self-supplying, and the family at the great house had to do the thinking, contriving, cutting, and doctoring for a family of as many helpless, improvident children as there were slaves.

In such a busy, healthy home as this, with father, mother, two elder sisters, four younger sisters, and a little brother, Thomas Jefferson lived in his boyhood. He was singularly happy in his eldest sister, Jane, whose mind was akin to his own. She was his confidant and companion, and shared his taste for the arts, particularly his early love of music. The family were all reared and baptized in the Church of England, and this sister greatly excelled in singing the few fine old psalm-tunes which then constituted the whole psalmody of the Protestant world. For a century, it is said, there were but five tunes sung in the colonial churches. By the fireside in the winter evenings, and on the banks of their river in the soft, summer twilight, there were family singings, Jane Jefferson's melodious voice leading the choir ; to which was added, as the years went on, the accompaniment of her brother's violin. There must have been much musical feeling in the family to have generated in this boy so profound a passion for music as he exhibited. He speaks of three early tastes as " the passion of his soul," — music, mathematics, and architecture, — and of these the one first developed was music.

The massive instruments with which we are familiar — the piano and the organ — would have been unattainable in a Virginia farm-house at that period, even if they had been sufficiently perfected to warrant transportation so far. The violin, called by its old-fashioned name of the fiddle, king of instruments, was almost the only one generally known in the back countries of the Colonies. In Virginia, when Jefferson and Patrick Henry were merry lads together, both of whom played the fiddle, it appears that almost every farm-house which had a boy in it could boast a fiddle also. Mr. Rives, in his Life of Madison, among many other precious things, preserves the programme of the rustic festivities arranged for St. Andrew's day in 1737, in the next county but one to Jefferson's, Albemarle. It throws light on his early violin, besides showing how English the tone of Virginia was at that period.

First, twenty horses were to run round a three-mile course for a prize of five pounds, no one " to put up a horse unless he had subscribed for the entertainment and paid half a pistole." Next, a hat of the value of twenty shillings was to be cudgelled for. Then, a violin was to be played for by twenty fiddlers, — " no person to have the liberty of playing, *unless he bring a fiddle with him.*" When the prize had been awarded, all the performers were to play together, each a different tune, and to be treated by the company. Next, twelve boys, twelve years of age, were to run one hundred and twelve yards for a hat worth twelve shillings. A " quire of ballads was to be sung for by a number of songsters, all of them to have liquor sufficient to clear their windpipes." A pair of silver buckles was to be wrestled for by " a number of brisk young men." " A pair of handsome shoes " was to be " danced for." A pair of handsome silk stockings of one pistole value was to be given to " the handsomest young country maid that appears in the field." A " handsome entertainment " was also to be provided for the subscribers and their wives ; " and such of them as are not so happy as to have wives, may treat any other lady." Drums, trumpets, and hautboys were to play, and, at the feast, the healths of the king and of the governor were to be drunk.

The programme concluded by notifying the public that, "as this mirth is designed to be purely innocent and void of offence, all persons resorting to these are desired to behave themselves with decency and sobriety; the subscribers being resolved to discountenance all immorality with the utmost rigor."

The prominence assigned to the violin contest in these festivities explains the frequent allusions to it in the early memorials of Virginia, and lessens our surprise at Jefferson's statement, that, during twelve years of his early life, he practised on the violin three hours a day. The innocent instrument, it appears, had an ill name among the stricter religious people of the mountain counties, where "evangelical" principles prevailed. Our zealous young amateur may have heard a sermon once preached in a parish church near his home by Rev. Charles Clay, — cousin of the eloquent Kentuckian, — in which the preacher warned his hearers against the "profanation" of Christmas day by fiddling, dancing, drinking, and such like"; practices, he said, which were only too common in Albemarle. Then, as now, it was the drink that did the mischief; though the fiddle and the dance had to share the blame.

Peter Jefferson began early to execute his heartfelt intention of educating his son. This was not so difficult as has been represented. Twenty years before the child was born, the Bishop of London, in whose diocese Virginia was, addressed certain questions to the Virginian clergy. One of the questions was, "Are there any schools in your parish?" All the clergymen, except two or three, answered, "None"; and the two or three who did not make this answer could only claim that their parishes had "a charity school." Another question was, "Is there any parish library?" To this, all the clergy, except one man, answered, "None"; and that one man made this reply, "We have the Book of Homilies, the Whole Duty of Man, and the Singing Psalms." But by the time Jefferson was old enough to go to school there were a few schools in the more densely peopled counties of Virginia; and several of the more learned and decent of the clergy received pupils into their houses for instruction in Latin and Greek.

He was fortunate in his teachers, as in all things else. At five he went to a school where only the English language was employed; at nine, his education seriously began, when he entered a Scottish clergyman's family as a boarding scholar, where he learned Latin, Greek, and French. Entries in Peter Jefferson's account-book, still existing, show that he paid the Rev. William Douglass sixteen pounds sterling a year for his son's board and tuition. This first instructor of Thomas Jefferson came over from Scotland as tutor in the family of Colonel Monroe, father of President Monroe; and, settling on the James, near Peter Jefferson's tobacco plantation, spent a long life in teaching young and old. He was of what we now call the "evangelical" school, and regarded Dr. Doddridge's works as more precious than gold, "the best legacy" he could leave his children. Peter Jefferson was a vestryman of his church. The boy was evidently much at home during the five years he spent at this school, — always, probably, on Saturdays and Sundays, — and his father took care that the boy did not neglect a child's first and chief duty, which is to grow. He also instructed him in arithmetic and the rudiments of mathematics, then generally neglected in classical schools.

But this excellent father was not destined to experience the noblest triumph parents know, — that of seeing his child a full-formed man, and better equipped for life's journey than himself had been at starting. His great strength did not avail to bring him to old age. In 1757, when he was but fifty years old, he died, of a disease not recorded.

After Braddock's defeat in 1755, there could have been little rest for

such a colonel of a frontier county as he was; and, indeed, there are indications — pay-rolls and other military documents and entries — among his existing papers, showing that he was active against the exulting foe. Nothing was heard of for a time on the borders but massacre and fire, and the flight of whole counties of settlers to the lower country. It is of this period, in the midst of which Colonel Jefferson died, that the youthful commander of the Virginian forces, Colonel Washington, wrote that despatch from the frontier which startles every reader of his letters by its burst of vehement pathos. "The supplicating tears of the women and moving petitions of the men," he wrote, "melt me with such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease." The county colonels were all in arms during that time of terror. Colonel John Madison, in Orange, the next county to Albemarle, and nearer the scene, saw some of the horrors of the war from his own front door. His son James, four years old at the time of Braddock's defeat, always remembered the terror and desolation of the two next years. Exposure and fatigue may have rendered the colonel of Albemarle County liable to the attack of one of the summer diseases, for it was on the 17th of August that he died.

His death is spoken of as sudden; but this good father, it seems, had time and strength, sudden as his death may have been, to render his eldest son one last service. Dying, he left an injunction that his son's education should be completed, and enjoined those in whose charge he was to be not to permit him to neglect the exercises requisite for his body's development. This strong man valued strength. He used to say that the weakly in body could not be independent in mind; and, therefore, among his dying thoughts was solicitude for his son's healthy, unchecked growth. He died leaving his wife still young, not quite forty; one daughter, seventeen; another, sixteen; his son Thomas, fourteen; another daughter, thirteen; another, eleven; another, five; and a boy and girl, twins, aged twenty-two months. To the end of his days, Jefferson spoke of his father, thus early lost, with pride and veneration, and he especially loved to think that his dying command was that his son's mind should not be wronged of its due culture and nourishment. He used to say, that if he had to choose between the education or the estate his father gave him, he would choose the education.

His father's death left him his own master; for he says in one of his later letters, that "at fourteen years of age the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relation or friend qualified to advise or guide me." The first use he made of his liberty was to change his school.

Fourteen miles away was the parsonage of Rev. James Maury, a man of great note in his time, and noted for many things; from whose twelve children have descended a great number of estimable persons of the name still living. Of Huguenot descent and genuine scholarship, he was free both from the vices and the bigotry which the refuse of the young English clergy often brought with them to Virginia in the early time. Pamphlets of his remain maintaining the right and liberal side of questions bitterly contested in his day. He was one of the clergyman of the Established Church in Virginia who opposed, with voice and pen, that senseless persecution of Dissenters, which at last brought the Church itself to ruin. He went so far as to say, in a printed address, that he should feel it an "honor and happiness" to promote the spiritual good of "any one honest and well-disposed person of whatever persuasion"; and though he preferred his own church, he thought he saw errors in it, as well as in the other sects, and should be glad to assist in the correction and improvement of *both!*

The coming of this clergyman into the mountain region about the time of Jefferson's birth was evidently a welcome event; for a glebe of four hundred acres was at once set off for him, and so spacious a parsonage was built, that he was able to add to his own large family some pupils from the adjacent counties. By the time Jefferson was fourteen, an important school had grown up about him, the best, it is thought, then existing in the Province; and it continued to flourish, under one of Mr. Maury's sons, as late as the year 1808, when one of its pupils was President of a nation which the founder of the school did not live to see established.

We do not know what Jefferson read in Latin and Greek during the two years that he remained at Mr. Maury's school, but we know that he learned nothing but Latin and Greek. A classmate and an associate of his at this school was the second son of the master, also named James; to whom Mr. Jefferson, when Secretary of State under President Washington, gave the Liverpool consulship, which he held for forty-five years. The consul, on his return to Virginia in old age, used to say that Jefferson was noted at his father's school for scholarship, industry, and shyness. If a holiday was desired, it was not he who could be induced to ask it, though he urged others to ask; and, if the request was granted, he would, first of all, withdraw from the noisy crowd of his schoolfellows, learn next day's lesson, and then, rejoining them, begin the day's pleasure. Their favorite diversion was hunting on a mountain near by, which then and long after abounded in deer, turkeys, foxes, and other game. He was a keen hunter, as eager after a fox as Washington himself, swift of foot and sound of wind, coming in fresh and alert after a long day's clambering hunt.

After two years' stay at this school, he began, like other students, to be impatient to enter college. He had never yet seen a town, nor even a village of twenty houses, for there were none such within his range; and he doubtless had the curiosity of youth to behold the glories of the capital. He found plenty of reasons for gratifying his wish, some of which he laid before his guardian. He lost a fourth of his time, he said, by company coming to Shadwell and detaining him from school, which added very much to the expenses of the estate in housekeeping. At the college, too, he could learn "something of mathematics" as well as the languages, and "could get a more universal acquaintance, which may hereafter be serviceable to me." His guardian consenting, he bade farewell to his mother and sisters, and set off, early in the spring of 1760, for Williamsburg, five days' long ride from his home.

It was not the custom of this young gentleman, nor of Virginians generally then, to perform their journeys with straightforward rapidity. They took friends' houses on the way, were easily persuaded to remain over Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and made the most of the opportunity. Such was eminently the habit of young Jefferson, related as he was to half the families of the Province, and seldom going far from home without his fiddle, and perhaps a roll of "new minuets" from London, so welcome to young ladies in the remoter counties. It was always impressed on his memory that he began this interesting journey before Christmas, and stayed over for the holidays at a merry house in Hanover County, where he met, for the first time, a jovial blade named Patrick Henry, only noted then for fiddling, dancing, mimicry, and practical jokes. He was mistaken, however. An existing letter of the time shows that he had not thought of going to college till after Christmas, and did not consult his guardian on the subject till January was half gone. He probably spent the holidays with Patrick Henry, returned home, and *then* entered upon the project of going to college. But it was always his custom, in his journeys to and from Williamsburg, to make long visits to friends

on and near the road, and it was this, perhaps, that led to the error. He remembered the future orator merely as the prime mover of all the fun of the younger circle, and had not a suspicion of the wonderful talent that lay undeveloped within him. As little, doubtless, did Patrick Henry see in this slender, sandy-haired lad a political leader and associate, — the Pen of a Revolution of which himself was to be the Tongue.

On reaching Williamsburg, we may be sure he did not see that metropolis with our disparaging eyes. In the old letters and memoirs we read delusive accounts of its splendors and gayeties, — of the "vice-regal court," "vying in elegance with that of St. James," of the grand equipages of "the gentry," and of all the pomp and circumstance of old Virginia gathered there in the winter. It was "the centre of taste, fashion, and refinement," we are told, and the entertainments given at "the palace" were a blending of refinement and sumptuosity "worthy of the representative of royalty." Such statements do not prepare the cold investigator to discover that the capital of Virginia was an unpaved village of a thousand inhabitants, surrounded by an expanse of dark green tobacco-fields as far as the eye could reach. Andrew Burnaby, an English clergyman who visited it eight months before the arrival of our student, estimates the number of its houses at "about two hundred," and its population at "one thousand souls, whites and negroes." He mentions, also, that "there are *ten or twelve* gentlemen's families constantly residing in it, besides merchants and tradesmen." But he adds that in the winter, when the Legislature and the great court of the Colony were in session, the place was "crowded with the gentry of the country," and then there were balls and gayeties; but as soon as business was over the gentry return to their plantations, and "the town is in a manner deserted."

Williamsburg, insignificant as it may seem to us, furnished the pattern for the city of Washington. It consisted chiefly of one street, a hundred feet broad and three quarters of a mile long, with the Capitol at one end, the college at the other, and a ten-acre square with public buildings in the middle. It was well arranged to display whatever of equipage or costume the town could boast. As the great planters' families travelled in their own huge coaches, which at least had *been* gorgeous in the fashion of the age, — coaches drawn of necessity by six horses, — and as the dress of the period was bright with color and picturesque in style, we may well believe that this broad avenue presented during the season a striking and animated scene.

The public buildings, as they appeared to Jefferson's maturer judgment, were of a mongrel description, generally unpleasing and inharmonious. The Capitol, in which he was to witness such thrilling scenes and take part in such important events, he thought "a light and airy structure," — heavy and dull as it looks in the old pictures, — and the governor's palace, though not handsome without, was large and commodious, and surrounded by agreeable grounds; but the college and the hospital he condemns utterly. They were "rude, misshapen piles, which, but that they have roofs, would be taken for brick-kilns." This, however, was the remark of a connoisseur in architecture. The main edifice of the college resembled those brick barracks of Yale and Harvard built in the same period; two stories high, with a steep roof and a row of windows in it, and a small belfry on its summit; quite good enough for young gentlemen who kept dogs and guns in their rooms, and considered it the chief end of students to frustrate the object for which they were sent to the institution. This building, with two solid-looking professors' houses near it, all standing in a square of four acres, marked with well-worn paths, and not wanting in large trees, presented, upon the whole, a respectable appearance. The arriving stu-

dent probably did not think it so despicable as the author of the "Notes on Virginia." The private houses of Williamsburg, according to Mr. Burnaby, were "of wood, covered with shingles, and but indifferently built." The site of the town, however, was agreeable, — an elevated plateau, midway between the York and the James, six miles from both. Those breezes which swept across the peninsula, and raised the clouds of dust in Williamsburg streets that annoyed the English traveller, tempered the burning heat of the summer, and, as he records, kept the town free from mosquitoes.

Such was Williamsburg in 1760, the chief residence of Jefferson for the next seven years, the most important period of his life; for it was then that he acquired his knowledge and his opinions. Whatever Williamsburg may have been to others, it was to him a true university; because, coming into familiar contact there with a few universal minds, he was capable of being instructed by them. He brought with him to college the three prime requisites of the successful student, — perfect health, good habits, and an inquisitive intellect. He had come from a pure and honest home, where he had learned nothing but what was good and honorable, and he had come, in good faith, to fulfil his father's fond intention of making him a scholar.

It was an ill-starred institution, this College of William and Mary. It had existed sixty-eight years, having been founded in 1692 by the sovereigns whose names it bore. They gave it an endowment, as an old historian records, of "nineteen hundred and eighty-five pounds fourteen shillings and ten pence," besides twenty thousand acres of land, and certain taxes that yielded three hundred pounds a year. Other benefactors had bequeathed and given it property, until it enjoyed an annual income of three thousand pounds; which was enough, with the tuition fees, to maintain an efficient college. But, like Harvard and Yale, the institution was hampered by the incongruous conditions imposed by donors of its capital. One important estate was given for the express purpose of maintaining Indians at the college; and Indians were maintained accordingly. But Indians cannot receive our civilization. If the college had any success with an Indian youth, he was no sooner tamed than he sickened and died. The rest may have assumed the white man's habits while they remained at Williamsburg; but the very day that they rejoined their tribe they threw off their college clothes, resumed their old costumes and weapons, and ran whooping into the forest, irreclaimable savages. And so this fondly cherished project of the benefactors ended in utter failure. But the estate remained; its income could only be spent in one way; and hence the Indian nuisance still clung to the college, wasting its resources and lessening its attractiveness.

A leading object of the founders was to provide learned ministers of the Established Church; and consequently there was a professor of "divinity," another of moral philosophy, and the only special duty assigned to the president, in return for his two hundred pounds a year and his handsome house, was the delivery of four theological lectures per annum. As if to give still greater prominence to the department of theology, the reverend president usually held the office of commissary, or bishop's representative, at a hundred pounds a year, and had charge of the parish church of Williamsburg, which swelled his income to about six hundred a year, — an official revenue only exceeded by that of the governor. Those who know for what kind of reasons the fat things in church and state were usually given in the good old times will not be surprised to learn that one of the commissary-presidents of the college, in Jefferson's youth, could not proceed against the clergy for drunkenness, because he was himself a drunkard; nor will he be at a loss how to explain the indications of college riot that lurk in the letters of the time.

Moreover, the chief object of the founders was not accomplished. As the parishes were usually assigned to English clergymen, whom the Bishop of London sent to Virginia because there was nothing for them in England, few young Virginians entered the college with a view to compete for a church living of sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco per annum. Yet the costly professorships of divinity had to be kept up, and the college was obliged to continue a theological seminary without theologians.

Dead branches are not merely inert and useless: they injure and disfigure the tree. This college, which ought to have attracted all the *élite* of Virginia youth, and sent them home strong and enlightened to save beautiful Virginia from the blight of tobacco, repelled many of them, and seldom regenerated those who came. Young men whose fathers could afford the expense went to English Eton, Oxford, and Cambridge, often returning as ignorant as they went out, and dissolute beyond hope of reform. Of late years the college had been filling up, more and more, with boys who came to learn the rudiments of Latin; and it was some time before a clear distinction was made between these and the students proper of the college. Jefferson found the institution a medley of college, Indian mission, and grammar school, ill-governed, and distracted by dissensions among its ruling powers. The Bishop of London, who, as chancellor of the institution, had the nomination of its professors, sometimes sent out men so manifestly incompetent or unfit, that the trustees would not admit them; and others, being admitted, led scandalous lives, and filled the college, as the trustees said, with riot, contention, and dissipation. On Sundays, we are told, when the divinity professors and reverend president were away performing parochial duties, the more orderly students went off shooting, with their dogs behind them, and the others made the village resound with their noise. It was not until several years after Jefferson's time, that the rights of the several authorities of the college were so defined that the suppression of these disorders became possible.

But out of this chaos Thomas Jefferson contrived to pick a genuine university education; because, among the crowd of its schoolmasters, mission teachers, divinity professors, and bishop's *protégés*, there was, by some strange chance, one man of knowledge and ability, one man who did *not* "survey the universe from his parish belfry," one skilful and sympathetic teacher. "It was my great good fortune," he says, in his too brief autobiography, "and what probably fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. William Small of Scotland was then professor of mathematics. A man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged, liberal mind. He, most happily for me, soon became attached to me, and made me his daily companion when not engaged in the school; and from his conversation I got my first views of the expansion of science, and of the system of things in which we are placed. Fortunately, the philosophical chair became vacant soon after my arrival in college, and he was appointed to fill it *per interim;* and he was the first who ever gave, in that college, regular lectures in Ethics, Rhetoric, and Belles-Lettres." It is a pleasure to copy a passage like this, one more testimonial to add to the long list of similar ones, from Marcus Aurelius to Lord Brougham, which attest the immeasurable value of an enlightened teacher of youth.

I wish we had something more particular of this gentleman. Jefferson's college intimate, John Page, governor of Virginia in later years, speaks of him as "my beloved professor," who was "afterward the great Dr. Small of Birmingham, the darling friend of Darwin." And he confesses that he did not derive all the benefit from his instruction that he might; for he was "too sociable to study as Mr. Jefferson

did, who could tear himself away from his dearest friends to fly to his studies."

Another friend of Jefferson, John Burk, author of a History of Virginia, insinuates that Dr. Small was not too orthodox in his opinions. The professors, he remarks, were usually chosen from "the licensed champions of orthodoxy"; by which he appears to mean the clergy: but, "now and then, in spite of the jealous scrutiny of the metropolitan, some unbeliever would steal into the fold." This, he adds, was particularly the case with the mathematical department, for which divines were generally incompetent; and he illustrates this observation by mentioning "the friend and companion of the poetic and philosophic Darwin," Professor Small, who had formed the minds of so many of the youth of the Province. It is certain the college was beginning to have an ill name among the religious people, not on account of the bad lives and inefficient teaching of some of "the divines" connected with it, but the heretical opinions supposed to prevail among the students. The true reason, it is said, why James Madison went to Princeton College, was the dread his parents had lest he should imbibe those opinions, if he attended the college nearer home. Edmund Randolph, who succeeded Mr. Jefferson in the office of Secretary of State, was a student of William and Mary about this time. He used to say that such heresies were much in vogue at the college, and he had a vivid recollection of a scene that followed his utterance of something in unison with the prevailing tone. One of the leaders of the new opinion patted him on the head, and called him a promising youth for daring to express so bold a thought. The fact remains, however, that all the professors were required by law to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, and all their pupils to say the Church-of-England Catechism.

The student settled to his work. Without neglecting Latin and Greek, his chief employment since his ninth year, he now became, under Professor Small's tuition, enamored of mathematics. That science, as he wrote in later years, became "the passion of his life"; and he could read off, in his youth, "with the facility of common discourse," processes which at seventy cost him "labor and time and slow investigation." It is evident, from many trifling indications, that he subdued mathematics to his will, and employed it all his days, as a familiar, obedient servant. Part of his travelling apparatus, even on short journeys, was a box of instruments and a book of logarithms, and he always had a rule in his pocket. Professor Small, who left Scotland about the time (1756) that Professor Black was appointed to the chair of chemistry which he covered with immortal lustre, — James Watt and the improved steam-engine being among its incidental results, — shared in the new enthusiasm for applied science; and he imparted it to his young companion. There was some apparatus, it appears, at William and Mary. Doubtless Professor Small possessed the electrical tubes, one of which Benjamin Franklin, printer, of Philadelphia, had rubbed with so much effect fifteen years before. Details of the student's scientific course we do not possess; but we know that he derived from his walks and talks with Professor Small the habit of surveying objects with the eyes of science, and of subjecting them to scientific tests, — one of the chief points of difference between the educated and the ignorant mind.

He worked hard in college, and ever harder, as his circle widened, — too hard at last, — fifteen hours a day, as he said himself when talking of college days. He kept a horse or two at Williamsburg, it appears (and riding on horseback should be part of every college course); but, as his love of knowledge grew, his rides became shorter and less frequent; until the only exercise he allowed himself, on a regular working-day, was a rapid run out of town of a mile while it was getting dark enough

for candles. The beloved violin was never quite laid aside; he snatched a kiss, now and then, instead of his three-hours' wooing. Though related, through his mother, to most of the society of the place, and fond of society, he withdrew from it more and more. Few students could have indulged in such excess of mental exertion with impunity, nor could he for a long period, although "blessed," as he once wrote, "with organs of digestion which accepted and concocted, without ever murmuring, whatever the palate chose to consign to them." His habits, too, were excellent. The simple, old-fashioned cookery that gave the human race so many ages of good digestion, had not yet become one of the lost arts in Virginia; and, like most of the well-nurtured young Virginians of that period, he was so happy as to escape the servitude of tobacco. Many planters of the olden time, who had grown rich by the culture of tobacco, held the use of it in contempt. One reason assigned in a letter of the period, why the young men of Virginia should not be sent to England for education, was that they were so likely to acquire there the horrid practice of smoking.

The number of persons much interested in the intellectual affairs has never been great in any community, not even in college towns. In the Williamsburg of that day we hear of but two individuals who could be associates of Professor Small. One was Francis Fauquier, the lieutenant-governor of the Province, who inhabited "the palace," and presided over the grand entertainments given therein. Jefferson speaks of him as the ablest governor colonial Virginia ever had. Perhaps, in saying so, he meant to damn him with faint praise. He appears to have been a gentleman of the school of Louis XIV., translated into England by Charles II., and into English by Lord Chesterfield. We find him spoken of as the most elegant gentleman Virginia had ever seen, a great patron of learning and literature, himself an admirable scholar, master of an excellent style both spoken and written. It was he who set the fashion of importing French literature, which filled so many Virginia libraries, a few years later, with Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and Diderot. He it was also who introduced high play into the polite society of the Province, or, at least, made high play reputable; which hastened the collapse of some showy Virginia fortunes, already eaten hollow by London creditors. Whatever his faults, he was a man of high personal and official honor. He was one of the few royal officers in the Colonies who disdained to increase their revenues by conniving at illicit commerce. Archdeacon Burnaby reports that, at a time when other governors were not so scrupulous, Governor Fauquier refused an offer of two hundred pounds for a permit to trade with the enemy. He was a gentleman, too, of eminent courtesy, of agreeable conversation, interested in knowledge and literature, acquainted with the polite world of cities, — a man of the metropolis residing for a while in a province.

Professor Small being the governor's most familiar associate, our student, young as he was, became intimate with him also, and was thus brought into communication with the great world. The governor, among his other accomplishments, was a musical amateur. Once a week, he had a musical party at the palace, to which the guests brought their instruments. Jefferson was regularly present with his violin; and, at these parties, for the first time in his life, perhaps, he heard music performed in concert.

But it was the governor's conversation that did most to form his mind. It was during these years that Great Britain, by the conquest of India, Canada, and many islands of the sea, became imperial; and when the news of victory came, Fauquier could tell the student something of the mighty genius who found his country an island and left it an empire. In Jefferson's first year at college, the "Williamsburg Gazette," Virginia's only newspaper,

published the account of the accession to the throne of George III., who found his country an empire and left it an island. Of that young prince, welcomed to the throne by acclamations in every quarter of the globe, the governor could doubtless relate hopeful things, much to the content of his young Whig friend from Albemarle. The Jeffersons, as a Whig family, could not but hail with joy the accession of the first king of the Hanover line who was a native of England. They were loyal subjects ever; and none of them more so than this youth, the present head of the family. From Governor Fauquier, too, he heard, doubtless, something of the literary gossip of London, — fresh traditions of Addison, Swift, Thomson, Pope, and Bolingbroke. All this was education to the young student. He was getting knowledge of the world in a very agreeable way. Sitting, as he says, at "the familiar table" of the governor, with Professor Small opposite him, he was learning to estimate things by other than Virginian standards, and saw more of the universe than could be discerned from the parish belfry. Most happily, too, he was one of those who, as they go their way through life, get the good that chance companions have to offer them, without imbibing the evil that qualifies it. He caught the graces and escaped the vices of the Chesterfield period. In avoiding the governor's habit of gambling, he went even to an extreme; for, it is said, he never had a card in his house.

But the daily, familiar party at the governor's table consisted of four persons. The fourth remains to be mentioned. It was George Wythe, a rising member of the bar of Virginia, who was destined to a distinguished and long career as lawyer, statesman, professor, and judge. He is the more interesting to us as the benevolent and wise preceptor by whom two persons of eminent note in the politics of the country were introduced to the profession of the law, and, through the law, to public life, — Thomas Jefferson and Henry Clay.

Virginia, during the hundred and twenty years of seeming prosperity given it by tobacco grown in virgin soil, cultivated by low-priced slaves, was an illustration of Mr. Buckle's remark concerning the connection between leisure and knowledge. Without leisure, he observes, science is impossible; and when leisure has been won, most of the class possessing it will waste it in the pursuit of pleasure; but *a few* will employ it in the pursuit of knowledge. How perfectly this describes the Virginia of 1760! The great majority of the ruling class lived lives of thoughtless profusion and self-indulgence, with Governor Fauquier as the accomplished master of the revels. John Burk, historian of Virginia, very friendly to the memory of that brilliant personage, tells us that Fauquier found the Virginian gentlemen quite to his mind, — as profuse and fond of pleasure as himself, — and after spending a winter of elegant dissipation at the capital, he would enter upon a round of visits to the great proprietors; among whom, adds Burk, "the rage for playing deep, reckless of time, health, or money, spread like a contagion."

In the midst of such scenes grew up a few men — very few, but always a few — who sought knowledge with disinterested love, and with such success as almost to redeem the character of their Province and period. Three of the best educated gentlemen America has produced were young men during Fauquier's term of service, — Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and George Wythe, — all of them men of singular moral purity and elevation of tone, and all eminently capable of public spirit. It seems as if the very prevalence of the self-indulgent vices made these golden hearts recoil from them with the greater decision and firmness. Jefferson wrote once from the White House in Washington to a grandson at school: "When I recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished I did not turn off with some

of them, and become as worthless to society as they were." But, he adds, "I had the good fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could ever become what they were. Under temptations and difficulties, I would ask myself, What would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe, Peyton Randolph, do in this situation? What course in it will insure me their approbation? I am certain that this mode of deciding on my conduct tended more to correctness than any reasoning powers I possessed. Knowing the even and dignified line they pursued, I never could doubt for a moment which of two courses would be in character for them. Whereas, seeking the same object through a process of much reasoning and with the jaundiced eye of youth, I should often have erred." He tells his grandson that he was of necessity brought into contact with the extremes of character, — jockeys and moralists, racing men and philosophers, gamblers and statesmen, — and often, "in the enthusiastic moment of the death of a fox, the victory of a favorite horse," and during a contest of mind in court or legislature, he has asked himself which of these triumphs he should prefer.

George Wythe was thirty-three years of age at the beginning of Jefferson's college life. Though heir of a competent estate, he was wholly self-educated, except that his mother, as tradition reports, assisted him by keeping an eye upon an English Testament while he translated from the Greek. He became, as contemporaries agree, the best Greek scholar Virginia had ever seen; to which Mr. Jefferson adds, the best Latin scholar also. Young Henry Clay, his amanuensis long after, not knowing a Greek letter, had trouble enough in copying his decisions, interspersed, as they were, with passages from Greek authors. The chancellor was an old man then, and this habit of quoting Greek was an old man's foible; but when Jefferson was a student at Williamsburg, he knew him as an able, vigilant lawyer, an enthusiast for all classical knowledge, and fond to an extreme of Greek literature and Grecian history. Jefferson's preference would naturally have been for Greek if he had never seen George Wythe, but, doubtless, their similarity of taste was a bond of union between them, and nerved him for the supreme achievement of old-fashioned scholarship, — a conquest of the Greek language. Wythe was a man of nice conscience. He was among the first to perceive the incongruous iniquity of slavery in our modern world, and he early washed his hands of it by emancipating his slaves. Henry Clay went straight from his office and inspiration to Kentucky, where his first political act was an attempt to induce that young Commonwealth to start fair by abolishing slavery.

Such was the party oftenest gathered about the governor's "familiar table": Professor Small, the mathematician and man of science; George Wythe, the moralist, learned in law and Greek; Francis Fauquier, the man-of-the-world of the period; Thomas Jefferson, a shy, inquisitive young man, quick to take in all which these accomplished men had to give, and contributing his share of the entertainment by the intelligent sympathy with which he listened. These men were his teachers: this table was his university.

Four persons so formed to entertain and improve one another need never expect to remain long together. The party was broken in 1762 by Professor Small's removal to Birmingham, where he had a bright career. The young man whom he aided to form corresponded with him till the Revolutionary War. They did not agree, it seems, on the topics of the Revolutionary period; but Jefferson not the less revered him as the person who met him at the threshold of life and directed his steps aright, who kept him out of the slough of mean provincial pleasures and excesses by awakening his intelligence, and guiding him to the sources whence its proper nourishment is to be drawn. An awakened mind, a hearty interest

in intellectual things, is virtue's strongest ally; and Jefferson felt that he owed this unspeakable boon to Professor Small.

A profession was necessary to the student. His father's tobacco farm on the James was the portion of his brother Randolph, still a child. The Shadwell estate was charged with the support of his mother and six sisters; and Virginia estates were not apt to be very productive when the eye of the master was wanting. He can scarcely be said to have had a choice of vocations. He was the last person in the world to think of the army or navy as a career; and if he had, it would not have been possible, perhaps, for him to get a commission. It was not as a "midshipman" that Washington's mother thought of sending her son to sea, but as a sailor before the mast; such was the narrow choice a parent had then in Virginia for younger sons. The very letter which discloses this unexpected piece of information shows how few employments were exercised in the Province. Mrs. Washington mentioned the scheme of sending George to sea, to her brother, Joseph Ball, in London. That gentleman replied, that she had better put him apprentice to a tinker; "for," said he, "a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject; for they will press him from a ship where he has fifty shillings a month, and make him take twenty-three, and cut and slash him, and use him like a negro, or rather like a dog." And even (he proceeds to say) if the lad should work his way to the top of the ladder, and become the master of a Virginia ship, a "very difficult thing to do," a planter "that has three or four hundred acres of land and three or four slaves, if he be industrious, may live more comfortably, and leave his family in better breed" than such a captain can.* And so the mother thought better of her project, and George Washington did not attempt the difficult achievement of rising to be master of a tobacco-ship.

There were no manufactures in the Province, except the very rudest and crudest. People sent to London for everything that slaves could not make, even window-sashes and the commoner implements. The commerce was in British hands. There was, of course, no art, no literature, no journalism, and nothing that could tempt intelligence or ambition in the medical profession. If Thomas Jefferson had been reared in a European capital, the first wish of his heart would have been to be an artist of some kind. After toying with music for a while, he would perhaps have fixed upon architecture as his profession. In Virginia, at Williamsburg, with George Wythe for a daily associate, he must needs become a lawyer; and accordingly, in 1763, after two years' residence at the college, he began, under Mr. Wythe's direction, the study of the law.

Perhaps the example of his jovial young acquaintance, Patrick Henry, first turned his thoughts to the legal profession. In 1760, a few weeks after his arrival at Williamsburg, who should present himself at his room in the college but the merry Patrick! But he had come on a serious errand. He was bent on a change in his mode of life, that had important consequences for his country as well as himself. He told the student that, since they had parted, after the Christmas holidays, two or three months before, he had studied law! He had studied it, in fact, six weeks, and he had now come to Williamsburg to get a license to practise. And he got it! Of the four examiners, only one, George Wythe, persisted in refusing his signature; and the three names sufficing, he went off triumphant, to tend his father-in-law's tavern for four years longer, until his opportunity came. Our student made no such haste. It was not in his nature to slight his work, and he prepared himself for a four-years' course of reading.

James Parton.

* Meade's Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia, Vol. II. p. 128.

THE HEART OF NEW ENGLAND.

O LONG are years of waiting, when lovers' hearts are bound
By words that hold in life and death, and last the half-world round;
Long, long for him who wanders far and strives with all his main,
But crueler yet for her who bides at home and hides her pain!
And lone are the homes of New England.

'T was in the mellow summer I heard her sweet reply;
The barefoot lads and lasses a-berrying went by;
The locust dinned amid the trees; the fields were high with corn;
The white-sailed clouds against the sky like ships were onward borne:
And blue are the skies of New England.

Her lips were like the raspberries; her cheek was soft and fair,
And little breezes stopped to lift the tangle of her hair;
A light was in her hazel eyes, and she was nothing loth
To hear the words her lover spoke, and pledged me there her troth;
And true is the word of New England.

When September brought the golden-rod, and maples burned like fire,
And bluer than in August rose the village smoke and higher,
And large and red among the stacks the ripened pumpkins shone, —
One hour, in which to say farewell, was left to us alone;
And sweet are the lanes of New England.

We loved each other truly! hard, hard it was to part;
But my ring was on her finger, and her hair lay next my heart.
"'T is but a year, my darling," I said; "in one short year,
When our Western home is ready, I shall seek my Katie here";
And brave is the hope of New England.

I went to gain a home for her, and in the Golden State
With head and hand I planned and toiled, and early worked and late;
But luck was all against me, and sickness on me lay,
And ere I got my strength again 't was many a weary day;
And long are the thoughts of New England.

And many a day, and many a month, and thrice the rolling year,
I bravely strove, and still the goal seemed never yet more near.
My Katie's letters told me that she kept her promise true,
But now, for very hopelessness, my own to her were few;
And stern is the pride of New England.

But still she trusted in me, though sick with hope deferred;
No more among the village choir her voice was sweetest heard;
For when the wild northeaster of the fourth long winter blew,
So thin her frame with pining, the cold wind pierced her through;
And chill are the blasts of New England.

At last my fortunes bettered, on the far Pacific shore,
And I thought to see old Windham and my patient love once more;
When a kinsman's letter reached me: "Come at once, or come too late!
Your Katie's strength is failing; if you love her, do not wait:
Come back to the elms of New England."

O, it wrung my heart with sorrow! I left all else behind,
And straight for dear New England I speeded like the wind.
The day and night were blended till I reached my boyhood's home,
And the old cliffs seemed to mock me that I had not sooner come;
And gray are the rocks of New England.

I could not think 't was Katie, who sat before me there,
Reading her Bible — 't was my gift — and pillowed in her chair.
A ring, with all my letters, lay on a little stand, —
She could no longer wear it, so frail her poor, white hand!
But strong is the love of New England.

Her hair had lost its tangle and was parted off her brow;
She used to be a joyous girl, — but seemed an angel now, —
Heaven's darling, mine no longer; yet in her hazel eyes
The same dear love-light glistened, as she soothed my bitter cries;
And pure is the faith of New England.

A month I watched her dying, pale, pale as any rose
That drops its petals one by one and sweetens as it goes.
My life was darkened when at last her large eyes closed in death,
And I heard my own name whispered as she drew her parting breath;
Still, still was the heart of New England.

It was a woful funeral the coming Sabbath-day;
We bore her to the barren hill on which the graveyard lay,
And when the narrow grave was filled, and what we might was done,
Of all the stricken group around I was the loneliest one
And drear are the hills of New England.

I gazed upon the stunted pines, the bleak November sky,
And knew that buried deep with her my heart henceforth would lie;
And waking in the solemn nights my thoughts still thither go
To Katie, lying in her grave beneath the winter snow;
And cold are the snows of New England.

Edmund C. Stedman.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

I.

The Man with the Chignon.

THE elegant residence of Mrs. Lovell, at Montreal, stood just where Blank Street terminates in Dash Street, and its windows commanded an extensive view of the former thoroughfare. A caller was just leaving the house; while inside was Mrs. Lovell herself, in such a position that she could see out of the window without being visible, and her eyes were fixed upon the caller who was just retiring. This person did not claim her attention long, for he rapidly descended the steps, and, after walking down the street with long, swift strides the length of one block, he turned round the first corner and disappeared.

Upon this Mrs. Lovell withdrew her eyes from the window and stood for a time in deep thought. Standing in this attitude, she showed herself an uncommonly pretty woman. A minute description of her, however, is hardly necessary just now; suffice it to say, that Mrs. Lovell was a widow; a profound and pronounced brunette; young, wealthy, elegant, joyous, and also very well able to take care of herself in every respect.

After standing thus for some time she left the room, and, ascending the stairs, she entered an apartment at the top, by the landing.

"O Maudie dear!" she exclaimed in an excited voice as she entered, "who do you think has been here? what do you think has happened? O dear, it's such a worry!"

Her abrupt manner and excited words aroused a young girl who was in the room. She was seated in an arm-chair, one hand supporting her head, and the other one listlessly holding a letter.

"Well, Georgie dear," said she, turning her face, "what is it?"

The face which she thus turned was one of extreme beauty and great refinement of feature, and was pervaded by an expression of pensive and quiet sadness. She seemed also as if she might have been dropping a tear or two all by herself. There was a certain family likeness between the two, for they were sisters; but apart from this they were unlike, and when together this dissimilarity was very conspicuous. Both were brunettes, but the fashion of their features and the expression of their faces were different. In Mrs. Lovell's face there was a very decided piquancy, and various signs of a light and joyous temperament; while Maud showed nothing of the kind. At the present moment the sadness of her face might have concealed its real expression; but any one could see in it the unmistakable signs of a far greater depth of feeling than was known to her sister.

"Maudie dear!" said Mrs. Lovell at length, after some silence.

"Well, Georgie," said Maud, languidly.

Mrs. Lovell sighed.

"I 'm worried out of my life, Maudie. What in the world I am to do I really cannot say. I 'll tell you what I 'll do," she added, after a pause, "I 'll go to Paris."

"Go to Paris!" exclaimed the other, — "go to Paris! What do you mean? What has happened? What put such a mad fancy as that into your head?"

"I 'll go to Paris," said Mrs. Lovell, with a determined tap of her little foot on the floor. "You see, Maudie, I 've been thinking of going there so long, and it's so very convenient for me, and you shall go with me, too, you know; and this is just the time, for if we put it off any longer, we 'll be too late, won't we, Maudie? and so I think we 'd better go by the next steamer. What do you say?"

At this Maud sat upright, and looked

at her sister with an expression of intense astonishment.

"What in the world *do* you mean?" she asked. "Go to Paris! and by the next steamer. Why, Georgie, are you mad?"

"Mad? far from it. I 'm really in earnest, you know. I 'm going by the next steamer. O, my mind is quite made up, — quite. You can easily get ready. We need n't get any new dresses here. It will be so utterly charming to get them in Paris."

"I wonder what in the world you *do* mean," said Maud, in bewilderment. You can't be in earnest."

"O, but I really am, you know. I 'm in trouble, dear, and the only way to get out of it is to go to Paris."

"Trouble!" said Maud, in new surprise; "*you* in trouble! What is it, Georgie dear?"

Mrs. Lovell sighed.

"O well, I 'm beginning to be worried out of my life with no end of bothers and torments, and I want to fly from them all."

"Bothers and torments?"

"Yes, bothers and torments."

"What?"

"Why, you know, people fancy I like them, and come and try to get me to marry them, when I don't really want to; and I 'm sure I don't know what I am to do about it."

"People? what people? Do you mean any people in particular? Of course, you must expect to be very much admired; and I 'm sure you ought n't to regret it, if you are; but why that should trouble you I confess I 'm at a loss to see."

"O, it is n't that; it is n't general admiration, of course. It 's an unpleasant sort of particular admiration that I refer to, that makes people come and bother me with telling me how fond they are of me; and I feel so sorry for them, too; and I have to give them pain when I don't want to."

"Why, Georgie dear, you talk as though some one had been making a proposal."

"Of course I do. That 's just what I mean; and I 'm sure I never gave him any encouragement. Now did I, Maudie darling?"

"Him? Who?"

"Why, Mr. Seth Grimes."

"Mr. Grimes!" exclaimed Maud, with an indescribable accent, staring in a bewildered way at her sister.

"Well! what 's the matter?" asked Mrs. Lovell. "What makes you stare so?"

"Why, Mr. Grimes! The idea of Mr. Grimes! Why, Georgie, how could he possibly have ever thought of such a thing? Mr. Grimes!"

And Maud sat looking unutterable things, quite overwhelmed by the one stupendous thought of Mr. Grimes.

"I 'm sure I don't see any reason why you should stare so," said Mrs. Lovell. "If people will come on such errands, I don't see why Mr. Grimes should not come as well as anybody."

"Mr. Grimes!" said Maud; "why, it 's perfect audacity."

"No, it is n't," said Mrs. Lovell. "It is n't anything of the sort. But I know you never liked him, and your bitter prejudice blinds you to his many admirable qualities."

"Liked him! Why, did you?"

"Well, I have a great fancy for original people, and — and he is one."

"Original he certainly is, but I should choose another word."

"He 's a man of the people, of course."

"That 's a euphemism. For my part, I should use a much harsher word to express my idea of Mr. Grimes, Georgie."

"Well, don't, Maudie dear, or I shall be vexed. At any rate, you see, I liked him because he was so — so original, you know, and you see he has misinterpreted it; and he has thought that because I liked to talk with him I would be equally well pleased to live with him. But that does n't follow, I 'm sure; for I know many very, very nice people that I like to talk with, but I 'm sure I should n't at all like to marry them. And that 's the trouble about Mr. Grimes."

"I 'm sure," said Maud, contemptuously, "I do not see why you should tolerate such a person for one moment; and I 've often wondered how you ever became acquainted with him."

Mrs. Lovell sighed.

"Well, Maudie dear," said she, "it was very odd, it was really quite an adventure; and I suppose I may as well tell you all about it."

"Yes, do, dear," said Maud. "You 've kept awfully close about this, you know, Georgie."

"Well, you know, Maudie dear," said Mrs. Lovell, after a brief pause, which was taken up with collecting her thoughts, "I became acquainted with him last year. I was at Niagara. One day I was out, and it was a dreadfully windy day, quite a gale. I had put on my very largest chignon, — awfully thoughtless in me, of course, but then you know that 's the way I always am, — and I pinned it down as securely as possible before venturing forth. The wind proved even worse than I had anticipated; but other ladies were out, and I needed an airing very much, and so I walked on till I found a place which commanded a fine view of the Falls. It was a terribly windy place, but I found a railing where I could support myself. Several ladies and gentlemen were about, and among them was Mr. Grimes. I was n't acquainted with him at all, but had merely heard his name mentioned. Well, you know, Maudie dear, I was just beginning to conclude that it was altogether too windy for me, when all of a sudden there came a terrific gust of wind, and in an instant it tore away all my head-dress, — hat, chignon, and all, — and whisked it all away over the cliff. I gave a scream, half of fright and half of mortification. I was in utter confusion. It was so shocking. Such an exposure, you know. And what was I to do? Well, just as I was in a perfect agony of shame, and did n't dare to look around for fear of meeting the eyes of people, Mr. Grimes suddenly came up. 'Don't distress yourself, ma'am,' said he. ''T ain't lost. I 'll get it in five minutes.'"

"He did n't!" exclaimed Maud, indignantly. "What effrontery! O, my poor, dear Georgie, how you must have suffered!"

"Suffered! Why, Maudie dear, it was agony, — yes, agony; and at such a time! Tears of shame burst from my eyes, and I could n't say one word. Well, that was very bad, but it was nothing to what followed. After all, you know, it was the idea of the thing that was the worst. In reality it was not so very bad. You know what an immense head of hair I have, all my own; I could do without chignons, for that matter; so, you know, if nothing had been done, it might n't have been noticed, and I might have retired without making much of an exposure. My hair was all tossing about my head; but ladies often lose their hats, and my appearance would n't have been *very* bad, now would it, Maudie dear?"

"You would have looked perfectly lovely," said Maud. "But go on. This is really beginning to get exciting."

"Well," continued Mrs. Lovell, "there I stood, really crying with shame, when to my horror, my utter horror, I saw him — O Maudie darling, what do you think he did?"

"What? what?" asked Maud, eagerly.

"Why, Maudie, he began to go over the cliff."

"Over the cliff!"

"Yes, over the cliff. Was n't it awful? Not merely the fact of a man going over the cliff, but going over it on such an errand! And imagine me standing there in public, the centre of such a scene as that! And I hate scenes so!"

"Poor darling Georgie!" sighed Maud.

"Well, you know, Maudie dear," continued Mrs. Lovell, "I was utterly stupefied with astonishment and mortification. Before I could utter one single word he was out of sight. I dared not look round for fear of catching the

glances of people. I felt all their eyes on me, and longed for the earth to open and swallow me up. I had a wild impulse to run; but then, you know, I felt terribly anxious about Mr. Grimes. It was an awful thing, to think of a man going down there, and on such an errand. If he had gone down to save a life, it would have been sublime; but going down to save a chignon was too exquisitely absurd. Still, I felt that his life was really in danger, and so I stood there in terrible suspense.

"I really do not know how long I stood there, but at last I saw some wretched people coming forward, looking so odiously amused that I could have almost pushed them over. They looked down, and laughed, and one of them said: 'Hurra! he's got it!' Those few words were enough. They showed me that there had been no horrible accident. In a moment my deep suspense left me, and the only feeling that I had was a longing to get away. For O, Maudie, imagine me standing there, and Mr. Grimes approaching me solemnly with my chignon, after having saved it at the risk of his life, and making a formal presentation of it in the presence of those horrid men! The thought nearly drove me wild. I turned away, and I really think I must have run all the way back to the hotel.

"Well, on reaching the hotel I went at once to my room, and shut myself up. I had all sorts of fears, and all those fears were fully realized; for after about an hour a gentleman called and sent up his name; and who do you think it was? Why, Mr. Grimes, of course! Now, under ordinary circumstances, his astonishing devotion would have touched me; but that dreadful chignon made it all fearfully ridiculous, and all of the ridicule attached itself to me. What was more, I knew perfectly well that he had brought the horrid thing with him, on purpose to restore it into my own hands. That was an ordeal which, I confess, I had n't the courage to face; so I excused myself and was very ill. I expected, of course, that he would leave it."

"And did n't he?" asked Maud, in wonder.

"Leave it? No indeed, not he. You don't know Mr. Grimes yet, Maudie dear."

"The horrid wretch!"

"He is a noble-hearted man, and you must not abuse him, or I shall really feel quite angry with you."

"But I was only sympathizing with you, Georgie dear! I did n't mean any offence."

"No, of course not, dear. I know you would n't hurt my feelings. Well, you know, he did n't leave it, but carried it off, and that one fact filled me with a new horror. In the first place, I was afraid my chignon would become the public talk; and then, again, I felt sure that he would call again, bringing that horrid thing with him. I was convinced that he had made up his mind to deliver it into my hands alone. The thought drove me to despair. And so, in my desperation, I determined to quit the place at once, and thus get rid of all my troubles. So I made up some excuse to my friends, and left by the early train on the following day for home. And now I 'm coming to the end of my story, and you will be able to understand why I 'm so determined to go to Paris.

"About three months ago a person called on me here at my own house. I went down, and who do you think it was? Why, Mr. Grimes; and he had a parcel in his hand."

"O dear!" exclaimed Maud. "Not the chignon! O, not the chignon!"

"Yes, Maudie dear," said Mrs. Lovell, sadly and solemnly, "the chignon. When I entered the room, he was so eager and so excited that I really felt afraid. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could keep him in bounds at all. Besides, the remembrance of the affair was utterly ridiculous, and this absurdity, together with the fact that he had done a wonderfully daring thing for my sake, combined to make me feel embarrassed. He, on his part, had no end of things to tell me. What he said showed an as-

tonishing amount of devotion. Positively, he had been all over Canada searching for me. He had spent months in this search, before finding me. And now he appeared before me, with joy on his face, exultation in his eyes, and that horrid chignon in his hands. 'Here it is,' he said, 'safe and sound, ma'am, — not a star erased, not a stripe effaced, — to be given to your own hands in good order and condition'; and was n't that a funny speech to make, Maudie darling?"

"Very," said Maud, dryly.

"Well, you know after that, he went on in the strangest way. He said he had risked his life to get it; and had kept it for months till he loved it like his own soul; that it had been near him day and night; and that to part with it would break his heart; and he wanted to know if I would be satisfied with another instead of this one. He had got one made in New York, he said, which was the exact counterpart of this; and entreated me to let him keep my chignon, and give me the other. Well, you know, it was a queer thing to ask, but I really felt awfully sorry for him, and he pleaded so hard; and he had done so much; and he had taken so much trouble; and he made such a point of it you know, that — "

"What?" exclaimed Maud, "you did n't — you could n't — "

"Yes, but I could, and I did!"

At this Maud looked unutterable things.

"There was really no help for it," continued Mrs. Lovell, placidly. "Why, only think, Maudie. He could easily have kept it, if he had chosen, without asking me at all."

"Yes, but don't you see, Georgie, that there is all the difference in the world between taking a thing and having it given to you?"

"O, but in this case, where he had done so much, you know, he really deserved it, and as he made such a point of it, I yielded — and so — he has it now."

"Well," said Maud, "of all the ridiculous stories that I have ever listened to, this is the most absurd. I've heard of lovers wanting a lock of their ladies' hair, but never before did I hear of one who wanted a whole head of it."

"Yes, but then, you know, this was n't my own hair."

"But that only makes it the more absurd," said Maud. "He is cherishing the hair of some other person, — some French peasant, or perhaps the accumulated locks of some dozens of them. And he goes into raptures over this! He sits and gazes upon it in fondest admiration! He devours it with his eyes! He passes his fingers through its dark rippling curls! He — "

"He does n't do anything of the kind," interrupted Mrs. Lovell, somewhat sharply. "Mr. Grimes is quite above such nonsense. Of course he knows what it really is."

"But, Georgie, you did n't take his present did you. Of course not."

"O yes, but I did — "

"You did!"

"Why, certainly."

At this Maud drew a long breath.

"And what's more," continued Mrs. Lovell, "I've worn it ever since."

"You have n't!" cried Maud.

"I have it on now," said Mrs. Lovell, quietly. "I'm sure it's very becoming, and I only wonder how he could get one so good."

"Georgie, I declare you make me feel positively ashamed of you," cried Maud, indignantly. "It's really quite shocking. And *you* of all people! Why, you are usually so very fastidious, you know, and you stand so on *les convenances*, that I cannot understand how you ever came to forget yourself so far."

"Nonsense, Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell. "I can judge very well for myself, and besides, you know, that things that would n't do for you are all very well for me. But let that pass. It happened as I say, and the consequence was that Mr. Grimes saw more in that little piece of good-nature than was actually meant. So, you know, he devoted him-

self to me, and for the last two or three months I've seen very much of him. I liked him, too. He has many noble qualities; and he was awfully fond of me, and I felt half sorry for him, and all that. I liked to have him for a friend, but the trouble was that was not enough. He was always too ardent and devoted. I could see his face flush, and hear his voice tremble, whenever we met. Yet what could I do? I kept as cool as possible, and tried to chill him, but he only grew worse.

"And the plain fact is," continued Mrs. Lovell, "he never would have done, never. He has noble sentiments, it is true; but then he has such funny manners. He has a large heart, but dreadfully big hands. He has a truly Titanic soul, but his feet are of the same proportions. And all that is very dreadful, you know, Maudie. And what makes it worse, I really like him, and I feel a sense of deplorable weakness when I am with him. It may be because he is so big and strong and brave, and has such a voice, but I think it may also be because I am just a little bit fond of him."

"Fond of him? O Georgie! You don't mean it."

"O, just a *little bit*, you know, only ever so little," said Mrs. Lovell apologetically. "But at any rate it's really quite shocking to think how I lose control of myself and —"

"And what, Georgie dear?" asked Maud, anxiously, as Mrs. Lovell paused.

"Why, and let him treat me so —"

"Treat you so? How, dear?"

"Well, I'll tell you. It was to-day, you know. Of course you understand how he has been devoting himself to me for the past few months, and I have been trying to fight him off. Well, to-day he came, and he took me by storm, and I could n't fight him off at all; for before I could think, he was in the middle of a most vehement confession, and ended with a proposal. Well, you know, I never was so embarrassed in all my life, and I really did n't know what to do."

"You refused him, of course."

"O, but it was n't so easy. You see I really liked him, and he knew it."

"Knew it? How *could* he know it?"

"O, you know, I told him so."

"Told him!"

"Yes, and that was what ruined all, for he grew dreadfully bold, and began to appropriate me in a way that was really alarming. O dear, I should n't like to have to go through it again. You see, his proposal was not to be thought of, but then it was not easy to decline it in a pleasant and agreeable way. What was worse, I grew embarrassed and lost all my usual presence of mind, and at last had to tell him simply that it could not be.

"And then, O Maudie dear, he was so cut up. He asked me if this answer was final, and I told him it was. Then he sat silent for no end of time, and I felt so dreadfully weak, that I ar sure if he had urged me I really don' see how I could have refused him But he did n't. He was so simple-hearted that he never thought of trying to change my decision. At last he broke the silence by asking me in a dreadfully hollow voice if I loved another; I told him I did n't, and he gave a great sigh of relief. Then he asked me in a still more doleful voice if I would allow him to keep that wretched thing, the chignon, you know. He said he would like some small token —"

"Small token!" cried Maud, "a whole chignon! O dear! Georgie, do you think he intends having it put in a locket?"

"I don't know what he intends. I only know that I feel very, very sad and sorry for him, and did n't dream of refusing. I would n't look him in the face, but sat there looking as silly as possible. So at last he rose to go; I rose too, and felt so very nervous that I could n't even raise my eyes."

"O Georgie, Georgie, how very, very silly you were, poor darling!"

"I know I was, Maudie, and I knew it at the time, but how could I help it?"

"Well, dear?"

"Well, then, you know —"

Mrs. Lovell hesitated.

"What?"

"Why, we stood in that way for some time, and I wondered what he was doing, but did n't dare to look up, and then at last he took my hand and said, 'Good by,' in a shockingly hoarse voice. His hand was like ice, and my hand trembled excessively from excitement, and then, too, I felt dreadfully sorry for him, so I said, 'Good by,' and then, Maudie, he, the poor fellow, stooped down — and put his arms round me — and kissed me."

"He what!" cried Maud.

"O, you need n't be so awfully indignant, Maudie, I say it calmly, he kissed me, on my forehead; but I don't feel quite so calm now, when I think of that hot tear of his that fell on my cheek."

Mrs. Lovell sighed.

Maud looked earnestly at her, and both sat in silence for some time.

II.

The Misdirected Letters.

"You see, Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, after a prolonged silence, "I am really in earnest about going to Paris, and I 'll tell you exactly why. It 's all Mr. Grimes. I have refused him, and he went away heart-broken, and all that; but I have a dreadful presentiment that he will be back again, bringing that horrible chignon with him, and making fresh protestations. I like him very well, as I have explained, but I don't want to marry him, of course, or any other person. The trouble is, however, that I have no confidence in myself, I am so shockingly weak; and I 'm terribly afraid that he will come again and persuade me to do something very, very silly. Why, Maudie dear, when I think of what I have just escaped, I really tremble. I 'm sure if he had only been a little more urgent, I really don't know what would have become of me. And then, think of the name, — Grimes! Mrs. Grimes! Why, it really sends a cold shudder through me. Really, Maudie darling, I 'm afraid to stay here any longer than I can help. He will be here again, and I shall have to see him. Of course I will manage so as not to see him alone again, but I cannot always have you with me, and he will be sure to find me some day. And then think of my fate! O yes, I must go, and I shall go immediately. I have made up my mind to leave by the very next steamer. Really I shall never feel safe till I have the ocean between me and Mr. Grimes."

"I think, on the whole, Georgie dear, that it would be a very good plan. You expect me to go with you?"

"Of course, darling; did n't I say so at the very first?"

"Yes," said Maud, slowly, and in the tone of one speaking to herself. "Yes, it is better so, better for both of us, the best thing now —"

She sighed heavily.

At this Mrs. Lovell looked earnestly at her sister and seemed struck by something in her appearance.

"Why, Maudie! what 's the matter with you?" she exclaimed.

"With me? O, nothing," said Maud.

"But you 're shockingly pale, and you 've been crying; and I 've been so taken up by my own worries, that I never noticed it till now; but now as I look at you I see plainly that something is the matter. What has happened? It must be something dreadful. You really look heart-broken about something. Why my poor, dear, sweet darling Maudie!"

Full of tender pity and affection, Mrs. Lovell went over to her sister, and kneeling on the floor by her side, she twined her arms around her, and kissed her. Maud sat for a moment as though trying to control her feelings, but suddenly gave way, and letting her head fall on her sister's shoulder she flung her arms around her and burst into tears.

"You have some trouble, darling," said Mrs. Lovell. "Tell it to me, tell it to your own Georgie." And then she

proceeded to kiss Maud, and soothe her and coax her to give her her confidence, until at length Maud promised that she would. But it was some time before she could recover from the agitation into which she had fallen. She raised herself, and tried to control her feelings; but having yielded to them once, it was not very easy to regain her composure, and it was some time before she could speak.

"O Georgie," she said, at last, "I 'm in such dreadful trouble, and I 'm sure I don't know how it happened or how it will end, or what I ever shall do."

"Only fancy!" said Mrs. Lovell, "and I 've been so selfish that I never noticed this; but then, I 'm sure I should never have thought of *you* being in trouble, darling. How can trouble ever come near *you?*"

"I 'm sure I don't understand it," said Maud, mournfully.

"But what is it all about? Tell me what it is, as far as you know. For my part, I can't imagine even a cause for trouble to *you*."

"I 'm in dreadful, dreadful trouble," sighed Maud. "Mr. Carrol, you know."

"Mr. Carrol!"

"Yes. He — he —" Maud hesitated.

"What? he did n't propose, did he? not another proposal? Mr. Carrol! Well, Maudie dear, I remember having a vague suspicion that he was fond of you; but then, I was so bothered, you know, that I did n't think very much about it. So he proposed, did he? Well, I always liked him, and I think you did too."

"Yes," sighed Maud; "I did, I really liked him."

"But when did he propose? It 's very strange. How very sly you 've been, Maudie dear."

"Why, he wrote a letter."

"Wrote? What! wrote? O dear! I thought it was only old men, weary of the world, that wrote when they proposed. To think of Mr. Carrol writing! Only fancy! I 'm sure I never would have thought that of him."

"Well," said Maud, mournfully, "he apologized for writing, and said the reason was that he could never see me alone, and was anxious to know his fate. You see you and I were always together, Georgie dear, and so he chose to write to me about it."

"Well, that is certainly a justification, Maudie, for we always are together, as you say; and now that I think of it, I don't see how any one could have ever had a chance to see you alone. But I was always thoughtless. Well, Mr. Carrol proposed, as you say; and what did you say? Did you accept him? I suppose you did, I even hope you did; for now, when I come to think of it, he seems to me to be admirably suited to you. He is young, handsome, and evidently very fond of you; he 's rich, too, but of course I don't care for that, for reasons which I have already explained, you know. So I really hope you did accept him."

Maud drew a long breath.

"Yes, Georgie dear, but that was n't all. I received another proposal at the same time."

"Another proposal!"

"Yes, and who do you think it was from? Why from that odious Frenchman who calls himself the Count du Potiron, and a very suitable name it is for such a man."

"The Count du Potiron!" repeated Mrs. Lovell. "How perfectly preposterous!"

"Perfectly," echoed Maud. "Why, really I had scarcely ever spoken to him, you know. I noticed, of course, that there was a great tendency on his part to those *galanteries* which every Frenchman considers himself bound to offer; but I really never suspected that he meant anything by them. Even when I received his proposal, it only amused me, and I scarcely gave it a thought until to-day."

"To-day?" said Mrs. Lovell; "well, what happened to-day?"

"Why," said Maud, "to-day I find that some dreadful mistake has been made; but how, or why, or by whom I cannot quite make out."

"Tell me all about it, dear," said

Mrs. Lovell, earnestly; "perhaps I can help you to find out."

"Well, Georgie, you know, of course, I like Mr. Carrol, and so, — why, when he asked me, — I — I wrote him that — well, I accepted him you know, and at the same time I wrote that absurd Frenchman a civil note, declining his proposal of course. Well, Georgie dear, I waited, and waited, and for two or three days I expected to see Mr. Carrol. You know how often he used to come. Well, he did n't come at all, but yesterday that odious Frenchman called."

"I remember," said Mrs. Lovell.

"Well, I would n't see him."

"Yes."

Maud was silent for a time, and at length continued: "This morning I received a most singular note from him. He addressed me by my Christian name, and told me that my acceptance of his proposal had overwhelmed him with the profoundest joy. My acceptance of his proposal! Think of that, Georgie! And I had rejected him positively, and almost contemptuously."

"Good heavens! Maudie, dearest, what is the meaning of it all?"

"Wait a moment," said Maud, drawing a long breath, and speaking in an excited manner. "Wait till you hear all. Such a letter of course surprised me, and at the same time excited all sorts of fears. I could n't understand it at all. I suspected that I must have made some horrible mistake of the most stupid kind. My anxiety was increased by the silence of Mr. Carrol. I had accepted him, but he had neither called on me nor written. I was bitterly mortified, and afterwards dreadfully anxious; and though I began to fear that some mistake had been made, I really did not believe it till I got that dreadful letter from the Frenchman."

"Maudie darling, you really terrify me," said Mrs. Lovell. "I have a suspicion that is positively quite shocking."

"This afternoon," said Maud, in a tremulous voice, — "this afternoon, just after lunch, I got this letter. It 's from Mr. Carrol. Read it, and tell me what you think about it."

With these words she handed to Mrs. Lovell the letter which all this time she had been holding in her hand. Mrs. Lovell took it in silence, and opening it she read the following: —

"DEAR MISS HEATHCOTE: If you wished to crush me, your wish is gratified. I am crushed utterly, and am now in the lowest state of prostration in which even *you* would wish to see me.

"I received your reply to my letter two days ago, and would have acknowledged it before, but I did not do so, partly because I supposed that any further remarks from me would be unwelcome, but more particularly because I did not feel altogether able to write.

"I expect to leave this place to-day, and forever. All my arrangements are made, and you and I will never meet again. Under the circumstances, therefore, I hope you will forgive me for saying that your rejection of my offer might have been made in terms a little less cruel and cutting. *After all that has passed between us*, I think I deserved something more than a note such as the one you thought fit to send me. It seems to me that any one with ordinary kindliness of heart would have been more willing to save one from pain and mortification than to inflict it. After all, my offence was not so very great as to be unpardonable. It only consisted in the avowal of my love for you.

"I might say very much more, but I think it is better to leave it unsaid. At any rate, you and I now part forever; but whether your peculiar mode of dealing with me will make you very much happier or not, the future alone can determine.

"Yours truly,

"PAUL CARROL."

Mrs. Lovell read this letter over twice. Then she sat and thought. Then she read it again. After this, she looked fixedly at Maud, whose pale face confronted hers with an expression

of utter woe that was pitiable to witness.

"This is horrible, simply horrible," said Mrs. Lovell. "My poor darling, how could it have happened? It's all some frightful mistake."

"And, O Georgie dear! I wrote him the very kindest, kindest letter," said Maud. "I told him how I —" But here a great sob burst from her, and choked her utterance, and she buried her face in her hands and wept aloud. Mrs. Lovell drew her towards her, and tried to soothe her with loving caresses and gentle words; but Maud's grief was too great for consolation, and it was very long before she was able to overcome it.

"He 's gone, gone forever, and I 'll never see him again!" she murmured over and over again amid her tears. "And I was expecting him, and wanting to see him so!"

"Poor dear darling!" sighed Mrs. Lovell; after which she sat for some time with an expression of deep perplexity on her pretty face, endeavoring to fathom the mystery of this somewhat singular affair.

"Of course, Maudie dearest," said she, at last, "there has been some mistake, and you yourself must have made the mistake. There is only one thing possible, yet it really seems too absurd. After all, though, it is positively the only thing that can account for it, and it is just possible. Don't you think so, darling?"

"Don't I think what? You don't say what it is."

"Well, I was thinking that it was just possible that you, in your excitement, which was very natural under the circumstances, you know, — that you might have made a dreadful blunder in the address, and directed the Count's letter to Mr. Carrol, and Mr. Carrol's letter to the Count."

"And that 's the very thing I have been suspecting," exclaimed Maud, in a tone of dismay; "but it 's so shocking, that I don't dare to think of it."

"Well, darling, won't you acknowledge that it is possible?"

"Certainly, it is possible, but not probable."

"Well, now let us see about the probability of it," said Mrs. Lovell, putting herself in an attitude of profound reflection. "In the first place you answered the Count's letter."

"Yes."

"And then Mr. Carrol's."

"Yes."

"Now do you remember whether you addressed each one immediately after writing it, or waited till you had finished your writing and then addressed both?"

"O, I remember that perfectly well. I did not address the letters until after I had finished both. I never do when I have more than one to write."

"Well, of course, you were a little agitated, particularly after your last effusion to Mr. Carrol. It was very natural. And you were excited, you know, Maudie dear. You know you were."

"I suppose I may have been a little excited."

"Well, is n't it possible, or even probable, that in your excitement you may have put the letters in their envelopes and addressed each of them to the wrong person altogether?"

Maud gave a heavy sigh, and looked despairingly at her sister.

"Well, now, Maudie dear," continued Mrs. Lovell, "there 's another thing I should like to ask. I should like to know the general nature of each letter, so as to see if there was anything in either of them which might show the recipient that it was a mistake. A great deal depends on that, you know. Tell me now — I don't want to get your secrets, you know, I only want to help you. Let us begin with the one you wrote first, what did you say to the Count?"

"Well, Georgie, it was a very cool and civil rejection, that was all. At first I thought of writing in the third person, but I concluded that it was better to do so in the first; so I told him that I regretted that he had written to me in that way, and hinted that there had been nothing in our mutual

relations to warrant his sending such a proposal to me; and I very civilly hoped that he would not feel disappointed."

"And there was nothing more?"

"No."

"Nothing which might show that it was not for Mr. Carrol; no allusions to his being a foreigner, for example?"

"Certainly not. It was so very general in its terms that it would have done to insert in a Complete Letter-Writer. But then, Georgie darling, that is the very thing that should have excited Mr. Carrol's suspicions, and made him sure that such a letter could not have been intended for him."

"Well, Maudie, men are such odd, unreasonable creatures, you know, that there 's no knowing how they will act, particularly in love affairs. I 'm afraid he must have accepted the letter as your own actual answer to his, or else how could he have written in such a very shocking way? But now tell me about the other."

"Well, I wrote to Mr. Carrol the very kindest, kindest letter that I could compose. I 'm sure I said everything that he could expect, and I even expressed a wish to see him soon."

"Did you make any very particular allusions to any particular incidents?"

"O no; it was only a general expression of — well, you know what, and all that sort of thing."

"How did you begin it? Not with 'Dear Sir'?"

"No. I said, 'My dear Mr. Carrol.'"

"And how did you begin the Count's?"

"Simply with 'Dear Sir.'"

"Not 'Dear Monsieur le Compte,' or 'Dear Count'?"

"Certainly not. The first was French, which would be out of place in an English letter, and the other seemed a little familiar, so I took refuge in the simple formula of 'Dear Sir.'"

"Well, the Count got the letter which began, 'My dear Mr. Carrol.'"

"He must have, if I did make the mistake."

"You are sure that you began it in that way."

"O yes."

"Well, if you did, I don't see what the Count could make out of it. He must have seen that it was not for himself. He 's acquainted with Mr. Carrol, too, and must have understood that it was for him. But then again he must have believed that it was for himself. Even French assurance could not make him appropriate a letter which he could see so plainly was addressed to another man."

"There is only one thing that I can think of," said Maud, dolefully, "and I 've thought of it frequently; for all this was on my mind before you came in."

"What is that?"

"Well, it is this. I have thought that it is just possible for my writing to be a little illegible; my hand is very angular, you know, and the *o*'s are open, and I don't cross my *t*'s, and all that sort of thing. I find now that in writing the name of Carrol rapidly, it does bear a remote resemblance to the word "Count." I dare say you would show the same resemblance if you were to write it. Now look at this."

And Maud went over to her writing-desk, and wrote the name "Carrol" several times.

"There certainly is a resemblance, as you say," remarked Mrs. Lovell, as she looked at the writing, which was in the most pronounced angular "lady's hand." "There really is quite a resemblance," she repeated, "though the words are so unlike. But then, you know, Maudie dear, you say you wrote 'My dear Mr. Carrol'; would n't it seem a little odd to him to read 'My dear Mr. Count'?"

"O, he would have no trouble about that," said Maud, mournfully. "He might, in the first place, attribute it to my ignorance of the proper style of addressing him, or, what is still more likely, he would probably take the

'Mr.' as a plain 'M,' and would read it, 'My dear M. Count,' which would n't seem to him so very much out of the way, you know. See here."

And Maud, taking up a sheet of note-paper, wrote the words, "My dear Mr. Carrol." Mrs. Lovell looked at it thoughtfully for some time.

"There 's a great deal in what you say, Maudie," said she. "I confess that you may really read those words as 'My dear M. Count,' or even, 'My dear M. le Count.' In fact, I think you could even turn it into 'My cher M. le Count'; and if a pressure were put on one, I would not say that one could not read it as 'Mon cher M. le Count.' In fact, I dare say he reads it that way himself."

Maud sighed heavily, threw down the pen, and retreated to a chair, where she rested her head on her hands, and sat looking gloomily at the floor.

James DeMille.

BEFORE SUNRISE.

THIS grassy gorge, as daylight failed last night,
I traversed toward the west, where thin and young,
Bent like Diana's bow and silver-bright,
Half lost in rosy haze a crescent hung.

I paused upon the beach's upper edge:
The violet east all shadowy lay behind,
Southward the lighthouse glittered o'er the ledge,
And lightly, softly blew the western wind.

And at my feet, between the turf and stone,
Wild-roses, bayberry, purple thistles tall,
And pink herb-robert grew where shells were strown,
And morning-glory vines climbed over all.

I stooped the closely folded buds to note
That gleamed in the dim light mysteriously,
While full of whispers of the far-off rote,
Summer's enchanted dusk crept o'er the sea.

And sights and sounds and sea scents delicate
So wrought upon my soul with sense of bliss,
Happy I sat as if at heaven's gate,
Asking on earth no greater joy than this.

And now at dawn upon the beach again,
Kneeling I wait the coming of the sun,
Watching the looser-folded buds, and fain
To see the marvel of their day begun.

All the world lies so dewy-fresh and still!
Whispers so gently all the water wide,
Hardly it breaks the silence, — from the hill
Come clear bird-voices mingling with the tide.

Sunset or dawn, which is the lovelier? Lo!
My darlings, sung to all the balmy night
By summer waves and softest winds that blow,
Begin to feel the thrilling of the light.

Red lips of roses waiting to be kissed
By early sunshine, soon in smiles will break;
But O, ye morning-glories that keep tryst
With the first ray of daylight, ye awake!

O bells of triumph, ringing noiseless peals
Of unimagined music to the day!
Almost I could believe each blossom feels
The same delight that sweeps my soul away.

O bells of triumph! Delicate trumpets, thrown
Heavenward and earthward, turned east, west, north, south,
In lavish beauty, who through you has blown
This sweet cheer of the morning, with calm mouth?

'T is God who breathes the triumph, he who wrought
The tender curves, and laid the tints divine
Along the lovely lines, the eternal thought
That troubles all our lives with wise design.

Yea, out of pain and death his beauty springs,
And out of doubt a deathless confidence:
Though we are shod with leaden cares, our wings
Shall lift us yet out of our deep suspense.

Thou great Creator! pardon us who reach
For other heaven beyond this world of thine,
This matchless world, where thy least trace doth teach
Thy solemn lessons clearly, line on line.

And help us to be grateful, we who live
Such sordid, fretful lives of discontent;
Nor see the sunshine, nor the flower, nor strive
To find the love thy bitter chastening meant.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

ROBERT STAVELEY (37).
CHARLES PEPPEREL (36).
MARGARET (21).
MARTHA (23).

Drawing-room of a house in the country. Glass doors at back into the piazza and garden; doors right and left into the house. Late afternoon. Middle of August.

SCENE I. — MARTHA, *coming forward, pale and agitated, followed by* PEPPEREL.

PEPPEREL. What is it to be, — peace or war? I knew you were here, and yet I came. You may imagine whether I like it. I saw you at the window as I came through the garden. I confess that, for an instant, I was on the point of turning away. But when a man has come a-wooing, he has a use for all his gallantry. I should have vastly preferred to respect your seclusion. Do me justice! I 'm not so bad as you think. You know it 's said that unless we 're saints we hate those whom we 've wronged. Of course if we 're saints, we 've not wronged any one. Now I don't in the least hate you. I don't say I pity you, — that would be insulting.

MARTHA. Yes, don't be insulting!

PEPPEREL. I esteem you — there! I esteem you more than any woman in the world. Under the circumstances I call that handsome. Meet me, if not as a friend, at least not as an enemy, and justify my good opinion by your tact.

MARTHA (*after a silence*). Is it really you that I hear? Am I really standing face to face with you and listening to you? calmly, after all!

PEPPEREL. It 's very odd, certainly. Life leads us a dance, if we happen to have an ear for the tune! But everything 's odd, or nothing 's odd, according as you look at things. The grand point is not to stand staring, like rustics at a fair. Will you forgive me?

MARTHA. I don't understand you. I only feel that every word you utter *must* be an injury.

PEPPEREL. The deuce! Well, I can't stand and argue the matter. I must play my part and do my work. Of course, at best, I can't expect you to think well of me; but I 'm determined you sha' n't think so ill as you 'd like to do. I shall therefore be perfectly frank. You know, I suppose, what has brought me here?

MARTHA. I wish to know nothing.

PEPPEREL. You must know everything. I 'm engaged — I 'm on the way to be engaged — it 's the same thing — to Miss Thorne. Time is precious in such a case. If Miss Thorne chooses to come dutifully to spend a month with her aunt (though I 'm told the poor lady's ailments don't increase the charm of her conversation), I can hardly be expected to wait till the month is up to make my offer, or to break off my wooing in the middle because you happen to be established here. You see we 're just at that point when an offer is *apropos* at any moment. And, really, I 'm extremely happy to find you so comfortably settled. You 'll not pretend you were better off in that dismal little house of your mother's. Of course, if I could have arranged matters ideally, I should n't have chosen to come and make my offer under your very nose. But let me assure you that I shall remember what is due to you as far as I can without forgetting what is due to Miss Thorne.

MARTHA (*who has stood silent, with her eyes on the ground, raises them and looks at him*). Even your very face is altered!

PEPPEREL. I 've let my beard grow. You 'll forgive me yet.

MARTHA. Don't ask too much. (*Turns to go.*)

PEPPEREL. Yes, you 'll forgive me. Allow me five minutes more. I 'll prove what I say.

MARTHA. Mr. Pepperel, spare me, I beseech you.

PEPPEREL. You know our account 's not squared. I 'm your debtor. I seem as offensive as if I were a creditor. But you 'll get used to me. An hour or two hence, I shall beg for five minutes. It 's a little complicated ! — Miss Thorne, I was told, is in the garden. We shall be having her jealous ! (*Goes out by the piazza.*)

SCENE II. — MARTHA *alone, then* STAVELEY.

MARTHA (*sinks into a chair and remains for some moments plunged in thought*). I was prepared for much, but I was not prepared for this ! Life, you 're hard. Six months ago I fancied it the last humiliation to become a paid servant, — for what am I more ? But it 's the greatest humiliation of all, I verily believe, simply to be a woman ; that includes the others : to listen and believe and trust as a woman ! Well, the world tells us that it 's a great privilege to suffer as a woman. It 's a pity I should n't at least enjoy that ! (*Brushes away her tears ; then suddenly rises.*) A voice on the piazza ? Yes, it 's Mr. Staveley. Nay, there are true men in the world, as well as false, and the woman *he* should address would not have to suffer for it.

STAVELEY (*comes in from the piazza with a travelling-bag, which he places on a chair*). Miss Noel ! Your humble servant. You 're not at home alone, I suppose.

MARTHA. They 're all on the lawn and in the garden, — a party of them. You know it 's Miss Thorne's birthday ; they 're having tea on the grass.

STAVELEY. Yes, I come with my birthday wishes, — such as they are ! And why have you run away ?

MARTHA. I 'm not expected to have any wishes, Mr. Staveley.

STAVELEY. You 're morbid ; that 's what 's the matter with you. You 're expected to know how you 're valued. My aunt looks upon you as a — as a niece !

MARTHA. Not yet ! But I 'm a very silly girl ! Your aunt 's not there ; she 's been unable, as usual, to leave her room. I remain here to be within summons.

STAVELEY. When next she sends for you, pray ask her if she can receive me. There 's no hurry. Who are they all, out there ?

MARTHA. A dozen. Mrs. Seymour and her daughters, Mrs. Lewis, the two Miss Jessops and their brother, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Jones, half a dozen gentlemen.

STAVELEY. Including Mr. Pepperel.

MARTHA (*with a slight effort*). Mr. Pepperel has just come. Won't you join them ?

STAVELEY. Not just yet. *Apropos* of Mr. Pepperel, I wish, Miss Noel, to ask you three questions. (*As* MARTHA *turns away, aside.*) Mr. Pepperel's name makes her blush ; Mr. Pepperel's presence, if I 'm not mistaken, has made her cry. Can this poor girl have been one of his victims ? He was crossing the lawn there with the strut of the conquering hero ! If she will, she can help me. (*Aloud, as* MARTHA *comes down again.*) I have a particular desire to learn the position of things between Mr. Pepperel and my cousin.

MARTHA. I can hardly tell you. Mr. Pepperel has just come.

STAVELEY. O, but you don't mean to say that you 've not guessed ! You 've had half the evidence ; what more does a woman need ? Margaret has been here a week, I believe. Has she told you nothing ? You and she are of course friends.

MARTHA. Miss Thorne is not communicative, and I 'm not inquisitive. Mr. Pepperel's name has never been mentioned between us.

STAVELEY. Ah, there it is ! She 's in love. Is it an engagement ?

MARTHA (*after a pause*). You 've come to congratulate her ?

STAVELEY. I 've come to remonstrate with her — if you can believe it.

I disapprove of the match — I abominate Pepperel. It 's a matter, Miss Noel, in which you can perhaps assist me ; unless indeed, like most women, you 're silly enough to believe in the fellow.

MARTHA. I thank you for the sex.

STAVELEY. The sex ought really to be obliged to me. But if I can save Margaret, the others may look out for themselves. I 'm not a man who is fond of meddling in other people's business ; but this time, I confess, I could n't sit still. Of course it will be a siege. She 'll not drop him for my asking her. I fancy, Miss Noel, that you 're an observer. You know this terrible Margaret of ours. She 's pretty, she 's clever, and, when she will, she 's charming. She 's not charming when she won't ! She 's positive, I can tell you ! In plain English, she 's obstinate. If I may allow myself the expression, she 's hard ! I say all this to you ; of course I should never dare to say it to her.

MARTHA. I hope not, I 'm sure.

STAVELEY. O, you should hear the sweet things she says to me ! Well, this time I mean to brave them ! I never carried my point yet, but I 've never had one so well worth carrying. My courage has risen with the occasion. Friendship, as well as love, Miss Noel, can make a fool of a man. I 've been, first and last, of a hundred minds about my cousin. Sometimes I 've been sure for six weeks together that I don't care two straws for her, — that her smiles and her frowns are all the same to me ! I 've declared that she 's cold, heartless, wilful beyond the limits of grace. Then for another six weeks it has seemed to me that her smile is the handsomest thing in the world, and that even her frown is very fine, — as frowns go ! It 's not that I 've been in love with her. Worse than that, — the pains without the pleasures ! I 've undertaken to befriend her for charity ; I 've wanted to be her good genius. A wilful woman, sooner or later, is sure to need one. Margaret 's too proud, poor girl ; she 'll make no sacrifice to the unknown gods. If the gods will only not come knocking some fine day at her door, to demand arrears ! I 've always been absurdly considerate ; I 've never contradicted her ; I 've left her to the gods to deal with. She thinks, of course, I have n't the pluck to say boh ! to a goose, and I 'm in hopes she 'll rather like me if I tell her to her face she 's a fool. Unfortunately, to like that sort of thing demands a fund of sense ! How has *he* done it, what has *he* told her, to bring her to this pass ? Miss Noel, the gods *do* avenge themselves ! They don't come nowadays in thunder and pestilence ; they don't blast our crops nor slay our children ; they quietly punish us through our own passions. Here 's the proudest girl in the world infatuated with a man whose arm, if she really knew him, she would refuse to take for five minutes at a ball. (*Observing her.*) But you don't believe me, Miss Noel. How can I hope she will ?

MARTHA. It 's no affair of mine, save that I admire your zeal.

STAVELEY. O, that 's what Mr. Wigmore, my cousin's lawyer, said to me this morning. He 's an old friend of her father's, and since my uncle's death, ten years ago, he has been her guardian. I take the alarm, I rush to him and unfold the tale. "Margaret is about to bestow her hand upon Charles Pepperel, of whom you 've heard, a man a woman can't marry, — a rank adventurer ! I know him, he knows me ! To the rescue !" For all answer, he takes out his watch. "At ten o'clock this morning pretty Margaret became her own mistress. Twenty-one years ago to an hour she entered upon her minority. At ten o'clock this morning she issued from it, and my term of office expired. It 's now twenty minutes past. I have n't the least desire to overleap my authority. I 've had ten years' bother ; I 've broken off three engagements already, — one before she was out of frocks ; I 've fought a dozen pitched battles. For heaven's sake, let me rest on my laurels. The gentleman may be no gentleman ;

nothing is more likely. Let this go for his punishment!" That's all very well, but I'd rather not anticipate Providence. I walked about three hours and thought of it; I worked myself into a rage of benevolence. I packed my bag and jumped into the train, and here I am! Now tell me, Miss Noel, whether, after all, I'm simply a meddlesome fool.

MARTHA. Your intention is surely excellent. But when a woman is deceived— (*She pauses.*)

STAVELEY (*attentive*). No man can undeceive her?

MARTHA (*abruptly*). Try, Mr. Staveley! I'll pray for you.

STAVELEY. I fancy you might help me better than by your prayers. You don't say much, but I imagine you're very wise.

MARTHA (*smiling*). May I never speak again!

(PEPPEREL *has entered from the garden during the last words; he advances.*)

PEPPEREL (*with gallantry*). O, I protest against that!

MARTHA (*starts and falters; then collects herself*). Excuse me; I'm called. (*Exit hastily.*)

SCENE III.—STAVELEY, PEPPEREL.

(*The two men exchange a fixed glance and stand for a moment uncertain.*)

PEPPEREL (*suddenly assumes an air of friendly recognition*). Mr. Staveley! For a moment I was at a loss to place you.

STAVELEY (*aside*). Good heavens! Before such impudence, where's *my* chance?

PEPPEREL. Just here I hardly expected to meet you! But when a man has, like you, the happy pretext of cousinship, where else should one look for him? (*Aside.*) Confound the cousinship! Still Margaret has always made light of it. As one of the "family," I must speak him fair.

STAVELEY. I had n't the least doubt as to who you were. My only doubt was as to whether I 'd speak to you.

PEPPEREL (*smiling*). Admit, then, that I cut a troublesome knot! Miss Thorne just now begged me to outstay her little party; but she did n't mention you as one of the attractions.

STAVELEY. I 've only just arrived.

PEPPEREL. I 'm just arrived myself. We must have been fellow-travellers; unless indeed you took the train. I always take the boat. It 's not so much longer; I 've had time to go to the hotel and dress. And then there 's nothing I like so much as a summer evening on the water.

STAVELEY. You have simpler tastes than when we last met!

PEPPEREL. O, that was in the— dark ages! We met in some queer places, eh? (*Aside.*) What the deuce is he coming to? I 'll meet him half-way, but only half-way! (*Aloud.*) Of course you know this is Miss Thorne's birthday. I 've taken the liberty of bringing her a little present. (*Tapping his waistcoat-pocket.*) A ring, with a really uncommon diamond! She has such things inplenty, of course, but I shall beg her to accept this as a token of an altogether peculiar sentiment. She promised to follow me in here and give me my opportunity. I wish all those good people were ten miles away!

STAVELEY. I should indeed fancy a dozen good people might make you very uncomfortable.

PEPPEREL. You seem inclined to try what *one* can do. (*After a pause.*) Evidently, you mean war.

STAVELEY. I mean victory. It will be war only if you choose to adhere to a hopeless cause.

PEPPEREL. My dear sir, you 're unforgiving.

STAVELEY. It 's not a matter of forgiveness. I can't forget! I might have forgiven you a dozen times any mere wrong of my own, and yet not be able to stand silent and see a woman whom I respect and esteem think of you as a man she can decently marry.

PEPPEREL. You mean, then, I take it, to oppose my marriage?

STAVELEY. I mean to do what I can.

PEPPEREL. I wonder whether you appreciate the difficulties of the undertaking.

STAVELEY. I 've given them my best consideration. Have you anything to suggest?

PEPPEREL. Miss Thorne is a woman of a very high spirit.

STAVELEY. Imagine her sensations, then, on finding herself married to you!

PEPPEREL. For a man who does n't mean war, you hit hard.

STAVELEY. Give it up, and I 'll never strike another blow.

PEPPEREL. You 're very generous. After all, what do your blows amount to? You can prove nothing.

STAVELEY. It depends upon what you call proof.

PEPPEREL. You can't find chapter and verse, without a vast deal of trouble. Meanwhile, I shall gain time.

STAVELEY. I can tell a plain tale in ten minutes.

PEPPEREL. Your plain tale has a highly ornamental *dénouement*. The heroine 's married! It 's a fact! I doubt whether her husband would care to have her come into court. Without that, it 's simply your word.

STAVELEY. I have ground to suppose that, with my cousin, my word carries some weight.

PEPPEREL. Why, then, it 's just man to man!

STAVELEY. That sounds portentous. Still, I shall do my best. Here she comes. (MARGARET *comes in from the piazza.*)

SCENE IV. — *The Same*, MARGARET.

PEPPEREL (*meeting her*). I 'm like Louis XIV., — I almost waited! But I 've had good company.

MARGARET. Why, Robert, when did you get here? (*Giving him her hand.*)

STAVELEY. Half an hour ago. I have n't shown myself, because I 've my toilet to make.

MARGARET. Go and attend to it, and come and make yourself agreeable.

PEPPEREL (*sotto voce to* STAVELEY). I think, on the whole, I 'll defy you.

STAVELEY. Agreeable? O, I don't promise to be that. As to my dressing, — after all, need I? Your friends must be going.

MARGARET. Go and dress for me, then. Where 's your gallantry?

STAVELEY. It 's not in my coat, Margaret. I 'll show you! (*Takes his bag and exit.*)

SCENE V. — PEPPEREL, MARGARET.

PEPPEREL. I came here, Miss Thorne, with a design for which my letter, three days since, must have prepared you. But even if my intention had been less definite, the five minutes' talk I have just had with your cousin would have given it instant shape.

MARGARET. Your letter was explicit, certainly. I did n't answer it because, after it, the least you could do was to come. And pray what has my cousin to do with the matter?

PEPPEREL. Margaret, I love you!

MARGARET (*after a silence*). I believe you 're honest. And what is this about Mr. Staveley?

PEPPEREL. To-day, you once told me, is your birthday. I 've not forgotten it. It falls in the nick of time. I have ventured to bring you a ring (*taking it from his waistcoat-pocket*) — such a ring as I 've seen women wear of whom it was whispered that they were engaged. (*Takes her hand, which she slowly surrenders. He is about to pass the ring upon her finger, when she withdraws her hand, crosses her arms, and looks at him gravely.*)

MARGARET. Your ring is beautiful, but you must give me time.

PEPPEREL. I 've given you three days.

MARGARET. I have your letter here in my pocket; I 've been carrying it about with me. But the same words, spoken, sound new and strange.

PEPPEREL. I love you, — I love you, — I love you! Are you used to them now? But you 're right to ponder the matter! There 's the opinion of the world. Mr. Staveley, for one, altogether disapproves.

MARGARET. Mr. Staveley? What do you mean?

PEPPEREL. He has come down to forbid the banns.

MARGARET. Pray who has asked his opinion?

PEPPEREL. O, you 'll not have to ask it to hear it. You 're to hear it *gratis*. In three words, Margaret, he owes me a grudge, and he 's determined to prevent my marriage. He considers, naturally, that there can be no harsher vengeance.

MARGARET. This is something new. From to-day I 'm my own mistress; it shall not be for nothing. I owe it to you to assure you that my decision shall rest on grounds of my own, and not of my cousin's.

PEPPEREL (*aside*). Victory, victory! (*Aloud.*) Do you mean to listen to him?

MARGARET. I take it you 're not afraid to have me.

PEPPEREL. I 'm not ashamed to say I 'm afraid of losing you. He 'll surprise you.

MARGARET. It 's surprise enough to find him meddling in my affairs.

PEPPEREL. You know your cousin, Margaret. He 's one of those men who go about measuring all mankind with the little inch measure of their own imaginations and multiplying their blunders by their prejudices. I 've incurred his distinguished displeasure. It 's an old story. He has raked up a heap of scandal, with which, apparently, he means to regale your maidenly ears. I frankly confess that I 'm a man about whom stories can be told; and I have the fatuity to believe that you 'll not care for me the less on that account. You don't suppose that you 've taken me out of the nursery; and you 'll not complain of having fixed the affections and renewed the youth of a man who had begun to fear that he had no heart and the world no charm. Concerning your cousin, to the best of my knowledge, History is absolutely silent! I doubt that any one will ever come and startle you with "revelations" about Mr. Staveley. It 's no revelation, of course, to hear that he 's a narrow-minded, rancorous prig. However, there 's no smoke without fire, and I 've no doubt he has a dozen tales at his fingers' ends, proving, damningly, that I 've been idle, reckless, extravagant, selfishly fond of pleasure. I can trust you to believe that they prove nothing worse. I know but one pleasure now, Margaret; and if to cling to that is selfish, I 'm a monster of egotism! He has one little anecdote, I believe, which he considers his *cheval de bataille*. He threw out monstrous hints, but I can't imagine to what he alludes. I shall be curious to hear your report. I fancy it 's the tragical history of a certain young person whom he had taken it into his head to consider a model of all the virtues. I proved, irrefutably, that the list was incomplete, and he has never forgiven me this impeachment of his taste.

MARGARET. You need n't mind details. (*After a silence.*) Do you know I 'm inclined to thank Mr. Staveley? His interference has made us more intimate.

PEPPEREL. You can thank him outright! (STAVELEY *returns.*)

STAVELEY. Am I presentable? I put up my things in such a fever that I find I 've forgotten half of them.

MARGARET. Mr. Pepperel, go and amuse those poor people on the lawn. I don't know what they think of their hostess. But when a girl has this sort of thing on her hands —

PEPPEREL. I 'll represent you! (*Aside.*) I fancy I 've fixed it, unless Martha speaks! But, Martha 's an angel. (*Exit, by piazza.*)

SCENE VI. — MARGARET, STAVELEY.

MARGARET. For the pretty things you have to say to me, you can hardly be dressed enough. Mr. Pepperel tells me that you don't approve of our acquaintance.

STAVELEY. You must admit that, considering the deep and affectionate interest I have always taken in your affairs, you have never had reason to

complain of my zeal, and that I have managed to temper it with a great deal of deference.

MARGARET. You 've never had a decent pretext for interference. I know you 've been itching to make one.

STAVELEY. I did n't come to blow my own trumpet. I came to beseech you not to throw yourself away. The man whom you have honored with your favor is signally unworthy of it.

MARGARET. There 's a beginning!

STAVELEY. You 'll excuse me if I lose no time. Those who know him best respect him least. He has neither heart nor conscience. His notions of what is honorable in conduct are absolutely grotesque. He 's a cool impostor. I know what I say. I can't stand still and see you sacrifice yourself to a pitiful delusion. Pause and reflect; reconsider your impressions, and question your heart. I speak to you, Margaret, in the name of the tender good-will I have always borne you, in that of your young happiness and freedom, in that of the very pride and temper which make you resent my words.

MARGARET. In the name of my pride and my temper, then, I beg you to know that your words are an insufferable injury. Am I a flighty schoolgirl? I know him and I love him.

STAVELEY. You 're not the first to love him. You 'll not be the first to repent. He 's incapable of really caring for a woman. He does n't love you, he loves your money.

MARGARET. My dear cousin, I 'm vastly obliged to you. You 've shaken me into position. *Do* I love him? I had been asking myself. You 've made me say yes!

STAVELEY. You love your own will better; and my impression is that in this matter you 're defending him far less than that.

MARGARET. Charming! While you 're about it, put an end to us both.

STAVELEY. Are you actually engaged?

MARGARET. Considering the key in which you 've pitched the conversation, you 'll not think me rude if I tell you it 's none of your business.

STAVELEY. Give me a week, and I 'll prove what I say. I 'll put you into communication with persons who will satisfy you.

MARGARET. Meanwhile, I 'll say to Mr. Pepperel: "*Apropos*, they tell me you 're a monster of vice. I don't know what to say to it, but I think it 's very possible. Invitations are out for an inquest; next Monday we shall hear witnesses. My cousin has kindly consented to conduct the proceedings. If you pass muster, I 'll have you."

STAVELEY. And your lover, if he 's an honest man, will fold his arms and smile serenely.

MARGARET. My lover, if he 's the man I take him for, will calmly await the issue; and then, when you and your witnesses have made proper fools of yourselves and — heaven forgive me! — of me, he 'll make me his bow: "I had looked for a wife, madam, and not for a judge in petticoats!"

STAVELEY. O, I 've no doubt he 'll treat you to a pretty piece of impudence!

MARGARET. Really, I 'm glad to love a man who has enemies. It 's a proof of a strong nature.

STAVELEY. If that 's all you want, why don't you take your husband out of the Penitentiary?

MARGARET. Come, don't talk to me again about my temper. I 'll go back to my guests; they 're not amusing, but they 're decently polite.

STAVELEY. You don't suppose I 'm afraid to offend you. I came prepared for that. I 'll not ask you to wait a week; give me an hour. I promise you in an hour to change your opinion.

MARGARET. Do you know you 're amusing? I 'm really tempted to consent. Of course, after this everything 's at an end between us, and I want a good round pretext for despising you.

STAVELEY. Ah, my terrible cousin, that 's if I don't succeed! But if I do —

MARGARET. I shall hate you. An hour, to a minute, mind! (*Exit, to the garden.*)

SCENE VII. — STAVELEY, *alone.*

STAVELEY. A pretty pair of alternatives! Well, madam, I don't think I shall love you, at this rate. The trouble of dealing with really superior scoundrels is, that they have a way of wrapping themselves in their dishonor with as many classic folds as a Roman in his virtue. She likes a man who has enemies! O romance, you're no better than an old-clothes man! If I could only make him out the coward he really is! show her the dingy dishabille of his iniquity! For that I must have facts and figures — and with only an hour to collect them. It would be awkward if I were to be wrong, after all, about this poor little Miss Noel. No, I always felt she had a little mystery of grief, and her tears just now, when Pepperel had left her, and her flight when he reappeared, fitted the key to the lock. Ten words from her, emphasized by that charming wise face and those sad gray eyes, ought to go far. The point is, to get a modest girl to speak such words. She'll not do it for revenge, but she may for charity. If she will, she's a trump! And to save me time, here she comes!

(*Enter* MARTHA, *from the house.*)

SCENE VIII. — STAVELEY, MARTHA.

MARTHA. I've seen your aunt. She'll receive you at seven.

STAVELEY. I wish she had called it eight. For the coming hour I have my hands full. Margaret has given me an hour to prove my case.

MARTHA. Poor Mr. Staveley! You see what it is to try and help people in spite of themselves.

STAVELEY. Do you think we ought to shrug our shoulders and let them pass?

MARTHA. Our own troubles make us sceptical. We say it's a weary world, at best, and a little more or a little less —

STAVELEY. O, this will never do! I want you to believe.

MARTHA. I confess, a very little happiness may restore our faith.

STAVELEY. Yours, Miss Noel, has been tried.

MARTHA. I never supposed I should tell you so.

STAVELEY. I don't ask you idly. The fact is relevant. You have suffered, I fancy, as Margaret may suffer, when, having believed her lover an honest man, she finds he's a knave.

MARTHA. How have you guessed all this?

STAVELEY. I've guessed, because I've observed you, if you'll excuse the liberty. And I've observed you, because I admire you.

MARTHA. At that, I must excuse it!

STAVELEY. If I have observed to good purpose, you and Charles Pepperel have not met to-day for the first time.

MARTHA. For the last.

STAVELEY (*aside*). How under heaven is a man to ask it? (*Aloud.*) You know him well.

MARTHA. I thought so till one hour ago. I find I've but half known him.

STAVELEY. Poor girl! He has added insult to injury.

MARTHA. He has done me good. Here I am talking to you of him as of a stranger.

STAVELEY. It's a good beginning. Speak of him to Margaret; tell *her* your story.

MARTHA. I would rather it should end with you, Mr. Staveley.

STAVELEY. Tell me all, then. (*As she remains silent, aside.*) There's a request!

MARTHA. We were engaged. My mother was dead; I was altogether alone; fair words had a double price. For three days, I believe, he was sincere; in three days I was convinced. I believed — my excuse is that I believed everything. I placed my slender patrimony in his hands, to reinvest to better advantage. We were to be married in a month. It was then, I

suppose, that he met Miss Thorne, — richer, prettier, more attractive than I, and apparently as credulous. Poor girl! But *she* has a cousin! From that moment till an hour ago I 've not seen his face. O, he bade me farewell — in a note of three lines, enclosing the titles of a scattered remnant of my property. As this was an insufficient support, I was obliged to earn my living. I found this situation as companion to your aunt, and I consider that I 've been fortunate.

STAVELEY. Good heaven!

MARTHA. I don't complain, Mr. Staveley. I 'm very happy.

STAVELEY. O, allow me to doubt it.

MARTHA. Your aunt 's eccentric, but she 's kind.

STAVELEY. My aunt 's a fretful old shrew!

MARTHA (*smiling*). Of course it takes less to content me than it would you. I have no generous dreams of helping and enlightening my fellow-mortals.

STAVELEY (*looking at her a moment in silence*). Miss Noel, you think I 'm a gross idiot!

MARTHA. I place my confessions at your service.

STAVELEY (*aside*). Ah, the brave girl! (*Aloud.*) Have you still in your possession that note of three lines?

MARTHA. I 've kept it. If you were a woman, you 'd know why. I am waiting for a moment in my own room to burn it up.

STAVELEY. Keep it an hour longer. Give it to me. It 's for that you 've kept it.

MARTHA. Do you really think so?

STAVELEY (*after a pause*). Do you know, Miss Noel, this high and mighty cousin of mine ought to be desperately obliged to us?

MARTHA. She 'll not forgive me, that I know.

STAVELEY. We shall be in the same box. I 'll not waste my logic upon her. Pepperel will apprehend it better. *He* shall convince her! If I have ten minutes' talk with him, you 'll not object to my mentioning your letter.

MARTHA. To what purpose?

STAVELEY. To bid him repent, by Jove! under pain of exposure. To bid him disgorge! You 're too patient by half!

MARTHA. You 're Miss Thorne's knight, not mine, Mr. Staveley. It is her interests that are in question. As I can easily keep them distinct from my own, I had better see Mr. Pepperel. Yes, in fact, it 's better. An hour ago he asked me for an interview, which I then felt no inclination to grant. But, on reflection, I 've changed my mind. I wish to be just. He spoke of our "account." I don't know what he means, but I fancy he has some proposal for the restoration of my property. I shall bid him keep it and give up Miss Thorne.

STAVELEY. Merciful powers! Is that your notion of justice? Let *me* deal with him.

MARTHA. Thank you; it 's my own affair.

STAVELEY. I detest the idea of your meeting him again.

MARTHA. I 'm very calm. And now while we 're talking, your aunt is waiting for you.

STAVELEY (*slowly turning to go; at the door*). This is too much; I give up my cause!

MARTHA. Already! I 've almost espoused it.

STAVELEY. I 'm sick of it. Miss Margaret, I offer you my compliments. (*Exit.*)

MARTHA (*alone*). I offer you mine, Miss Thorne! (*Enter* MARGARET *from the garden.*)

SCENE IX. — MARTHA, MARGARET.

MARGARET. They 've gone at last; but it 's no thanks to you, Miss Noel.

MARTHA (*smiling*). Do you mean that, if I had been present, they would have gone earlier? I have to be within sound of your aunt's bell.

MARGARET. I wish, by the way, you 'd bring in from the grass the shawls and cushions she lent us. It 's not for my aunt, but for my aunt's

nephew, that you 've been lingering here, I believe. I hope you found him more civil than I. He treated me to half an hour's abuse of a friend so intimate that it amounted to telling me outright that I had low tastes.

MARTHA (*after a silence*). Are you engaged, Miss Thorne?

MARGARET. If you feel disposed to congratulate me, you need n't wait.

MARTHA. I can't in conscience congratulate you.

MARGARET. Really, this is the Palace of Truth! My cousin has n't wasted his time.

MARTHA. I know Mr. Pepperel, not by your cousin, but by himself. (*Aside.*) I could tell him, but I really can't tell her. (*Aloud.*) I once did Mr. Pepperel more than justice.

MARGARET. Ah, you are perhaps the young lady he told me of, in whom Mr. Staveley took such an interest and about whom he had his quarrel with Mr. Pepperel! *Hinc illæ lachrymæ;* do you know Latin? Tell me your story.

MARTHA. I know nothing of Mr. Staveley's quarrel, nor its cause. As for my story, your ear has evidently been gained in advance.

MARGARET. Well, whatever it may have been, you 've got a respectable situation.

MARTHA (*aside*). O, you poor creature! (*Aloud.*) Excuse me; I think you 'll be enlightened yet.

MARGARET. What on earth is going to happen? One would think that, between you, you 'd been brewing a thunderbolt! For heaven's sake, let it come! Do you know my private, my very private, opinion? Jealousy! My cousin 's in love with me; he wishes to marry me himself; of course, he detests poor Pepperel.

MARTHA. I wonder whether, after all, you 're not to be congratulated. You 'll not be unhappy; you evidently don't know true coin from false.

MARGARET. Jealousy, jealousy! You, on your side, are in love with Mr. Pepperel, and it will serve *your* turn, of course, to have me give him up. You 'll console him. After the kind things you 've said of him, he 'll vastly need it!

MARTHA. Yes, decidedly, I congratulate you! You have the happy gift of fitting facts to your fancies. Excuse me; I must fetch your aunt's shawls. (*Exit to the garden.*)

SCENE X. — MARGARET, *alone.*

MARGARET. Upon my word it 's a conspiracy; I 've got the clew! One would think I was a child of ten, to be frightened by long faces and big words. With all her demureness, that girl 's an *intrigante.* I feel for all the world like the heroine of a novel, — a victim of the Inquisition! (*Enter* STAVELEY). Your machinery works to a charm! You ought to have been here just now, to hear little Miss Noel rattle off her lesson.

SCENE XI. — MARGARET, STAVELEY.

STAVELEY. Ah, she has told you —

MARGARET. She told me that Mr. Pepperel was the blackest of villains, — as plump as you 'd say good morning. I confess that I want something more than the word of a spiteful little governess, bursting with jealousy!

STAVELEY. Margaret, you 're cruel.

MARGARET. Very likely; I 'm hard pushed. But if this is your great stroke, you 've lost the game! Remember, your time is nearly gone! Twenty minutes hence, I 'm at your service.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE XII. — STAVELEY, *alone.*

STAVELEY. She has spoken, then, poor girl — with small success. Martha jealous, Martha spiteful, — she the angel of forgiveness, the soul of generosity! Aunt Jane, at least, does her justice. I wonder what on earth Aunt Jane thinks of *my* talk. Three questions about herself, her aches and her pains and her pills, and twenty about Miss Noel! "She 's a good girl, — a

good girl!" For Aunt Jane, that 's great praise. I doubt whether she has ever said it of any other young woman of the present corrupt generation! Of Margaret and of Margaret's choice, she altogether disapproves. *Apropos* of which I began to tell her of my scheme for the enemy's confusion, when suddenly a certain gleam in those keen black eyes of hers — the frank stare of a wise old woman — seemed to say to me, "Robert Staveley, you 're making a mess!" And truly, Robert Staveley, where 's your delicacy? Is Miss Noel's trouble really fit for nothing but to paint a moral and adorn a tale, for Margaret's edification? Is it the part of perfect gallantry to send the poor girl groping back into her dark past for a bugaboo to frighten Margaret? O, Margaret 's not afraid! Do I really care so very, very much for my gentle cousin, and so very, very little for Miss Noel, that I 'm willing to fold my arms and let Miss Noel fight the battle of my transcendental philanthropy? Miss Noel would have me believe, perhaps, that she has a battle of her own to fight. Confound it, *I* 'll fight Miss Noel's battles. Nay, she declines my services! Well, she sha' n't fight mine, at all events! And while I 'm pottering here, where is she? Has she seen him? She 's seeing him now, I suppose! They 're talking it over. They 're in the library there, with the door closed. He 's pleading, flattering, swaggering; she 's listening, blushing, remembering! Ten to one, he 's insulting her! Worse than that, he 's offering her twenty per cent on her stolen property! Damn her property! Let him keep it! Really, that 's very well for me to say! One would think I was jealous. Upon my soul, I *am* jealous. This raking up of her past altogether offends me! Good heavens, where are they? (*As he turns hastily to go out* MARTHA *enters from the garden, carrying several shawls and a couple of cushions.*) Miss Noel, I was going in search of you. You 're laden down like a packhorse.

SCENE XII. — STAVELEY, MARTHA.

MARTHA. I 've been in the garden picking up the relics of the feast. Here 's one of them, — a dreadful claret stain on this silk cushion. Do you know what 's good for claret stains?

STAVELEY. Turn that side against the wall. Have you seen him?

MARTHA. I 've seen Miss Thorne.

STAVELEY. I know what that means. Accept my humble apologies for inducing you to expose yourself to such misinterpretation.

MARTHA. Miss Thorne is the offended one. There was a time when I would have given advice as cold a welcome.

STAVELEY. I wish you 'd forget that time, Miss Noel!

MARTHA. You 've done something, you know, to remind me of it.

STAVELEY. To my ineffable regret! Have you seen him?

MARTHA (*listening*). I know his step. I hear it on the piazza.

STAVELEY. For heaven's sake, forget that! Do me a favor. Forego this interview.

MARTHA. I can't consent to your seeing him. I prefer to keep my grievance to myself.

STAVELEY. Keep it then and welcome. I only wish to forget it — to forget him!

MARTHA. You have forgotten apparently your pledge to your cousin.

STAVELEY. My cousin must shift for herself; I 've need of my wits for my own cause. Let the gods interfere, Miss Noel; they have n't human hearts! And, after all, do you know I half pity Pepperel? (PEPPEREL, *coming in from the garden, has heard these last words.*)

SCENE XIV. — *The Same*, PEPPEREL.

PEPPEREL (*aside*). He pities me, eh? Does that mean he has made out his case? I 've *my* card to play too. If Martha speaks, I 'll never believe in a woman again. (*Aloud.*) I 'm sorry to interrupt a *tête-à-tête* so intimate!

But if Miss Noel will grant me the favor of ten minutes' conversation —

STAVELEY. Miss Noel is engaged.

MARTHA. Five minutes, I think, will be enough. I will join you in the library.

STAVELEY (*with vehemence*). Martha, I entreat you —

MARTHA (*looking at him for a moment*). I seem destined to-day to do as you choose.

PEPPEREL. Miss Noel will, as the advertisements say, hear of something to her advantage.

STAVELEY (*to* MARTHA). Let there be nothing more between you, for better or worse! He means to offer you your money. Decline it!

MARTHA. O philosopher!

PEPPEREL. To her immediate and substantial advantage.

STAVELEY. You 've saved your conscience, sir. You 're excused.

PEPPEREL. Madam, to you I speak.

MARTHA (*after a moment*). You 're answered!

PEPPEREL (*stares from one to the other and then turns away with a shrug. Aside.*) Excused, answered! There 's a graceful unanimity! Really, I think I 'm more frightened than hurt. Jupiter Tonans has forgotten his thunder to flirt with — with Hebe! If I were only an old pagan, I 'd spend the money in vows! Truly, I *am* pagan enough for that! But what the deuce then does he pity me for? (*Aloud.*) Your humble servant. (*Makes them a bow in silence, and turns toward the door, where he meets* MARGARET, *with whom he stands a moment in talk, watching* MARTHA *and* STAVELEY.)

STAVELEY. I answered for you, Martha, and you accepted my answer. It is my bold hope that you may allow me to answer for you forevermore.

MARTHA. All this is very strange. You came here for a disinterested purpose. . . . Forgive me. I can't accuse you of having remained for an altogether selfish one.

STAVELEY. You 'll join *me* in the library!

MARTHA. You must not desert your cousin.

STAVELEY. I know my cousin better than I did an hour ago. I think I can leave her to consolidate her own prosperity. She 'll get full weight, in one way or another. Poor Mr. Wigmore! (MARGARET *comes forward with* PEPPEREL.)

SCENE LAST. — *The Same,* MARGARET.

MARGARET. Cousin, I believe we have an appointment. (*Looking at her watch.*) You 're overdue.

PEPPEREL. Mr. Staveley has been so busy.

MARGARET. In an hour, you know.

STAVELEY. Really, I 'm afraid you must despise me!

MARGARET (*after a pause*). No, I feel good-natured. (*To* PEPPEREL). I give you notice, I 'm not always so.

PEPPEREL. Let me take advantage of it to beg you once more to accept my ring.

STAVELEY (*to* MARTHA, *as she turns away*). Where are you going?

MARTHA. To the library!

H. James Jr.

MYTHS OF THE BARBARIC WORLD.

THE theory of mythology set forth in the four preceding papers, and illustrated by the examination of numerous myths relating to the lightning, the storm-wind, the clouds, and the sunlight, was originally framed with reference solely to the mythic and legendary lore of the Aryan world. The phonetic identity of the names of many Western gods and heroes with the names of those Vedic divinities which are obviously the personifications of natural phenomena, suggested the theory which philosophical considerations had already foreshadowed in the works of Hume and Comte, and which the exhaustive analysis of Greek, Hindu, Celtic, and Teutonic legends has amply confirmed. Let us now, before proceeding to the consideration of barbaric folk-lore, briefly recapitulate the results obtained by modern scholarship working strictly within the limits of the Aryan domain.

In the first place, it has been proved once for all that the languages spoken by the Hindus, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Slaves, and Teutons are all descended from a single ancestral language, the old Aryan, in the same sense that French, Italian, and Spanish are descended from the Latin. And from this undisputed fact it is an inevitable inference that these various races contain, along with other elements, a race-element in common, due to their Aryan pedigree. That the Indo-European races are wholly Aryan is very improbable, for in every case the countries overrun by them were occupied by inferior races, whose blood must have mingled in varying degrees with that of their conquerors; but that every Indo-European people is in great part descended from a common Aryan stock is not open to question.

In the second place, along with a common fund of moral and religious ideas and of legal and ceremonial observances, we find these kindred peoples possessed of a common fund of myths, superstitions, proverbs, popular poetry, and household legends. The Hindu mother amuses her child with fairy-tales which often correspond, even in minor incidents, with stories in Scottish or Scandinavian nurseries; and she tells them in words which are phonetically akin to words in Swedish and Gaelic. No doubt many of these stories might have been devised in a dozen different places independently of each other; and no doubt many of them have been transmitted laterally from one people to another; but a careful examination shows that such cannot have been the case with the great majority of legends and beliefs. The agreement between two such stories, for instance, as those of Faithful John and Rama and Luxman is so close as to make it incredible that they should have been independently fabricated, while the points of difference are so important as to make it extremely improbable that the one was ever copied from the other. Besides which, the essential identity of such myths as those of Sigurd and Theseus, or of Helena and Saramâ, carries us back historically to a time when the scattered Indo-European tribes had not yet begun to hold commercial and intellectual intercourse with each other, and consequently could not have interchanged their epic materials or their household stories. We are therefore driven to the conclusion — which, startling as it may seem, is after all the most natural and plausible one that can be stated — that the Aryan nations, which have inherited from a common ancestral stock their languages and their customs, have inherited also from the same common original their fireside legends. They have preserved Cinderella and Punchkin just as they have preserved the words for *father* and *mother*,

ten and *twenty;* and the former case, though more imposing to the imagination, is scientifically no less intelligible than the latter.

Thirdly, it has been shown that these venerable tales may be grouped in a few pretty well-defined classes; and that the archetypal myth of each class — the primitive story in conformity to which countless subsequent tales have been generated — was originally a mere description of physical phenomena, couched in the poetic diction of an age when everything was personified, because all natural phenomena were supposed to be due to the direct workings of a volition like that of which men were conscious within themselves. Thus we are led to the striking conclusion that mythology has had a common root, both with science and with religious philosophy. The myth of Indra conquering Vritra was one of the theorems of primitive Aryan science; it was a provisional explanation of the thunder-storm, satisfactory enough until extended observation and reflection supplied a better one. It also contained the germs of a theology; for the life-giving solar light furnished an important part of the primeval conception of deity. And finally, it became the fruitful parent of countless myths, whether embodied in the stately epics of Homer and the bards of the Nibelungenlied, or in the humbler legends of St. George and William Tell and the ubiquitous Boots.

Such is the theory which was suggested half a century ago by the researches of Jacob Grimm, and which, so far as concerns the mythology of the Aryan race, is now victorious along the whole line. It remains for us to test the universality of the general principles upon which it is founded, by a brief analysis of sundry legends and superstitions of the barbaric world. Since the fetichistic habit of explaining the outward phenomena of nature after the analogy of the inward phenomena of conscious intelligence is not a habit peculiar to our Aryan ancestors, but is, as psychology shows, the inevitable result of the conditions under which uncivilized thinking proceeds, we may expect to find the barbaric mind personifying the powers of nature and making myths about their operations the whole world over. And we need not be surprised if we find in the resulting mythologic structures a strong resemblance to the familiar creations of the Aryan intelligence. In point of fact, we shall often be called upon to note such resemblance; and it accordingly behooves us at the outset to inquire how far a similarity between mythical tales shall be taken as evidence of a common traditional origin, and how far it may be interpreted as due merely to the similar workings of the untrained intelligence in all ages and countries.

Analogies drawn from the comparison of languages will here be of service to us, if used discreetly; otherwise they are likely to bewilder far more than to enlighten us. A theorem which Max Müller has laid down for our guidance in this kind of investigation furnishes us with an excellent example of the tricks which a superficial analogy may play even with the trained scholar, when temporarily off his guard. Actuated by a praiseworthy desire to raise the study of myths to something like the high level of scientific accuracy already attained by the study of words, Max Müller endeavors to introduce one of the most useful canons of philology into a department of inquiry where its introduction could only work the most hopeless confusion. One of the earliest lessons to be learned by the scientific student of linguistics is the uselessness of comparing together directly the words contained in derivative languages. For example, you might set the English *twelve* side by side with the Latin *duodecim*, and then stare at the two words to all eternity without any hope of reaching any conclusion, good or bad, about either of them: least of all would you suspect that they are descended from the same radical. But if you take each word by itself and trace it back to its primitive shape, explaining every

change of every letter as you go, you will at last reach the old Aryan *dvadakan*, which is the parent of both these strangely metamorphosed words.* Nor will it do, on the other hand, to trust to verbal similarity without a historical inquiry into the origin of such similarity. Even in the same language two words of quite different origin may get their corners rubbed off till they look as like one another as two pebbles. The French words *souris*, a "mouse," and *souris*, a "smile," are spelled exactly alike; but the one comes from Latin *sorex* and the other from Latin *subridere*.

Now Max Müller tells us that this principle, which is indispensable in the study of words, is equally indispensable in the study of myths.† That is, you must not rashly pronounce the Norse story of the Heartless Giant, identical with the Hindu story of Punchkin, although the two correspond in every essential incident. In both legends a magician turns several members of the same family into stone; the youngest member of the family comes to the rescue, and on the way saves the lives of sundry grateful beasts; arrived at the magician's castle, he finds a captive princess ready to accept his love and to play the part of Delilah to the enchanter. In both stories the enchanter's life depends on the integrity of something which is elaborately hidden in a far-distant island, but which the fortunate youth, instructed by the artful princess and assisted by his menagerie of grateful beasts, succeeds in obtaining. In both stories the youth uses his advantage to free all his friends from their enchantment, and then proceeds to destroy the villain who wrought all this wickedness. Yet, in spite of this agreement, Max Müller, if I understand him aright, would not have us infer the identity of the two stories until we have taken each one separately and ascertained its primitive mythical significance. Otherwise, for aught we can tell, the resemblance may be purely accidental, like that of the French words for "mouse" and "smile."

A little reflection, however, will relieve us from this perplexity, and assure us that the alleged analogy between the comparison of words and the comparison of stories is utterly superficial. The transformations of words — which are often astounding enough — depend upon a few well-established physiological principles of utterance; and since philology has learned to rely upon these principles, it has become nearly as sure in its methods and results as one of the so-called "exact sciences." Folly enough is doubtless committed within its precincts by writers who venture there without the laborious preparation which this science, more than almost any other, demands. But the proceedings of the trained philologist are no more arbitrary than those of the trained astronomer. And though the former may seem to be straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel when he coolly tells you that *violin* and *fiddle* are the same word, while English *care* and Latin *cura* have nothing to do with each other, he is nevertheless no more indulging in guess-work than the astronomer who confesses his ignorance as to the habitability of Venus while asserting his knowledge of the existence of hydrogen in the atmosphere of Sirius. To cite one example out of a hundred, every philologist knows that *s* may become *r*, and that the broad *a*-sound may dwindle into the closer *o*-sound; but when you adduce some plausible etymology based on the assumption that *r* has changed into *s*, or *o* into *a*, apart from the demonstrable influence of some adjacent letter, the philologist will shake his head.

Now in the study of stories there are no such simple rules all cut and dried for us to go by. There is no uniform psychological principle which determines that the three-headed snake in one story shall become a three-headed man in the next. There is no

* For the analysis of *twelve*, see my essay on "The Genesis of Language," North American Review, October 1869, p. 320.

† Chips from a German Workshop, Vol. II p. 246.

Grimm's Law in mythology which decides that a Hindu magician shall always correspond to a Norwegian Troll or a Celtic Druid. The laws of association of ideas are not so simple in application as the laws of utterance. In short, the study of myths, though it can be made sufficiently scientific in its methods and results, does not constitute a science by itself, like philology. It stands on a footing similar to that occupied by physical geography, or what the Germans call "earth-knowledge." No one denies that all the changes going on over the earth's surface conform to physical laws; but then no one pretends that there is any single proximate principle which governs all the phenomena of rain-fall, of soil-crumbling, of magnetic variation, and of the distribution of plants and animals. All these things are explained by principles obtained from the various sciences of physics, chemistry, geology, and physiology. And in just the same way the development and distribution of stories is explained by the help of divers resources contributed by philology, psychology, and history. There is therefore no real analogy between the cases cited by Max Müller. Two unrelated words may be ground into exactly the same shape, just as a pebble from the North Sea may be undistinguishable from another pebble on the beach of the Adriatic; but two stories like those of Punchkin and the Heartless Giant are no more likely to arise independently of each other than two coral reefs on opposite sides of the globe are likely to develop into exactly similar islands.

Shall we then say boldly, that close similarity between legends is proof of kinship, and go our way without further misgivings? Unfortunately we cannot dispose of the matter in quite so summary a fashion; for it remains to decide what kind and degree of similarity shall be considered satisfactory evidence of kinship. And it is just here that doctors may disagree. Here is the point at which our "science" betrays its weakness as compared with the sister study of philology. Before we can decide with confidence in any case, a great mass of evidence must be brought into court. So long as we remained on Aryan ground, all went smoothly enough, because all the external evidence was in our favor. We knew at the outset, that the Aryans inherit a common language and a common civilization, and therefore we found no difficulty in accepting the conclusion that they have inherited, among other things, a common stock of legends. In the barbaric world it is quite otherwise. Philology does not pronounce in favor of a common origin for all barbaric culture, such as it is. The notion of a single primitive language, standing in the same relation to all existing dialects as the relation of old Aryan to Latin and English, or that of old Semitic to Hebrew and Arabic, was a notion suited only to the infancy of linguistic science. As the case now stands, it is certain that all the languages actually existing cannot be referred to a common ancestor, and it is altogether probable that there never was any such common ancestor. I am not now referring to the question of the unity of the human race. That question lies entirely outside the sphere of philology. The science of language has nothing to do with skulls or complexions, and no comparison of words can tell us whether the black men are brethren of the white men, or whether yellow and red men have a common pedigree: these questions belong to comparative physiology. But the science of language can and does tell us that a certain amount of civilization is requisite for the production of a language sufficiently durable and wide-spread to give birth to numerous mutually resembling offspring. Barbaric languages are neither wide-spread nor durable. Among savages each little group of families has its own dialect, and coins its own expressions at pleasure; and in the course of two or three generations a dialect gets so strangely altered as virtually to lose its identity. Even numerals and personal pronouns,

which the Aryan has preserved for fifty centuries, get lost every few years in Polynesia. Since the time of Captain Cook the Tahitian language has thrown away five out of its ten simple numerals, and replaced them by brand-new ones; and on the Amazon you may acquire a fluent command of some Indian dialect, and then, coming back after twenty years, find yourself worse off than Rip Van Winkle, and your learning all antiquated and useless. How absurd, therefore, to suppose that primeval savages originated a language which has held its own like the old Aryan, and become the prolific mother of the three or four thousand dialects now in existence! Before a durable language can arise, there must be an aggregation of numerous tribes into a people, so that there may be need of communication on a large scale, and so that tradition may be strengthened. Wherever mankind have associated in nations, permanent languages have arisen, and their derivative dialects bear the conspicuous marks of kinship; but where mankind have remained in their primitive savage isolation, their languages have remained sporadic and transitory, incapable of organic development, and showing no traces of a kinship which never existed.

The bearing of these considerations upon the origin and diffusion of barbaric myths is obvious. The development of a common stock of legends is, of course, impossible, save where there is a common language; and thus philology pronounces against the kinship of barbaric myths with each other and with similar myths of the Aryan and Semitic worlds. Similar stories told in Greece and Norway are likely to have a common pedigree, because the persons who have preserved them in recollection speak a common language and have inherited the same civilization. But similar stories told in Labrador and South Africa are not likely to be genealogically related, because it is altogether probable that the Esquimaux and the Zulu had acquired their present race characteristics before either of them possessed a language or a culture sufficient for the production of myths. According to the nature and extent of the similarity, it must be decided whether such stories have been carried about from one part of the world to another, or have been independently originated in many different places.

Here the methods of philology suggest a rule which will often be found useful. In comparing the vocabularies of different languages, those words which directly imitate natural sounds — such as *whiz*, *crash*, *crackle* — are not admitted as evidence of kinship between the languages in which they occur. Resemblances between such words are obviously no proof of a common ancestry; and they are often met with in languages which have demonstrably had no connection with each other. So in mythology, where we find two stories of which the primitive character is perfectly transparent, we need have no difficulty in supposing them to have originated independently. The myth of Jack and his Beanstalk is found all over the world; but the idea of a country above the sky, to which persons might gain access by climbing, is one which could hardly fail to occur to every barbarian. Among the American tribes, as well as among the Aryans, the rainbow and the Milky-Way have contributed the idea of a Bridge of the Dead, over which souls must pass on the way to the other world. In South Africa, as well as in Germany, the habits of the fox and of his brother the jackal have given rise to fables in which brute force is overcome by cunning. In many parts of the world we find curiously similar stories devised to account for the stumpy tails of the bear and hyena, the hairless tail of the rat, and the blindness of the mole. And in all countries may be found the beliefs that men may be changed into beasts, or plants, or stones; that the sun is in some way tethered or constrained to follow a certain course; that the storm-cloud is a ravenous dragon; and that

there are talismans which will reveal hidden treasures. All these conceptions are so obvious to the uncivilized intelligence, that stories founded upon them need not be supposed to have a common origin, unless there turns out to be a striking similarity among their minor details. On the other hand, the numerous myths of an all-destroying deluge have doubtless arisen partly from reminiscences of actually occurring local inundations, and partly from the fact that the Scriptural account of a deluge has been carried all over the world by Catholic and Protestant missionaries.

By way of illustrating these principles, let us now cite a few of the American myths so carefully collected by Dr. Brinton in his admirable treatise. We shall not find in the mythology of the New World the wealth of wit and imagination which has so long delighted us in the stories of Herakles, Perseus, Hermes, Sigurd, and Indra. The mythic lore of the American Indians is comparatively scanty and prosaic, as befits the product of a lower grade of culture and a more meagre intellect. Not only are the personages less characteristically portrayed, but there is a continual tendency to extravagance, the sure index of an inferior imagination. Nevertheless, after making due allowances for differences in the artistic method of treatment, there is between the mythologies of the Old and the New Worlds a fundamental resemblance. We come upon solar myths and myths of the storm curiously blended with culture-myths, as in the cases of Hermes, Prometheus, and Kadmos. The American parallels to these are to be found in the stories of Michabo, Viracocha, Ioskeha, and Quetzalcoatl. "As elsewhere the world over, so in America, many tribes had to tell of.... an august character, who taught them what they knew, — the tillage of the soil, the properties of plants, the art of picture-writing, the secrets of magic; who founded their institutions and established their religions; who governed them long with glory abroad and peace at home; and finally did not die, but, like Frederic Barbarossa, Charlemagne, King Arthur, and all great heroes, vanished mysteriously, and still lives somewhere, ready at the right moment to return to his beloved people and lead them to victory and happiness." * Every one is familiar with the numerous legends of white-skinned, full-bearded heroes, like the mild Quetzalcoatl, who in times long previous to Columbus came from the far East to impart the rudiments of civilization and religion to the red men. By those who first heard these stories they were supposed, with naïve Euhemerism, to refer to pre-Columbian visits of Europeans to this continent, like that of the Northmen in the tenth century. But a scientific study of the subject has dissipated such notions. These legends are far too numerous, they are too similar to each other, they are too manifestly symbolical, to admit of any such interpretation. By comparing them carefully with each other, and with correlative myths of the Old World, their true character soon becomes apparent.

One of the most widely famous of these culture-heroes was Manabozho or Michabo, the Great Hare. With entire unanimity, says Dr. Brinton, the various branches of the Algonquin race, "the Powhatans of Virginia, the Lenni Lenape of the Delaware, the warlike hordes of New England, the Ottawas of the far North, and the Western tribes, perhaps without exception, spoke of 'this chimerical beast,' as one of the old missionaries calls it, as their common ancestor. The *totem*, or clan, which bore his name was looked up to with peculiar respect." Not only was Michabo the ruler and guardian of these numerous tribes, — he was the founder of their religious rites, the inventor of picture-writing, the ruler of the weather, the creator and preserver of earth and heaven. "From a grain of sand brought from the bottom of the primeval ocean he fashioned the habitable

* Brinton, Myths of the New World, p. 160.

land, and set it floating on the waters till it grew to such a size that a strong young wolf, running constantly, died of old age ere he reached its limits." He was also, like Nimrod, a mighty hunter. "One of his footsteps measured eight leagues, the Great Lakes were the beaver-dams he built, and when the cataracts impeded his progress he tore them away with his hands." "Sometimes he was said to dwell in the skies with his brother, the Snow, or, like many great spirits, to have built his wigwam in the far North on some floe of ice in the Arctic Ocean. . . . But in the oldest accounts of the missionaries he was alleged to reside toward the East; and in the holy formulæ of the *meda* craft, when the winds are invoked to the medicine lodge, the East is summoned in his name, the door opens in that direction, and there, at the edge of the earth where the sun rises, on the shore of the infinite ocean that surrounds the land, he has his house, and sends the luminaries forth on their daily journeys."* From such accounts as this we see that Michabo was no more a wise instructor and legislator than Minos or Kadmos. Like these heroes, he is a personification of the solar life-giving power, which daily comes forth from its home in the east, making the earth to rejoice. The etymology of his name confirms the otherwise clear indications of the legend itself. It is compounded of *michi*, "great," and *wabos*, which means alike "hare" and "white." "Dialectic forms in Algonquin for white are *wabi*, *wape*, *wampi*, etc.; for morning, *wapan*, *wapanch*, *opah;* for east, *wapa*, *wanbun*, etc.; for day, *wompan*, *oppan;* for light, *oppung*." So that Michabo is the Great White One, the God of the Dawn and the East. And the etymological confusion, by virtue of which he acquired his sobriquet of the Great Hare, affords a curious parallel to what has often happened in Aryan and Semitic mythology, as we saw when discussing the subject of werewolves.

* Brinton, op. cit. p. 163.

Keeping in mind this solar character of Michabo, let us note how full of meaning are the myths concerning him. In the first cycle of these legends, "he is grandson of the Moon, his father is the West Wind, and his mother, a maiden, dies in giving him birth at the moment of conception. For the Moon is the goddess of night; the Dawn is her daughter, who brings forth the Morning, and perishes herself in the act; and the West, the spirit of darkness, as the East is of light, precedes, and as it were begets the latter, as the evening does the morning. Straightway, however, continues the legend, the son sought the unnatural father to revenge the death of his mother, and then commenced a long and desperate struggle. It began on the mountains. The West was forced to give ground. Manabozho drove him across rivers and over mountains and lakes, and at last he came to the brink of this world. 'Hold,' cried he, 'my son, you know my power, and that it is impossible to kill me.' What is this but the diurnal combat of light and darkness, carried on from what time 'the jocund morn stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops,' across the wide world to the sunset, the struggle that knows no end, for both the opponents are immortal?"*

Even the Veda nowhere affords a more transparent narrative than this. The Iroquois tradition is very similar. In it appear twin brothers,† born of a virgin mother, daughter of the Moon, who died in giving them life. Their names, Ioskeha and Tawiskara, signify in the Oneida dialect the White One and the Dark One. Under the influence of Christian ideas the contest between the brothers has been made to assume a moral character, like the strife between Ormuzd and Ahriman. But no such intention appears in the original myth, and Dr. Brinton has shown that none of the American tribes had

* Brinton, op. cit. p. 167.

† Corresponding, in various degrees, to the Asvins, the Dioskouroi, and the brothers True and Untrue of Norse mythology.

any conception of a Devil. When the quarrel came to blows, the dark brother was signally discomfited; and the victorious Ioskeha, returning to his grandmother, "established his lodge in the far East, on the borders of the Great Ocean, whence the sun comes. In time he became the father of mankind, and special guardian of the Iroquois." He caused the earth to bring forth, he stocked the woods with game, and taught his children the use of fire. "He it was who watched and watered their crops; 'and, indeed, without his aid,' says the old missionary, quite out of patience with their puerilities, 'they think they could not boil a pot.'" There was more in it than poor Brébeuf thought, as we are forcibly reminded by recent discoveries in physical science. Even civilized men would find it difficult to boil a pot without the aid of solar energy. Call him what we will, — Ioskeha, Michabo, or Phoibos, — the beneficent Sun is the master and sustainer of us all; and if we were to relapse into heathenism, like Erckmann-Chatrian's innkeeper, we could not do better than to select him as our chief object of worship.

The same principles by which these simple cases are explained furnish also the key to the more complicated mythology of Mexico and Peru. Like the deities just discussed, Viracocha, the supreme god of the Quichuas, rises from the bosom of Lake Titicaca and journeys westward, slaying with his lightnings the creatures who oppose him, until he finally disappears in the Western Ocean. Like Aphrodite, he bears in his name the evidence of his origin, *Viracocha* signifying "foam of the sea"; and hence the "White One" (*l'aube*), the god of light rising white on the horizon, like the foam on the surface of the waves. The Aymaras spoke of their original ancestors as white; and to this day, as Dr. Brinton informs us, the Peruvians call a white man *Viracocha*. The myth of Quetzalcoatl is of precisely the same character. All these solar heroes present in most of their qualities and achievements a striking likeness to those of the Old World. They combine the attributes of Apollo, Herakles, and Hermes. Like Herakles, they journey from east to west, smiting the powers of darkness, storm, and winter with the thunderbolts of Zeus or the unerring arrows of Phoibos, and sinking in a blaze of glory on the western verge of the world, where the waves meet the firmament. Or like Hermes, in a second cycle of legends, they rise with the soft breezes of a summer morning, driving before them the bright celestial cattle whose udders are heavy with refreshing rain, fanning the flames which devour the forests, blustering at the doors of wigwams, and escaping with weird laughter through vents and crevices. The white skins and flowing beards of these American heroes may be aptly compared to the fair faces and long golden locks of their Hellenic compeers. Yellow hair was in all probability as rare in Greece as a full beard in Peru or Mexico; but in each case the description suits the solar character of the hero. One important class of incidents, however, is apparently quite absent from the American legends. We frequently see the Dawn described as a virgin mother who dies in giving birth to the Day; but nowhere do we remember seeing her pictured as a lovely or valiant or crafty maiden, ardently wooed, but speedily forsaken by her solar lover. Perhaps in no respect is the superior richness and beauty of the Aryan myths more manifest than in this. Brynhild, Urvasi, Medeia, Ariadne, Oinone, and countless other kindred heroines, with their brilliant legends, could not be spared from the mythology of our ancestors without leaving it meagre indeed. These were the materials which Kalidasa, the Attic dramatists, and the bards of the Nibelungen found ready, awaiting their artistic treatment. But the mythology of the New World, with all its pretty and agreeable *naïveté*, affords hardly enough, either of variety in situation or of complexity in motive, for a grand epic or a genuine tragedy.

But little reflection is needed to assure us that the imagination of the barbarian, who either carries away his wife by brute force or buys her from her relatives as he would buy a cow, could never have originated legends in which maidens are lovingly solicited, or in which their favor is won by the performance of deeds of valor. These stories owe their existence to the romantic turn of mind which has always characterized the Aryan, whose civilization, even in the times before the dispersion of his race, was sufficiently advanced to allow of his entertaining such comparatively exalted conceptions of the relations between men and women. The absence of these myths from barbaric folk-lore is, therefore, just what might be expected; but it is a fact which militates against any possible hypothesis of the common origin of Aryan and barbaric mythology. If there were any genetic relationship between Sigurd and Ioskeha, between Herakles and Michabo, it would be hard to tell why Brynhild and Iole should have disappeared entirely from one whole group of legends, while retained, in some form or other, throughout the whole of the other group. On the other hand, the resemblances above noticed between Aryan and American mythology fall very far short of the resemblances between the stories told in different parts of the Aryan domain. No barbaric legend, of genuine barbaric growth, has yet been cited which resembles any Aryan legend as the story of Punchkin resembles the story of the Heartless Giant. The myths of Michabo and Viracocha are direct copies, so to speak, of natural phenomena, just as imitative words are direct copies of natural sounds. Neither the Redskin nor the Indo-European had any choice as to the main features of the career of his solar divinity. He must be born of the Night, — or of the Dawn, — must travel westward, must slay harassing demons. Eliminating these points of likeness, the resemblance between the Aryan and barbaric legends is at once at an end. Such an identity in point of details as that between the wooden horse which enters Ilion, and the horse which bears Sigurd into the place where Brynhild is imprisoned, and the Druidic steed which leaps with Sculloge over the walls of Fiach's enchanted castle, is nowhere to be found after we leave Indo-European territory.

Our conclusion, therefore, must be, that while the legends of the Aryan and the non-Aryan worlds contain common mythical elements, the legends themselves are not of common origin. The fact that certain mythical ideas are possessed alike by different races, shows that in each case a similar human intelligence has been at work explaining similar phenomena; but in order to prove a family relationship between the culture of these different races, we need something more than this. We need to prove not only a community of mythical ideas, but also a community between the stories based upon these ideas. We must show not only that Michabo is like Herakles in those striking features which the contemplation of solar phenomena would necessarily suggest to the imagination of the primitive myth-maker, but also that the two characters are similarly conceived, and that the two careers agree in seemingly arbitrary points of detail, as is the case in the stories of Punchkin and the Heartless Giant. The mere fact that solar heroes, all over the world, travel in a certain path and slay imps of darkness is of great value as throwing light upon primeval habits of thought, but it is of no value as evidence for or against an alleged community of civilization between different races. The same is true of the sacredness universally attached to certain numbers. Dr. Brinton's opinion that the sanctity of the number *four* in nearly all systems of mythology is due to a primitive worship of the cardinal points, becomes very probable when we recollect that the similar pre-eminence of *seven* is almost demonstrably connected with the adoration of the sun, moon, and five visible planets,

which has left its record in the structure and nomenclature of the Aryan and Semitic week.*

In view of these considerations, the comparison of barbaric myths with each other and with the legends of the Aryan world becomes doubly interesting, as illustrating the similarity in the workings of the untrained intelligence the world over. In our first paper we saw how the moon-spots have been variously explained by Indo-Europeans, as a man with a thorn-bush or as two children bearing a bucket of water on a pole. In Ceylon it is said that as Sakyamuni was one day wandering half starved in the forest, a pious hare met him, and offered itself to him to be slain and cooked for dinner; whereupon the holy Buddha set it on high in the moon, that future generations of men might see it and marvel at its piety. In the Samoan Islands these dark patches are supposed to be portions of a woman's figure. A certain woman was once hammering something with a mallet, when the moon arose, looking so much like a bread-fruit that the woman asked it to come down and let her child eat off a piece of it; but the moon, enraged at the insult, gobbled up woman, mallet, and child, and there, in the moon's belly, you may still behold them. According to the Hottentots, the Moon once sent the Hare to inform men that as she died away and rose again, so should men die and again come to life. But the stupid Hare forgot the purport of the message, and, coming down to the earth, proclaimed it far and wide that though the Moon was invariably resuscitated whenever she died, mankind, on the other hand, should die and go to the Devil. When the silly brute returned to the lunar country and told what he had done, the Moon was so angry that she took up an axe and aimed a blow at his head to split it. But the axe missed and only cut his lip open; and that was the origin of the "hare-lip." Maddened by the pain and the insult, the Hare flew at the Moon and almost scratched her eyes out; and to this day she bears on her face the marks of the Hare's claws.*

Again, every reader of the classics knows how Selene cast Endymion into a profound slumber because he refused her love, and how at sundown she used to come and stand above him on the Latmian hill, and watch him as he lay asleep on the marble steps of a temple half hidden among drooping elm-trees, over which clambered vines heavy with dark blue grapes. This represents the rising moon looking down on the setting sun; in Labrador a similar phenomenon has suggested a somewhat different story. Among the Esquimaux the Sun is a maiden and the Moon is her brother, who is overcome by a wicked passion for her. Once, as this girl was at a dancing-party in a friend's hut, some one came up and took hold of her by the shoulders and shook her, which is (according to the legend) the Esquimaux manner of declaring one's love. She could not tell who it was in the dark, and so she dipped her hand in some soot and smeared one of his cheeks with it. When a light was struck in the hut, she saw, to her dismay, that it was her brother, and, without waiting to learn any more, she took to her heels. He started in hot pursuit, and so they ran till they got to the end of the world, — the jumping-off place, — when they both jumped into the sky. There the Moon still chases his sister, the Sun; and every now and then he turns his sooty cheek toward the earth, when he becomes so dark that you cannot see him.†

Another story, which I cite from Mr. Tylor, shows that Malays, as well as Indo-Europeans, have conceived of the clouds as swan-maidens. In the island of Celebes it is said that "seven heav-

* See Humboldt's Kosmos, Tom. III. pp. 469–476. A fetichistic regard for the cardinal points has not always been absent from the minds of persons instructed in a higher theology; as witness a well-known passage in Irenæus, and the theories of Bancroft and Whitgift, in accordance with which English churches were at one time built in a line east and west.

* Bleek, Hottentot Fables and Tales, p. 72.

† Tylor, Early History of Mankind, p. 327.

enly nymphs came down from the sky to bathe, and they were seen by Kasimbaha, who thought first that they were white doves, but in the bath he saw that they were women. Then he stole one of the thin robes that gave the nymphs their power of flying, and so he caught Utahagi, the one whose robe he had stolen, and took her for his wife, and she bore him a son. Now she was called Utahagi from a single white hair she had, which was endowed with magic power, and this hair her husband pulled out. As soon as he had done it, there arose a great storm, and Utahagi went up to heaven. The child cried for its mother, and Kasimbaha was in great grief, and cast about how he should follow Utahagi up into the sky." Here we pass to the myth of Jack and the Beanstalk. "A rat gnawed the thorns off the rattans, and Kasimbaha clambered up by them with his son upon his back, till he came to heaven. There a little bird showed him the house of Utahagi, and after various adventures he took up his abode among the gods." *

In Siberia we find a legend of swan-maidens, which also reminds us of the story of the Heartless Giant. A certain Samojed once went out to catch foxes, and found seven maidens swimming in a lake surrounded by gloomy pine-trees, while their feather dresses lay on the shore. He crept up and stole one of these dresses, and by and by the swan-maiden came to him shivering with cold and promising to become his wife if he would only give her back her garment of feathers. The ungallant fellow, however, did not care for a wife, but a little revenge was not unsuited to his way of thinking. There were seven robbers who used to prowl about the neighborhood, and who, when they got home, finding their hearts in the way, used to hang them up on some pegs in the tent. One of these robbers had killed the Samojed's mother; and so he promised to return the swan-maiden's dress after she should have procured for him these seven hearts.

* Tylor, op. cit. p. 346.

So she stole the hearts, and the Samojed smashed six of them, and then woke up the seventh robber, and told him to restore his mother to life, on pain of instant death. Then the robber produced a purse containing the old woman's soul, and going to the graveyard shook it over her bones, and she revived at once. Then the Samojed smashed the seventh heart, and the robber died; and so the swan-maiden got back her plumage and flew away rejoicing.*

Swan-maidens are also, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, found among the Minussinian Tartars. But there they appear as foul demons, like the Greek Harpies, who delight in drinking the blood of men slain in battle. There are forty of them, who darken the whole firmament in their flight; but sometimes they all coalesce into one great black storm-fiend, who rages for blood, like a werewolf.

In South Africa we find the werewolf himself. A certain Hottentot was once travelling with a Bushwoman and her child, when they perceived at a distance a troop of wild horses. The man, being hungry, asked the woman to turn herself into a lioness and catch one of these horses, that they might eat of it; whereupon the woman set down her child, and taking off a sort of petticoat made of human skin became instantly transformed into a lioness, which rushed across the plain, struck down a wild horse and lapped its blood. The man climbed a tree in terror, and conjured his companion to resume her natural shape. Then the lioness came back, and putting on the skirt made of human skin reappeared as a woman, and took up her child, and the two friends resumed their journey after making a meal of the horse's flesh.†

The werewolf also appears in North America, duly furnished with his wolf-skin sack; but neither in America nor in Africa is he the genuine European werewolf, inspired by a diabolic frenzy, and ravening for human flesh. The

* Baring-Gould, Curious Myths, II. 299–302.

† Bleek, Hottentot Fables and Tales, p. 58.

barbaric myths testify to the belief that men can be changed into beasts or have in some cases descended from beast ancestors, but the application of this belief to the explanation of abnormal cannibal cravings seems to have been confined to Europe. The werewolf of the Middle Ages was not merely a transformed man, — he was an insane cannibal, whose monstrous appetite, due to the machinations of the Devil, showed its power over his physical organism by changing the shape of it. The barbaric werewolf is the product of a lower and simpler kind of thinking. There is no diabolism about him, for barbaric races, while believing in the existence of hurtful and malicious fiends, have not a sufficiently vivid sense of moral abnormity to form the conception of diabolism. And the cannibal craving, which to the mediæval European was a phenomenon so strange as to demand a mythological explanation, would not impress the barbarian as either very exceptional or very blameworthy.

In the folk-lore of the Zulus, one of the most quick-witted and intelligent of African races, the cannibal possesses many features in common with the Scandinavian Troll, who also has a liking for human flesh. As we saw in the preceding paper, the Troll has very likely derived some of his characteristics from reminiscences of the barbarous races who preceded the Aryans in Central and Northern Europe. In like manner the long-haired cannibal of Zulu nursery literature, who is always represented as belonging to a distinct race, has been supposed to be explained by the existence of inferior races conquered and displaced by the Zulus. Nevertheless, as Dr. Callaway observes, neither the long-haired mountain cannibals of Western Africa, nor the Fulahs, nor the tribes of Eghedal described by Barth, "can be considered as answering to the description of long-haired as given in the Zulu legends of cannibals; neither could they possibly have formed their historical basis. . . . . It is perfectly clear that the cannibals of the Zulu legends are not common men; they are magnified into giants and magicians; they are remarkably swift and enduring; fierce and terrible warriors." Very probably they may have a mythical origin in modes of thought akin to those which begot the Panis of the Veda and the Northern Trolls. The parallelism is perhaps the most remarkable one which can be found in comparing barbaric with Aryan folk-lore. Like the Panis and Trolls, the cannibals are represented as the foes of the solar hero Uthlakanyana, who is almost as great a traveller as Odysseus, and whose presence of mind amid trying circumstances is not to be surpassed by that of the incomparable Boots. Uthlakanyana is as precocious as Herakles or Hermes. He speaks before he is born, and no sooner has he entered the world than he begins to outwit other people and get possession of their property. He works bitter ruin for the cannibals, who, with all their strength and fleetness, are no better endowed with quick wit than the Trolls, whom Boots invariably victimizes. On one of his journeys, Uthlakanyana fell in with a cannibal. Their greetings were cordial enough, and they ate a bit of leopard together, and began to build a house, and killed a couple of cows, but the cannibal's cow was lean, while Uthlakanyana's was fat. Then the crafty traveller, fearing that his companion might insist upon having the fat cow, turned and said, "'Let the house be thatched now; then we can eat our meat. You see the sky, that we shall get wet.' The cannibal said, 'You are right, child of my sister; you are a man indeed in saying, let us thatch the house, for we shall get wet.' Uthlakanyana said, 'Do you do it then; I will go inside, and push the thatching-needle for you, in the house.' The cannibal went up. His hair was very, very long. Uthlakanyana went inside and pushed the needle for him. He thatched in the hair of the cannibal, tying it very tightly; he knotted it into the thatch constantly, taking it by separate locks and fastening it firmly, that

it might be tightly fastened to the house." Then the rogue went outside and began to eat of the cow which was roasted. "The cannibal said, 'What are you about, child of my sister? Let us just finish the house; afterwards we can do that; we will do it together.' Uthlakanyana replied, 'Come down then. I cannot go into the house any more. The thatching is finished.' The cannibal assented. When he thought he was going to quit the house, he was unable to quit it. He cried out saying, 'Child of my sister, how have you managed your thatching?' Uthlakanyana said, 'See to it yourself. I have thatched well, for I shall not have any dispute. Now I am about to eat in peace; I no longer dispute with anybody, for I am now alone with my cow.'" So the cannibal cried and raved and appealed in vain to Uthlakanyana's sense of justice, until by and by "the sky came with hailstones and lightning. Uthlakanyana took all the meat into the house; he stayed in the house and lit a fire. It hailed and rained. The cannibal cried on the top of the house; he was struck with the hailstones, and died there on the house. It cleared. Uthlakanyana went out and said, 'Uncle, just come down, and come to me. It has become clear. It no longer rains, and there is no more hail, neither is there any more lightning. Why are you silent?' So Uthlakanyana ate his cow alone, until he had finished it. He then went on his way." *

In another Zulu legend, a girl is stolen by cannibals, and shut up in the rock Itshe-likantunjambili, which, like the rock of the Forty Thieves, opens and shuts at the command of those who understand its secret. She gets possession of the secret and escapes, and when the monsters pursue her she throws on the ground a calabash full of sesame, which they stop to eat. At last, getting tired of running, she climbs a tree, and there she finds her brother, who, warned by a dream, has come out to look for her. They ascend the tree together until they come to a beautiful country well stocked with fat oxen. They kill an ox, and while its flesh is roasting they amuse themselves by making a stout thong of its hide. By and by one of the cannibals, smelling the cooking meat, comes to the foot of the tree, and looking up discovers the boy and girl in the sky-country! They invite him up there to share in their feast, and throw him an end of the thong by which to climb up. When the cannibal is dangling midway between earth and heaven, they let go the rope, and down he falls with a terrible crash.*

In this story the enchanted rock opened by a talismanic formula brings us again into contact with Indo-European folk-lore. And that the conception has in both cases been suggested by the same natural phenomenon is rendered probable by another Zulu tale, in which the cannibal's cave is opened by a swallow which flies in the air. Here we have the elements of a genuine lightning-myth. We see that among these African barbarians, as well as among our own forefathers, the clouds have been conceived as birds carrying the lightning which can cleave the rocks. In America we find the same notion prevalent. The Dakotahs explain the thunder as "the sound of the cloud-bird flapping his wings," and the Caribs describe the lightning as a poisoned dart which the bird blows through a hollow reed, after the Carib style of shooting.† On the other hand, the Kamtchatkans know nothing of a cloud-bird, but explain the lightning as something analogous to the flames of a volcano. The Kamtchatkans say that when the mountain goblins have got their stoves well heated up, they throw overboard, with true barbaric shiftlessness, all the brands not needed for immediate use, which makes a volcanic eruption. So when it is summer on earth, it is winter in heaven; and the gods, after heating up their stoves,

* Callaway, Zulu Nursery Tales, pp. 27–30.

* Callaway, op. cit. pp. 142–152; cf. a similar story in which the lion is fooled by the jackal. Bleek, op. cit. p. 7. I omit the sequel of the tale.

† Brinton, op. cit. p. 104.

throw away their spare kindling-wood, which makes the lightning.*

When treating of Indo-European solar myths, we saw the unvarying, unresting course of the sun variously explained as due to the subjection of Herakles to Eurystheus, to the anger of Poseidon at Odysseus, or to the curse laid upon the Wandering Jew. The barbaric mind has worked at the same problem ; but the explanations which it has given are more childlike and more grotesque. A Polynesian myth tells how the Sun used to race through the sky so fast that men could not get enough daylight to hunt game for their subsistence. By and by an inventive genius, named Maui, conceived the idea of catching the Sun in a noose and making him go more deliberately. He plaited ropes and made a strong net, and, arming himself with the jawbone of his ancestress, Muri-ranga-whenna, called together all his brethren, and they journeyed to the place where the Sun rises, and there spread the net. When the Sun came up, he stuck his head and fore-paws into the net, and while the brothers tightened the ropes so that they cut him and made him scream for mercy, Maui beat him with the jawbone until he became so weak that ever since he has only been able to crawl through the sky. According to another Polynesian myth, there was once a grumbling Radical, who never could be satisfied with the way in which things are managed on this earth. This bold Radical set out to build a stone house which should last forever ; but the days were so short and the stones so heavy that he despaired of ever accomplishing his project. One night, as he lay awake thinking the matter over, it occurred to him that if he could catch the Sun in a net, he could have as much daylight as was needful in order to finish his house. So he borrowed a noose from the god Itu, and, it being autumn, when the Sun gets sleepy and stupid, he easily caught the luminary. The Sun cried till his tears made a great freshet which nearly drowned the island ; but it was of no use ; there he is tethered to this day.

Similar stories are met with in North America. A Dog-Rib Indian once chased a squirrel up a tree until he reached the sky. There he set a snare for the squirrel and climbed down again. Next day the Sun was caught in the snare, and night came on at once. That is to say, the sun was eclipsed. "Something wrong up there," thought the Indian, "I must have caught the Sun" ; and so he sent up ever so many animals to release the captive. They were all burned to ashes, but at last the mole, going up and burrowing out through the ground of the sky, (!) succeeded in gnawing asunder the cords of the snare. Just as it thrust its head out through the opening made in the sky-ground, it received a flash of light which put its eyes out, and that is why the mole is blind. The Sun got away, but has ever since travelled more deliberately.*

These sun-myths, many more of which are to be found collected in Mr. Tylor's excellent treatise on "The Early History of Mankind," well illustrate both the similarity and the diversity of the results obtained by the primitive mind, in different times and countries, when engaged upon similar problems. No one would think of referring these stories to a common traditional origin with the myths of Herakles and Odysseus ; yet both classes of tales were devised to explain the same phenomenon. Both to the Aryan and to the Polynesian the steadfast but deliberate journey of the sun through the firmament was a strange circumstance which called for explanation ; but while the meagre intelligence of the barbarian could only attain to the quaint conception of a man throwing a noose over the sun's head, the rich imagination of the Indo-European created the noble picture of Herakles doomed to serve the son of Sthenelos, in accordance with the resistless decree of fate.

* Tylor, op. cit. p. 320.

* Tylor, op. cit. pp 338–343.

Another world-wide myth, which shows how similar are the mental habits of uncivilized men, is the myth of the tortoise. The Hindu notion of a great tortoise that lies beneath the earth and keeps it from falling is familiar to every reader. According to one account, this tortoise, swimming in the primeval ocean, bears the earth on his back; but by and by, when the gods get ready to destroy mankind, the tortoise will grow weary and sink under his load, and then the earth will be overwhelmed by a deluge. Another legend tells us that when the gods and demons took Mount Mandara for a churning-stick and churned the ocean to make ambrosia, the god Vishnu took on the form of a tortoise and lay at the bottom of the sea, as a pivot for the whirling mountain to rest upon. But these versions of the myth are not primitive. In the original conception the world is itself a gigantic tortoise swimming in a boundless ocean; the flat surface of the earth is the lower plate which covers the reptile's belly; the rounded shell which covers his back is the sky; and the human race lives and moves and has its being inside of the tortoise. Now, as Mr. Tylor has pointed out, many tribes of Redskins hold substantially the same theory of the universe. They regard the tortoise as the symbol of the world, and address it as the mother of mankind. Once, before the earth was made, the king of heaven quarrelled with his wife, and gave her such a terrible kick that she fell down into the sea. Fortunately a tortoise received her on his back, and proceeded to raise up the earth, upon which the heavenly woman became the mother of mankind. These first men had white faces, and they used to dig in the ground to catch badgers. One day a zealous burrower thrust his knife too far and stabbed the tortoise, which immediately sank into the sea and drowned all the human race save one man.* In Finnish mythology the world is not a tortoise, but it is an egg, of which the white part is the ocean, the yolk is the earth, and the arched shell is the sky. In India this is the mundane egg of Brahma; and it reappears among the Yorubas as a pair of calabashes put together like oyster-shells, one making a dome over the other. In Zulu-land the earth is a huge beast called Usilosimapundu, whose face is a rock, and whose mouth is very large and broad and red: "in some countries which were on his body it was winter, and in others it was early harvest." Many broad rivers flow over his back, and he is covered with forests and hills, as is indicated in his name, which means "the rugose or knotty-backed beast."* In this group of conceptions may be seen the origin of Sindbad's great fish, which lay still so long that sand and clay gradually accumulated upon its back, and at last it became covered with trees. And lastly, passing from barbaric folk-lore and from the Arabian Nights to the highest level of Indo-European intelligence, do we not find both Plato and Kepler amusing themselves with speculations in which the earth figures as a stupendous animal?

In concluding this somewhat rambling and unsystematic series of dissertations, in which I have endeavored to touch briefly upon a great many of the most important points in mythology, I think it right to observe that, in order to avoid confusing the general reader with intricate discussions, I have sometimes expressed myself with definite dogmatism where a sceptical attitude of mind would perhaps have been more becoming. In treating of popular legends and superstitions, the paths of inquiry are circuitous enough, and seldom can we reach a satisfactory conclusion until we have travelled all the way around Robin Hood's barn and back again. I am sure that the reader would not have thanked me for obstructing these tortuous avenues with the thorns and brambles of philological discussion, to such an extent as perhaps to make him despair of ever reach-

* Tylor, op. cit. p. 336.

* Callaway, op. cit. p. 184.

ing the high road. I have not been attempting to review, otherwise than incidentally, the works of Müller, Kuhn, and Bréal; but rather to present the results at which these scholars have arrived, in such a way as to awaken general interest in them. And accordingly, in dealing with a subject which depends upon philology almost as much as astronomy depends upon mathematics, I have omitted philological considerations wherever it has been possible to do so. Nevertheless, I believe that nothing has been advanced as established which is not generally admitted by scholars and that nothing has been advanced as probable for which due evidence cannot be produced. Yet among many points which are proved, and many others which are probable, there must always remain many other facts of which we cannot feel sure that our own explanation is the true one; and the student who endeavors to fathom the primitive thoughts of mankind, as embodied in mythology, will do well to bear in mind the modest words of Jacob Grimm, — himself the greatest scholar and thinker who has ever dealt with this class of subjects, — "I shall indeed interpret all that I can, but I cannot interpret all that I should like."

John Fiske.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

IF it were not that the public cherishes rather singular and fluctuating notions with regard to the private and familiar intercourse of authors, the reports which follow would need no prologue. But between the two classes of readers, one of which innocently supposes T. Percy Jones to be the strange and terrible being whom they find represented in his "Firmilian," while the other, having discovered, by a few startling disillusions, that the race of authors is Janus-faced, is sure that T. Percy Jones is the exact opposite of his poetical self, there has arisen a confusion which it may be well to correct.

The authors themselves, I am aware, are chiefly responsible for these opposite impressions. When Joaquin Miller at Niagara, standing on the brink of the American precipice, kisses his hands grandly to Canada, exclaiming "England, I thank you!" or when Martin Farquhar Tupper, in a speech at New York, cries out with noble magnanimity, "America, be not afraid, *I* will protect you!" the public might reasonably expect to find all poets visibly trailing their mantles in our streets. But when an eager listener, stealing behind Irving and Halleck at an evening party, found them talking of — shoe-leather! and a breathless devotee of Thackeray, sitting opposite to him at the dinner-table, saw those Delphian lips unclose only to utter the words, "Another potato, if you please!" — they had revelations which might cast a dreadful suspicion over the nature of the whole tribe of authors.

I would not have the reader imagine that the members of the Echo Club are represented by either of these extremes. They are authors, of different ages and very unequal places in public estimation. It would never occur to them to seat themselves on self-constructed pyramids, and speak as if The Ages were listening; yet, like their brethren of all lands and all times, the staple of their talk is literature. What Englishmen call "the shop," is an inevitable feature of their conversation. They can never come together without discussing the literary news of the day,

the qualities of prominent authors, living or dead, and sometimes their own. However the enlightened listener might smile at the positiveness of their opinions, and the contradictions into which they are sometimes led in the lawless play and keen clash of the lighter intellect, he could not fail to recognize the sovereign importance they attach to their art. Without lifting from their intercourse that last veil of mystery, behind which only equals are permitted to pass, I may safely try to report the mixture of sport and earnest, of satire and enthusiasm, of irreverent audacity and pure aspiration, which met and mingled at their meetings. If the reader cannot immediately separate these elements, it is no fault of mine. He is most desirous, I know, to be present at the private diversions of a small society of authors, and to hear them talk as they are wont to talk when the wise heads of the world are out of earshot.

The character which the society assumed for a short time was entirely accidental. As one of the Chorus, I was present at the first meeting, and of course I never failed afterwards. The four authors who furnished our entertainment were not aware that I had written down, from memory, the substance of the conversations, until our evenings came to an end, and I have had some difficulty in obtaining their permission to publish my reports. The Ancient and Galahad feared that certain poets whom they delight to honor might be annoyed, not so much at the sportive imitation of their manner, as at the possible misconception of its purpose by the public. But Zoïlus and the Gannet agreed with me, that where no harm is meant none can be inflicted; that the literature of our day is in a sad state of bewilderment and confusion, and that a few effervescing powders would perhaps soothe the public stomach which has been overdosed with startling effects.

At last the Ancient said: "So be it, then! Take the poems, but don't bring your manuscript to us for correction! I am quite sure you have often reported us falsely, and if your masks of names are pulled off, we will have that defence."

I have only to add that the three or four gentlemen comprising the Chorus are not authors by profession. The Ancient is in the habit of dividing the race of artists into active and passive, — the latter possessing the artistic temperament, the tastes, the delights, the instincts of the race, — everything, except that creative gadfly which stings to expression. In every quality except production they are the equals of the producers, he says; and they are quite as necessary to the world as the active artists, since they are the first to recognize the good points of the latter, to strengthen them with warm, intelligent sympathy, and to commend them to the slower perceptions and more uncertain tastes of the mass of readers. I am certain, at least, that our presence and participation in the amusements was a gentle stimulus to the principal actors. We were their enthusiastic audience, and kept them fresh and warm to their work. I do not record our share in the conversation, for there is sufficient diversity of opinion without it; and I made no notes of it at the time. — THE NAMELESS REPORTER.

In the rear of Karl Schäfer's lager-beer cellar and restaurant — which every one knows is but a block from the central part of Broadway — there is a small room, with a vaulted ceiling, which Karl calls his *Löwengrube*, or Lions' Den. Here, in their Bohemian days, Zoïlus and the Gannet had been accustomed to meet, discuss literary projects, and read fragments of manuscript to each other. The Chorus, the Ancient and young Galahad gradually fell into the same habit, and thus a little circle of six, seven, or eight members came to be formed. The room could comfortably contain no more: it was quiet, with a dim, smoky, confidential atmosphere, and suggested Auerbach's Cellar to the Ancient, who had been in Leipzig.

Here, authors, books, magazines, and newspapers were talked about; sometimes a manuscript poem was read by its writer; while mild potations of beer and the dreamy breath of cigars delayed the nervous, fidgety, clattering-footed American Hours. One night they chanced upon a discussion of Morris's "Earthly Paradise," which Galahad rapturously admired, while the Ancient continued to draw him out, at first by guarded praise, then by critical objections to the passages which Galahad quoted. The conversation finally took this turn: —

GALAHAD. Indeed, you are not just! Tell me, have you read the whole work?

THE ANCIENT. Yes: I had it with me on my last trip to Havana, and read all three volumes under the most favorable auspices, — lying on deck in the shadow of a sail, with the palms and mangroves of the Bahamas floating past, in the distance. Just so I floated through the narrative poems, one after the other, admiring the story-teller's art, heartily enjoying many passages, accepting even the unnecessary quaintness of the speech, and at first disposed to say, "Here is a genuine poet!" But I was conscious of a lack of something, which, in my lazy mood, I did not attempt to analyze. When the lines and scenes and characters began to fade in my mind (which they did almost immediately), I found that the final impression which the work left behind was very much like the Hades of the Greeks, — a gray, misty, cheerless land, full of wandering shadows, — a place where there is no sun, no clear, conscious, joyous life, where even fortunate love is sad, where hope is unknown to the heart, and there is nothing in the distance but death, and nothing after it. There had been a languid and rather agreeable sense of enjoyment; but it was followed by a chill.

GALAHAD. Oh!

THE GANNET. How often have I told you, Galahad, that you 're too easily taken off your feet! He 's very clever, I admit; but there 's a deal of trick in it, for all that. His revival of obsolete words, his imitation of Chaucer —

GALAHAD (*impatiently*). Imitation!

THE GANNET. Well, — only half, and half similarity of talent. But no writer can naturally assume a manner of speech which has long fallen into disuse, even in literature: so far as he does so, he is artificial. And this artifice Morris carries into his pictures of sentiment and passion. You cease to feel with and for his characters, long before he has done with them.

GALAHAD. As human beings, perhaps; but as conceptions of beauty, they have another existence.

THE GANNET. When I want a Greek frieze, let me have it in marble! Yes, he 's a skilful workman, and a successful one, as his popularity proves. And he 's lucky in producing his canned fruit after Swinburne's curry and pepper-sauce: but it is *canned*. I don't say I could equal him in his own line, for that requires natural inclination as well as knack, yet I think I could give you something exactly in his style, in ten minutes.

THE ANCIENT. Challenge him, Galahad!

THE GANNET. Get me paper and pencil! I will at least try. Now, Galahad, put up your watch; I only stipulate that you don't time me too exactly. Stay! — take another sheet and try the same thing yourself.

(They write; meanwhile the others talk.)

THE GANNET (*after twenty minutes*). I have failed in time, because I began wrong. I tried to write a serious passage in Morris's manner, and my own habit of expression immediately came in as a disturbing influence. Then I gave up the plan of producing something really earnest and coherent, — that is, I kept in mind the manner, alone, and let the matter come of itself. Very little effort was required, I found: the lines arranged themselves easily enough. Now, lend me your ears: it is a passage from "The Taming of

Themistocles," in the ninth volume of the "Earthly Paradise": (*Reads*)

"He must be holpen; yet how help shall I,
Steeped to the lips in ancient misery,
And by the newer grief apparallèd?
If that I throw these ashes on mine head,
Do this thing for thee, — while about my way
A shadow gathers, and the piteous day,
So wan and bleak for very loneliness,
Turneth from sight of such unruthfulness?"
Therewith he caught an arrow from the sheaf,
And brake the shaft in witlessness of grief;
But Chiton's vest, such dismal fear she had,
Shook from the heart that sorely was a-drad,
And she began, withouten any pause,
To say: "Why break the old Ætolian laws,
Send this man forth, that never harm hath done,
Between the risen and the setten sun?"

And next, they wandered to a steepy hill,
Whence all the land was lying gray and still,
And not a living creature there might be,
From the cold mountains to the salt, cold sea;
Only, within a little cove, one sail
Shook, as it whimpered at the cruel gale,
And the mast moaned from chafing of the rope;
So all was pain: they saw not any hope.

ZOÏLUS. But that is no imitation! You have copied a passage out of — out of — pshaw! I know the poem, and I remember the lines.

THE GANNET (*indignantly*). Out of Milton, why not say? — where you 'll be just as likely to find them. Now, let me hear yours, Galahad; you were writing.

GALAHAD (*crushing the paper in his hand*). Mine is neither one thing nor the other, — not the author's poetic dialect throughout, nor hinting of his choice of subjects. I began something, which was really my own, and then gradually ran into an echo. I think *you* have hit upon the true method; and we must try again, since we know it.

THE GANNET. Why not try others, — a dozen of them? By Jove, I should like some mere gymnastics, after the heavy prose I 've been writing! And you, too, Galahad, and the Ancient (if his ponderous dignity does n't prevent it); and here 's Zoïlus, the very fellow for such a diversion! We can come together, here, and be a private, secret club of Parodists, — of Echoes, — of Iconoclasts, — of —

THE ANCIENT. Of irreverent satirists, I fear. That would be a new kind of a *Hainbund*, indeed; but, after all, it need not be ill-natured. At least, to insure yourselves against relapsing into mere burlesque and incidental depreciation, — which is a tempting, but nearly always a fatal course, for young writers, — I must be present. My indifferentism, as you call it, which sometimes provokes you when I cannot share all your raptures, may do good service in keeping you from rushing into the opposite extreme. As for taking part in the work, I won't promise to do much. You know I am a man of uncertain impulses, and can get nothing out of myself by force of resolution.

OMNES. O, you must take part! It will be capital sport.

THE ANCIENT (*deliberately, between the whiffs of his cigar*). First of all, let us clearly understand what is to be done. To undertake *parodies*, as the word is generally comprehended, — that is, to make a close imitation of some particular poem, though it should be characteristic of the author, — would be rather a flat business. Even the Brothers Smith and Bon Gaultier, admirable as they are, stuck too closely to selected models; and Phebe Cary, who has written the best American parodies, did the same thing. I think the Gannet has discovered something altogether more original and satisfactory, — a simple echo of the author's tone and manner. The choice of a subject gives another chance of fun.

(*He takes up the* GANNET'S *imitation and looks over it.*)

Here the dialect and movement and atmosphere are suggested; the exaggeration is neither coarse nor extreme, and the comical effect seems to lie mainly in the circumstance that it *is* a wilful imitation. If we were to find the passage in one of Morris's poems, we might think it carelessly written, somewhat obscure, but still in the same key with what precedes and follows it. Possibly, nay, almost certainly, it would not amuse us at all; but just now I noticed that even Galahad could not help laughing. A diver-

sion of this sort is less a labor and more a higher and finer recreation of the mind, than the mechanical setting of some given poem, line by line, to a ludicrous subject, like those endless and generally stupid parodies of Longfellow's "Excelsior" and Emerson's "Brahma." For heaven's — no, Homer's — sake, let us not fall into that vein!

THE GANNET. Thou speakest well.

GALAHAD. But how shall we select the authors? And shall I be required to make my own demigods ridiculous?

ZOÏLUS. Let me prove to you, by one of your own demigods, that nothing can be either sublime or ridiculous. Poetry is the Brahma of literature, — above all, pervading all, self-existent, though so few find her (and men of business reckon ill who leave her out), and therefore quite unmoved by anything we may do. Don't you remember the lines: —

> "Far or forgot to me is near,
> Shadow and sunlight are the same;
> The vanished gods to me appear,
> And one to me are shame and fame."

THE ANCIENT. You are right, Zoïlus, in spite of your sarcasm. Besides, it is an evidence of a poet's distinct individuality, when he can be amusingly imitated. We can only make those the objects of our fun whose manner or dialect stamps itself so deeply into our minds that a new cast can be taken. We are sporting around great, and sometimes little names, like birds or cats or lizards around the feet, and over the shoulders, and on the heads of statues. Now, there 's an idea for a poem, Galahad. But, seriously, how would you imitate Pollok's "Course of Time," or Young's "Night Thoughts," or Blair's "Grave," or any other of those masses of words, which are too ponderous for poetry and too respectable for absurdity! Either extreme will do for us, excellence or imbecility; but it must have a distinct, pronounced character.

THE GANNET. Come, now! I 'm eager for another trial.

THE ANCIENT. Let us each write the names of three or four poets on separate slips of paper, and throw them into my hat; then let each draw out one slip as his model for to-night. Thus there will be no clashing of tastes or inclinations, and our powers of imitation will be more fairly tested.

(*They write three names apiece, the* CHORUS *taking part. Then all are thrown into* THE ANCIENT'S *hat and shaken up together.*)

GALAHAD (*drawing*). Robert Browning.

THE GANNET. So is mine.

ZOÏLUS. Edgar A. Poe.

THE ANCIENT. Some of us have written the same names. Well, let it be so to-night. If we find the experiment diverting, we can easily avoid any such repetition next time. Moreover, Browning alone will challenge echoes from all of us; and I am curious to see whether the several imitations will reflect the same characteristics of his style. It will, at least, show whether his stamp upon each mind has any common likeness to the original.

THE GANNET. A good idea! But Zoïlus is already possessed by the spirit of Poe; not, I hope in the manner of Dr. Garth Wilkinson of London, whose volume of poems dictated by the spirits of dead authors is the most astonishing collection I ever saw. He makes Poe's "wet locks" rhyme to his "fetlocks"! It is even worse than Harris's "Epic of the Starry Heavens," dictated to him in forty-eight hours by Dante. By the by, we have a good chance to test this matter of possession; the suggestion nimbly and sweetly recommends itself to my fancy. But since I was your pioneer to-night, I 'll even rest until Zoïlus has finished; then, let us all start fairly.

ZOÏLUS (*a few minutes later*). If this is at all good, it is not because of labor. I had an easier task than the Gannet. (*Reads.*)

THE PROMISSORY NOTE.

> In the lonesome latter years,
> (Fatal years!)

To the dropping of my tears
Danced the mad and mystic spheres
In a rounded, reeling rune,
'Neath the moon,
To the dripping and the dropping of my tears.

Ah, my soul is swathed in gloom,
(Ulalume!)
In a dim Titanic tomb,
For my gaunt and gloomy soul
Ponders o'er the penal scroll,
O'er the parchment (not a rhyme),
Out of place, — out of time, —
I am shredded, shorn, unshifty,
(O, the fifty!)
And the days have passed, the three,
Over me!
And the debit and the credit are as one to him and me!

'T was the random runes I wrote
At the bottom of the note
(Wrote, and freely
Gave to Greeley),
In the middle of the night,
In the mellow, moonless night,
When the stars were out of sight,
When my pulses, like a knell,
(Israfel!)
Danced with dim and dying fays
O'er the ruins of my days,
O'er the dimeless, timeless days,
When the fifty, drawn at thirty,
Seeming thrifty, yet the dirty
Lucre of the market, was the most that I could raise!

Fiends controlled it,
(Let him hold it!)
Devils held for me the inkstand and the pen;
Now the days of grace are o'er,
(Ah, Lenore!)
I am but as other men:
What is time, time, time,
To my rare and runic rhyme,
To my random, reeling rhyme,
By the sands along the shore,
Where the tempest whispers, "Pay him!" and I answer, "Nevermore!"

GALAHAD. What do you mean by the reference to Greeley?

ZOÏLUS. I thought everybody had heard that Greeley's only autograph of Poe was a signature to a promissory note for fifty dollars. He offers to sell it for half the money. Now, I don't mean to be wicked, and to do nothing with the dead except bone 'em, but when such a cue pops into one's mind, what is one to do?

THE ANCIENT. O, I think you 're still within decent limits! There was a congenital twist about poor Poe. We can't entirely condone his faults, yet we stretch our charity so as to cover as much as possible. His poetry has a hectic flush, a strange, fascinating, narcotic quality, which belongs to him alone. Baudelaire and Swinburne after him have been trying to surpass him by increasing the dose; but his Muse is the natural Pythia, inheriting her convulsions, while they eat all sorts of insane roots to produce theirs.

GALAHAD (*eagerly*). Did you ever know him?

THE ANCIENT. I met him two or three times, heard him lecture once (his enunciation was exquisite), and saw him now and then in Broadway, — enough to satisfy me that there were two men in him: one, a refined gentleman, an aspiring soul, an artist among those who had little sense of literary art; the other —

ZOÏLUS. Go on!

THE ANCIENT. "Built his nest with the birds of Night." No more of that! Now let us all invoke the demigod, Browning.

GALAHAD. It will be a task.

ZOÏLUS. I don't think so; it 's even simpler than what we 've done. Why, Browning's manner is as distinctly his own as Carlyle's, and sometimes as wilfully artificial. In fact, he is so peculiarly himself that no younger poet has dared to imitate his fashion of speech, although many a one tries to follow him in the choice and treatment of subjects. Browning is the most dramatic of poets since Shakespeare; don't you think so, Ancient?

THE ANCIENT. In everything but language, perhaps. I should prefer to call him a psychologist. His subtile studies of all varieties of character are wonderful, if you look at the substance only; but every one of them, from first to last, speaks with the voice of Browning. Take "The Ring and the Book," for instance, — and I consider it one of the most original and excellent poems in the English language, — and in each of the twelve divisions you will find exactly the same interruptions, parentheses, ellipses, the same coinage of illustration and play of recondite hints under what is expressed. I should guess that he writes very rapidly, and concerns himself little with any objec-

tive theories of art. You ought to copy his manner easily enough.

ZOÏLUS. I can. I have caught the idea already. (*He takes a pencil and writes rapidly.* GALAHAD *and the* GANNET *also begin to write, but slowly.*)

THE CHORUS (*to the* ANCIENT). Why don't you begin?

THE ANCIENT. I was deliberating; what a range of forms there is! He is as inexhaustible as Raphael, and he always expresses the same sense of satisfaction in his work. Well, anything will do for a subject. (*Writes.*)

ZOÏLUS (*after a few minutes*). Hearken! I must read at once, or I shall go on writing forever; it bewilders me. (*Reads.*)

Who *wills*, may hear Sordello's story told
By Robert Browning: warm? (you ask) or cold?
But just so much as seemeth to enhance —
The start being granted, onward goes the dance
To its own music — the poem's inward sense;
So, by its verity .... nay, no pretence
Avails your self-created bards, and thus
By just the chance of half a hair to us,
If understood .... but what the odds to you,
Who, with no obligations to pursue
Scant tracks of thought, if such, indeed, there be
In this one poem, — stay, my friend, and see
Whether you note that creamy tint of flesh,
Softer than bivalve pink, impearled and fresh,
Just where the small o' the back goes curving down
To orbic muscles .... ha! that sidelong frown
Pursing the eye, and folded, deeply cleft
I' the nostril's edge, as though contempt were left
Just o'er the line that bounds indifference. ....
But here 's the test of any closer sense
(You follow me?) such as I started with;
And there be minds that seek the very pith,
Crowd close, bore deep, push far, and reach the light
Through league-long tunnels —

GALAHAD (*interrupting*). But that *is* Sordello you 're reading!

ZOÏLUS. Yes, mine. I am one of the few who have bored their way through that amazing work. Browning's "Sordello" (if you ever read it, you will remember) begins with something about "Pentapolin o' the Naked Arm." It is not any particular passage, but the manner of the whole poem which I 've tried to reproduce; a little exaggerated, to be sure, but not much. Now, I call this perplexity, not profundity. Was n't it the Swedish poet, Tegner, who said, "The obscurely uttered is the obscurely thought"?

THE ANCIENT. Yes; and it is true in regard to poetry, however the case may be with metaphysics. But we have a right to be vexed with Browning, when, in the dedicatory letter to the new edition of "Sordello," he says that he had taken pains to make the work something "which the many *might*, instead of what the few *must*, like," but, after all, did not choose to publish the revised copy. There is a touch of arrogance in this expression which I should rather not have encountered. The "*must*" which he flings at the few is far more offensive than utter indifference to all readers would have been; and not even those few can make us accept "Sordello." However, *multum creavit* is as good a plea as *multum dilexit*. Browning has a royal brain, and we owe him too much to bear malice against him. Only, we must not encourage our masters in absolute rule, or they will become tyrants.

ZOÏLUS. I don't acknowledge any masters!

THE ANCIENT. We all know that. Now, Galahad, what have you done?

GALAHAD (*reads*): —

BY THE SEA.

(*Mutatis mutandis.*)

I.

Is it life or is it death?
A whiff of the cool salt scum,
As the whole sea puffed its breath
Against you, — blind and dumb,
This way it answereth.

II.

Nearer the sands it shows
Spotted and leprous tints;
But stay! yon fisher knows
Rock-tokens, which evince
How high the tide arose.

III.

How high? In you and me
'T was falling then, I think;
Open your heart's eyes, see
From just so slight a chink
The chasm that now must be.

IV.

You sighed and shivered then,
Blue ecstasies of June
Around you, shouts of fishermen,
Sharp wings of sea-gulls, soon
To dip — the clock struck ten!

V.

Was it the cup too full,
To carry it you grew

Too nervous, the wine's hue too dull,
(Dulness, misjudged, untrue !)
Love's flower unfit to cull ?

VI.

You should have held me fast
One moment, stopped my pace,
Crushed down the feeble, vast
Suggestions of embrace,
And so be crowned at last.

VII.

But now ! . . . . Bare-legged and brown
Bait-diggers delve the sand,
Tramp i' the sunshine down
Burnt-ochre vestured land,
And yonder stares the town.

VIII.

A heron screams ! I shut
This book of scurf and scum,
Its final page uncut ;
The sea-beast, blind and dumb,
Done with his bellowing ? All but !

THE GANNET. It seems we have all hit upon the obvious characteristics, especially those which are most confusing. There is something very like that in the "*Dramatis Personæ*," or there seems to be. Now, I wonder how my attempt will strike you ? (*Reads.*)

ANGELO ORDERS HIS DINNER.

I, Angelo, obese, black-garmented,
Respectable, much in demand, well fed
With mine own larder's dainties, — where, indeed,
Such cakes of myrrh or fine alyssum seed,
Thin as a mallow-leaf, embrowned o' the top,
Which, cracking, lets the ropy, trickling drop
Of sweetness touch your tongue, or potted nests
Which my recondite recipe invests
With cold conglomerate tidbits — ah, the bill !
(You say,) but given it were mine to fill
My chests, the case so put were yours, we 'll say,
(This counter, here, your post, as mine to-day,)
And you 've an eye to luxuries, what harm
In smoothing down your palate with the charm
Yourself concocted ? There we issue take ;
And see ! as thus across the rim I break
This puffy paunch of glazed embroidered cake,
So breaks, through use, the lust of watering chaps
And craveth plainness : do I so ? Perhaps ;
But that 's my secret. Find me such a man
As Lippo yonder, built upon the plan
Of heavy storage, double-navelled, fat
From his own giblets' oils, an Ararat
Uplift o'er water, sucking rosy draughts
From Noah's vineyard, — . . . crisp, enticing wafts
Yon kitchen now emits, which to your sense
Somewhat abate the fear of old events,
Qualms to the stomach, — I, you see, am slow
Unnecessary duties to forego, —
You understand ? A venison haunch, *haut gout*,
Ducks that in Cimbrian olives mildly stew,
And sprigs of anise, might one's teeth provoke
To taste, and so we wear the complex yoke
Just as it suits, — my liking, I confess,
More to receive, and to partake no less,
Still more obese, while through thick adipose
Sensation shoots, from testing tongue to toes
Far off, dim-conscious, at the body's verge,
Where the froth-whispers of its waves emerge
On the untasting sand. Stay, now ! a seat
Is bare : I, Angelo, will sit and eat.

THE CHORUS. There 's no mistaking any of them !

THE ANCIENT. And yet what a wealth of forms and moods there is left ! You have only touched the poet on two or three of his thousand sides. Whoever should hear these imitations first, and then take up the original works, would recognize certain fashions here and there, but he would be wholly unprepared for the special best qualities of Browning.

THE CHORUS. How, then, have *you* fared ?

THE ANCIENT. I 'm afraid I 've violated the very law I laid down at the beginning. But I took the first notion that came into my head, and I could not possibly make it either all imitation or all burlesque. However, hear, and then punish me as you like ! (*Reads.*)

ON THE TRACK.

Where the crags are close, and the railway-curve
Begins to swerve
From its straight-shot course i' the level plain
To the hills again,
At the end of the twilight, when you mark
The denser dark

Blown by the wind from the heights, that make
A cold, coiled snake
Round the shuddering world, as a Midgards-orm-like, sinuous form, —
With scant-cut hosen, jacket in hands,
The small boy stands.

Clipt by the iron ways, shiny and straight,
You see him wait,
'Twixt the coming thunder and the rock,
To fend the shock,
As a mite should stay, with its wriggling force,
A planet's course.

Even as he dances, leaps, and stoops,
The black train swoops
Up from the level : wave jacket, cry !
Must all then die ?
Sweating, the small boy smiles again ;
He has stopped the train !

GALAHAD. Well, that somehow suggests to me two poems : his "Love among the Ruins," and the "Incident of the French Camp," yet it is not an imitation of either. I should only apply to it the same criticism as to my

own, — that it gives no hint of Browning's subtile and ingenious way of dealing with the simplest subjects. He seems always to seek some other than the ordinary and natural point of view. I believe he could change "Mother Hubbard" and "Kits, cats, sacks, and wives" into profound psychological poems.

THE ANCIENT. Now, why did n't you say that before we began? I might have made, at least, a more grotesque failure. But, O Gambrinus! our glasses have been empty this hour. Ring for the waiter, Galahad; let us refresh our wearied virtue, and depart!

OMNES (*touching glasses*). To be continued! [*Exeunt.*

SOME ARCADIAN SHEPHERDS.

ONE day, near the close of the seventeenth century, a number of ladies and gentlemen — mostly poets and poetesses according to their thinking — were assembled on a pleasant hill in the neighborhood of Rome. As they lounged upon the grass, in attitudes as graceful and picturesque as they could contrive, and listened to a sonnet or an ode with the sweet patience of their race, — for they were all Italians, — it occurred to the most conscious man among them, that here was something uncommonly like the Golden Age, unless that epoch had been flattered. There had been reading and praising of odes and sonnets the whole blessed afternoon, and now he cried out to the complaisant, canorous company, "Behold Arcadia revived in us!"

This struck everybody at once by its truth. It struck, most of all, a certain Giovan Maria Crescimbeni, honored in his day and despised in ours as a poet and critic. He was of a cold, dull temperament; "a mind half lead, half wood," as one Italian writer calls him; but he was an inveterate maker of verses, and he was wise in his own generation. He straightway proposed to tuneful *abbés*, *cavalieri serventi*, and *précieuses*, who went singing and love-making up and down Italy in those times, the foundation of a new academy, to be called the Academy of the Arcadians.

Literary academies were then the fashion in Italy, and every part of the peninsula abounded in them. They bore names fanciful or grotesque, such as The Ardent, The Illuminated, The Unconquered, The Intrepid, or The Dissonant, The Sterile, The Insipid, The Obtuse, The Lost, The Stunned, and they were all established for one purpose, namely, the production and the perpetuation of twaddle. It is prodigious to think of the incessant wash of slip-slop which they poured out in verse; of the grave disputations they held upon the most trivial questions; of the insane formalities of their sessions. At the meetings of a famous academy in Milan, they placed in the chair a child just able to talk; a question was proposed, and the answer of the child, whatever it was, was held by one side to solve the problem, and the debates, *pro* and *con*, followed upon this point. Other academies in other cities had other follies; but whatever the absurdity, it was encouraged alike by Church and State, and honored by all the great world. The governments of Italy in that day, whether lay or clerical, liked nothing so well as to have the intellectual life of the nation squandered in the trivialities of the academies, — in their debates about nothing, their odes and madrigals and masks and sonnets; and the greatest politeness you could show a stranger was to invite him to a sitting of your

academy; while to be furnished with a letter to the academy in the next city, was the highest favor you could ask for yourself.

In literature, the wholesome Bernesque school had passed; Tasso had long been dead; and the Neapolitan Marini, called the Corrupter of Italian poetry, ruled from his grave the taste of the time. This taste was so bad as to require a very desperate remedy, and it was professedly to counteract it that the Academy of the Arcadians had arisen.

The epoch was favorable, and, as Emiliani-Giudici (whom we shall follow for the present) teaches, in his History of Italian Literature, the idea of Crescimbeni spread electrically throughout Italy. The gayest of the finest ladies and gentlemen the world ever saw, the *illustrissimi* of that polite age, united with monks, priests, cardinals, and scientific thinkers in establishing the Arcadia; and even popes and kings were proud to enlist in the crusade for the true poetic faith. In all the chief cities Arcadian colonies were formed, "dependent upon the Roman Arcadia, as upon the supreme Arch-Flock," and in three years the Academy numbered thirteen hundred members, every one of whom had first been obliged to give proof that he was a good poet. They prettily called themselves by the names of shepherds and shepherdesses, out of Theocritus, and, being a republic, they refused to own any earthly prince or ruler, but declared the Baby Jesus to be the Protector of Arcadia. Their code of laws was written in elegant Latin by a grave and learned man, and inscribed upon tablets of marble.

According to one of the articles, the Academicians must study to reproduce the customs of the ancient Arcadians and the character of their poetry; and straightway, says Emiliani-Giudici, "Italy was filled on every hand with Thyrses, Menalches, and Melibœuses, who made their harmonious songs resound the names of their Chlorises, their Phillises, their Niceas; and there was poured out a deluge of pastoral compositions," some of them by "earnest thinkers and philosophical writers, who were not ashamed to assist in sustaining that miserable literary vanity which, in the history of human thought, will remain a lamentable witness to the moral depression of the Italian nation."

As a pattern of perfect poetizing, these artless nymphs and swains chose Constanzo, a very fair poet of the sixteenth century. They collected his verse, and printed it at the expense of the Academy; and it was established without dissent that each Arcadian in turn, at the hut of some conspicuous Shepherd, in the presence of the Keeper (such was the jargon of those most amusing unrealities), should deliver a commentary upon some sonnet of Constanzo. As for Crescimbeni, who declared that Arcadia was instituted "strictly for the purpose of exterminating bad taste, and of guarding against its revival, pursuing it continually, wherever it should pause or lurk, even to the most remote and unconsidered villages and hamlets," — Crescimbeni could not do less than write four dialogues, as he did, in which he evolved from four of Constanzo's sonnets all that was necessary for Tuscan lyric poetry.

"Thus," says Emiliani-Giudici, referring to the crusading intent of Crescimbeni, "the Arcadians were a sect of poetical Sanfedists, who, taking for example the zeal and performance of San Domingo de Guzman, proposed to renew in literature the scenes of the Holy Office among the Albigenses; happily, the fire of Arcadian verse did not really burn! The institution was at first derided, then it triumphed and prevailed in such fame and greatness that, shining forth like a new sun, it consumed the splendor of the lesser lights of heaven, eclipsing the glitter of all those academies — the Thunderstruck, the Extravagant, the Humid, the Tipsy, the Imbeciles, and the like — which had hitherto formed the glory of the Peninsula."

Guiseppe Torelli, a charming modern Italian writer, whose essays have

lately been printed at Florence, in a volume called *Paessaggi e Profili* (Landscapes and Profiles), makes a study of Carlo Innocenzo Frugoni, a very famous Arcadian shepherd, and from this we may learn something of the age and society in which such a folly could not only be possible, but illustrious. The patriotic Italian critics and historians are apt to give at least a full share of blame to foreign rulers for the corruption of their nation, and Signor Torelli finds the Spanish domination over a vast part of Italy responsible for the degradation of Italian mind and manners in the seventeenth century. Nor is it hard to believe that the Spaniards' idleness, ostentation, bigotry, and barbarism of tastes and customs might very well have infected the unlucky people subject to them. At any rate, Torelli declares that because of the Spaniards, the Italian theatre was then silent, "or filled with the noise of insipid allegories"; there was little or no education among the common people; the slender literature that survived existed solely for the amusement and distinction of the great; the army and the Church were the only avenues of escape from obscurity and poverty; all classes were sunk in indolence.

The social customs were mostly copied from France, except that purely Italian invention, the *cavaliere servente*, who was in great vogue. But there were everywhere in the cities coteries of fine ladies, called *preziose*, who were formed upon the French *précieuses* ridiculed by Molière, and were, I suppose, something like what is called in Boston demi-semi-literary ladies, — ladies who cultivated alike the muses and the modes. The preziose held weekly receptions at their houses, and assembled poets and cavaliers from all quarters, who entertained the ladies with their lampoons and gallantries, their madrigals and gossip, their sonnets and their repartees. "Little by little the poets had the better of the cavaliers: a felicitous rhyme was valued more than an elaborately constructed compliment." And this easy form of literature became the highest fashion. People hastened to call themselves by the sentimental pastoral names of the Arcadians, and almost forgot their love-intrigues, so much were they absorbed in the production and applause of "toasts, epitaphs for dogs, verses on wagers, epigrams on fruits, on Echo, on the Marchesa's canaries, on the Saints. These were read here and repeated there, declaimed in the public resorts and on the promenades," and gravely studied and commented on. A strange and surprising jargon arose, the utterance of the feeblest and emptiest affectation. "In those days eyes were not eyes, but pupils; not pupils, but orbs; not orbs, but the Devil knows what," says Signor Torelli, losing patience. It was the golden age of pretty words; and as to the sense of a composition, good society troubled itself very little about that. Good society expressed itself in a sort of poetical gibberish, "and whoever had said, for example, Muses instead of Castalian Divinities, would have passed for a low-bred person dropped from some mountain village. Men of fine mind, rich gentlemen of leisure, brilliant and accomplished ladies, had resolved that the time was come to lose their wits academically."

In such a world Arcadia flourished; into such a world that illustrious Shepherd, Carlo Innocenzo Frugoni, was born. He was the younger son of a noble family of Genoa, and in youth was sent into a cloister as a genteel means of existence, rather than from regard to his own wishes or fitness. He was, in fact, of a very gay and mundane temper, and escaped from his monastery as soon as ever he could, and spent his long life thereafter at the comfortable court of Parma, where he sang with great constancy the fortunes of varying dynasties, and celebrated in his verse all the polite events of society. Of course, even a life so pleasant as this had its little pains and mortifications; and it is history that when, in 1731, the last duke of the Farnese family died, leaving a widow, "Frugoni

predicted and maintained in twenty-five sonnets that she would yet give an heir to the duke; but in spite of the twenty-five sonnets, the affair turned out otherwise, and the extinction of the house of Farnese was written."

Frugoni, however, was taken into favor by the Spanish Bourbon who succeeded, and after he had got himself unfrocked with infinite difficulty (and only upon the intercession of divers princes and prelates,) he was as happy as any man of real talent could be, who devoted his gifts to the merest intellectual trifling. Not long before his death he was addressed by one that wished to write his life. He made answer that he had been a versifier and nothing more, epigrammatically recounted the chief facts of his career, and ended by saying, "of what I have written it is not worth while to speak"; and posterity has agreed with him, though, of course, no edition of the Italian classics would be perfect without him. We know this from the classics of our own tongue, which abound in marvels of insipidity and emptiness.

But all this does not make him less interesting as a figure in that amusing literarified society, and we may be glad to see him in Parma with Signor Torelli's eyes, as he "issues smug, ornate, with his well-fitting, polished shoe, his handsome leg in its neat stocking, his whole immaculate person, and his demure visage, and gently sauntering from Casa Caprara, takes his way towards Casa Landi."

I do not know Casa Landi; I have never seen it; and yet I think I can tell you of it: a gloomy-fronted pile of Romanesque architecture, the lower story remarkable for its weather-stained, vermiculated stone, and the ornamental iron gratings at the windows. The *porte-cochère* stands wide open, and shows the leaf and blossom of a lovely garden inside, with a tinkling fountain in the midst. The marble nymphs and naiads inhabiting the shrubbery and the water are already somewhat time-worn, and have here and there a touch of envious mildew; but as yet their noses are unbroken, and they have all the legs and arms that the sculptor designed them with; and the fountain, which after disasters must choke, plays prettily enough over their nude loveliness; for it is now the first half of the eighteenth century, and Casa Landi is the uninvaded sanctuary of Illustrissimi and Illustrissime. The resplendent porter who admits our melodious Abbate Carlo, and the gay lackey who runs before his smiling face to open the door of the *sala* where the company is assembled, may have had nothing to speak of for breakfast, but they are full of zeal for the grandeur they serve, and would not know what the rights of man were if you told them. They too have their idleness and their intrigues and their life of pleasure; but, poor souls, they fade pitiably in the magnificence of that noble assembly in the sala. What coats of silk and waistcoats of satin, what trig rapiers and flowing wigs and laces and ruffles; and, ah me! what hoops and brocades, what paint and patches! Behind the chair of every lady stands her cavaliere servente, or bows before her with a cup of chocolate, or, sweet abasement! stoops to adjust the footstool better to her satin shoe. There is a buzz of satirical expectation, no doubt, till the abbate arrives, "and then, after the first compliments and obeisances," says Signor Torelli, "he throws his hat upon the great arm-chair, recounts the chronicle of the gay world," and prepares for the special entertainment of the occasion.

"'What is there new on Parnassus?' he is probably asked.

"'Nothing,' he replies, 'save the bleating of a lambkin lost upon the lonely heights of the sacred hill.'

"'I 'll wager,' cries one of the ladies, 'that the shepherd who has lost this lambkin is our Abbate Carlo!'

"'And what can escape the penetrating eye of Aglauro Cidonia?' retorts Frugoni, softly, with a modest air.

"'Let us hear its bleating!' cries the lady of the house.

"'Let us hear it!' echo her husband and her cavaliere servente.

"'Let us hear it!' cry one, two, three, a half-dozen, visitors.

"Frugoni reads his new production; ten exclamations receive the first strophe; the second awakens twenty *evvivas;* and when the reading is ended the noise of the plaudits is so great that they cannot be counted. His new production has cost Frugoni half an hour's work; it is possibly the answer to some Macænas who has invited him to his country-seat, or the funeral eulogy of some well-known cat. Is fame bought at so cheap a rate? He is a fool who would buy it dearer; and with this reasoning, which certainly is not without foundation, Frugoni remained Frugoni when he might have been something very much better. . . . .

"If a bird sang, or a cat sneezed, or a dinner was given, or the talk turned upon anything no matter how remote from poetry, it was still for Frugoni an invitation to some impromptu effusion. If he pricked his finger in mending a pen, he called from on high the god of Lemnos and all the iron-workers of Olympus, not excepting Mars, whom it was not reasonable to disturb for so little, and launched innumerable reproaches at them, since without their invention of arms a penknife would never have been made. If the heavens cleared up after a long rain, all the signs of the zodiac were laid under contribution, and charged to give an account of their performance. If somebody died, he instantly poured forth rivers of tears in company with the nymphs of Eridanus and Heliades; he upbraided Phæthon, Themis, the Shades of Erebus, and the Parcæ. . . . . The Amaryllises, the Dryads, the Fauns, the woolly lambs, the shepherds, the groves, the demigods, the Castalian Virgins, the loose-haired nymphs, the leafy boughs, the goat-footed gods, the Graces, the pastoral pipes, and all the other sylvan rubbish were the prime materials of every poetic composition."

Signor Torelli is less severe than Emiliani-Giudici upon the founders of the Arcadia, and thinks they may have had intentions quite different from the academical follies that resulted; while Leigh Hunt, who has some account of the Arcadia in his charming essay on the Sonnet,* feels none of the national shame of the Italian critics, and is able to write of it with perfect gayety. He finds a reason for its amazing success in the childlike traits of Italian character; and, reminding his readers that the Arcadia was established in 1690, declares that what the Englishmen of William and Mary's reign would have received with shouts of laughter, and the French under Louis XIV. would have corrupted and made perilous to decency, "was so mixed up with better things in these imaginative, and, strange as it may seem, most unaffected people, the Italians, — for such they are, — that, far from disgusting a nation accustomed to romantic impulses and to the singing of poetry in their streets and gondolas, their gravest and most distinguished men, and, in many instances, women too, ran childlike into the delusion. The best of their poets," the sweet-tongued Filicaja among others, "accepted farms in Arcadia forthwith; . . . . and so little transitory did the fashion turn out to be, that not only was Crescimbeni its active officer for eight-and-thirty years, but the society, to whatever state of insignificance it may have been reduced, exists at the present moment."

Leigh Hunt names among Englishmen who were made Shepherds of Arcadia, Malthias, author of the "Pursuits of Literature," and Joseph Cowper, "who wrote the Memoirs of Iassoni and an historical memoir of Italian tragedy," Haly, and Mrs. Thrale, as well as those poor Della Cruscans whom bloody-minded Gifford champed between his tusked jaws in the now forgotten "Baviad."

Pope Pius VII. gave the Arcadians a suite of apartments in the Vatican;

* The Book of the Sonnet. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.

but I dare say the wicked tyranny now existing at Rome has deprived the harmless swains of this shelter, if indeed they had not been turned out before Victor Emanuel came. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the Academy does not still continue to reward ascertained merit by grants of pasturage out of the Republic's inexhaustible domain. Indeed, it is but a few years since one of our own great poets, on a visit to Rome, was waited upon by the secretary of the Arch-Flock, and presented, after due ceremonies, and the reading of a floral and herbaceous sonnet, with a parchment bestowing upon him some very magnificent possessions in that extraordinary dreamland.

We may laugh at the Arcadia, if we will, and say it belonged to a preposterously trivial and unreal age, and sprang from the indolence and vanity of an effeminate people; but there must have been a vast deal of comfort in it, after all. I am thinking what a very complete Arcadia could be equipped in our own country, for example, and what a satisfaction it would be to large numbers of literary people who are now neglected, but who in such a society could be appreciated by statute, and could claim a republican equality with the best. At this moment I have a writer in mind who could be our Crescimbeni, with the modern improvements; and my heart glows when I reflect what a pleasure and privilege Arcadia would be to Mrs. X. and Mr. Y. and Miss Z.! I myself— But this is egotism.

W. D. Howells.

IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

I WATCHED the swans in that proud park,
Which England's Queen looks out upon;
I sat there till the dewy dark,
And every other soul was gone;
And sitting silent, all alone,
I seemed to hear a spirit say,
Be calm; the night is: never moan
For friendships that have passed away.

The swans that vanished from thy sight
Will come to-morrow, at their hour;
But when thy joys have taken flight,
To bring them back no prayer hath power.
'T is the world's law; and why deplore
A doom that from thy birth was fate?
True, '*t is* a bitter word, "No more!"
But look beyond this mortal state.

Believ'st thou in eternal things?
Thou knowest, in thy inmost heart,
Thou art not clay; thy soul hath wings,
And what thou seest is but part.
Make this thy med'cine for the smart
Of every day's distress: Be dumb,
In each new loss thou truly art
Tasting the power of things to come.

T. W. Parsons.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

THE idea of a man's "interviewing" himself *is* rather odd, to be sure. But then that is what we are all of us doing every day. I talk half the time to find out my own thoughts, as a school-boy turns his pockets inside out to see what is in them. He brings to light all sorts of personal property he had forgotten in his inventory.

— You don't know what your thoughts are going to be beforehand? said the "Member of the Haouse," as he calls himself.

— Why, of course I don't. Bless your honest legislative soul, I suppose I have as many bound volumes of notions of one kind and another in my head as you have in your Representatives' library up there at the State House. I have to tumble them over and over and open them in a hundred places, and sometimes cut the leaves here and there, to find what I think about this and that. And a good many people who flatter themselves they are talking wisdom to me, are only helping me to get at the shelf and the book and the page where I shall find my own opinion about the matter in question.

— The Member's eyes began to look heavy.

— It 's a very queer place, that receptacle a man fetches his talk out of. The library comparison does n't exactly hit it. You stow away some idea and don't want it, say for ten years. When it turns up at last it has got so jammed and crushed out of shape by the other ideas packed with it, that it is no more like what it was than a raisin is like a grape on the vine, or a fig from a drum like one hanging on the tree. Then, again, some kinds of thoughts breed in the dark of one's mind like the blind fishes in the Mammoth Cave. We can't see them and they can't see us; but sooner or later the daylight gets in and we find that some cold, fishy little negative has been spawning all over our beliefs, and the brood of blind questions it has given birth to are burrowing round and under and butting their blunt noses against the pillars of faith we thought the whole world might lean on. And then, again, some of our old beliefs are dying out every year, and others feed on them and grow fat, or get poisoned, as the case may be. And so, you see, you can't tell what the thoughts are that you have got salted down, as one may say, till you run a streak of talk through them, as the market people run a butter-scoop through a firkin.

Don't talk, thinking you are going to find out your neighbor, for you won't do it, but talk to find out yourself. There is more of you — and less of you, in spots, very likely — than you know.

— The Member gave a slight but unequivocal start just here. It does seem as if perpetual somnolence was the price of listening to other people's wisdom. This was one of those transient nightmares that one may have in a doze of twenty seconds. He thought a certain imaginary Committee of Safety of a certain imaginary Legislature was proceeding to burn down his haystack, in accordance with an Act, entitled an Act to make the Poor Richer by making the Rich Poorer. And the chairman of the committee was instituting a forcible exchange of hats with him, to his manifest disadvantage, for he had just bought him a new beaver. He told this dream afterwards to one of the boarders.

There was nothing very surprising, therefore, in his asking a question not very closely related to what had gone before.

— Do you think they mean business?

— I beg your pardon, but it would be of material assistance to me in answering your question if I knew who "they" might happen to be.

— Why, those chaps that are setting folks on to burn us all up in our beds. Political firebugs we call 'em up our way. Want to substitoot the match-box for the ballot-box. Scare all our old women half to death.

— O — ah — yes — to be sure. I don't believe they say what the papers put in their mouths any more than that a friend of mine wrote the letter about Worcester's and Webster's Dictionaries, that he had to disown the other day. These newspaper fellows are half asleep when they make up their reports at two or three o'clock in the morning, and fill out the speeches to suit themselves. I do remember some things that sounded pretty bad, — about as bad as nitro-glycerine, for that matter. But I don't believe they ever said 'em, when they spoke their pieces, or if they said 'em I know they did n't mean 'em. Something like this, was n't it? If the majority did n't do something the minority wanted 'em to, then the people were to burn up our cities, and knock us down and jump on our stomachs. That was about the kind of talk, as the papers had it; I don't wonder it scared the old women.

— The Member was wide awake by this time.

— I don't seem to remember of them partickler phrases, he said.

— Dear me, no; only levelling everything smack, and trampling us under foot, as the reporters made it out. That means FIRE, I take it, and knocking you down and stamping on you, whichever side of your person happens to be uppermost. Sounded like a threat; meant, of course, for a warning. But I don't believe it was in the piece as they spoke it, — could n't have been. Then, again, Paris was n't to blame, — as much as to say — so the old women thought — that New York or Boston would n't be to blame if it did the same thing. I 've heard of political gatherings where they barbecued an ox, but I can't think there 's a party in this country that wants to barbecue a city. But it is n't quite fair to frighten the old women. I don't doubt there are a great many people wiser than I am that would n't be hurt by a hint I am going to give them. It 's no matter what you say when you talk to yourself, but when you talk to other people, your business is to use words with reference to the way in which these other people are like to understand them. These pretended inflammatory speeches, so reported as to seem full of combustibles, even if they were as threatening as they have been represented, would do no harm if read or declaimed in a man's study to his books, or by the sea-shore to the waves. But they are not so wholesome moral entertainment for the dangerous classes. Boys must not touch off their squibs and crackers too near the powder-magazine. This kind of speech does n't help on the millennium much.

— It ain't jest the thing to grease your ex with ile o' vitrul, said the Member.

— No, the wheel of progress will soon stick fast if you do. You can't keep a dead level long, if you burn everything down flat to make it. Why, bless your soul, if all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you 'd have a new set of millionnaires in a couple of years or so, out of the trade in potash. In the mean time, what is the use of setting the man with the silver watch against the man with the gold watch, and the man without any watch against them both?

— You can't go agin human natur', said the Member.

— You speak truly. Here we are travelling through the desert together like the children of Israel. Some pick up more manna and catch more quails than others, and ought to help their hungry neighbors more than they do; that will always be so until we come back to primitive Christianity, the road to which does not seem to be *via* Paris, just now; but we don't want the incendiary's pillar of a cloud by day and pillar of fire by night to lead us in the march to civilization, and we don't want a Moses who will smite the rock,

not to bring out water for our thirst, but petroleum to burn us all up with.

— It is n't quite fair to run an opposition to the other funny speaker, Rev. Petroleum V. What's-his-name, — spoke up an anonymous boarder.

— You may have been thinking, perhaps, that it was I, — I, the Poet, who was the chief talker in the one-sided dialogue to which you have been listening. If so, you were mistaken. It was the old man in the spectacles with large round glasses and the iron-gray hair. He does a good deal of the talking at our table, and, to tell the truth, I rather like to hear him. He stirs me up, and finds me occupation in various ways, and especially, because he has good solid prejudices, that one can rub against, and so get up and let off a superficial intellectual irritation, just as the cattle rub their backs against a rail (you remember Sydney Smith's contrivance in his pasture) or their sides against an apple-tree (I don't know why they take to these so particularly, but you will often find the trunk of an apple-tree as brown and smooth as an old saddle at the height of a cow's ribs). I think they begin rubbing in cold blood, and then, you know, *l'appetit vient en mangeant*, the more they rub the more they want to. That is the way to use your friend's prejudices. This is a sturdy-looking personage of a good deal more than middle age, his face marked with strong manly furrows, records of hard thinking and square stand-up fights with life and all its devils. There is a slight touch of satire in his discourse now and then, and an odd way of answering one that makes it hard to guess how much more or less he means than he seems to say. But he is honest, and always has a twinkle in his eye to put you on your guard when he does not mean to be taken quite literally. I think old Ben Franklin had just that look. I know his great-grandson (*in pace!*) had it, and I don't doubt he took it in the straight line of descent, as he did his grand intellect.

The Member of the Haouse evidently comes from one of the lesser inland centres of civilization, where the flora is rich in checkerberries and similar bounties of nature, and the fauna lively with squirrels, woodchucks, and the like; where the leading sportsmen snare patridges, as they are called, and "hunt" foxes with guns; where rabbits are entrapped in "figgery fours," and trout captured with the unpretentious earth-worm, instead of the gorgeous fly; where they get prizes for butter and cheese, and rag-carpets executed by ladies more than seventy years of age; where they wear dress-coats before dinner, and cock their hats on one side when they feel conspicuous and distinguished; where they say Sir to you in their common talk, and have other Arcadian and bucolic ways which are highly unobjectionable, but are not so much admired in cities, where the people are said to be not half so virtuous.

There is with us a boy of modest dimensions, not otherwise especially entitled to the epithet, who ought to be six or seven years old, to judge by the gap left by his front milk teeth, these having resigned in favor of their successors, who have not yet presented their credentials. He is rather old for an *enfant terrible*, and quite too young to have grown into the bashfulness of adolescence; but he has some of the qualities of both these engaging periods of development. The Member of the Haouse calls him "Bub," invariably, which term I take to be an abbreviation of "Beelzebub," as "'bus" is the short form of "omnibus." Many eminently genteel persons, whose manners make them at home anywhere, being evidently unaware of the true derivation of this word, are in the habit of addressing all unknown children by one of the two terms, "bub" and "sis," which they consider endears them greatly to the young people, and recommends them to the acquaintance of their honored parents, if these happen to accompany them. The other boarders commonly call our diminutive boarder That Boy. He is a sort of expletive at the

table, serving to stop gaps, taking the same place a *washer* does that makes a loose-screw fit, and contriving to get driven in like a wedge between any two chairs where there is a crevice. I shall not call that boy by the monosyllable referred to, because, though he has many impish traits at present, he may become civilized and humanized by being in good company. Besides, it is a term which I understand is considered vulgar by the nobility and gentry of the Mother Country, and it is not to be found in Mr. Worcester's Dictionary, on which, as is well known, the literary men of this metropolis are by special statute allowed to be sworn in place of the Bible. I know one, certainly, who never takes his oath on any other dictionary, any advertising fiction to the contrary, notwithstanding.

I wanted to write out my account of some of the other boarders, but a domestic occurrence — a somewhat prolonged visit from the landlady, who is rather too anxious that I should be comfortable — broke in upon the continuity of my thoughts, and occasioned — in short, I gave up writing for that day.

— I wonder if anything like this ever happened.

Author writing, —

"*To be, or not to be: that is the question: —*
Whether 't is nobl — "

— "William, shall we have pudding to-day, or flapjacks?"

— "Flapjacks, an' it please thee, Anne, or a pudding, for that matter; or what thou wilt, good woman, so thou come not betwixt me and my thought."

— Exit Mistress Anne, with strongly accented closing of the door and murmurs to the effect: "Ay, marry, 't is well for thee to talk as if thou hadst no stomach to fill. We poor wives must swink for our masters, while they sit in their arm-chairs growing as great in the girth through laziness as that ill-mannered old fat man William hath writ of in his books of players' stuff. One had as well meddle with a porkpen, which hath thorns all over him, as try to deal with William when his eyes be rolling in that mad way."

William — writing once more — after an exclamation in strong English of the older pattern, —

"*Whether 't is nobler — nobler — nobler —*
To do what? O these women! these women! to have puddings or flapjacks! Oh! —
'*Whether 't is nobler — in the mind — to suffer*
The slings — and arrows — of —
Oh! Oh! these women! I will e'en step over to the parson's and have a cup of sack with his reverence, for methinks Master Hamlet hath forgot that which was just now on his lips to speak."

So I shall have to put off making my friends acquainted with the other boarders, some of whom seem to me worth studying and describing. I have something else of a graver character for my readers. I am talking, you know, as a poet; I do not say I deserve the name, but I have taken it, and if you consider me at all it must be in that aspect. You will, therefore, perhaps, be willing to run your eyes over a few pages which I read, of course by request, to a select party of the boarders.

THE GAMBREL-ROOFED HOUSE AND ITS OUTLOOK.

A PANORAMA, WITH SIDE-SHOWS.

My birthplace, the home of my childhood and earlier and later boyhood, has within a few months passed out of the ownership of my family into the hands of that venerable Alma Mater who seems to have renewed her youth, and has certainly repainted her dormitories. In truth, when I last revisited that familiar scene and looked upon the *flammantia mœnia* of the old halls, "Massachusetts" with the dummy clock-dial, "Harvard" with the garrulous belfry, little "Holden" with the sculptured unpunishable cherubs over its portal, and the rest of my early brick-

and-mortar acquaintances, I could not help saying to myself that I had lived to see the peaceable establishment of the Red Republic of Letters.

Many of the things I shall put down I have no doubt told before in a fragmentary way, how many I cannot be quite sure, as I do not very often read my own prose works. But when a man dies a great deal is said of him which has often been said in other forms, and now this dear old house is dead to me in one sense, and I want to gather up my recollections and wind a string of narrative round them, tying them up like a nosegay for the last tribute: the same blossoms in it I have often laid on its threshold while it was still living for me.

We Americans are all cuckoos, — we make our homes in the nests of other birds. I have read somewhere that the lineal descendants of the man who carted off the body of William Rufus, with Walter Tyrrel's arrow sticking in it, have driven a cart (not absolutely the same one, I suppose) in the New Forest, from that day to this. I don't quite understand Mr. Ruskin's saying (if he said it) that he could n't get along in a country where there were no castles, but I do think we lose a great deal in living where there are so few permanent homes. You will see how much I parted with which was not reckoned in the price paid for the old homestead.

I shall say many things which an uncharitable reader might find fault with as personal. I should not dare to call myself a poet if I did not; for if there is anything that gives one a title to that name, it is that his inner nature is naked and is not ashamed. But there are many such things I shall put in words, not because they are personal, but because they are human, and are born of just such experiences as those who hear or read what I say are like to have had in greater or less measure. I find myself so much like other people that I often wonder at the coincidence. It was only the other day that I sent out a copy of verses about my great-grandmother's picture, and I was surprised to find how many other people had portraits of their great-grandmothers or other progenitors, about which they felt as I did about mine, and for whom I had spoken, thinking I was speaking for myself only. And so I am not afraid to talk very freely with you, my precious reader or listener. You too, Beloved, were born somewhere and remember your birthplace or your early home; for you some house is haunted by recollections; to some roof you have bid farewell. Your hand is upon mine, then, as I guide my pen. Your heart frames the responses to the litany of my remembrance. For myself it is a tribute of affection I am rendering, and I should put it on record for my own satisfaction, were there none to read or to listen.

I hope you will not say that I have built a pillared portico of introduction to a humble structure of narrative. For when you look at the old gambrel-roofed house, you will see an unpretending mansion, such as very possibly you were born in yourself, or at any rate such a place of residence as your minister or some of your well-to-do country cousins find good enough, but not at all too grand for them. We have stately old Colonial palaces in our ancient village, now a city, and a thriving one, — square-fronted edifices that stand back from the vulgar highway, with folded arms, as it were; social fortresses of the time when the twilight lustre of the throne reached as far as our half-cleared settlement, with a glacis before them in the shape of a long broad gravel-walk, so that in King George's time they looked as formidably to any but the silk-stocking gentry as Gibraltar or Ehrenbreitstein to a visitor without the password. We forget all this in the kindly welcome they give us to-day; for some of them are still standing and doubly famous, as we all know. But the gambrel-roofed house, though stately enough for college dignitaries and scholarly clergymen, was not one of those old Tory, Episcopal-church-goer's strongholds.

One of its doors opens directly upon the green, always called the Common; the other, facing the south, a few steps from it, over a paved footwalk, on the other side of which is the miniature front yard, bordered with lilacs and syringas. The honest mansion makes no pretensions. Accessible, companionable, holding its hand out to all, comfortable, respectable, and even in its way dignified, but not imposing, not a house for his Majesty's Counsellor, or the Right Reverend successor of Him who had not where to lay his head, for something like a hundred and fifty years it has stood in its lot, and seen the generations of men come and go like the leaves of the forest. I passed some pleasant hours, a few years since, in the Registry of Deeds and the Town Records, looking up the history of the old house. How those dear friends of mine, the antiquarians, for whose grave councils I compose my features on the too rare Thursdays when I am at liberty to meet them, in whose human herbarium the leaves and blossoms of past generations are so carefully spread out and pressed and laid away, would listen to an expansion of the following brief details into an Historical Memoir!

The estate was the third lot of the eighth "Squadron" (whatever that might be), and in the year 1707 was allotted in the distribution of undivided lands to "Mr. ffox," the Reverend Jabez Fox, of Woburn, it may be supposed, as it passed from his heirs to the first Jonathan Hastings; from him to his son, the long-remembered College Steward; from him in the year 1792 to the Reverend Eliphalet Pearson, Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental languages in Harvard College, whose large personality swam into my ken when I was looking forward to my teens; from him to the progenitors of my unborn self.

I wonder if there are any such beings nowadays as the great Eliphalet, with his large features and conversational *basso profundo*, seemed to me. His very name had something elephantine about it, and it seemed to me that the house shook from cellar to garret at his footfall. Some have pretended that he had Olympian aspirations, and wanted to sit in the seat of Jove and bear the academic thunderbolt and the ægis inscribed *Christo et Ecclesiæ*. It is a common weakness enough to wish to find one's self in an empty saddle; Cotton Mather was miserable all his days, I am afraid, after that entry in his Diary: "This Day Dr. Sewall was chosen President, *for his Piety*."

There is no doubt that the men of the older generation look bigger and more formidable to the boys whose eyes are turned up at their venerable countenances than the race which succeeds them, to the same boys grown older. Everything *is* twice as large, measured on a three-year-old's three-foot scale as on a thirty-year-old's six-foot scale; but age magnifies and aggravates persons out of due proportion. Old people are a kind of monsters to little folks; mild manifestations of the terrible, it may be, but still, with their white locks and ridged and grooved features, which those horrid little eyes exhaust of their details, like so many microscopes, not exactly what human beings ought to be. The middle-aged and young men have left comparatively faint impressions in my memory, but how grandly the procession of the old clergymen who filled our pulpit from time to time, and passed the day under our roof, marches before my closed eyes! At their head the most venerable David Osgood, the majestic minister of Medford, with massive front and shaggy overshadowing eyebrows; following in the train, mild-eyed John Foster of Brighton, with the lambent aurora of a smile about his pleasant mouth, which not even the "Sabbath" could subdue to the true Levitical aspect; and bulky Charles Stearns of Lincoln, author of "The Ladies' Philosophy of Love. A Poem. 1797." (how I stared at him! he was the first living person ever pointed out to me as a poet); and Thaddeus Mason Harris of Dorchester (the same who, a poor youth, trudging along, staff

in hand, being then in a stress of sore need, found all at once that somewhat was adhering to the end of his stick, which somewhat proved to be a gold ring of price, bearing the words, "God speed thee, Friend!"), already in decadence as I remember him, with head slanting forward and downward as if looking for a place to rest in after his learned labors; and that other Thaddeus, the old man of West Cambridge, who outwatched the rest so long after they had gone to sleep in their own churchyards, that it almost seemed as if he meant to sit up until the morning of the resurrection; and bringing up the rear, attenuated but vivacious little Jonathan Homer of Newton, who was, to look upon, a kind of expurgated Bowdler's family Shakespeare, or a reduced copy of Voltaire, but very unlike him in wickedness or wit. The good-humored junior member of our family always loved to make him happy by setting him chirruping about Miles Coverdale's Version, and the Bishop's Bible, and how he wrote to his friend Sir Isaac (Coffin) about something or other, and how Sir Isaac wrote back that he was very much pleased with the contents of his letter, and so on about Sir Isaac, *ad libitum*, — for the admiral was his old friend, and he was proud of him. The kindly little old gentleman was a collector of Bibles, and made himself believe he thought he should publish a learned Commentary some day or other; but his friends looked for it only in the Greek Calends, — say on the 31st of April, when that should come round, if you would modernize the phrase. I recall also one or two exceptional and infrequent visitors with perfect distinctness: cheerful Elijah Kellogg, a lively missionary from the region of the Quoddy Indians, with much hopeful talk about Sock Bason and his tribe; also poor old Poor-house-Parson Isaac Smith, his head going like a China mandarin, as he discussed the possibilities of the escape of that distinguished captive whom he spoke of under the name, if I can reproduce phonetically its vibrating nasalities, of "General Mmbongaparty," — a name suggestive to my young imagination of a dangerous, loose-jointed skeleton, threatening us all like the armed figure of Death in my little New England Primer.

I have mentioned only the names of those whose images come up pleasantly before me, and I do not mean to say anything which any descendant might not read smilingly. But there were some of the black-coated gentry whose aspect was not so agreeable to me. It is very curious to me to look back on my early likes and dislikes, and see how as a child I was attracted or repelled by such and such ministers, a good deal, as I found out long afterwards, according to their theological beliefs. On the whole, I think the old-fashioned New England divine softening down into Arminianism was about as agreeable as any of them. And here I may remark, that a mellowing rigorist is always a much pleasanter object to contemplate than a tightening liberal, as a cold day warming up to 32° Fahrenheit is much more agreeable than a warm one chilling down to the same temperature. The least pleasing change is that kind of mental hemiplegia which now and then attacks the rational side of a man at about the same period of life when one side of the body is liable to be palsied, and in fact is, very probably, the same thing as palsy, in another form. The worst of it is that the subjects of it never seem to suspect that they are intellectual invalids, stammerers and cripples at best, but are all the time hitting out at their old friends with the well arm, and calling them hard names out of their twisted mouths.

It was a real delight to have one of those good, hearty, happy, benignant old clergymen pass the Sunday with us, and I can remember some whose advent made the day feel almost like "Thanksgiving." But now and then would come along a clerical visitor with a sad face and a wailing voice, which sounded exactly as if somebody must be lying dead up stairs, who took

no interest in us children, except a painful one, as being in a bad way with our cheery looks, and did more to unchristianize us with his woebegone ways than all his sermons were like to accomplish in the other direction. I remember one in particular, who twitted me so with my blessings as a Christian child, and whined so to me about the naked black children who, like the "Little Vulgar Boy," "had n't got no supper and had n't got no ma," and had n't got no Catechism, (how I wished for the moment I was a little black boy!) that he did more in that one day to make me a heathen than he had ever done in a month to make a Christian out of an infant Hottentot. What a debt we owe to our friends of the left centre, the Brooklyn and the Park Street and the Summer Street ministers; good wholesome, sound-bodied, sane-minded, cheerful-spirited men, who have taken the place of those wailing *poitrinaires* with the bandanna handkerchiefs round their meagre throats and a funeral service in their forlorn physiognomies! I might have been a minister myself, for aught I know, if this clergyman had not looked and talked so like an undertaker.

All this belongs to one of the side-shows, to which I promised those who would take tickets to the main exhibition should have entrance *gratis*. If I were writing a poem you would expect, as a matter of course, that there would be a digression now and then.

To come back to the old house and its former tenant, the Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental languages. Fifteen years he lived with his family under its roof. I never found the slightest trace of him until a few years ago, when I cleaned and brightened with pious hands the brass lock of "the study," which had for many years been covered with a thick coat of paint. On that I found scratched, as with a nail or fork, the following inscription:—

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Only that and nothing more, but the story told itself. Master Edward Pearson, then about as high as the lock, was disposed to immortalize himself in monumental brass, and had got so far towards it, when a sudden interruption, probably a smart box on the ear, cheated him of his fame, except so far as this poor record may rescue it. Dead long ago. I remember him well, a grown man, as a visitor at a later period; and, for some reason, I recall him in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, standing full before a generous wood-fire, not facing it, but quite the contrary, a perfect picture of the content afforded by a blazing hearth contemplated from that point of view, and, as the heat stole through his person and kindled his emphatic features, seeming to me a pattern of manly beauty. What a statue gallery of posturing friends we all have in our memory! The old Professor himself sometimes visited the house after it had changed hands. Of course, my recollections are not to be wholly trusted, but I always think I see his likeness in a profile face to be found among the illustrations of Rees's Cyclopædia. (See Plates, Vol. IV., Plate 2, Painting, Diversities of the Human Face, Fig. 4.)

And now let us return to our chief picture. In the days of my earliest remembrance, a row of tall Lombardy poplars mounted guard on the western side of the old mansion. Whether, like the cypress, these trees suggest the idea of the funeral torch or the monumental spire, whether their tremulous leaves make us afraid by sympathy with their nervous thrills, whether the faint balsamic smell of their leaves and their closely swathed limbs have in them vague hints of dead Pharaohs stiffened in their cerements, I will not guess; but they always seemed to me to give an air of sepulchral sadness to the house before which they stood sentries. Not so with the row of elms which you may see leading up towards the western entrance. I think the patriarch of them all went over in the great gale of 1815; I know I used to shake the youngest of them with my hands, stout as it is now, with a trunk

that would defy the bully of Crotona, or the strong man whose *liaison* with the Lady Delilah proved so disastrous.

The College plain would be nothing without its elms. As the long hair of a woman is a glory to her, so are these green tresses that bank themselves against the sky in thick clustered masses the ornament and the pride of the classic green. You know the "Washington elm," or if you do not, you had better rekindle your patriotism by reading the inscription, which tells you that under its shadow the great leader first drew his sword at the head of an American army. In a line with that you may see two others: the *coral fan*, as I always called it from its resemblance in form to that beautiful marine growth, and a third a little farther along. I have heard it said that all three were planted at the same time, and that the difference of their growth is due to the slope of the ground, — the Washington elm being lower than either of the others. There is a row of elms just in front of the old house on the south. When I was a child the one at the southwest corner was struck by lightning, and one of its limbs and a long ribbon of bark torn away. The tree never fully recovered its symmetry and vigor, and forty years and more afterwards a second thunderbolt crashed upon it and set its heart on fire, like those of the lost souls in the Hall of Eblis. Heaven had twice blasted it, and the axe finished what the lightning had begun.

The soil of the University town is divided into patches of sandy and of clayey ground. The Common and the College green, near which the old house stands, are on one of the sandy patches. Four curses are the local inheritance: droughts, dust, mud, and canker-worms. I cannot but think that all the characters of a region help to modify the children born in it. I am fond of making apologies for human nature, and I think I could find an excuse for myself if I, too, were dry and barren and muddy-witted and "cantankerous," — disposed to get my back up, like those other natives of the soil.

I know this, that the way Mother Earth treats a boy shapes out a kind of natural theology for him. I fell into Manichean ways of thinking from the teaching of my garden experiences. Like other boys in the country, I had my patch of ground, to which, in the spring-time, I intrusted the seeds furnished me, with a confident trust in their resurrection and glorification in the better world of summer. But I soon found that my lines had fallen in a place where a vegetable growth had to run the gauntlet of as many foes and trials as a Christian pilgrim. Flowers would not blow; daffodils perished like criminals in their condemned caps, without their petals ever seeing daylight; roses were disfigured with monstrous protrusions through their very centres, — something that looked like a second bud pushing through the middle of the corolla; lettuces and cabbages would not head; radishes knotted themselves until they looked like centenarians' fingers; and on every stem, on every leaf, and both sides of it, and at the root of everything that grew, was a professional specialist in the shape of grub, caterpillar, aphis, or other expert, whose business it was to devour that particular part, and help murder the whole attempt at vegetation. Such experiences must influence a child born to them. A sandy soil, where nothing flourishes but weeds and evil beasts of small dimensions, must breed different qualities in its human offspring from one of those fat and fertile spots which the wit whom I have once before quoted described so happily that, if I quoted the passage, its brilliancy would spoil one of my pages, as a diamond breastpin sometimes kills the social effect of the wearer, who might have passed for a gentleman without it. Your arid patch of earth should seem to be the natural birthplace of the leaner virtues and the feebler vices, — of temperance and the domestic proprieties on the one hand, with a tendency to light

weights in groceries and provisions, and to clandestine abstraction from the person on the other, as opposed to the free hospitality, the broadly planned burglaries, and the largely conceived homicides of our rich Western alluvial regions. Yet Nature is never wholly unkind. Economical as she was in my unparadised Eden, hard as it was to make some of my floral houris unveil, still the damask roses sweetened the June breezes, the bladed and plumed flower-de-luces unfolded their close-wrapped cones, and larkspurs and lupins, lady's delights, — plebeian manifestations of the pansy, — self-sowing marigolds, hollyhocks, the forest flowers of two seasons, and the perennial lilacs and syringas, — all whispered to the winds blowing over them that some caressing presence was around me.

Beyond the garden was "the field," a vast domain of four acres or thereabout, by the measurement of after years, bordered to the north by a fathomless chasm, — the ditch the base-ball players of the present era jump over; on the east by unexplored territory; on the south by a barren enclosure, where the red sorrel proclaimed liberty and equality under its *drapeau rouge*, and succeeded in establishing a vegetable commune where all were alike, poor, mean, sour, and uninteresting; and on the west by the Common, not then disgraced by jealous enclosures, which make it look like a cattle-market. Beyond, as I looked round, were the Colleges, the meeting-house, the little square market-house, long vanished; the burial-ground where the dead Presidents stretched their weary bones under epitaphs stretched out at as full length as their subjects; the pretty church where the gouty Tories used to kneel on their hassocks; the district school-house, and hard by it Ma'am Hancock's cottage, never so called in those days, but rather "ten-footer"; then houses scattered near and far, open spaces, the shadowy elms, round hilltops in the distance, and over all the great bowl of the sky. Mind you, this was the WORLD, as I first knew it; *terra veteribus cognita*, as Mr. Arrowsmith would have called it, if he had mapped the universe of my infancy.

But I am forgetting the old house again in the landscape. The worst of a modern stylish mansion is, that it has no place for ghosts. I watched one building not long since. It had no proper garret, to begin with, only a sealed interval between the roof and attics, where a spirit could not be accommodated, unless it were flattened out like Ravel, Brother, after the mill-stone had fallen on him. There was not a nook or a corner in the whole house fit to lodge any respectable ghost, for every part was as open to observation as a literary man's character and condition, his figure and estate, his coat and his countenance, are to his (or her) Bohemian Majesty on a tour of inspection through his (or her) subjects' keyholes.

Now the old house had wainscots, behind which the mice were always scampering and squeaking and rattling down the plaster, and enacting family scenes and parlor theatricals. It had a cellar where the cold slug clung to the walls, and the misanthropic spider withdrew from the garish day; where the green mould loved to grow, and the long white potato-shoots went feeling along the floor, if haply they might find the daylight; it had great brick pillars, always in a cold sweat with holding up the burden they had been aching under day and night for a century and more; it had sepulchral arches closed by rough doors that hung on hinges rotten with rust, behind which doors, if there was not a heap of bones connected with a mysterious disappearance of long ago, there well might have been, for it was just the place to look for them. It had a garret, very nearly such a one as it seems to me one of us has described in one of his books; but let us look at this one as I can reproduce it from memory. It has a flooring of laths with ridges of mortar squeezed up between them, which if you tread on you will go to — the

Lord have mercy on you! where *will* you go to? the same being crossed by narrow bridges of boards, on which you may put your feet, but with fear and trembling. Above you and around you are beams and joists, on some of which you may see, when the light is let in, the marks of the conchoidal clippings of the broadaxe, showing the rude way in which the timber was shaped as it came, full of sap, from the neighboring forest. It is a realm of darkness and thick dust, and shroud-like cobwebs and dead things they wrap in their gray folds. For a garret is like a sea-shore, where wrecks are thrown up and slowly go to pieces. There is the cradle which the old man you just remember was rocked in; there is the ruin of the bedstead he died on; that ugly slanting contrivance used to be put under his pillow in the days when his breath came hard; there is his old chair with both arms gone, symbol of the desolate time when he had nothing earthly left to lean on; there is the large wooden reel which the bleareyed old deacon sent the minister's lady, who thanked him graciously, and twirled it smilingly, and in fitting season bowed it out decently to the limbo of troublesome conveniences. And there are old leather portmanteaus, like stranded porpoises, their mouths gaping in gaunt hunger for the food with which they used to be gorged to bulging repletion; and old brass andirons, waiting until time shall revenge them on their paltry substitutes, and they shall have their own again, and bring with them the fore-stick and the back-log of ancient days; and the empty churn, with its idle dasher, which the Nancys and Phœbes, who have left their comfortable places to the Bridgets and Norahs, used to handle to good purpose; and the brown, shaky old spinning-wheel, which was running, it may be, in the days when they were hanging the Salem witches.

Under the dark and haunted garret were attic chambers which themselves had histories. On a pane in the northeastern chamber may be read these names: "John Tracy," "Robert Roberts," "Thomas Prince"; "*Stultus*," another hand had added. When I found these names a few years ago (wrong side up, for the window had been reversed), I looked at once in the Triennial to find them, for the epithet showed that they were probably students. I found them all under the years 1771 and 1773. Does it please their thin ghosts thus to be dragged to the light of day? Has "*Stultus*" forgiven the indignity of being thus characterized?

The southeast chamber was the Library Hospital. Every scholar should have a book infirmary attached to his library. There should find a peaceable refuge the many books, invalids from their birth, which are sent "with the best regards of the Author"; the respected, but unpresentable cripples which have lost a cover; the odd volumes of honored sets which go mourning all their days for their lost brother; the school-books which have been so often the subjects of assault and battery, that they look as if the police court must know them by heart; these and still more the pictured story-books, beginning with Mother Goose (which a dear old friend of mine has just been amusing his philosophic leisure with turning most ingeniously and happily into the tongues of Virgil and Homer), will be precious mementos by and by, when children and grandchildren come along. What would I not give for that dear little paper-bound quarto, in large and most legible type, on certain pages of which the tender hand that was the shield of my infancy had crossed out with deep black marks something awful, probably about BEARS, such as once tare two-and-forty of us little folks for making faces, and the very name of which made us hide our heads under the bedclothes.

I made strange acquaintances in that book infirmary up in the southwest attic. The "Negro Plot" at New York helped to implant a feeling in me which it took Mr. Garrison a good many years to root out. "Thinks I to

myself," an old novel, which has been attributed to a famous statesman, introduced me to a world of fiction which was not represented on the shelves of the library proper, unless perhaps by Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, or allegories of the bitter tonic class, as the young doctor that sits on the other side of the table would probably call them. I always, from an early age, had a keen eye for a story with a moral sticking out of it, and gave it a wide berth, though in my later years I have myself written a couple of "medicated novels," as one of my dearest and pleasantest old friends wickedly called them, when somebody asked her if she had read the last of my printed performances. I forgave the satire for the charming *esprit* of the epithet. Besides the works I have mentioned, there was an old, old Latin alchemy book, with the manuscript annotations of some ancient Rosicrucian, in the pages of which I had a vague notion that I might find the mighty secret of the *Lapis Philosophorum*, otherwise called Chaos, the Dragon, the Green Lion, the *Quinta Essentia*, the Soap of Sages, the Vinegar of Philosophers, the Dew of Heavenly Grace, the Egg, the Old Man, the Sun, the Moon, and by all manner of odd aliases, as I am assured by the plethoric little book before me in parchment covers browned like a meerschaum with the smoke of furnaces and the thumbing of dead gold-seekers, and the fingering of bony-handed book-misers, and the long intervals of dusty slumber on the shelves of the *bouquiniste;* for next year it will be three centuries old, and it had already seen nine generations of men when I caught its eye (*Alchemiæ Doctrina*) and recognized it at pistol-shot distance as a prize, among the breviaries and *Heures* and trumpery volumes of the old open-air dealer who exposed his treasures under the shadow of St. Sulpice. I have never lost my taste for alchemy since I first got hold of the *Palladium Spagyricum* of Peter John Faber, and sought — in vain, it is true — through its pages for a clear, intelligible, and practical statement of how I could turn my lead sinkers and the weights of the tall kitchen clock into good yellow gold, specific gravity 19.2, and exchangeable for whatever I then wanted, and for many more things than I was then aware of. One of the greatest pleasures of childhood is found in the mysteries which it hides from the scepticism of the elders, and works up into small mythologies of its own. I have seen all this played over again in adult life, — the same delightful bewilderment of semi-emotional belief in listening to the gaseous promises of this or that fantastic system, that I found in the pleasing mirages conjured up for me by the ragged old volume I used to pore over in the southeast attic-chamber.

The rooms of the second story, the chambers of birth and death, are sacred to silent memories.

Let us go down to the ground floor. I should have begun with this, but that the historical reminiscences of the old house have been recently told in a most interesting memoir by a distinguished student of our local history. I retain my doubts about those "dents" on the floor of the right-hand room, "the study" of successive occupants, said to have been made by the butts of the Continental militia's firelocks, but this was the cause the story told me in childhood laid them to. That military consultations were held in that room when the house was General Ward's headquarters, that the Provincial generals and colonels and other men of war there planned the movement which ended in the fortifying of Bunker's Hill, that Warren slept in the house the night before the battle, that President Langdon went forth from the western door and prayed for God's blessing on the men just setting forth on their bloody expedition, — all these things have been told, and perhaps none of them need be doubted.

But now for fifty years and more that room has been a meeting-ground for the platoons and companies which range themselves at the scholar's word

of command. Pleasant it is to think that the retreating host of books is to give place to a still larger army of volumes, which have seen service under the eye of a great commander. For here the noble collection of him so freshly remembered as our silver-tongued orator, our erudite scholar, our honored College President, our accomplished statesman, our courtly ambassador, are to be reverently gathered by the heir of his name, himself not unworthy to be surrounded by that august assembly of the wise of all ages and of various lands and languages.

Could such a many-chambered edifice have stood a century and a half and not have had its passages of romance to bequeath their lingering legends to the after-time? There are other names on some of the small window-panes, which must have had young flesh-and-blood owners, and there is one of early date which elderly persons have whispered was borne by a fair woman, whose graces made the house beautiful in the eyes of the youth of that time. One especially — you will find the name of Fortescue Vernon, of the class of 1780, in the Triennial Catalogue — was a favored visitor to the old mansion; but he went over seas, I think they told me, and died still young, and the name of the maiden which is scratched on the window-pane was never changed. I am telling the story honestly, as I remember it, but I may have colored it unconsciously, and the legendary pane may be broken before this for aught I know. At least, I have named no names except the beautiful one of the supposed hero of the romantic story.

It was a great happiness to have been born in an old house haunted by such recollections, with harmless ghosts walking its corridors, with fields of waving grass and trees and singing birds, and that vast territory of four or five acres around it to give a child the sense that he was born to a noble principality. It has been a great pleasure to retain a certain hold upon it for so many years; and since in the natural course of things it must at length pass into other hands, it is a gratification to see the old place making itself tidy for a new tenant, like some venerable dame who is getting ready to entertain a neighbor of condition. Not long since a new cap of shingles adorned this ancient mother among the village — now city — mansions. She has dressed herself in brighter colors than she has hitherto worn, so they tell me, within the last few days. She has modernized her aspects in several ways; she has rubbed bright the glasses through which she looks at the Common and the Colleges; and as the sunsets shine upon her through the flickering leaves or the wiry spray of the elms I remember from my childhood, they will glorify her into the aspect she wore when President Holyoke, father of our long since dead centenarian, looked upon her in her youthful comeliness.

The quiet corner formed by this and the neighboring residences has changed less than any place I can remember. Our kindly, polite, shrewd, and humorous old neighbor, who in former days has served the town as constable and auctioneer, and who bids fair to become the oldest inhabitant of the city, was there when I was born, and is living there to-day. By and by the stony foot of the great University will plant itself on this whole territory, and the private recollections which clung so tenaciously and fondly to the place and its habitations will have died with those who cherished them.

Shall they ever live again in the memory of those who loved them here below? What is this life without the poor accidents which made it our own, and by which we identify ourselves? Ah me! I might like to be a winged chorister, but still it seems to me I should hardly be quite happy if I could not recall at will the Old House with the Long Entry, and the White Chamber (where I wrote the first verses that made me known, with a pencil, *stans pede in uno*, pretty nearly), and the Little Parlor, and the Study, and the old books in uniforms as varied as those

of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company used to be, if my memory serves me right, and the front yard with the stars of Bethlehem growing, flowerless, among the grass, and the dear faces to be seen no more there or anywhere on this earthly place of farewells.

I have told my story. I do not know what special gifts have been granted or denied me; but this I know, that I am like so many others of my fellow-creatures, that when I smile, I feel as if they must; when I cry, I think their eyes fill; and it always seems to me that when I am most truly myself I come nearest to them and am surest of being listened to by the brothers and sisters of the larger family into which I was born so long ago. I have often feared they might be tired of me and what I tell them. But then, perhaps, would come a letter from some quiet body in some out-of-the-way place, which showed me that I had said something which another had often felt but never said, or told the secret of another's heart in unburdening my own. Such evidences that one is in the highway of human experience and feeling lighten the footsteps wonderfully. So it is that one is encouraged to go on writing as long as the world has anything that interests him, for he never knows how many of his fellow-beings he may please or profit, and in how many places his name will be spoken as that of a friend.

In the mood suggested by my story I have ventured on the poem that follows. Most people love this world more than they are willing to confess, and it is hard to conceive ourselves weaned from it so as to feel no emotion at the thought of its most sacred recollections — even after a sojourn of years, as we should count the lapse of earthly time—in the realm where, sooner or later, all tears shall be wiped away. I hope, therefore, the title of my lines will not frighten those who are little accustomed to think of men and women as human beings in any state but the present.

HOMESICK IN HEAVEN.

Go seek thine earth-born sisters, — thus the Voice
That all obey, — the sad and silent three;
These only, while the hosts of Heaven rejoice,
Smile never: ask them what their sorrows be:

And when the secret of their griefs they tell,
Look on them with thy mild, half-human eyes;
Say what thou wast on earth; thou knowest well;
So shall they cease from unavailing sighs.

— Why thus, apart, — the swift-winged herald spake, —
Sit ye with silent lips and unstrung lyres
While the trisagion's blending chorals wake
In shouts of joy from all the heavenly choirs?

— Chide not thy sisters, — thus the answer came; —
Children of earth, our half-weaned nature clings
To earth's fond memories, and her whispered name
Untunes our quivering lips, our saddened strings;

For there we loved, and where we love is home,
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts,
Though o'er us shine the jasper-lighted dome: —
The chain may lengthen, but it never parts!

Sometimes a sunlit sphere comes rolling by,
And then we softly whisper, — *can it be?*
And leaning toward the silvery orb, we try
To hear the music of its murmuring sea;

To catch, perchance, some flashing glimpse of green,
Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance, wafted through
The opening gates of pearl, that fold between
The blinding splendors and the changeless blue.

— Nay, sister, nay! a single healing leaf
Plucked from the bough of yon twelve-fruited tree,

Would soothe such anguish, — deeper stabbing grief
Has pierced thy throbbing heart —

— Ah, woe is me !

I from my clinging babe was rudely torn ;
His tender lips a loveless bosom pressed ;
Can I forget him in my life new born ?
O that my darling lay upon my breast !

— And thou ? —
I was a fair and youthful bride,
The kiss of love still burns upon my cheek,
He whom I worshipped, ever at my side.
Him through the spirit realm in vain I seek.

Sweet faces turn their beaming eyes on mine ;
Ah ! not in these the wished-for look I read ;
Still for that one dear human smile I pine ;
Thou and none other ! — is the lover's creed.

— And whence *thy* sadness in a world of bliss
Where never parting comes, nor mourner's tear ?
Art thou, too, dreaming of a mortal's kiss
Amid the seraphs of the heavenly sphere ?

— Nay, tax not me with passion's wasting fire ;
When the swift message set my spirit free,
Blind, helpless, lone I left my gray-haired sire ;
My friends were many, he had none save me.

I left him, orphaned, in the starless night ;
Alas, for him no cheerful morning's dawn !
I wear the ransomed spirit's robe of white,
Yet still I hear him moaning, *She is gone !*

— Ye know me not, sweet sisters ? — All in vain
Ye seek your lost ones in the shapes they wore ;
The flower once opened may not bud again,
The fruit once fallen finds the stem no more.

Child, lover, sire, — yea, all things loved below, —
Fair pictures damasked on a vapor's fold —
Fade like the roseate flush, the golden glow,
When the bright curtain of the day is rolled.

I was the babe that slumbered on *thy* breast.
— And, sister, mine the lips that called *thee* bride.
— Mine were the silvered locks *thy* hand caressed,
That faithful hand, my faltering footsteps guide !

Each changing form, frail vesture of decay,
The soul unclad forgets it once hath worn,
Stained with the travel of the weary day,
And shamed with rents from every wayside thorn.

To lie, an infant, in *thy* fond embrace, —
To come with love's warm kisses back to *thee*, —
To shew *thine* eyes thy gray-haired father's face,
Not Heaven itself could grant ; this may not be !

Then spread your folded wings, and leave to earth
The dust once breathing ye have mourned so long,
Till Love, new risen, owns his heavenly birth,
And sorrow's discords sweeten into song !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

GRANDMOTHER TENTERDEN.

(Massachusetts Shore, 1800.)

I MIND it was but yesterday, —
The sun was dim, the air was chill;
Below the town, below the hill,
The sails of my son's ship did fill, —
My Jacob, who was cast away.

He said, "God keep you, mother dear,"
But did not turn to kiss his wife;
They had some foolish, idle strife;
Her tongue was like a two-edged knife,
And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit that night I took no note
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear;
I marked not that the hills looked near,
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,
Through curd-like scud did drive and float.

For with my darling went the joy
Of autumn woods and meadows brown;
I came to hate the little town;
It seemed as if the sun went down
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night,
The wind it shifted west-by-south;
It piled high up the harbor mouth;
The marshes, black with summer drouth,
Were all abroad with sea-foam white.

It was the middle of the night, —
The sea upon the garden leapt,
And my son's wife in quiet slept,
And I, his mother, waked and wept,
When lo! there came a sudden light.

And there he stood! his seaman's dress
All wet and dripping seemed to be;
The pale blue fires of the sea
Dripped from his garments constantly, —
I could not speak through cowardness.

"I come through night and storm," he said;
"Through storm and night and death," said he,
"To kiss my wife, if it so be
That strife still holds 'twixt her and me,
For all beyond is Peace," he said.

"The sea is His, and he who sent
The wind and wave can soothe their strife;
And brief and foolish is our life."
He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,
Then sighed, and, like a dream, he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,
But her — his wife — who did not wake,
My heart within me seemed to break;
I swore a vow! nor thenceforth spake
Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him not,
Somehow we spake of aught beside;
For she, — her hope upheld her pride;
And I, — in me all hope had died,
And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide,
She pined and faded where she stood;
Yet spake no word of ill or good;
She had the hard, cold Edwards' blood
In all her veins, — and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,
To give her peace, but ere I spake
Methought, "*He* will be first to break
The news in Heaven," and for his sake
I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam;
I only wait to hear his call;
I doubt not that this day, next fall,
Shall see me safe in port; where all
And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,
And knew my Jacob? . . . Eh! Mercy!
Ah God of wisdom! hath the sea
Yielded its dead to humble me!
My boy! . . . my Jacob . . . Turn again!

Bret Harte.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

MOST notable among the pleasures which we offer our readers for this new year is certainly the wonderful story of "Septimius Felton," by Hawthorne. If the author were yet alive and gave us such a romance from the abundance of his powers and possibilities it would be a thing to value above the gift of any other maker of romances; but it enriches us out of his very loss; out of his eternal absence and silence comes this wise, sad, beautiful story, a souvenir inestimably precious. Every subtle thought of life and death in it is full of poignant association; and it is a caprice of destiny which Hawthorne himself might have imagined, and would have loved to heighten with the half-humorous light of his pensive fancy, that this gift from the romancer's grave is a dream of earthly immortality! A posthumous work by Hawthorne must come before the world just as he left it; and the sympathetic reader will not enjoy this the less because of slight defects which the last touches of that exquisite hand would have repaired. Nor do we think he will be wholly discontented when he comes (as it is right to warn him he presently will come) to the change of plot which places some of the subordinate persons in new relations to each other, but does not disturb the unity of the prime idea or the evolution of the hero's character. He will regard it rather as another and the rarest of those opportunities to behold the processes of a creative mind which Hawthorne's posthumous writings have afforded; and will feel the potent advantage which the author gains for the effectiveness of the closing scenes.

Mr. Bret Harte in his last book of verse collects a number of humorous pieces, some of which seem to us on a second or third reading as good as anything he has written in the same vein, excepting always the "Plain Language from Truthful James." Amongst these is a "California Madrigal on the Approach of Spring," and "A White-Pine Ballad" about the ruin, through woman's wiles, of "Milton Perkins, late an owner in White Pine." The demure drollery which smiles behind the truculent unconsciousness of "Truthful James," and here utters the exquisitely Californian moral, —

> "You shall see that wealth and women are deceitful just the same,
> And the tear of sensibility has salted many a claim,"

is felt in some other pieces, which have not the best reason for being. We mean those in which Mr. Harte has used his sense of cockney character and parlance to produce grotesque local figures of apparently no

* *East and West Poems.* By BRET HARTE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

Time and Eternity. A Poem by GEORGE MACHENRY. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1871.

The Angel in the Cloud. By EDWIN W. FULLER. New York: E. J. Hale and Son. 1871.

After All, Not to Create only. Recited by WALT WHITMAN on Invitation of Managers American Institute, on opening their Fortieth Annual Exhibition, Noon, September 7, 1871. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

The Wanderer. A Colloquial Poem. By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

Child-Life: A Collection of Poems. Edited by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

William Henry and his Friends. By MRS. A. M. DIAZ, Author of "The William Henry Letters." With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872

Real Folks. By MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," etc. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Stories from Old English Poetry. By ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871.

My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1871.

Overland. A Novel. By J. W. DE FOREST. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1871.

Pictures of Travel. "In Sweden," "Among the Hartz Mountains," and "In Switzerland," with a "Visit at Charles Dickens's House." By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871.

A Russian Journey. By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

A Journey round my Room. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE. Translated from the French, with a Notice of the Author's Life. By H. A. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871.

The Church Idea. An Essay toward Unity. By WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871.

The Debatable Land between this World and the Next. With illustrative Narrations. By ROBERT DALE OWEN. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1872.

native land or clime. You laugh, and reproach yourself for laughing; it seems such an unjustifiable enjoyment, and the means which move you so unnecessary to an artist who, at his best, is one of the greatest. But the good and the bad of his California verse are no longer novel; it is to the two or three "East" poems which Mr. Harte has written, that curiosity will first tempt the reader. He will find in them, we think, assurance of all that he had a right to expect of the poet. "A Greyport Legend" was needlessly weighted by an explicit moral; but it was, otherwise, better than any other "earnest" poem that Mr. Harte had written. For "A Newport Romance" we have only praise: it is a pretty story rehearsed with faultless grace, and then meditated with a waywardness of thought as natural as it is ethereal, and leading from mood to mood with delicate and winning art. "The Old Major Explains" merits all the favor it won, as a piece of characterization; and among the "West" poems, to which, we must revert again, we think "In the Mission Garden" as good character and even finer handling. The old monk blinding the traveller with his story, in which, false as it is, he expresses his true regret, and the brisk little Paquita's flash of light at the end is admirably successful work. In "The Lost Galleon" and "The Wonderful Spring of San Joaquin" there is a very pleasant sense of the poetic and humorous capabilities of the old Spanish times in California, with which we believe Mr. Harte could deal as excellently as with contemporary phases. "The Lost Galleon" is a trifle expanded, but the other poem is entirely good.

We hint some new effort on the part of Mr. Harte, because we feel that, as the easy critics who do so much to form the popular mind have been saying, he must look to his laurels. At those enviable bays Mr. Miller had already whirled a lariat, which is now sweeping the horizon of English speech before lessening its rings to the fatal close (it is impossible not to write finely on this subject), and now comes Mr. George Mac-Henry, in the very best typographical panoply — and we own it is very handsome — that San Francisco can afford, and disputes his renown, with an epic in twelve cantos and some millions of lines, very justly called "Time and Eternity." We recall nothing in Mr. Harte's poetry like this description of the treatment of the vanquished after the Battle of Armageddon: —

"The rest to cannons' mouths were lashed and blown
To scraps and atoms, till the fields were black
With spattered flesh, brains, bowels, and shattered bone —
The Hindoo's grave! Along the sulphurous rack
Of minute guns the screaming vultures track
The smell of booty, *snatching in their chase*
At flying collops; nor fat offal lack
The glutton boars that down from Carmel race,
To strip with flaying tusk in shreds the human face."

With a critic's civil distrust of his reader, we have italicized the more wondrous phrases; but in the lines describing a flight of bad angels through space, at the Destruction of the Earth we feel that italics are not necessary: —

"Then their closed phalanx in a wedge they keep
To pierce the comets thickening in the sky,
And archipelagos of nebulæ on high,

"And nucleated orbicles on wings
Of fire molecular. They scud away
Where dawn empiric chiaro oscuro flings
Through hissing darkness as the ghost of day,
Shedding a faint phantasmagorial ray:
Where waves of chaos dashed to foam appear
Luminous, and float as wisps of Milky Way,
The portico of light, and in the drear
Avernian gulf are hurled, discomfited with fear."

It appears to us that Mr. Mac-Henry has been equipped by nature for a great poet; and that his sphere is London, where they know a great poet when they see him. While in this generous mood, we will counsel Mr. Edwin W. Fuller also, who has written "The Angel in the Cloud," to try London, though we warn him that his failure to appear directly from the Pacific slope will be against him, and that he ought at least to take with him a *serape* and a green snake and a brace of singing cockatoos. He is a religious poet, and these things will affect the cockney imagination as the proper accessories of an American prophet. We are sorry that we cannot comply with the earnest request he makes of readers in his Preface to read his whole poem if they commence it. We cannot, because life is short — and sweet; but we will quote from his work, in atonement, a very elegant passage: —

"The tropics seem a Hell, ...
Where from the green-robed mountain's volcan top
A fire-fountain spouts its blazing jet
Far up against the starry dome of Heaven,
Returning in its vast umbrella-shape,
Leaps in red cataract adown the slope,
Shaves clean the mountain of its emerald hair,
And leaves it bald with ashes on its head."

The poetry of the last month or two is, such as it is, very abundant, and Mr.

Walt Whitman adds to the *embarras de richesses* one of his curious catalogues of the American emotions, inventions, and geographical subdivisions, which was recited at the opening of the American Institute in New York. The managers call it a "magnificent original poem," and their note of thanks and other testimonies to its extraordinary merit are printed with it; which does not seem desirable in the case of any poem, in spite of what Mr. Emerson has permitted himself to do for Mr. Channing's "Wanderer." It must at least alarm the reader when a work is thus offered, and he is told beforehand that if he is the right kind of a reader he will appreciate it. We believe that we have liked what is clear and true in the "Wanderer," and we were very glad of the following lines when we came to them: —

"I hurry forward where the leafless trees
Are wrapped in silence, as the red cold light
Of January's sunset touches each
As with a fire of icicles, — how calm!
Oh! transient gleams yon hurrying noisy train,
Its yellow carriages rumbling with might
Of volleyed thunder on the iron rail
Pieced by the humble toil of Erin's hand,
Wood and lake the whistle shrill awakening.
Transient, — contrast with the unthinking cold,
The ruddy glare of sunset in the west,
And the first flicker of the icy stars,
While the pale freezing moon calmly assists
To point their rays more sharp, — transient and stern!"

But for all our pleasure in such delicacy and reality (we must except "the humble toil of Erin's hand,") as we feel here, we could not find anything but a poor sort of literary conventionality and turgidity in many lines like these: —

"The hind comes
Home to the evening meal, his children round,
And the coarse village cur, dozing all day,
Essays to hoarsely wheeze largest response
To his adhesive neighbors."

We cannot perceive depth or novelty in the poet's broodings upon the Indian, War, Slavery, Opulence, and so forth, and we think his desert is chiefly in the fresh glimpses of nature which his verse affords, and now and then the painting of a human character and figure. Here is one of these, perhaps too faint in color and vague of outline: —

"Even like the sea himself, torn down the past,
That wrecker shows, Antonio, an old man,
Patched and repainted like his time-worn craft,
An odd tarpaulin o'er his wild gray locks,
And ever in his hand his wrecking-hook.
Cold as the strand whereon he walks he seems;
His eyes put out with gazing on the deep,
Together with the wear of seventy years,
And scanty food, chill breezes, and the spray
Running their courses in his life. Nor less
The ocean is his friend; that mystery
Still stranger as he studies it the more.
With tempests often striking o'er his path
Linked to the wrecker's eyes with the far heaven,
Upon whose omens patiently he pores,
And dreams of crashing decks or corpses pale
Washing alone Time's melancholy shore:
Thus are they filled with wisdom who compute
The sea as their companion. Books to them
Are the faint dreams of students, save that one, —
The battered Almanac, — split to the core,
Fly-blown, and tattered, that above the fire
Devoted smokes, and furnishes the fates,
And perigees and apogees of moons."

It does not seem just to leave Mr. Channing's poem without speaking of the very unpleasant halting of many lines in it, through "that needless and even wilful neglect of rhythm" which looks so much like affectation.

Mr. Whittier owns in the Preface to the charming collection of poetry which he calls "Child-Life" that "in more than one instance he has deferred to the instinctive and natural criticisms of childhood," but he might have been reasonably suspected of testing all his selections in that way, so simply pleasing are they all. It is not a book whose character you can very well explain without reprinting its index; and the best we can say of it is that the finest taste in poetry for children and the largest sympathy with children's minds have united to gather into it, not all the verses that children like, but none that they dislike, or cannot feel and understand. It is a singularly happy piece of work, — the happiest of its kind that we know; the children who were once young will hardly miss from it any of their favorites, while the children who are still young are likely to make all the pieces in it their favorites. The selections are from the freshest sources as well as those known before, from Marian Douglas and Björnsen as well as from Hannah Gould and Wordsworth. There are several very pretty translations also from the Dutch, the German, and the Italian; and Mr. Whittier and Miss Larcom — whose services he specially acknowledged — have taken care that the fancy of their little readers shall never be cultivated (as often happens) at the cost of their sense of humanity and justice. It is abundantly illustrated with pictures which have sometimes illustrated the poems before and are sometimes new, and are always pleasing.

Of recent prose books for children (or

perhaps we had better say young people, in this case) none is comparable to Mrs. Diaz's "William Henry and his Friends," which will have a cordial welcome from all the readers of the "William Henry Letters." The new book has, in greater degree, the merits of the first, — surprising unaffectedness, and singular fidelity to human nature. It is illustrated by that new process of photographing the artist's design upon a metal plate and printing directly therefrom; and we sometimes fancied, in reading it, that Mrs. Diaz had discovered an equivalent secret in literature, whereby she was able to photograph the very life of the people at Summer-Sweeting farm, and reproduce them exactly as they have their being. The material of the book is of the simplest kind: it is merely the diversions and adventures at the farm during the summer that Mr. Fry boards there with William Henry's grandmother. William Henry has been home some years from school, and throughout this volume is seeking that place in a great wholesale business which he gets at last. He is a veritable young man, as he was a true boy; and we believe there never were more genuine persons in literature than his cousins Lucy Maria and Matilda, his Aunt Phebe and his Uncle Jacob. The sweetest moral is implied by the whole course of the story, — though it is scarcely a story, — and it is full of a perfectly delightful humor. Indeed, as a humorist Mrs. Diaz must be recognized among the first that amiably and profitably please. Certainly no other American woman rivals her in this respect.

Her people, we think, are realer "Real Folks" than Mrs. Whitney's, who, however, have also their reality, if they *do* seem to behave a little too perfunctorily. There is too much preaching in Mrs. Whitney's book, that is the truth. If it were to be read as a homily, there would be no fault to find, for it teaches sincerity, charity, and all active Christian usefulness. There is no objection to religion in novels, we suspect, even on the part of the ideally heartless critic whom Mrs. Whitney takes to task; and certainly we all desire novels to be pictures of human experience. The trouble with highly moralized novels is apt to be that they are not pictures of human experience, but the experience of preternatural automata, and that the only real folks in them are the bad ones, — the awful examples to be avoided. The purpose to do good, which we wish to be as far as possible from undervaluing, overcomes the author's instinct to be true, and art and religion are involved in a common ruin. Mrs. Whitney's book is charming as often as it is not didactic. For example, one of the best passages in it is that where light, unvaluable Glossy Megilp chats with the other girls at her toilet, and defends its arts: "The little gap in my left eyebrow was never deliberately designed. It was a 'lapsus naturæ.' I only follow out the hint and complete the intention. Something *is* left to ourselves; as the child said about the Lord curling her hair for her when she was a baby, and letting her do it herself after she grew big enough. . . . . Twice a day I have to get myself up somehow, and why should n't it be as well as I can? . . . . And one person's dressing may require one thing and another's another. Some people have a cork leg to put on, and some people have false teeth; and there would n't any of them come hobbling or mumbling out without them, unless there was a fire or an earthquake, I suppose." Both "Real Folks" and "William Henry and his Friends" have illustrations uncommonly satisfactory. In the latter the various character is admirably interpreted by the artist.

Another noticeable book for young people is Mrs. Richardson's "Stories from Old English Poetry," written after the example set for all books of the kind by the Lambs in their Tales from Shakespeare. The stories are from Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and other early poets, and they are told with a good feeling for the originals; not always with simplicity, nor with perfect judgment as to what tales are best to tell young people, but prettily, and on the whole blamelessly.

In fiction for their elders there is a dearth of the native sort, or a harvest worse than famine, except for Mr. De Forest's "Overland"; Mrs. Stowe's "My Wife and I" may have been meant to be more a lesson than a delight, and possibly should not be considered as a novel, though it is hard to consider it in any other way. The plot is meagrely this: A young country-bred college-graduate, who goes to New York and lives by literature, marries, in spite of Mrs. Grundy, a young girl of wealth and fashion, and they set up housekeeping on one of the back streets; and in a little house which the artistic feeling and the domestic genius of the wife have made perfectly beautiful, they live happily upon

a beggarly pittance of seven thousand a year. Some toilers in Grub Street would not think this poverty; but Mrs. Stowe achieves for her young people all the social hardship of penury without its discomforts and privations; just as Miss Dickinson plunges her hero into woe by having him marry a negress you could not tell from a white woman. The purposes of the book are good, and we suppose the sketches of the women-reformers and she-Bohemians are not too highly colored: but it seems to want all fineness of touch and mellowness of tone; the reality of Mrs. Stowe's best work is not here, as it is absent from the other books in which she deals with fashion and wealth in a moralistic spirit. We have not so many women of genius that we can afford to lose the first from the service of literature, and we hope Mrs. Stowe will come back to it, and let the lessons of her next book be taught by the character of its people, and not by their conformity or non-conformity to certain social and domestic ideals. The illustrations of the present book are infamously bad.

Mr. De Forest's "Overland" is as good a story of a certain good kind as we have read. But for a little feebleness of outline and general immateriality in the heroine (the weak point in all of Mr. De Forest's novels), it is as admirable as "Foul Play," with which it has much in common in the vivid character and rapid succession of its incidents, though in "Overland" these are often better found if not truer. What ground for his romance could the novel-reader more desire than that Mr. De Forest has chosen in Santa Fé, with Lieutenant Thurstane in love with Clara Van Dieman, and her Mexican kinsmen averse to him for reasons of love and money? The march across the desert to California, with its Apache fights, the sojourn in the ancient Aztec city of the Moquis, the love-making between Clara and Thurstane, the long-baffled and at last successful villany of her cousin Coronado, who sets Thurstane adrift on the Colorado; the thrilling escapes and the sufferings of Thurstane and his companions in their descent through the Grand Cañon, and their final rescue; Texas Smith's attempts on Thurstane at Coronado's instigation; — these form the warp of a story in which innumerable slighter facts are interwoven, with a great variety of character and vivid descriptions of the strange local life and scenery. Mr. De Forest, who is always strong in the presentation of his characters, has never realized his figures better than in those diverse reprobates, old Garcia and Texas Smith, who unite in themselves whatever is peculiarly atrocious in the Latin and Teutonic races. Coronado, successfully as he is drawn in his adaptability to the varying purposes of hate and friendship, his intellectual appreciation of things he does not feel, his murderous lust of power and money, and his narrow ambition, his patience and impatience, his courage and cowardice, — still seems to us somewhat conventionalized; but those other two (Garcia being scarcely more than a sketch) are dreadfully fresh and powerful in their impression of wickedness. The squat, swarthy, one-eyed, timid Mexican, with his headlong fury for killing whatever kept money from him, and the gaunt, sallow borderer, who saw, when a boy, his mother tortured to death by Indians, and who, with his instincts of destruction and revenge, has led a life of murder with a simple enjoyment of slaying; cruel, stupid, fearless, — these figures are worthy pendants; but they are hardly balanced by the good people of the story. Yet Thurstane is far above the average of heroes; he is a real man of the best sort, with the traits of his army training finely touched. Good, too, of their sort, are the soldiers under his command, with their simple habits of discipline and implicit obedience tempering strong peculiarities; while Clara's strong-minded aunt and Captain Glover, if not perfectly novel, are very amusing in their way. We have heard the descriptions of Western scenery, in which the story abounds, praised for wonderful truth and force by those best acquainted with it.

With "Pictures of Travel" the series of Andersen's works issued from the Riverside Press is complete. The sketches which it embraces, now for the first time given to the American public, are very characteristic in style, and full of his quaint conceits and kindly humor. Among the best chapters are the last two: "The Passion Play at Oberammergau" and "A Visit at Charles Dickens's House." Andersen witnessed the Passion Play in 1860, and he gives us as striking an account of it as we remember to have read. The "Visit at Charles Dickens's House" took place at a time when a series of dramatic performances were given by Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and others for the benefit of

Douglas Jerrold's widow. This paper presents Dickens to us as an admirable actor, and gives us new, but unneeded, evidences of the value of his friendship and of his warm heart. "Take the best out of all of Dickens's writings," Andersen wrote in a letter home, "make from them the picture of a man, and you have Charles Dickens." We find in this chapter, also, an excellent critique on Ristori, an interesting sketch of Miss Burdett Coutts, and glimpses of various persons and things prominent in London life.

Miss Proctor's "Russian Journey" is a book which provokes suspicion that many desirable things have been left out from a fear of burdening the reader with details, and so he does not do as prompt justice as he ought to what is really given him. The journey is a tour of the great Russian cities from St. Petersburg to Moscow and Nijni and Kazan, and thence through the eastern part of the Empire and the Cossack country down to the Crimean coasts, to Sevastopol and Odessa; and its story is told in a succession of careful, neatly touched, conscientious pictures, which are sometimes vivid, and always admirable for evident truthfulness and honest study. The description of the fair at Nijni and the sketches of river-travel everywhere are good examples of what is best in Miss Proctor's manner, who makes her reader see all the variety of the great mart, and feel the sublime monotony of Russian scenery with whatever reliefs it has. There is a very good sense given, too, of the old Tartar city of Kazan, and when we come into the Crimea, we have the enjoyment of lands and cities little visited by travel, in some fresh, bright sketches of people and landscapes. Miss Proctor reminds us from time to time of the facts of recent history in Russia; she is an ardent Russian in politics, and enthusiastic about the reforms projected or accomplished by the Czar.

Before we leave the books of travel, we must speak of the charming new translation of "A Journey round my Room," which Hurd and Houghton have published in a shape wholly worthy of De Maistre's exquisite little masterpiece. As a bit of mere book-making it is not equalled in tastefulness by anything yet done in America, we think, and ought to be so praised. The fine workmanship might almost be an inspiration from the pretty story or revery, which, whatever its attenuation, is of unsurpassable sweetness of tone, and most subtly satisfies with its airy touches of humor and sentimentality.

Mr. Huntington's work, "The Church Idea," opens with an expression of the dissatisfaction, perplexity, and longing for unity which mark Christendom to-day; and his purpose is to define catholicity, to show that the Church is a living body, and that unity therefore belongs to it of right, and to indicate the way in which the "Church of the Reconciliation" is to be established. This he does from a Churchman's stand-point, and the solution which he offers is the acceptance of the essential Anglican idea, — which he believes to be the true Church Idea, — a position which he supports in a very interesting manner. Believing that Christ meant there should be built up in the world a Church bearing his name, he reviews the principal misapprehensions to which he thinks the original thought has been subject, namely, Romanism, or the exaggeration of the divine idea, Puritanism, or the diminution of the idea, and Liberalism, or its distortion. The reconciliation of the discordant forces of Christianity Mr. Huntington believes must be based upon the Anglican position; and his exposition of the essential Anglican idea is very clear, and it will be of service to those who are unable to dissociate Anglicanism from a vision of surplices and choristers and Gothic towers and the whole picturesque costume which English life has thrown around it. Uniformity in divine service and other features of the present Episcopal system may be best, but these are subjects foreign to the direct issue and all open to men's discussion and preferences. In the author's searching analysis, none are corrected more freely or called upon to yield more than Churchmen who are mere denominationalists; and however men may differ from him, none will fail to admire the spirit of his work.

We can praise for the same virtue Mr. Robert Dale Owen's new book, which we have space here only to mention, but to which we hope to recur soon again. "The Debatable Land" is in great part a record of those spiritualistic phenomena which Mr. Owen believes take place, like the miracles, under law, and which he feels to be a very essential condition of belief in immortality. His collection of facts is preceded by a prefatory address to the Protestant Clergy, in which he traces the rise and gradual decline (still continued,

he declares) of Protestantism; and in a summary of his opinions and impressions at the close of the work, he affirms that between Catholicism and infidelity there is no rational ground but the Spiritualism which accepts all supernatural occurrences in all times, not as abnormal manifestations of power, but as events strictly in accorddance with intermundane laws.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

THE war has naturally left its traces on both the French and German literatures, not only in the shape of military histories, apologies, and explanations of unlucky generals, records of the sieges of Paris, etc., but also in the fiction of each country. This is true to a greater extent of the German novels, whose heroes gallop from one end of France to the other, on their way kindling the love of even the most patriotic French girls by their trim uniforms, jangling spurs, and bold mustaches. Or else we have the simpler tale of the poor girl who is left at home to weep. It is exactly as it was with many of our magazine stories just after our war, when the brave officer held the place now occupied by the penniless artist, — who is a lasting favorite, — and the omniscient professor, who is always sitting by a lamp dabbling in Hebrew, geology, the history of music, comparative anatomy, astronomy, Homer, and botany. While there is no new German novel of any marked merit, — we say nothing about the old ones, — there has appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during the summer and autumn a story by Victor Cherbuliez, which alone has the material of many a shelf-full of ordinary novels. It is called *La Revanche de Joseph Noirel.* Many will be already familiar with the earlier works of this fascinating writer, and more, we hope, will be persuaded to read this story, which we are willing to call one of the greatest works of fiction of the day. Cherbuliez is a remarkable writer of fiction in a country where the standard is very high, where even the second and third rate novelists have at least some qualities that are deserving of respect. *Prosper Randoce* and *Le Comte Kostia* are by no means poor because this story is better. This is the best, and the best of a series in which it is easy to detect a steady improvement. They are all marked by the same merits, namely, an ingenious plot, an exceptionally brilliant style, and a cleverness of treatment that is almost unequalled. This praise will not, we think, appear undeserved to those who have read his novels, although those who have not will probably take them up prepared for disappointment, — that is, if they will consent to take them up at all. His brilliancy is indeed his worst foe, because, although it is not distracting, we nevertheless feel that less of it would at times permit the story to have greater force. Out of deference to the possible readers of *Joseph Noirel,* whom Cherbuliez will insure against untimely exercise of their critical faculties while they hold the book in their hands, we will not quote the passage in which it seems to us that he transgresses. It is at the very crisis of the story that, on re-reading and reflection, he seems to us to be too clever. Nothing that he says offends, but a writer of more poetical feeling would have held his hand, no matter what sentence he would have had to cut out. And this is perhaps the point in which Cherbuliez most nearly misses being the greatest writer of prose fiction, for his over-brilliancy where it exists is but one sign of this greater deficiency, a certain lack of real poetry. In general he tells his story as something outside of himself; he seems to own it and to be the master of it; it is with all its beauty, its extraordinary comprehension of man and the world, something bounded, something finite; the poet, on the other hand, tells us something infinite that is ever old and ever new, something that can never be comprehended, only felt. In this respect Tourguénieff far surpasses Cherbuliez, and we hope at some future day to return to the investigation and comparison of their relative merits. But what we have said above is less true of *Joseph Noirel* than of the others. In this story he has drawn a lovely character, the heroine, Marguerite. Nothing could be more charming than the study of her character. All the others are well drawn, the unsatisfactory Joseph, the vulgar Bertrand, the Count, but she stands pre-eminent. Through all her troubles, which are manifold, she is always calm, self-possessed,

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof & Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Iwan Turgénjew's Ausgewählte Werke. Fünfter Band. Visionen, Helene. Mitau. 1871.

Bilder aus dem Geistigen Leben unserer Zeit. Von JULIAN SCHMIDT. Leipzig. 1871.

Porträts und Studien. Von RUDOLF GOTTSCHALL. 4 Bände. Leipzig. 1870–71.

Chronique du Siége de Paris. 1870, 1871, Par FRANCIS WEY. Paris. 1871.

and the end — But we forbear. Cherbuliez tells the story better than we do.

The fifth volume of the German translation of Tourguénieff, containing "Helena," a rather long story, and a remarkable sketch called "Visionen," has appeared. Both exist in French translations, and "Helene" in English. This is the story of the love of a young girl for a young man, a subject that is ordinary enough, but the way in which it is told is rare indeed. The hero is not of the usual faultless heroes of fiction, nor, on the other hand, is he by any means commonplace, but a compound as rare in novels as it is frequent in life, of good and bad qualities. In her eyes his obstinacy is heroic perseverance, his exaggerated severity, manliness. Then, too, love softens him, and we see within his breast the struggle between his love for Helene and his devotion to his country. The way in which he is brought to obey his love by the bold tenderness of Helene is beautifully told. We see human beings actually moved by passion and not society-figures smirking through a flirtation as if it were a figure in a ball-room dance. The book is sad, the end is tragic, but yet it is not merely sad ; we see, in spite of its gloomy termination, that there is something that survives even the greatest sufferings of life ; that if man is mortal, there are feelings and emotions that are immortal. It is a book that can be read and re-read with pleasure.

Julian Schmidt's *Bilder aus dem Geistigen Leben unserer Zeit, neue Folge*, is scarcely a new book, nor yet one of the most valuable that he has published ; for inasmuch as the book appeared during the war, he was so far carried away by his patriotism as to publish a great many of his more recent letters on France, which are not of great interest to the foreigner. There are some other essays, however, which are purely literary. One is on Dickens, and very interesting it is. There is another on Fernan Caballero, which is the *nom de plume* of Madame Cecilia de Arrom, a German by birth, who has for many years lived in Spain. One of her novels is now appearing in the "Catholic World." Following these is an essay on Lamartine, and one on Heine. The modern French novelists receive a few pages of intelligent criticism. We quote a few sensible words from the book : "After all, has the moralist to pass judgment on a work of art ? Has art anything to do with morality ? Is it not free from those bonds which limit and condition actual life ? In fact, one could dispense with the moralist's view of art, if art would not concern itself with morality. Whoever wished to judge a landscape from a moral point of view would make himself ridiculous, but where human actions, principles, thought, and sensations are concerned, one can hardly regard the characters of a novel otherwise than as human beings, — that is to say, one will form an opinion about their morals and examine whether this opinion agrees with that of the author. Now, moralizing is one of the main occupations of the writer in modern times, and there is scarcely a novel that does not bring its examples even of the strangest actions and thoughts under general principles. Our age is more inclined than earlier ones to reflect, to ponder over the cause and effect in the moral as well as in the physical world. Hence the novel is not only the drawing of certain models, but it is the most convenient vehicle for that which especially concerns modern culture." These words are a key to the position that Schmidt takes in all his criticism, for in everything he is a decided moralist.

Of less general interest are Rudolf Gottschall's *Porträts und Studien*. One name, in the book, however, Charles Sealsfield, should catch the reader's attention, for he lived many years in this country and wrote novels in English, and in German many sketches of this country. In Germany he is better known than he is here, and this sketch of him would preserve many an American about to go to Europe from an awkward confession of ignorance to the wondering German. Rather solid reading are the two essays on *Die Unsterblichkeitsfrage und die neueste deutsche Philosophie* and *Ein Philosoph des Unbewussten*. This last is a brief analysis of a very interesting, and, in Germany, very popular book, Hartmann's *Philosophie des Unbewussten*. That it is popular is not strange ; it is well written, as entertaining as a novel, far more so than any German novel, with no wearying terminology, — we speak of it simply from the point of view of the general reader, — and full of the blackest pessimism. It is interesting as an example of much of the thought of the time.

The *Chronique du Siége de Paris*, by Francis Wey, is entertaining, and moreover full of valuable papers which one would not always be able to put one's hand on.

ART.

THERE has lately been on exhibition in Boston, at the rooms of Messrs. Doll and Rickard, a small but remarkable collection of French pictures. These paintings, we believe, are privately owned in Boston; and united thus in a charming room they afford a pleasant suggestion and premonition of the artistic taste and wealth scattered, potentially, at least, through our supposedly sordid American community. Several of the first names of the French school are represented, — Delacroix, Decamps, Troyon, Rousseau, Jules Duprez, Daubigny, Diaz. They form a group interesting in more ways than one, — as to the reciprocal light they shed upon each other as members of a school, and as to their opportune and almost pathetic testimony just now to the admirable æsthetic gifts of the French mind.

None of them are more eloquent in this latter sense than the great Troyon, — the edge of a wood, seen on a dampish day in September. A cluster of magnificent forest oaks occupies the middle and left of the picture, rich with the waning maturity of summer, with their sturdy foliage just beginning to rust and drop, leaf by leaf, into the rank river-grass, streaked with lingering flowers, at their feet. The trees are a magnificent study, — or rather not a study, but a perfect achievement. They stand there solid and mighty, without the smallest loss of their hugeness and dignity. It is noteworthy too, that, vast and elaborate as they are, they are far from filling and crowding the picture; they are only part of the great landscape beyond and beside them; they seem really, as we may say, to irradiate atmosphere and space. The tone of color in this work is extremely subdued, yet consummately sustained, — sober and brilliant at once; a powerful harmony of gray and gray-green, relieved with quiet russet and brown. The color plays along this narrow scale with a kind of rich melancholy, such as perfectly befits the drama of lusty summer just conscious of the touch of autumn. The especial ground of interest in the picture is its happy grasp of the medium between the hard definiteness of some of our recent English and American ultra-realists in landscape, and that exaggerated make-shift breadth and tendency to rough generalization which marks so many French landscapists, and of which the large Daubigny, in this same collection, is so striking an example.

Its smaller companion, although of a more familiar and commonplace cast, is still very charming. It represents half a dozen cows, driven through a field by a young girl on a late summer day. The happy, crooked, scattered movement of the cattle; the sweet midsummer whisper which seems to lurk in the meadow-side copse; the rare and natural luminosity, without *recherche*, without a hint of that cunning *morbidezza* which marks the corresponding portion of the small Decamps near by, in the tender sky, dappled at cool intervals, — make of the work a genuine pastoral. It is, perhaps, as a whole, a little blank and thin; but it is indefinably *honnête*. It reminds us of one of George Sands's rural novels, — *Français le Champi* or the *Petite Fadette*.

By so much as Troyon is a diffuse painter is Theodore Rousseau, who is here represented by two extremely characteristic works, a concentrated one. The dogged soberness of his manner strikes us as the last word of the distinctively French treatment of landscape. We know of no painter who depends less on extraneous effects and suggestions, on the graceful byplay of a Diaz, or the almost literary allusiveness of a Decamps. His sole effort seems to be to enter more and more into his subject. Sometimes, we think, he gets lost in it, as in the overwrought interconfusion of the trees and ground in the smaller of these two pictures. It wears, nevertheless, an admirable expression of size and space, of condensed light and fresh air. The sky, in spite of a thick, over-glazed look, is full of a natural cloud-filtered radiance. The picture, altogether, has more nature than grace. Its larger companion, however, is a thoroughly noble and perfect work. A broad low plain at dusk, with a small stone farm-house and its wall to the right, and, to the left, in mid-distance, a light screen of thin young trees, form the lower portion; over this is erected as true a sunset as ever was painted. The field of sky is immense and the distribution of cloud most elaborate; but the

composition is admirably free from that cheapness of effect which attends upon the common sunset of art. It is not an American sunset, with its lucid and untempered splendor of orange and scarlet, but the sinking of a serious old-world day, which sings its death-song in a muffled key. The tone of the clouds is gray, that of the light a deep grave crimson; and this crimson and gray, this conflicting cold and warmth, play against each other in the vast realm of evening with tremendous effect. It is all admirably true; you seem, as you look, to be plodding heavy-footed across the field and stumbling here and there in the false light which is neither night nor day. The struggle and mixture of the dusk and glow in all the little ruts and furrows of the field is perfectly rendered. If we were asked for an example in painting of that much-discussed virtue "sincerity," we should indicate this work as a capital instance.

In just the same measure we should indicate the beautiful Decamps hard by as a signal instance of factitious art. Decamps won his spurs years ago as one of the first of the modern realists, and we fancy that we might trace in his successive works a vivid reflection of the private history of the movement he represents. Poor realism! we can fancy the puzzled sadness with which she beholds herself imaged in this little canvas of Decamps. We can imagine her crying out with the old woman in the nursery song, who in her sleep was curtailed of her petticoats, "Lord, have mercy! this is none of I." Decamps represents that gifted class of artists — they exist in literature, in music, in the drama, as well as in the plastic arts — whose mission is the pursuit of effect, without direct reference to truth. Decamps was superbly endowed for this pursuit; the effect he sought he seldom missed. He has certainly not missed it in this little picture of "The Centurion." A more subtle piece of painting we have seldom beheld,— a work in which skill and science and experience offer a more effective substitute for the simplicity of genuine inspiration, for that quality which is so strongly embodied in that least clever of fine pictures, the small Delacroix which hangs near it. It is in this respect a striking example of its class. In refinement of taste, in delicacy of invention, in a nice calculation of effect, it is incomparably fine; and up to a certain point it grows and grows upon the mind; but it lacks the frank good faith of the best masters. The nominal subject of the work is the incident related in the first gospel, of the centurion who comes to Jesus at Capernaum to demand that his servant be healed, and who finds that, inasmuch as he believed, in the selfsame hour it was done. There is something that provokes a smile in the attempt of a painter like Decamps to treat a Scriptural subject, — a painter who represents the opposite pole of art from even the most sceptical of the great pietistic masters. But in truth, he has shown his good taste by touching the theme as lightly as possible, and making it the mere pretext for a bit of picturesqueness. The face of Christ is not even painted; faces were evidently Decamp's weak point. It is as a fantastic composition that the picture must be judged. We know not what warrant the author has for his conception of the colossal architecture of Capernaum; but, after all, what better warrant need one have in such a case than such a penetrating imagination? The little group of figures occupies the middle of the scene, dipped, as it were, in a wash of cool purple shadow; out of this rise mighty, into a glow of afternoon light, the walls and towers and ramparts and battlements of some visionary city of the antique world. The great success of the picture is in its hint of this pagan vastness (you see the heavy smoke from a perfumed altar rising in the distance) and in the golden luminosity with which the scene is suffused. It seems to us to bear about the same relation to probable fact as some first-rate descriptive titbit of Edgar Poe or Charles Baudelaire; whereas, if we were to seek for a literary correlative for that sadly imperfect Delacroix near by, we should find in it some fragment of Shelley. Our Decamps, in its somewhat arbitrary and ambiguous air of grandeur and lustre, might have been painted by a kind of unimpassioned Turner. Say what we will, it is only a supremely vivid fancy that could have conceived those dizzy and mellow-toned walls and towers and distilled that narrow strip of morbidly tender sky. The predominance of the picturesque in painting is very possibly the token of a decaying system; but this surely is the picturesque at its best; and when we think of all the antecedent failures, all the efforts and gropings the refined æsthetic experience implied by just such a success, the interest of the work is doubled.

It is still further increased when we compare the picture with the neighboring Dela-

croix. We have left this work to the last, because it is the most difficult to characterize fairly, — because, indeed, we find it hard even to fix our impression of it. It is a signal example of the author's strength and weakness, of the qualities which charm and those which irritate. These are so grotesquely combined in his genius that it is nearly impossible to separate them and open a distinct account with each. We may even say that he pleases, in certain cases, by virtue of his errors, — by reason, at least, of a certain generous fallibility which is the penalty of his generous imagination. Delacroix, more than any painter we know, must be judged by the total impression. This, at least as a final one, is often very slow to come; but it may, we think, generally be resumed in some such conclusion as this, — that here is a painter whose imaginative impulse begins where that of most painters ends. It is not that, as a rule, he selects grotesque or exceptional subjects; but that he sees them in a ray of that light that never was on land or sea, — which is simply the light of the mind. This conceded, we must admit that the light of Delacroix's mind produced some very singular optical effects. Some of the painter's eccentricities of manner in the present work are so flagrant that any child can point them out. The scene represents a dozen men in Eastern dress, gathered about a camp-fire, before which one of them stands, with outstretched hand, delivering himself, apparently, of a story or a chant. The fire round which the Arabs are gathered emits no light; as a fire it is quite unpainted; the faces and limbs of the men themselves are so many apologies for the things they represent; the horses tethered in the background are indicated by the very simplest design that will decently serve. Yet in spite of these salient faults, the picture is singularly forcible and true. The *sentiment* of the attitudes, the accidents, the "form and presence" of the scene, throb there with such a vital warmth, that we can imagine ourselves seeking and enjoying it, in its permanent human significance, long after the hundred literal merits of certain other painters of mark have come to seem stale and soulless. We can imagine ourselves becoming intensely fond of a Delacroix, — never of a Meissonier. Delacroix takes you so frankly into the confidence of his faults, that you scarcely resent them, and by the very fact, indeed, stand in a closer sympathy with him. Like all really great masters, — like his great brothers in art, Turner and Tintoretto, — he can be described only by seeming paradoxes and contradictions. He is at once the most general and the most specific of painters. His drawing is in the last degree incorrect, and yet he produces unsurpassed effects of design, form, and attitude. As with Tintoretto, you fancy him one of the slightest of colorists, till you begin to conceive he is one of the greatest. His great merit, to our mind, is that, more than any of his modern rivals save Turner, he has an eye for that which, for want of a better name, we may call the *mystery* of a scene, and that under his treatment its general expression and its salient details are fused into the harmony of poetry itself. But we stop short; Delacroix must not be written about; he must be seen and felt. In speaking of him thus, we pretend merely to record a personal predilection.

Of the small Diaz and the Jules Duprez there is nothing especial to be said. Diaz is as usual a charming trifler, and Jules Duprez a very worthy rival of Rousseau. We should have liked, with more space, to devote a few words to three or four American pictures lately visible in the same rooms. The most important of these is a large landscape by Mr. John La Farge, the view of a deep seaward-facing gorge, seen from above, at Newport. This is in every way a remarkable picture, full of the most refined intentions and the most beautiful results, of light and atmosphere and of the very poetry of the situation. We have rarely seen a work in which the painter seems to have stored away such a permanent fund of luminosity. There are parts of the picture which might have been painted by a less sceptical Decamps. A portrait of a little girl, in the most charmingly quaint dress of black velvet and lace and pearls, by Mr. R. C. Porter, demands also very explicit recognition. In complexion and costume, and in the masterly treatment she has received, Mr. Porter's bewitching little model reminds us of some swarthy Infanta of Velasquez. This work, at least, is a purely American product, the author's opportunities for study having been such only as our own country affords. The firmness and richness and confidence of the painter's execution, the excellent modelling of the face and neck, the hint of a sort of easy and spontaneous enjoyment of his materials, indicate that the artist has the real

temperament of the painter. Mr. Porter has, in this and other cases, done so well that he may be considered to have pledged and committed himself. His admirers, in future, will be expectant and exacting. We must note, in conclusion, a small picture by Vedder, — a little pictorial lyric, as we have heard it called, on the theme of faded stuffs. A young woman, dressed in a charming bedimmed old silken gown, stands before an antique escritoire, in relief against a *passé* hanging of tapestry, opening a box of jewels. The tone of the picture is suffused by a hint of that elegant and melancholy hue which is known, we believe, by the name of ashes-of-roses. A certain flatness and semi-decorative monotony of touch is very discreetly apportioned, and operates as an additional charm.

MUSIC.

THE musical season in Boston promises to be one of peculiar interest. The symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, organized some years ago for the benefit of the musically educated few, have now become a most important agent in the higher education of the musical many; and, in spite of a somewhat ungenial spirit of conservatism evinced in their programmes, they claim our respect and gratitude, by their unswerving adherence to the cause of art alone, where so many others have made art a mere pecuniary speculation. The so-called Ballad Concerts of the Dolby Troup were rather a disappointment, notwithstanding the excellent singing of some of the artists. There was little of the real ballad and madrigal element in their programmes, and the wishy-washy, sentimental music of Balfe and Wallace is hardly worthy of artists like Mr. Santley, who stands almost without a rival in the interpretation of the greatest music of all schools, and Mr. Cummings, whose singing of Handel will not be easily forgotten. The great musical fact of the season in New York and Boston is, of course, the appearance in opera of Christine Nilsson. She is in the fullest sense of the word a lyric actress, one who makes the music of her part go hand in hand with her acting, and who makes both acting and singing subservient to the dramatic intention of the poet, rather than to the purely musical expression of the composer. Great as were her successes in the concert-room, she evidently felt herself hampered and constrained; and though her genius infused new life into many a well-worn song, and showed to us much of the music with which we had thought ourselves well acquainted in a new and higher light, yet she impressed us more by what she was than by what she did, more by what she perceived and felt than by what she expressed. But from the first moment that she appeared upon the operatic stage, one felt that there she was indeed at home and on her own ground. In her impersonations of Marguerite and Lucia the most striking feature is her great dramatic truthfulness. Her acting is not a succession of brilliant "strokes," but she seems actually to *live* her part. In her conception of Marguerite in *Faust* she comes as near to Goethe's Margaret as the text and music will allow. For the Marguerite of MM. Barbier and Carré is a vastly different person from Goethe's Gretchen; and Gounod's music, beautiful and sincerely earnest as much of it is, is thoroughly French in character. Yet Miss Nilsson's impersonation is full of that somewhat idealized rusticity which is so marked a characteristic of Goethe's Gretchen, and is, even in its coquettishness and *naïveté*, far removed from the more commonplace and superficially more refined *espièglerie* of the French Marguerite. Her acting in the first few scenes may seem a little cold, but it is only the natural, instinctive reserve and diffidence of a modest girl in the presence of him whom she has but begun to love in secret, and of whose love she is not yet sure. But as the opera goes on and she hears Faust's love for her from his own lips, then her acting is of a grand intensity that carries everything before it. We have never seen a great, all-conquering passion so vividly and truthfully portrayed. Yet her acting is wholly free from anything like ranting; it is not *violent* acting, it is really and spontaneously *intense*. In the

scenes of the fourth act her subdued and passive grief at her brother Valentine's death, and her utter despair and almost frenzied remorse in the church-scene, are most finely contrasted. In the prison-scene of the fifth act — perhaps the least disagreeable mad-scene in lyric drama — the alternation of passionate expressions of love and fear with moments of terrible calmness and resignation to her fate is grandly conceived. Here, as throughout the opera, she brings the dramatic element into the foreground. When the music of her part helps to intensify and vivify the dramatic situation, her rendering of the composer's conception is always beautiful musically as well as dramatically; but if the music for a moment fails to support the dramatic action, or even interferes with it, then she seems to rise superior to the composer, and it is Nilsson we admire, not Gounod.

This is more striking in *Lucia* than in *Faust*, for Gounod's music is essentially dramatic, and in most cases rather helps than impedes the dramatic action; and however much MM. Barbier and Carré may have diluted and distorted Goethe's idea, yet something of the original Faust, Gretchen, and Mephisto still is left. But when we come to consider Salvatore Cammarano's Lucia, we look in vain for even a single trace of Scott's Lucy Ashton. Instead of the affectionate, womanly girl with the great power of loving, whom we have learned to look upon as one of the most beautiful types of womanhood, we find a thoroughly characterless *prima donna soprano*, who is weakly in love with somebody, weakly wretched at something, with whom or at what we hardly know or care. And Donnizetti's music shows a thorough appreciation of the character of Cammarano's heroine. Not that his music is musically vapid and without soul, but that it interprets the love and distress of a mere operatic Lucia. For Scott's Lucy Ashton to express her feelings in such strains would be as appropriate as for Hamlet to console himself for his father's murder by playing Thalberg fantasias. Yet we see in Miss Nilsson a perfect Lucy Ashton, acting real love for Ravenswood, walking before us on the stage as a real woman, not as a mere singing and sighing puppet, and singing Donnizetti's music as he, good easy man, little dreamed of its being sung. The Cammarano-Donnizetti fabric cannot hold a real woman, so it bursts; and all we have left is Nilsson, or Lucy, which, for the time being, is the same thing. The mad-scene is peculiarly incongruous; for here the situation is so palpably and irremediably weak and absurd that it seems as if no actor could prevent Lucy from hopelessly degenerating into Lucia again. What a difference between the panic-stricken, blood-stained maniac found crouched in the empty fireplace, gibbering and mowing at the intruding crowd, and the lackadaisical piece of insanity that comes sailing in upon the stage between two rows of admiring chorus-singers, sentimentally attired in flowing white drapery and angel sleeves, singing such a disconnected series of *roulades* and scales as to leave us in doubt whether she is really mad or only practising for her singing-lesson! The woman that can make us see but a spark of Lucy Ashton's madness here must be a genius indeed. Miss Nilsson does wonders in the scene, and at times the real Ashton fire flashes out through the clouds of melodramatic Lucia idiocy; but in the greater part of the scene her acting is only interesting as a *tour de force*, as showing how much genius can make out of so little.

Miss Nilsson's appearance on the stage is a musical event of the really important kind. It is so, because she brings before our very eyes an illustration, which is better than volumes of treatises, of what the lyric drama can and ought to be. She also shows upon what weak foundations that very questionable art-form, the modern Italian opera, is built, and what flimsy absurdities the composers of the school have allowed themselves to use as a framework which they were to tapestry and cover over with their music. No doubt the composers themselves were quite as well aware of the worthlessness of their opera libretti as we can be. With them the music was the only thing of importance. That was what the public were to admire, and the libretto, or, as we have called it, the framework, was to be kept out of sight. This was so much the case, that the only requisite in an opera libretto was that it should show off the music to the best advantage, — that is, *each particular piece of music*. All consistent form in the opera as a whole was sacrificed to the perfection of the almost independent parts. The Italian opera was literally, as it is often called on the title-page, a *Dramma per Musica*, a drama for (the sake of) music. But what was to become of the music when the weak framework rotted

away or was broken down, it never seemed to enter the composers' heads to consider. The music must inevitably fall too; and this has been the fate of many operas whose texts were too palpably absurd to be endured. But such lapses were not noticed by the public. The operas passed quietly away, unnoticed and unlamented. There were some few conspicuous exceptions. Sometimes the music was strong enough to stand by itself, and much of the Italian operatic music has thus held its own in the concert-room long after the operas themselves have disappeared from the stage. But even in these cases people rarely troubled themselves to think of the reason why. Now Miss Nilsson brings this wretched weakness in opera libretti before our very eyes. She does not knock away the frail timbers and so cause the whole structure to collapse; she starts from the inside and builds a larger, nobler, stronger framework. But the old musical tapestry is too small for the new frame. Here and there great rents appear, and not only the strong framework, but also the half-rotten *débris* of lath and plaster of the old Cammarano libretto are seen peeping through the cracks. Surely we owe Miss Nilsson many thanks for helping us to learn this lesson.

No *débutante* has ever been more foolishly or clumsily advertised among us than Mrs. Charles Moulton. She has been compared in various ways to most of the great singers of both continents, — including Homer! It must seem fainter praise than we intend, to say after this that we should rank her among the first concert-singers. She has the genial, Transatlantic cheerfulness which is a necessary part of every wholesomely artistic nature, and which, added to the beauty of a voice of a rich, mellow quality rare in America, makes her singing really inspiring. We have never heard a more beautiful and sympathetic voice than hers, and her execution is as near perfection as any that we know. She sings with that French artistic refinement and absence of exaggeration so refreshing after the vocal ranting and melodramatic desperation of the modern Italian school. She gives evidence of much dramatic power, but she makes the dramatic element subordinate to the musical expression, as it always should be, excepting on the stage. She is a *singer, par excellence*, and thus in strong contrast to Miss Nilsson, whom we have characterized as a lyric actress. She also gives evidence of a most genial and refined *vis comica*, and appears to great advantage in the Rossini-Donnizetti *buffa* music, especially when seconded by that wonderful *buffo* barytone, Signor Ferranti.

In recent publications we notice several pieces above the average in sheet music.

Es rausche das rothe Laub (Koppitz, Prüffer & Co., Boston) is quite a good song by A. H. Sponholtz, in the modern German *salon* style. It lacks Franz Abt's warmth and naturalness of melody, but it has a certain strength and genuineness of sentiment that places it above most songs of the sentimental Abt school. The restless introductory figure in the accompaniment is quite happily carried out in those parts of the song that are in the minor key. If the song have a striking fault, it is that in some passages both melody and harmony lack decision and vitality, the return from the little episode in B♭ major to the first theme in the minor being particularly ineffective and clumsily managed.

Pour qui sera and *Serenata di Zanetto* (G. D. Russell & Co., Boston), by J. Massenet. Two little songs of more than common merit. They are wholly free from that vulgar, Frenchy piquancy of rhythm that so offends in Meyerbeer, and fascinates us in spite of ourselves in Offenbach, and they are full of the vague, dreamy charm of which we find so much in Gounod. The persistent syncopation of the accompaniment of the first song, and the use of some rather transcendental harmonies in both may sound affected to some ears, but much that might seem affectation in other people is but natural expression in a Frenchman, and we cannot quarrel with M. Massenet for being true to his national instincts. The songs will well bear comparison with many by Robert Franz, which, barring the difference in nationality, they very much resemble in style.

Mandolinata (G. D. Russell & Co., Boston), Roman Serenade, by E. Paladilhe; a very pleasing song, of rather French than Italian character. The melody is very piquant and taking, and the accompaniment is generally well managed, the little interlude between the verses being particularly charming and pretty. One or two passages are marred by some rather clumsy eccentricities in harmony, which, from the poor effect they make, should be set down rather as unmusician-like blunders than evidences of originality.

Serenata (Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co., Boston), for piano-forte, by William Sterndale Bennett. *Zur Guitarre* (G. D. Russell & Co., Boston). Impromptu by Ferd. Hiller. Two quite pleasing piano-forte pieces of the so-called modern romantic school. Neither of them has any very salient qualities, but both give evidence of thorough musicianship in the composers, and their finished style as well as the admirable way in which they are written for the instrument places them above many pieces which bear more clearly the stamp of genius. Of the two, the Bennett piece strikes us as the better, though there is a lumbering sort of quaintness in the other that gives it the air of greater originality.

Praeludium and *Me uet* (Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co., Boston), for piano-forte, by A. Krause. Two very good compositions. The Prelude abounds in strong, healthy harmony, and is very well written for the instrument, though the last few bars are rather commonplace and bring the pieee to a weak, unsatisfactory conclusion. The Menuet is thoroughly charming throughout.

The Alfredian Grand March (White, Smith, & Perry, Boston), for piano-forte, by J. W. Cheeney. Although evidently not the work of a practised musician, there are some quite good points in this march. Both melody and harmony are vigorous, albeit somewhat commonplace, and, as far as it goes, it will bear comparison with much of Meyerbeer's *Fackeltanz* music. It is badly put upon the instrument, however, and thus loses much of the effect it would otherwise produce. The edition is not without some typographical errors.

SCIENCE.

THE appearance of Dr. Bastian's monograph on the "Mode of Origin of Lowest Organisms" will add to the interest with which the so-called question of "spontaneous generation" is now regarded. The great importance of the subject will justify us in giving some account of the controversy which has long been raging, as well as of Dr. Bastian's ingenious experiments, recently made in London, by which the case is brought to a still more definite issue than by those of the French investigators, Pouchet and Pasteur.

In the chaos of ideas concerning the phenomena of life which prevailed until quite modern times, it was not strange that organisms, even of a high order of complexity such as bees and ants, should have been believed to be now and then directly evolved from lifeless matter, under favorable circumstances. Such a belief, however, clearly belongs to the most rudimentary stage of biological science, when the true character of the difference between living and lifeless matter is wholly unknown, and when the relationships between the myriad forms of organic life are as yet unclassified. To such views, which hardly deserve to be ranked among scientific hypotheses, there succeeded, in the seventeenth century, the doctrine, maintained by the illustrious Redi, and since generally held by philosophic biologists, that under no circumstances can life be originated save under the influence of pre-existing life. The doctrine *omne vivum ex vivo* consorted admirably with the metaphysical hypothesis of a "vital principle," maintained by Paracelsus and Stahl, according to which the peculiar activities displayed by organic bodies are the manifestations of a primordial life-force, distinct from the forces of inorganic nature. And as this hypothesis survived into the present century, the doctrine of Redi was generally received as impregnable. Phenomena which seemed to contravene it were explained away by means of additional hypotheses, the most famous of which is the panspermatist theory, of Spallanzani, — that the atmosphere is full of invisible germs, — by which the evolution of apparently self-generated organisms was supposed to be satisfactorily accounted for.

But during the present century the attitude of the prevailing philosophic thought with reference to these doctrines has been materially changed. Since the creation of the vast science of organic chemistry, the researches of histologists, and the discovery of the transformation and equivalence of forces, the hypothesis of a "vital principle"

has become generally discredited, and it is held by most biologists that all the activities displayed by any organism result simply from the compounding of the various dynamic properties possessed by the ultimate units of which it is built up. The chasm which the old physiology had dug between the inorganic and the organic worlds has thus been partly bridged over, and it becomes less improbable that between the lowest organisms and the most complex aggregations of non-living matter some genetic relationship may be established. In the second place, owing mainly to the brilliant investigations of Darwin and Wallace, nearly all naturalists — at least in England, Germany, and our own country — have come to believe in the derivation of the more complex organic forms from ancestral forms that were less complex; so that the hypothesis of the evolution of the least complex organic forms from highly complex non-organic forms finds a less inhospitable reception than formerly. And in the third place, the discovery of organisms far lower in the scale than those which were until lately supposed to be lowest has begun to teach us that the sharp demarcations once thought to exist in the scheme of nature have really existed only in our own ignorance of that scheme.

Indeed, the organisms with which Dr. Bastian's experiments are chiefly concerned — monads and bacteria and vibriones and leptothrix filaments — are far less widely removed from inorganic matter than even the amœba and protococcus, which are nothing but simple nucleated cells, resembling those of which the tissues of higher organisms are composed. They rank even lower than Professor Haeckel's monera, which are merely patches of albumen, possessed — as crystals are — of the power of growing, and of occasionally breaking in two. Dr. Bastian's monads are simply structureless specks of albuminous matter, no bigger than the motes which float in the sunbeam, and distinguished from inorganic specks only by the capacity of multiplication. Yet upon the filmy surface of sundry organic solutions these motes have the power of growing together, gradually segregating from the liquid medium in which they float, until they have become built up into an amœba-like cell. Now the great question at issue in the so-called "spontaneous-generation" controversy is as follows: When monads and bacteria are found in solutions containing all the unorganized materials requisite for the production of a living thing, have these living motes been produced, after the fashion of crystals, by the simple union of their inorganic elements, or have they been only reproduced from other monads and bacteria pre-existing in the atmosphere in which the solution is bathed?

If the former alternative be the one which experiment forces us to adopt, the bridge between the organic and inorganic worlds becomes at last complete, and light is thrown upon the origin of life upon the surface of our planet. But if, on the other hand, we are forced, in this particular instance, to reaffirm the doctrine *omne vivum ex vivo*, the result is purely negative, and we are not entitled to affirm, on the strength of it, that the genesis of living things from non-living matter does nowhere and under no imaginable circumstances take place. Still less are we entitled to affirm that such primordial genesis of life may not have secured, independently of miraculous origination, in earlier stages of the earth's history, when its physico-chemical circumstances were certainly different from what they now are. The fact, if it be established, that Dr. Bastian cannot artificially produce bacteria in a flask, is not sufficient to prove a negative with reference to what may now be going on among Professor Haeckel's albuminous patches on the sea-bottom, or to what may have gone on in days in comparison with which the era of the Canadian eozoön is recent. Not only, therefore, may the consistent evolutionist view with equanimity the overthrow of Dr. Bastian's conclusions, but we need not be surprised at finding in the ranks of Dr. Bastian's opponents a thinker like Professor Huxley, who avowedly believes in a primordial genesis of living things from non-living matter. There is no reason whatever why the purely scientific inquirer should not examine Dr. Bastian's experiments and reasonings, without the least desire to come to one conclusion rather than another.

Viewed in this impartial light, it must be admitted that in his various papers on the subject Dr. Bastian has made out a very strong case; and although it would be too much to say that the results of his experiments amount to anything like a demonstration of the inorganic ancestry of his monads and bacteria, we are, nevertheless, bound to say that they present a very hard nut for those to crack who refuse to believe

in such inorganic ancestry. Let us glance at one or two of his arguments.

Obviously the first requisite in an experiment of this sort is the absolute exclusion of all organic germs from the solution in which the new organisms are expected to appear; and a very difficult requisite it is, to be sure, that we have fulfilled. The method ordinarily employed is to isolate the solution in an impervious flask, while raising it to a temperature sufficiently high to destroy any and every living thing. It becomes necessary, then, to ascertain what is the highest degree of temperature compatible with the preservation of such living things as the flask may contain before it is sealed. Now upon this point experimenters have been singularly unanimous. It has been generally admitted that none of the living things of which there is any question in these experiments can withstand, when immersed in liquids, a temperature of 100° C. kept up for fifteen minutes. In Schwann's experiments the solutions employed were boiled in the flask for this length of time, while the upper portion of the flask was filled with calcined air from which all living germs must have been destroyed during its passage through a red-hot tube. When these precautions were taken to exclude all possible organic sources of life, as in the experiments of Schwann and Pasteur, it was found that no living things afterwards appeared in the flasks; and this result was for some time held to have settled the question. Nothing could, at first sight, seem more conclusive. When the air, with its contained germs, is allowed to enter, you get bacteria; when it is kept out, bacteria fail to show themselves; obviously, therefore, there can be no bacterium without its organic parentage.

But, as Dr. Bastian observes, when you come to examine this argument more critically, it does not look so conclusive. Bear in mind that we do not positively know that the air is full of germs capable of developing into vibriones and bacteria: the existence of the germs, which are themselves invisible, is only an inference from the existence of the bacteria; and, as already noticed, the doctrine *omne vivum ex vivo* is here on its trial and cannot be summoned as a witness. It is admissible to maintain that with liquids differently constituted the results of the experiments might have been different; or that the process to which the flask was subjected, in order to slay all the contained life, also left the solution unfitted for the production of new life. In Schwann's experiments, for example, the molecular changes going on in the cooling liquid were often attended by the disengagement of gases, always causing excessive tension, and sometimes bursting the flask. The opponents of the germ-theory are quite at liberty to argue that the non-appearance of new organisms was due, not to the exclusion of germs, but to the abnormal tension created within the flask by the freed gases.

With a view to getting rid of this source of ambiguity, Dr. Bastian decided to leave a vacuum in the upper portion of the flask, rightly judging that a vacuum would be as likely as calcined air to be an inhospitable place for intrusive germs. The vacuum was produced by a simple expedient. The neck of the flask was drawn out by means of the blowpipe to an almost capillary tenuity, and then, while the rapidly boiling liquid was rushing out in puffs of vapor the mouth was hermetically sealed by the blowpipe. On the cooling of the liquid enough empty space remained in the flask to prevent any undue tension from freed gases. A temperature of 100° C. prolonged for fifteen minutes having been generally admitted to be destructive of all the kinds of life in question, Dr. Bastian often subjected his flasks during four hours to a temperature of 140° to 150° C. The results obtained after these precautions were certainly very interesting. For while in some cases living monads, bacteria, vibriones, or leptothrix filaments were found to have been developed within the sealed flasks, in other cases no signs of life were manifested; but in all cases the presence or absence of living organisms was found to depend upon the character of the liquid solution employed. Infusions containing a large amount of organizable materials were generally found to contain a multitude of living things; while few living things, or none at all, were found in infusions poor in organizable materials. The menstrua employed were usually infusions of hay, turnip, beef, or urine. But as all these were substances dependent for their existence upon pre-existent organic life, — an element which it was desirable to eliminate entirely from the problem, — Dr. Bastian next proceeded to try what could be done with purely inorganic solutions containing organizable materials, such as sodic phosphate, ammonic tartrate, phosphate, acetate, and oxalate. With these he succeeded in obtaining monads, fungus-spores, spirally-

twisted, organic fibres, and confervoid-looking filaments.

The conditions of a trustworthy experiment, in a question of this sort, are so difficult to satisfy, that it would be altogether premature to say that Dr. Bastian has actually overthrown the theory of the panspermatists. Nevertheless, it can hardly be denied that, until the panspermatists have offered some satisfactory interpretation of Dr. Bastian's results, the force of the purely negative conclusions reached by Schwann and Pasteur must be regarded as materially diminished. So far from the theory of Redi being "victorious along the whole line," as Professor Huxley would have it, we have yet to see how well it can withstand the opening of this new battery. Here, after satisfying all the conditions prescribed by Pasteur, living things are found in the flasks; and it is incumbent on the panspermatists to point out some way in which they could have got there, otherwise than by development *de novo* from the organizable materials contained in the solution. Without feeling himself bound to advocate either view of the case, the student of biology will, at least, recognize the extreme interest attaching to the inquiry.

POLITICS.

FORTY years since a distinguished French author made a voyage, for the purpose of acquainting himself with the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the country, to Utopia, and placed on record some curious observations concerning the patriotism, or what he chose to call the restless vanity, of the Utopians.

"If I say to a Utopian that the country he lives in is a fine one, 'Ay,' he replies, 'there is not its equal in the world.' If I applaud the freedom which its inhabitants enjoy, he answers, 'Freedom is a fine thing, but few nations are worthy to enjoy it.' If I remark the purity of morals which distinguishes the country, 'I can imagine,' says he, 'that a stranger, who has witnessed the corruption that prevails in other nations, should be astonished at the difference."

Since that time there have been a good many changes. Forty years since they were indeed a happy people in Utopia. Perfect laws passed by perfect legislatures, and enforced by perfect courts; perfect equality, justice, freedom, and peace; — all these things contributed to make Utopia the happiest country in the world. War was at an end, for there was no army or navy. The poor and the rich had no longer any cause to look upon each other with suspicion or dread, for the simplicity of Utopian institutions prevented those vast inequalities of fortune which existed in other countries. There was no danger, either, of any degeneration, for the intense interest taken by the Utopians in politics always brought into the foremost positions their best men, fully able to avert danger from whatever quarter it threatened. In private life the same serene, unclouded sky. The strict bonds of domestic duty were relaxed, but, far from producing laxity of morals, this had only made way for the free play of affection. Children feared their parents less, but respected and loved them more; parents in return early taught their children that they demanded of them no cringing subservience, but confidence and good-will. Marriages were always happy, infidelity unknown, and divorce undreamt of. Dishonesty there was none. Directors and bank presidents were faithful to their shareholders, trustees to their responsibilities, lawyers to their clients. In commerce the inhabitants of this Happy Valley were no doubt sagacious; but their keen sense of justice and exquisite power of sympathy fully supplied the place of old-fashioned integrity. The perfect confidence of the Utopians in the permanence of this delightful order of society was expressed in the national proverb, when any danger threatened, that "it would all come out right in the end." Meanwhile, how different was the case with those countries so unfortunate as to have a different form of government! War, pestilence, famine, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, robbery of the poor by the rich, hatred of the rich by the poor, cruelty, corruption, impurity, fraud, rapine, violence,

—these were the portion of the rest of the world. No wonder that we were a contented people in Utopia forty years ago.

If De Tocqueville were travelling here now, he would be struck with the changes which time has produced. Imagine him in New York, fairly passed through the clutches of the public servants of Mr. Thomas Murphy or his successor, and beginning to occupy himself with the observation of the features of society. If he entered the courts he would find justice administered by Barnard and Cardozo; if he inquired into the character of the Legislature, he would find that for years its members had been bought and sold like sheep in the market. If he asked an explanation of the charges of fraud and robbery filling the air, he would be told that the absorbing occupation of the inhabitants of the principal city of America was the recovery of public funds stolen from them by men whom they had year after year elected by overwhelming majorities to govern them. If he went to Pennsylvania, he would find the Pennsylvania Railroad, stretching, like one of the old crown grants, from ocean to ocean; buying legislatures, intimidating courts, and gradually establishing a despotism of wealth on pretence of ministering to a public necessity. In the South he would find open plunder the order of the day, and organized violence only suppressed by the intervention of the military arm. In the adjacent islands he would learn that the United States fleet is carrying on war with a nation with which the United States are at peace. In New England the career of General Butler would explain to him the present condition of the New England town. In Illinois and Indiana, he would learn something of the American system of divorce. In all these matters he would find, also, a singular unanimity; no one would question the facts. Some people would laugh at them; some would bewail them; all would admit them. If De Tocqueville were living he would allow that forty years may make great changes even in Utopia.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary for us to say that we do not intend to weary our readers with Utopian politics. The day for that has gone by. Our ancestors discovered Utopia, lived in it, made themselves happy in it, and finally departed their Utopian life. We have succeeded to the inheritance. What the inheritance will finally prove may be a matter of dispute, but at all events, it is admitted that it is not what it was in their day. We have already seen what it is, in some regards, and we may profitably glance at other aspects of it. In the first place, an auspicious event, which has been often predicted during the past ten years, has at last taken place. The death of the Democratic party is announced; the most reliable authorities are agreed that the unterrified Democracy is no more. The question which now agitates those who lately called themselves Democrats is whether they will make a Democratic nomination for the next Presidential election and be beaten, or will help to elect some Republican. This alternative shows more plainly than anything else could the present condition of the party. Its "passive future" need not be discussed. It has no future before it. It is dead, having in its last delirium dreamed of Mr. Thomas Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as a candidate for the Presidency.

On the other hand, what is the position of the Republican party? The fall elections were generally expected to strengthen the ranks of the Democracy. They have, on the contrary, proved a complete triumph for the Republicans. Their immediate effect seems to be to render certain the renomination and re-election of General Grant. There are, it is true, a good many influential journals and a good many influential men of his own party who are now opposed to him. Neither the Cincinnati Commercial, nor the Chicago Tribune, nor the Springfield Republican, nor the New York Tribune would be displeased if General Grant failed in securing a renomination. There are many reasons, too, why General Grant's continuance in office would be regretted by other people. As a rule, military men are not the stuff to make good statesmen for an unmilitary and commercial society. For the most part they entertain a professional contempt for law, even when they avow their loyalty to it. Of this peculiarity General Grant's administration has given at least one signal illustration. Declaring himself firmly opposed to intervention in the affairs of foreign nations, he has for some time past maintained a protectorate of San Domingo, which is in reality an illegal war against Hayti, carried on in the teeth of a distinct provision of the Constitution. Again, General Grant seems ignorant of the elementary principles of economical science to the ex-

treme of believing that the chief source of the wealth of this country is to be found in the mines of California. His system of appointments has been unintelligible. Appointments such as Mr. Murphy's and Consul-General Butler's are possible, we see, because commissions have been issued to them; but how the same man who appointed Mr. Murphy and Consul-General Butler should also have appointed Mr. Fish and Judge Hoar is inexplicable. Besides all this, he has shown a singular want of delicacy, to say the least, in receiving innumerable presents, and indirectly profiting himself out of government contracts. To own stock in a commercial enterprise is one thing, but to own stock in a corporation which is daily making valuable contracts with the departments at Washington is, for the President of the United States, quite another. We do not impugn his honesty. He is no doubt innocent of all share in the management of the "administration quarry," but such a scandal ought not to be possible.

Nevertheless, he is a better candidate than any who is likely to come into the field between now and June. His administration has on the whole been, from the popular point of view, a success. He has maintained, if not order, at least stagnation in the South. He has, no matter how, reduced the debt. He has honorably settled the English difficulty; and has involved the country in no troubles with foreign nations, except with one insignificant state, too weak to resist. Taxes have been reduced, gold has gone down, and if he has not reformed the civil service, he has at least expressed a wish to do so. If he has not yet learned what revenue reform means, it is an open question whether the people themselves have found it out.

If the only question in American politics were the election of Presidents, the Republican party would have before it a prosperous career of indefinite duration. But unfortunately, there are other problems of government which must be solved, and political interests which deeply concern any party desiring the public good, or even its own ascendency. There is a movement — it is yet too early to call it a party — of large numbers in different parts of the country whose aims, desires, and intentions the Republicans will do well to consider earnestly. They are commonly said to be to reform the civil service, to abolish the protective system, to return to specie payments; the new movement also includes those who desire in the various States to introduce minority representation, to abolish the elective judiciary system, greatly to reduce the number of other elective offices, and to lengthen official tenures to such an extent as to secure responsibility, and to prevent, at least for the present, any extension of the elective franchise to women. To those who are given to retrospective politics, there may seem in this list of principles no common bond of sympathy; no doubt it appears to many wise politicians that the new movement merely represents the local and personal discontent always ready to array itself against the party in power.

But there is a feeling common to all those interested in the reforms we have mentioned, that the course of administration in this country during the last forty years has been in the direction, not of good government, but of anarchy. The method of selecting judicial officers, the tenure of office, representation, the circulating medium, the civil service, the collection of revenue, the limits of the franchise, all questions relating to these subjects belong to the department of administration. They have little to do with the form of government; they do not touch upon natural rights; they are questions of administration, pure and simple. The new movement, then, is to effect reforms in the machinery of politics and in administration; it is to evolve order out of chaos, government out of anarchy.

The political ideal of the Anglo-Saxon is liberty. With Englishmen and Americans the most perfect government is that which governs least; the most perfect state is that in which moral self-control is substituted for the sanctions of government. This is the goal at which we are always aiming. If ideals were the only political realities, the goal would have been reached long ago. But the measures of politics are always carried by a compromise between the real and ideal. The real in political matters consists of the habits, customs, dispositions, and interests of society. The ideal consists in aspirations which must be reconciled with these. For forty years the country has been pursuing an ideal end, and has at last attained it. Meanwhile the realities of the national life have been quite disregarded. It is the aim of the new movement to take these into account.

THE overwhelming defeat of Tammany

in the November elections shows what may be done towards redeeming a city from misgovernment by a violent spasmodic effort on the part of the honest and intelligent classes. We say a spasmodic effort, because such virtuous energy cannot in the nature of things last long. For a few elections the polls will be watched, and fraud prevented, and respectable men elect respectable candidates. But then a reaction will come. People will begin to say that the city government is not so bad as it once was; that it is as good as need be; that all this nominating and voting and watching cannot be necessary; that their business is quite as important as a vote which counts neither one way nor the other; the old indifference and apathy will set in, and then new Tweeds and new Tammanies. The history of San Francisco shows this conclusively. The Committee of Seventy is the counterpart of the Vigilance Committee of that city, but with this difference, that the latter, as it had power of life and death, was much the stronger of the two. The effects of its action ought, therefore, to have been more lasting than those of the New York committee can possibly be. But San Francisco is at present one of the worst governed cities in America,— its rings plundering the treasury, just as if there had never been any Vigilance Committee at all. Spasmodic virtue in politics is of course not to be objected to; it may do a great deal of temporary good. But it is not government.

The great problem in the government of a city or any other kind of government is this, How can the interest of the citizens in law and order be made use of in such a way as to produce, through the ordinary action of interest on human motives, good selections of legislators, of judges, of administrators? Of course it is assumed that there is enough interest to make self-government possible. If there is not, the question soon resolves itself into one of anarchy or usurpation. But if there is, the question becomes, How shall it be so used, under all the circumstances of the case? The constitution-makers of 1846 thought that the solution of the problem was to be found in frequent elections and universal suffrage; the result has proved that they were mistaken. Can no other way be found?

Some interesting articles on this subject have appeared recently in The Nation proposing a novel solution of the difficulty. A modern city, the Nation says, though called a government, is in reality nothing but a corporation. The objects of this corporation are such as lighting the city, paving it, supplying it with water. The people, therefore, who are interested in having good roads and water and gas are those who should control the government of the city. Those who use water should be considered stockholders in a water company (having a power in the control, we suppose, proportioned to the amount used), and so of gas, roads, bridges, street-cars, and other similar functions. This would insure, if anything could, that taxes should be voted fairly, since the effect of any fraud would come directly upon those whose neglect of their own interests caused it. The administration of justice and the police power would then go to the State, to which they properly belong. This scheme would take away from a mass of ignorant and dishonest men the power of mischief which they now possess, and which arises from their being allowed to vote away property which does not belong to them. It is obvious that there is something wrong in a system which gives any houseless vagabond who can quarter himself upon a city for a few weeks the right to regulate the citizen's consumption of the necessaries of life. The existing system of city government, with its mimic houses of parliament, its local judiciary, and its toy executive, is a mediæval tradition, handed down to us from a time when the city, being a political unit, was obliged, by that very fact, to legislate and administer as a sovereign power. In modern communities all sovereign attributes belong to the state. If she delegates any of them, like that of taxation, or the administration of justice, to local bodies, it is only for convenience, not because they have a right to them; and as soon as it can be shown that the public good is not advanced by this delegation, it ought to cease.

The only objection to this plan that we have seen, is that it is beneath the dignity of a city to become a corporation. In other words, the citizens under the new *régime* would not feel themselves of so much importance to the world at large as they do now. On the whole, we cannot say that this would be a bad thing.

The same difficulty which has risen to such frightful proportions in New York is already beginning to be felt in every large city in the country. Brooklyn, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Chicago, New Or-

leans, Cincinnati, Boston, St. Louis,—all have their rings. All of these cities contain a large ignorant and criminal class, whose share in the government is every year growing greater and greater. In the city government of Boston, which is probably the least badly governed city in America, the number of men who are fit for their positions is small, and grows less every year. In Cincinnati recent investigations have disclosed a sort of partnership between the police and the criminal classes. In Brooklyn voting-lists have been stolen by sworn officials for the purpose of enabling them to effect a fraud in the election. It is needless, however, to repeat instances. It is the same story from one end of the country to the other. It is not an incurable disease, however, if it is only recognized as a disease, and not as the normal condition of the body politic.

One of the interesting facts connected with the Chicago fire is the failure of the plan of hanging General Sheridan for a conspiracy to murder Colonel Grosvenor. As a great deal of excitement has been caused in the West by the case, it may be worth while to state what the reasons for the "military occupation" of Chicago really were. The truth is, that the city government of Chicago, being mainly in the hands of incompetent and dishonest officials, was perfectly useless, nay, worse than useless, and it was evident from the beginning of the conflagration, that, unless some external authority intervened, the city would be given up, not only to fire, but to a general sack by the criminal classes. The government in Chicago was the same kind of government under which New York has till lately suffered, of which Brooklyn is now trying to rid herself. It is well known that in any emergency during the last ten years in New York, the military has been a necessity. It was so in July, 1864; it was so last year when the Orange celebration took place; again in the November elections of this year it was only threats of military interference which rendered unnecessary the actual use of force. One or two significant facts as to the condition of Chicago before the fire have come to light recently. It was found essential to take out of the hands of the officials all supervision of the distribution of funds, for the reason that the funds would otherwise have been stolen; and such has been the character of the Chicago fire-service that the Fire Commissioners declined for some time to investigate the causes of the fire, on the ground that the investigation "might produce a revolution in the department." The head of the department was a politician of the camp-follower sort, totally incompetent for the position, who managed the fire-service as a political machine. The question had been, not how to extinguish fires, but how to keep in office. The usual results ensued. When the fire broke out, there was no organization and no discipline. The police was in similar hands. The way the city was protected against fire may be inferred from a single fact. An excellent law had provided that no wooden buildings should be erected within or removed to a certain portion of the city. In 1867 men who had contracted to move some wooden buildings out of the more compact part of the city obtained a modification of this law. The Board of Health remonstrated, but the buildings were moved. It was in this part of Chicago that the fire began. A military organization, then, during the fire was a necessity. But Governor Palmer thinks that the State militia only should have been called in, and resents the interference of General Sheridan as an intrusion on the part of the general government within the sacred domain of State rights. Technically, he is no doubt right. But there was little time for technicalities. A soldier of decision and reputation was required; General Sheridan possessed both requisites, and every one, including Governor Palmer himself, turned to him in the extremity. The Governor would do better now, instead of engaging in academical disputations, which can have no possible effect either on the past or future, to direct public attention and indignation to the state of society which rendered the interference he complains of necessary. The fact may be worth mentioning, though we do not attach much importance to it, that it appears from the published correspondence that he thanked General Sheridan at the time for what he now calls his usurpation. This has been denied, but unless very strange principles of interpretation are applied to the letters, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the satrap and his mercenary hordes created in the mind of the lawful ruler at first only sentiments of gratitude and respect.

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SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

II.

SEPTIMIUS went into his house, and sat in his study for some hours, in that unpleasant state of feeling which a man of brooding thought is apt to experience when the world around him is in a state of intense action, which he finds it impossible to sympathize with. There seemed to be a stream rushing past him, by which, even if he plunged into the midst of it, he could not be wet. He felt himself strangely ajar with the human race, and would have given much either to be in full accord with it, or to be separated from it forever.

"I am dissevered from it. It is my doom to be only a spectator of life; to look on as one apart from it. Is it not well, therefore, that, sharing none of its pleasures and happiness, I should be free of its fatalities, its brevity? How cold I am now, while this whirlpool of public feeling is eddying around me. It is as if I had not been born of woman!"

Thus it was, that, drawing wild inferences from phenomena of the mind and heart common to people who, by some morbid action within themselves, are set ajar with the world, Septimius continued still to come round to that strange idea of undyingness which had recently taken possession of him. And yet he was wrong in thinking himself cold, and that he felt no sympathy in the fever of patriotism that was throbbing through his countrymen. He was restless as a flame; he could not fix his thoughts upon his book; he could not sit in his chair, but kept pacing to and fro, while through the open window came noises to which his imagination gave diverse interpretation. Now it was a distant drum; now shouts; by and by there came the rattle of musketry, that seemed to proceed from some point more distant than the village; a regular roll, then a ragged volley, then scattering shots. Unable any longer to preserve this unnatural indifference, Septimius snatched his gun, and, rushing out of the house, climbed the abrupt hillside behind, whence he could see a long way towards the village, till a slight bend hid the uneven road. It was quite vacant, not a passenger upon it. But there seemed to be confusion in

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that direction; an unseen and inscrutable trouble, blowing thence towards him, intimated by vague sounds, — by no sounds. Listening eagerly, however, he at last fancied a mustering sound of the drum; then it seemed as if it were coming towards him; while in advance rode another horseman, the same kind of headlong messenger, in appearance, who had passed the house with his ghastly cry of alarum; then appeared scattered countrymen, with guns in their hands, straggling across fields. Then he caught sight of the regular array of British soldiers, filling the road with their front, and marching along as firmly as ever, though at a quick pace, while he fancied that the officers looked watchfully around. As he looked a shot rang sharp from the hillside towards the village; the smoke curled up, and Septimius saw a man stagger and fall in the midst of the troops. Septimius shuddered; it was so like murder that he really could not tell the difference; his knees trembled beneath him; his breath grew short, not with terror, but with some new sensation of awe.

Another shot or two came almost simultaneously from the wooded height, but without any effect, that Septimius could perceive. Almost at the same moment a company of the British soldiers wheeled from the main body, and, dashing out of the road, climbed the hill, and disappeared into the wood and shrubbery that veiled it. There were a few straggling shots, by whom fired, or with what effect, was invisible, and meanwhile the main body of the enemy proceeded along the road. They had now advanced so nigh that Septimius was strangely assailed by the idea that he might, with the gun in his hand, fire right into the midst of them, and select any man of that now hostile band to be a victim. How strange, how strange it is, this deep, wild passion that nature has implanted in us to be the death of our fellow-creatures, and which coexists at the same time with horror! Septimius levelled his weapon, and drew it up again; he marked a mounted officer, who seemed to be in chief command, whom he knew that he could kill. But no! he had really no such purpose. Only it was such a temptation. And in a moment the horse would leap, the officer would fall and lie there in the dust of the road, bleeding, gasping, breathing in spasms, breathing no more.

While the young man, in these unusual circumstances, stood watching the marching of the troops, he heard the noise of rustling boughs, and the voices of men, and soon understood that the party, which he had seen separate itself from the main body and ascend the hill, was now marching along on the hill-top, the long ridge which, with a gap or two, extended as much as a mile from the village. One of these gaps occurred a little way from where Septimius stood. They were acting as flank guard, to prevent the uproused people from coming so close to the main body as to fire upon it. He looked and saw that the detachment of British was plunging down one side of this gap, with intent to ascend the other, so that they would pass directly over the spot where he stood; a slight removal to one side, among the small bushes, would conceal him. He stepped aside accordingly, and from his concealment, not without drawing quicker breaths, beheld the party draw near. They were more intent upon the space between them and the main body than upon the dense thicket of birch-trees, pitch-pines, sumach, and dwarf oaks, which, scarcely yet beginning to bud into leaf, lay on the other side, and in which Septimius lurked.

[*Describe how their faces affected him, passing so near; how strange they seemed.*]

They had all passed, except an officer who brought up the rear, and who had perhaps been attracted by some slight motion that Septimius made, — some rustle in the thicket; for he stopped, fixed his eyes piercingly towards the spot where he stood, and levelled a light fusil which he carried. "Stand out, or I shoot," said he.

Not to avoid the shot, but because his manhood felt a call upon it not to skulk in obscurity from an open enemy, Septimius at once stood forth, and confronted the same handsome young officer with whom those fierce words had passed on account of his rudeness to Rose Garfield. Septimius's fierce Indian blood stirred in him, and gave a murderous excitement.

"Ah, it is you!" said the young officer, with a haughty smile. "You meant, then, to take up with my hint of shooting at me from behind a hedge? This is better. Come, we have in the first place the great quarrel between me a king's soldier, and you a rebel; next our private affair, on account of yonder pretty girl. Come, let us take a shot on either score!"

The young officer was so handsome, so beautiful, in budding youth; there was such a free, gay petulance in his manner; there seemed so little of real evil in him; he put himself on equal ground with the rustic Septimius so generously, that the latter, often so morbid and sullen, never felt a greater kindness for a fellow-man than at this moment for this youth.

"I have no enmity towards you," said he; "go in peace."

"No enmity!" replied the officer. "Then why were you here with your gun amongst the shrubbery? But I have a mind to do my first deed of arms on you; so give up your weapon, and come with me as prisoner."

"A prisoner!" cried Septimius, that Indian fierceness that was in him arousing itself, and thrusting up its malign head like a snake. "Never! If you would have me, you must take my dead body."

"Ah, well, you have pluck in you, I see, only it needs a considerable stirring. Come, this is a good quarrel of ours. Let us fight it out. Stand where you are, and I will give the word of command. Now; ready, aim, fire!"

As the young officer spoke the three last words, in rapid succession, he and his antagonist brought their firelocks to the shoulder, aimed and fired. Septimius felt, as it were, the sting of a gadfly passing across his temple, as the Englishman's bullet grazed it; but, to his surprise and horror (for the whole thing scarcely seemed real to him), he saw the officer give a great start, drop his fusil, and stagger against a tree, with his hand to his breast. He endeavored to support himself erect, but, failing in the effort, beckoned to Septimius.

"Come, my good friend," said he, with that playful, petulant smile flitting over his face again. "It is my first and last fight. Let me down as softly as you can on mother earth, the mother of both you and me; so we are brothers; and this may be a brotherly act, though it does not look so, nor feel so. Ah! that was a twinge indeed!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Septimius. "I had no thought of this, no malice towards you in the least!"

"Nor I towards you," said the young man. "It was boy's play, and the end of it is that I die a boy, instead of living forever, as perhaps I otherwise might."

"Living forever!" repeated Septimius, his attention arrested, even at that breathless moment, by words that rang so strangely on what had been his brooding thought.

"Yes; but I have lost my chance," said the young officer. Then, as Septimius helped him to lie against the little hillock of a decayed and buried stump, "Thank you; thank you. If you could only call back one of my comrades to hear my dying words. But I forgot. You have killed me, and they would take your life."

In truth, Septimius was so moved and so astonished, that he probably would have called back the young man's comrades, had it been possible; but, marching at the swift rate of men in peril, they had already gone far onward, in their passage through the shrubbery that had ceased to rustle behind them.

"Yes; I must die here!" said the young man, with a forlorn expression,

as of a school-boy far away from home, "and nobody to see me now but you, who have killed me. Could you fetch me a drop of water? I have a great thirst."

Septimius, in a dream of horror and pity, rushed down the hillside; the house was empty, for Aunt Keziah had gone for shelter and sympathy to some of the neighbors. He filled a jug with cold water, and hurried back to the hill-top, finding the young officer looking paler and more death-like within those few moments.

"I thank you, my enemy that was, my friend that is," murmured he, faintly smiling. "Methinks, next to the father and mother that gave us birth, the next most intimate relation must be with the man that slays us, who introduces us to the mysterious world to which this is but the portal. You and I are singularly connected, doubt it not, in the scenes of the unknown world."

"O, believe me," cried Septimius, "I grieve for you like a brother!"

"I see it, my dear friend," said the young officer; "and though my blood is on your hands, I forgive you freely, if there is anything to forgive. But I am dying, and have a few words to say, which you must hear. You have slain me in fair fight, and my spoils, according to the rules and customs of warfare, belong to the victor. Hang up my sword and fusil over your chimney-place, and tell your children, twenty years hence, how they were won. My purse, keep it or give it to the poor. There is something here, next my heart, which I would fain have sent to the address which I will give you."

Septimius, obeying his directions, took from his breast a miniature that hung round it; but, on examination, it proved that the bullet had passed directly through it, shattering the ivory, so that the woman's face it represented was quite destroyed.

"Ah! that is a pity," said the young man; and yet Septimius thought that there was something light and contemptuous mingled with the pathos in his tones. "Well, but send it; cause it to be transmitted, according to the address."

He gave Septimius, and made him take down on a tablet which he had about him, the name of a hall in one of the midland counties of England.

"Ah, that old place," said he, "with its oaks, and its lawn, and its park, and its Elizabethan gables! I little thought I should die here, so far away, in this barren Yankee land. Where will you bury me?"

As Septimius hesitated to answer, the young man continued: "I would like to have lain in the little old church at Whitnash, which comes up before me now, with its low, gray tower, and the old yew-tree in front, hollow with age, and the village clustering about it, with its thatched houses. I would be loath to lie in one of your Yankee graveyards, for I have a distaste for them, -- though I love you, my slayer. Bury me here, on this very spot. A soldier lies best where he falls."

"Here, in secret?" exclaimed Septimius.

"Yes; there is no consecration in your Puritan burial-grounds," said the dying youth, some of that queer narrowness of English Churchism coming into his mind. "So bury me here, in my soldier's dress. Ah! and my watch! I have done with time, and you, perhaps, have a long lease of it; so take it, not as spoil, but as my parting gift. And that reminds me of one other thing. Open that pocket-book which you have in your hand."

Septimius did so, and by the officer's direction took from one of its compartments a folded paper, closely written in a crabbed hand; it was considerably worn in the outer folds, but not within. There was also a small silver key in the pocket-book.

"I leave it with you," said the officer; "it was given me by an uncle, a learned man of science, who intended me great good by what he there wrote. Reap the profit, if you can. Sooth to say, I never read beyond the first lines of the paper."

Septimius was surprised, or deeply impressed, to see that through this paper, as well as through the miniature, had gone his fatal bullet, — straight through the midst; and some of the young man's blood, saturating his dress, had wet the paper all over. He hardly thought himself likely to derive any good from what it had cost a human life, taken (however uncriminally) by his own hands, to obtain.

"Is there anything more that I can do for you?" asked he, with genuine sympathy and sorrow, as he knelt by his fallen foe's side.

"Nothing, nothing, I believe," said he. "There was one thing I might have confessed; if there were a holy man here, I might have confessed, and asked his prayers; for though I have lived few years, it has been long enough to do a great wrong. But I will try to pray in my secret soul. Turn my face towards the trunk of the tree, for I have taken my last look at the world. There, let me be now."

Septimius did as the young man requested, and then stood leaning against one of the neighboring pines, watching his victim with a tender concern that made him feel as if the convulsive throes that passsed through his frame were felt equally in his own. There was a murmuring from the youth's lips which seemed to Septimius swift, soft, and melancholy, like the voice of a child when it has some naughtiness to confess to its mother at bedtime; contrite, pleading, yet trusting. So it continued for a few minutes; then there was a sudden start and struggle, as if he were striving to rise; his eyes met those of Septimius with a wild, troubled gaze, but as the latter caught him in his arms, he was dead. Septimius laid the body softly down on the leaf-strewn earth, and tried, as he had heard was the custom with the dead, to compose the features distorted by the dying agony. He then flung himself on the ground at a little distance, and gave himself up to the reflections suggested by the strange occurrences of the last hour.

He had taken a human life; and, however the circumstances might excuse him, — might make the thing even something praiseworthy, and that would be called patriotic, — still, it was not at once that a fresh country youth could see anything but horror in the blood with which his hand was stained. It seemed so dreadful to have reduced this gay, animated, beautiful being to a lump of dead flesh for the flies to settle upon, and which in a few hours would begin to decay; which must be put forthwith into the earth, lest it should be a horror to men's eyes; that delicious beauty for woman to love; that strength and courage to make him famous among men, — all come to nothing; all probabilities of life in one so gifted; the renown, the position, the pleasures, the profits, the keen ecstatic joy, — this never could be made up, — all ended quite; for the dark doubt descended upon Septimius, that, because of the very fitness that was in this youth to enjoy this world, so much the less chance was there of his being fit for any other world. What could it do for him there, — this beautiful grace and elegance of feature, — where there was no form, nothing tangible nor visible? what good that readiness and aptness for associating with all created things, doing his part, acting, enjoying, when, under the changed conditions of another state of being, all this adaptedness would fail? Had he been gifted with permanence on earth, there could not have been a more admirable creature than this young man; but as his fate had turned out, he was a mere grub, an illusion, something that nature had held out in mockery, and then withdrawn. A weed might grow from his dust now; that little spot on the barren hill-top, where he had desired to be buried, would be greener for some years to come, and that was all the difference. Septimius could not get beyond the earthiness; his feeling was as if, by an act of violence, he had forever cut off a happy human existence. And such was his own love of life and clinging to it, peculiar to dark, sombre natures, and which lighter and gayer

ones can never know, that he shuddered at his deed, and at himself, and could with difficulty bear to be alone with the corpse of his victim, — trembled at the thought of turning his face towards him.

Yet he did so, because he could not endure the imagination that the dead youth was turning his eyes towards him as he lay; so he came and stood beside him, looking down into his white, upturned face. But it was wonderful! What a change had come over it since, only a few moments ago, he looked at that death-contorted countenance! Now there was a high and sweet expression upon it, of great joy and surprise, and yet a quietude diffused throughout, as if the peace being so very great was what had surprised him. The expression was like a light gleaming and glowing within him. Septimius had often, at a certain space of time after sunset, looking westward, seen a living radiance in the sky, — the last light of the dead day, that seemed just the counterpart of this death-light in the young man's face. It was as if the youth were just at the gate of heaven, which, swinging softly open, let the inconceivable glory of the blessed city shine upon his face, and kindle it up with gentle, undisturbing astonishment and purest joy. It was an expression contrived by God's providence to comfort; to overcome all the dark auguries that the physical ugliness of death inevitably creates, and to prove, by the divine glory on the face, that the ugliness is a delusion. It was as if the dead man himself showed his face out of the sky, with heaven's blessing on it, and bade the afflicted be of good cheer, and believe in immortality.

Septimius remembered the young man's injunctions to bury him there, on the hill, without uncovering the body; and though it seemed a sin and shame to cover up that beautiful body with earth of the grave, and give it to the worm, yet he resolved to obey.

Be it confessed that, beautiful as the dead form looked, and guiltless as Septimius must be held in causing his death, still he felt as if he should be eased when it was under the ground. He hastened down to the house, and brought up a shovel and a pickaxe, and began his unwonted task of grave-digging, delving earnestly a deep pit, sometimes pausing in his toil, while the sweat-drops poured from him, to look at the beautiful clay that was to occupy it. Sometimes he paused, too, to listen to the shots that pealed in the far distance, towards the east, whither the battle had long since rolled out of reach and almost out of hearing. It seemed to have gathered about itself the whole life of the land, attending it along its bloody course in a struggling throng of shouting, shooting men, so still and solitary was everything left behind it. It seemed the very midland solitude of the world where Septimius was delving at the grave. He and his dead were alone together, and he was going to put the body under the sod, and be quite alone.

The grave was now deep, and Septimius was stooping down into its depths among dirt and pebbles, levelling off the bottom, which he considered to be profound enough to hide the young man's mystery forever, when a voice spoke above him; a solemn, quiet voice, which he knew well.

"Septimius! what are you doing here?"

He looked up and saw the minister.

"I have slain a man in fair fight," answered he, "and am about to bury him as he requested. I am glad you are come. You, reverend sir, can fitly say a prayer at his obsequies. I am glad for my own sake; for it is very lonely and terrible to be here."

He climbed out of the grave, and, in reply to the minister's inquiries, communicated to him the events of the morning, and the youth's strange wish to be buried here, without having his remains subjected to the hands of those who would prepare it for the grave. The minister hesitated.

"At an ordinary time," said he, "such a singular request would of

course have to be refused. Your own safety, the good and wise rules that make it necessary that all things relating to death and burial should be done publicly and in order, would forbid it."

"Yes," replied Septimius; "but, it may be, scores of men will fall to-day, and be flung into hasty graves without funeral rites; without its ever being known, perhaps, what mother has lost her son. I cannot but think that I ought to perform the dying request of the youth whom I have slain. He trusted in me not to uncover his body myself, nor to betray it to the hands of others."

"A singular request," said the good minister, gazing with deep interest at the beautiful dead face, and graceful, slender, manly figure. "What could have been its motive? But no matter. I think, Septimius, that you are bound to obey his request; indeed, having promised him, nothing short of an impossibility should prevent your keeping your faith. Let us lose no time, then."

With few but deeply solemn rites the young stranger was laid by the minister and the youth who slew him in his grave. A prayer was made, and then Septimius, gathering some branches and twigs, spread them over the face that was turned upward from the bottom of the pit, into which the sun gleamed downward, throwing its rays so as almost to touch it. The twigs partially hid it, but still its white shone through. Then the minister threw a handful of earth upon it, and, accustomed as he was to burials, tears fell from his eyes along with the mould.

"It is sad," said he, "this poor young man, coming from opulence, no doubt, a dear English home, to die here for no end, one of the first-fruits of a bloody war, — so much privately sacrificed. But let him rest, Septimius. I am sorry that he fell by your hand, though it involves no shadow of a crime. But death is a thing too serious not to melt into the nature of a man like you."

"It does not weigh upon my conscience, I think," said Septimius; "though I cannot but feel sorrow, and wish my hand were as clean as yesterday. It is, indeed, a dreadful thing to take human life."

"It is a most serious thing," replied the minister; "but perhaps we are apt to over-estimate the importance of death at any particular moment. If the question were whether to die or to live forever, then, indeed, scarcely anything should justify the putting a fellow-creature to death. But since it only shortens his earthly life, and brings a little forward a change which, since God permits it, is, we may conclude, as fit to take place then as at any other time, it alters the case. I often think that there are many things that occur to us in our daily life, many unknown crises, that are more important to us than this mysterious circumstance of death, which we deem the most important of all. All we understand of it is, that it takes the dead person away from our knowledge of him, which, while we live with him, is so very scanty."

"You estimate at nothing, it seems, his earthly life, which might have been so happy."

"At next to nothing," said the minister; "since, as I have observed, it must, at any rate, have closed so soon."

Septimius thought of what the young man, in his last moments, had said of his prospect or opportunity of living a life of interminable length, and which prospect he had bequeathed to himself. But of this he did not speak to the minister, being, indeed, ashamed to have it supposed that he would put any serious weight on such a bequest, although it might be that the dark enterprise of his nature had secretly seized upon this idea, and, though yet sane enough to be influenced by a fear of ridicule, was busy incorporating it with his thoughts.

So Septimius smoothed down the young stranger's earthy bed, and returned to his home, where he hung up the sword over the mantel-piece in his

study, and hung the gold watch, too, on a nail, — the first time he had ever had possession of such a thing. Nor did he now feel altogether at ease in his mind about keeping it, — the time-measurer of one whose mortal life he had cut off. A splendid watch it was, round as a turnip. There seems to be a natural right in one who has slain a man to step into his vacant place in all respects; and from the beginning of man's dealings with man this right has been practically recognized, whether among warriors or robbers, as paramount to every other. Yet Septimius could not feel easy in availing himself of this right. He therefore resolved to keep the watch, and even the sword and fusil, — which were less questionable spoils of war, — only till he should be able to restore them to some representative of the young officer. The contents of the purse, in accordance with the request of the dying youth, he would expend in relieving the necessities of those whom the war (now broken out, and of which no one could see the limit) might put in need of it. The miniature, with its broken and shattered face, that had so vainly interposed itself between its wearer and death, had been sent to its address.

But as to the mysterious document, the written paper, that he had laid aside without unfolding it, but with a care that betokened more interest in it than in either gold or weapon, or even in the golden representative of that earthly time on which he set so high a value. There was something tremulous in his touch of it; it seemed as if he were afraid of it by the mode in which he hid it away, and secured himself from it, as it were.

This done, the air of the room, the low-ceilinged eastern room where he studied and thought, became too close for him, and he hastened out; for he was full of the unshaped sense of all that had befallen, and the perception of the great public event of a broken-out war was intermixed with that of what he had done personally in the great struggle that was beginning. He longed, too, to know what was the news of the battle that had gone rolling onward along the hitherto peaceful country road, converting everywhere (this demon of war, we mean), with one blast of its red sulphurous breath, the peaceful husbandman to a soldier thirsting for blood. He turned his steps, therefore, towards the village, thinking it probable that news must have arrived either of defeat or victory, from messengers or fliers, to cheer or sadden the old men, the women, and the children, who alone perhaps remained there.

But Septimius did not get to the village. As he passed along by the cottage that has been already described, Rose Garfield was standing at the door, peering anxiously forth to know what was the issue of the conflict, — as it has been woman's fate to do from the beginning of the world, and is so still. Seeing Septimius, she forgot the restraint that she had hitherto kept herself under, and, flying at him like a bird, she cried out, "Septimius, dear Septimius, where have you been? What news do you bring? You look as if you had seen some strange and dreadful thing."

"Ah, is it so? Does my face tell such stories?" exclaimed the young man. "I did not mean it should. Yes, Rose, I have seen and done such things as change a man in a moment."

"Then you have been in this terrible fight," said Rose.

"Yes, Rose, I have had my part in it," answered Septimius.

He was on the point of relieving his overburdened mind by telling her what had happened no farther off than on the hill above them; but, seeing her excitement, and recollecting her own momentary interview with the young officer, and the forced intimacy and link that had been established between them by the kiss, he feared to agitate her further by telling her that that gay and beautiful young man had since been slain, and deposited in a bloody grave by his hands. And yet the recollection of that kiss caused a thrill of

vengeful joy at the thought that the perpetrator had since expiated his offence with his life, and that it was himself that did it, so deeply was Septimius's Indian nature of revenge and blood incorporated with that of more peaceful forefathers, although Septimius had grace enough to chide down that bloody spirit, feeling that it made him, not a patriot, but a murderer.

"Ah," said Rose, shuddering, "it is awful when we must kill one another! And who knows where it will end?"

"With me it will end here, Rose," said Septimius. "It may be lawful for any man, even if he have devoted himself to God, or however peaceful his pursuits, to fight to the death when the enemy's step is on the soil of his home; but only for that perilous juncture, which passed, he should return to his own way of peace. I have done a terrible thing for once, dear Rose, one that might well trace a dark line through all my future life; but henceforth I cannot think it my duty to pursue any further a work for which my studies and my nature unfit me."

"O no! O no!" said Rose; "never! and you a minister, or soon to be one. There must be some peacemakers left in the world, or everything will turn to blood and confusion; for even women grow dreadfully fierce in these times. My old grandmother laments her bedriddenness, because, she says, she cannot go to cheer on the people against the enemy. But she remembers the old times of the Indian wars, when the women were as much in danger of death as the men, and so were almost as fierce as they, and killed men sometimes with their own hands. But women, nowadays, ought to be gentler; let the men be fierce, if they must, except you, and such as you, Septimius."

"Ah, dear Rose," said Septimius, "I have not the kind and sweet impulses that you speak of. I need something to soften and warm my cold, hard life; something to make me feel how dreadful this time of warfare is. I need you, dear Rose, who are all kindness of heart and mercy."

And here Septimius, hurried away by I know not what excitement of the time, — the disturbed state of the country, his own ebullition of passion, the deed he had done, the desire to press one human being close to his life, because he had shed the blood of another, his half-formed purposes, his shapeless impulses; in short, being affected by the whole stir of his nature, — spoke to Rose of love, and with an energy that, indeed, there was no resisting when once it broke bounds. And Rose, whose maiden thoughts, to say the truth, had long dwelt upon this young man, — admiring him for a certain dark beauty, knowing him familiarly from childhood, and yet having the sense, that is so bewitching, of remoteness, intermixed with intimacy, because he was so unlike herself; having a woman's respect for scholarship, her imagination the more impressed by all in him that she could not comprehend, — Rose yielded to his impetuous suit, and gave him the troth that he requested. And yet it was with a sort of reluctance and drawing back; her whole nature, her secretest heart, her deepest womanhood, perhaps, did not consent. There was something in Septimius, in his wild, mixed nature, the monstrousness that had grown out of his hybrid race, the black infusions, too, which melancholic men had left there, the devilishness that had been symbolized in the popular regard about his family, that made her shiver, even while she came the closer to him for that very dread. And when he gave her the kiss of betrothment her lips grew white. If it had not been in the day of turmoil, if he had asked her in any quiet time, when Rose's heart was in its natural mood, it may well be that, with tears and pity for him, and half-pity for herself, Rose would have told Septimius that she did not think she could love him well enough to be his wife.

And how was it with Septimius? Well; there was a singular correspondence in his feelings to those of

Rose Garfield. At first, carried away by a passion that seized him all unawares, and seemed to develop itself all in a moment, he felt, and so spoke to Rose, so pleaded his suit, as if his whole earthly happiness depended on her consent to be his bride. It seemed to him that her love would be the sunshine in the gloomy dungeon of his life. But when her bashful, downcast, tremulous consent was given, then immediately came a strange misgiving into his mind. He felt as if he had taken to himself something good and beautiful doubtless in itself, but which might be the exchange for one more suited to him, that he must now give up. The intellect, which was the prominent point in Septimius, stirred and heaved, crying out vaguely that its own claims, perhaps, were ignored in this contract. Septimius had perhaps no right to love at all; if he did, it should have been a woman of another make, who could be his intellectual companion and helper. And then, perchance, — perchance, — there was destined for him some high, lonely path, in which, to make any progress, to come to any end, he must walk unburdened by the affections. Such thoughts as these depressed and chilled (as many men have found them, or similar ones, to do) the moment of success that should have been the most exulting in the world. And so, in the kiss which these two lovers had exchanged there was, after all, something that repelled; and when they parted they wondered at their strange states of mind, but would not acknowledge that they had done a thing that ought not to have been done. Nothing is surer, however, than that, if we suffer ourselves to be drawn into too close proximity with people, if we overestimate the degree of our proper tendency towards them, or theirs towards us, a reaction is sure to follow.

Septimius quitted Rose, and resumed his walk towards the village. But now it was near sunset, and there began to be straggling passengers along the road, some of whom came slowly, as if they had received hurts; all seemed wearied. Among them one form appeared which Rose soon found that she recognized. It was Robert Hagburn, with a shattered firelock in his hand, broken at the but, and his left arm bound with a fragment of his shirt, and suspended in a handkerchief; and he walked wearied, but brightened up at sight of Rose, as if ashamed to let her see how exhausted and dispirited he was. Perhaps he expected a smile, at least a more earnest reception than he met; for Rose, with the restraint of what had recently passed drawing her back, merely went gravely a few steps to meet him, and said, "Robert, how tired and pale you look! Are you hurt?"

"It is of no consequence," replied Robert Hagburn; "a scratch on my left arm from an officer's sword, with whose head my gunstock made instant acquaintance. It is no matter, Rose; you do not care for it, nor do I either."

"How can you say so, Robert?" she replied. But without more greeting he passed her, and went into his own house, where, flinging himself into a chair, he remained in that despondency that men generally feel after a fight, even if a successful one.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THERE WAS A ROSE.

"THERE was a Rose," she said,
"Like other roses, perhaps, to you.
Nine years ago it was faint and red
Away in the cold dark dew,
On the dwarf bush where it grew.

"Never any rose before
Was like that rose, very well I know;
Never another rose any more
Will blow as that rose did blow
When the wet wind shook it so.

"'What do I want?'—Ah, what?
Why, I want that rose, that wee one rose,
Only that rose. And that rose is not
Anywhere just now? God knows
Where all the old sweetness goes.

"I want that rose so much:
I would take the world back there to the night
Where I saw it blush in the grass, to touch
It once in that fair fall light,
And only once, if I might.

"But a million marching men
From the North and the South would arise?
And the dead — would have to die again?
And the women's widowed cries
Would trouble anew the skies?

"No matter. I would not care?
Were it not better that this should be?
The sorrow of many the many bear, —
Mine is too heavy for me.
And I want that rose, you see!"

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

WAGNER AND THE PIANIST BÜLOW.

WITH the advent of Meyerbeer and Berlioz a new era was inaugurated in the musical world.

The extravagant bantling which they may justly be accused of fathering has produced a wilder offspring, and in the effusions of the Wagner and of the Offenbach brain — widely differing as they do — the legitimate heirs of the first unnatural creation may be recognized. In his old age Meyerbeer attended with anxious interest the representation of Offenbach's operas. Leaning forward, sunk in profound thought, he listened with almost painful intentness; occasionally he admired, but the suspicion of the approaching fact seems to have dawned upon him, — that it was the triumph of a school destined in the short space of half a decade to corrupt public morals and public taste, to debase the stage, and leave the opera in a state of almost irretrievable decay.

In Meyerbeer's music there is a passion, a mystic gloom and voluptuousness, an instrumentation often picturesque, frequently overcharged, and generally in the highest degree romantic. The instrumentation of Berlioz is often monstrously grotesque, brilliant and imaginative, but too generally the unmistakable offspring of a distempered mind. Though the former is a giant compared to the latter, it is undeniable they both had an influence upon Wagner at the beginning of his career. It was impossible for Berlioz long to maintain his hold upon the public; it is a curious fact that even Meyerbeer, once the idol of the Parisian world, became almost wearisome to it. The old classical masters had been too surely undermined, and the road paved for more dangerous innovations. When once it had been established by Meyerbeer that a union of the Italian, German, and French schools was to constitute the new opera, the successors of that composer went still farther in defiance of a pure style, casting off all decent limitations, and, under the plea of originality, sought to minister in absurdly extravagant fashion to an already depraved public taste. That the composition of the opera is at a lower grade than at any previous time during the century, no one closely conversant with the stage will have the boldness to deny.

Wagner and Bülow! Two celebrities and two fantastic characters, once sworn friends each to the other. One need not go to Munich to conceive an idea of the "Music of the Future," but one must go there to learn thoroughly the vagaries of the one and the peculiarities of the other, — Wagner, the royal composer to the music-mad young king; Bülow, the much applauded operatic conductor. Wagner, it is asserted by zealous admirers, was a sort of chaotically talented boy, the descendant of an ordinary burgher family, who at school and during his student life dabbled in the sciences, wrote tolerable rhyme, daubed worse pictures, and, — what is more extraordinary, — composed the music to a tragedy written by himself while attending the Nicolia school in Leipsic, without having ever acquired a theoretic knowledge of the art of musical composition. Report intimates also that his teachers at the school had cause for dissatisfaction; though he passed through their classes and entered the university as a student of philosophy at the age of eighteen. By this time, however, he had become convinced of his own musical genius and of the necessity for a systematic foundation, should he hope to gain a reputation as composer. The noted Cantor of the Thomas school, Weinlig, became his instructor for a time, and from this period various compositions of no special merit date, — among them a symphony which had the honor of being performed at a *Gewandhaus* con-

cert. Three little operas, "The Wedding," "The Fairies," and "Love's Prohibition," are now, happily, quite forgotten. He wrote the text for these operas, as he continues to do for all his compositions of this class, being firmly convinced of his native talent as a dramatic author. In truth, if he had devoted himself to literature instead of music, he might have won a greater reputation. A few concert pieces date from this early period; but he has never since composed music of this character.

But the man was irretrievably obstinate, and would not study: he failed to acquire the solid principles of art, claiming, with a most bombastic impudence, to possess the genius not amenable to scholastic law. In this respect Bülow is an extraordinary contrast, his whole life having been distinguished by an untiring diligence and energetic study of the art to which he is devoted. He displayed great musical talent much earlier than Wagner, and was so carefully instructed that at eleven years of age he could play Beethoven's C Minor trio with accompaniment. He is the son of a noted courtier and literary man, the friend of Ludwig Tieck, and the representative of one of the oldest aristocratic families of Mecklenburg and Germany. Born in Dresden in 1830, he has had the advantage of such instruction as could be given by Wieck, the father of Clara Schumann; and during a temporary stay of Litolff, the noted pupil of Moscheles, in that city, he was intrusted to his care. The result was to infuse into the boy a passionate love for the new romantic school.

But we are forgetting Wagner, and the lives of the two men do not yet unite.

At twenty-one Wagner was already disgusted with philosophy, and became musical director of the theatre of Magdeburg, where he remained two or three years, — until 1836, — and then removed to Königsberg, filling the same position; later he repaired to Riga, where he began his "Rienzi," afterwards completed in Paris. In the summer of 1839 he suddenly determined to try his fortune in the French capital. Here, in the following year, Meyerbeer found him in the greatest pecuniary distress, and, by introducing him to the French publisher, Schlesinger, supplied him with literary and musical work sufficient at least to relieve him from his present difficulties. It was Meyerbeer, also, who by unwearied effort finally succeeded in procuring permission for the performance of "Rienzi" in Berlin, some seven years after. The opera failed, but it was by reason of its own inherent defects, not because of careless presentation. In later years Wagner rewarded his benefactor by attacking him in some of his numerous pamphlets as "the most miserable of music-makers," which rather grieved that sensitive old soul, though upon his own side not a single harsh criticism of the ungrateful composer ever passed his lips.

In the midst of his privations he completed "Rienzi," and composed "The Flying Dutchman," having been inspired to undertake the latter by a sea-voyage from London to Calais. It was Meyerbeer who introduced this work to the Berlin public, its failure there retarding the presentation of "Rienzi" until in 1847. Through Meyerbeer's persistent effort "Rienzi" was first performed (at Dresden) 1842, Wagner himself superintending its performance. It was a great success, though a musical monstrosity, a bombastic mass of chaotic ideas. The success secured his appointment to the position of assistant royal operatic conductor, in connection with Reissiger, — an office similar to that now held by Rietz, the assistant of Kochs. It was Reissiger, by the way, who really composed the delightful waltz known in England and this country as "Weber's Last Thought," the original melody being borrowed from an Austrian national song, and arranged by this composer in its present form.

That was the Golden Age of music in Dresden; the time, too, when Bülow was growing up, and already, boy as he was, attracting public attention as pianist. Madame Schroeder-Devrient, who for pathos, passion, originality, and liquid flexibility of voice was scarce second to Pasta and Malibran; Johanna Wagner, that rather harsh but talented and powerful contralto; Tichatschek, the tender, wonderful tenor, who still sings on the same stage, the advance of age taking somewhat from his power, but unable to wean from him the love of the public; — were all at the zenith of their astonishing influence.

It was the brilliant period of the Gluck and Weber operas, when the ninth symphony of Beethoven won a position in the opinion of German critics equal to the one in C Minor, the *Pastorale*, and the *Eroica*.

At this time began Bülow's acquaintance with Wagner; a short acquaintance, however, as Bülow's father soon removed to Stuttgart, taking the boy with him. Wagner had encouraged the young *virtuoso* with unusual warmth, and Bülow still prizes above most earthly treasures a leaf from an old album upon which the newly famous composer wrote the following sentence: "Glows there a pure, bright spark of passion for art within your soul, it will one time surely burst into a brilliant flame. Remember, it is knowledge only which will fan this spark into a burning fire, and thereafter keep it alive."

Strange that the man had not himself laid this truth to heart!

During this Dresden life "Tannhäuser" was created, producing when presented a greater sensation among critics than either of the previous works. In the extravagant instrumentation the influence of Berlioz is perceptible, and the whole opera, like its successor, "Lohengrin," is a fair sample of Wagner's meretricious style. The two legends forming the foundation for these texts are so wildly romantic as to pardon some unusual resort to dramatic effect, but it is questionable whether a correct taste ought not to revolt from the absurd means used by the composer to bewilder his hearers. I have never seen either opera in this country, but on their native soil I have had occasion to shudder at the introduction into the instrumentalism, as part and parcel of it, of the banging of huge pieces of wood and the actual grinding of dry bones.

It is undeniable that among so much that is disquieting to a classically trained ear there is occasionally found an extraordinarily beautiful aria, or a succession of delightful melodies in perfection like a string of pearls; but that inalienable right of music, as of art in general, to produce its effects by contrast, — after moments of passion to introduce an instant of repose, and by well-calculated arrangement of parts to give the opportunity for reflection and self-collection, — Wagner has violated repeatedly.

In the composer's conception of the new school which is to command the admiration of the future, if that of the present is denied, the dramatic portion, or text proper, is to be so closely allied with the music, that upon the actual words, alternately with the thread of the musical idea, the effect to be produced depends; consequently an intimate acquaintance with the libretto is absolutely necessary if one would not be lost in a chaos of sound.

Perhaps, under these circumstances, a repetition of the legends of Tannhäuser and Lohengrin may be pardoned.

The noble Tannhäuser, a German knight, had traversed many lands in search of adventure, having visited among other noted regions the Hörselberg, the abiding-place of Frau Hulda (the Venus of Northern mythology). Though leading there a joyous, luxurious life, his conscience at last troubled him sorely, and tearing himself from the arms of the goddess he declared his repentance, calling loudly upon the Virgin to deliver him from her clutches and the temptations she in wily fashion threw in his way. Mourning his sins, he set out for Rome to beg absolution of Pope Urban.

When he, however, there confessed that he had remained a whole year in the mountain with Hulda, the Pope angrily exclaimed, "When this withered stock I hold in my hand shall put forth leaves and blossom, thy sins shall be forgiven thee, and not sooner."

Then answered Tannhäuser sorrowfully, "Had I lived but one year longer upon earth I would have done such penance for my sins that God himself would have had compassion." Then, because of his misery and condemnation by the Pope, he withdrew from the town, and returned to the mountain, there to remain so long as this world shall stand. Frau Hulda welcomed him joyfully as an erring man should be greeted. On the third day after Tannhäuser's disappearance the stick began to put forth leaves and to blossom, and the Pope sent messengers through all the world to search for the brave knight. It was too late; he was already in the mountain where he will remain until the Day of Judgment, when perhaps the merciful God will remove him thence.

It is a highly poetic, dramatic foundation, and has been filled out most artistically by the composer. Lohengrin, from the character of the legend, affords greater opportunity for the romantic element. Indeed, there are more beautiful melodies in the latter than in Tannhäuser, the famous songs of the Swan and of the Evening Star being hardly equalled by any other compositions of similar character.

The Duke of Brabant and Limburg, being at the point of death, petitioned his faithful follower, Frederick of Telramund, to protect his young daughter Else, his only child, and the inheritor of his vast possessions.

Frederick solemnly swore to obey his master; but, being a famous hero who at Stockholm had killed a fearful dragon, he became in time presumptuous, and sued for the hand of the young Duchess.

As she steadfastly refused his love, Frederick complained to the Emperor, Henry the Fowler, asserting that Else had long since promised to become his wife, and now refused to fulfil her vow. The Emperor decided that she must defend herself through her champion in open combat. As no knight appeared in her defence, the poor Duchess appealed to God for rescue.

Thereupon, in a certain remote region, the kingdom of the Grail, the bells were rung as a signal that some one was in pressing need of help; and at once it was determined to send Lohengrin, the son of Percival, to the damsel's assistance. Lohengrin was about to spring into his saddle, when a swan came gliding to the shore drawing a tiny boat. Then cried the young knight joyfully, "Take the beast back to his stable; I will trust myself to this bird, whatever region it may bring me unto."

Having faith in God, he took no store of food with him; when he was hungry the swan dipped its beak into the sea, drew out a fish, and divided the same with the knight. Five days he thus spent upon the broad ocean.

In the mean time Else had called a council of her princes and knights to meet in Antwerp. On the day of the assembly a swan appeared on the Scheldt drawing a small boat in which lay Lohengrin asleep upon his shield.

The swan landed, and the stranger was joyfully received, especially as he at once proclaimed himself the champion so much desired. In great splendor, knights and ladies then repaired to Mayence, where the combat took place in the presence of the Emperor and a notable company.

The hero of the Grail was conqueror; Frederick confessed his falsehood, and was condemned to death. Else became the wife of Lohengrin, who, however, required of her never to inquire of his origin; for in such case he must immediately desert her.

Long did the pair live happily together, and two children were born to them. Wisely and powerfully did Lohengrin rule the land, doing good service likewise to the Emperor against the Huns and heathen. But it chanced

one time that in gallant practice in the lists, he pierced the arm of the Duke of Cleves and broke it. Devoured by rage and envy, the wife of the wounded Duke cried tauntingly among the women: "A brave knight is Lohengrin, perchance, and for aught I know, a Christian! It is a pity not being of noble blood his fame is not great; for no one knows from whence he swam to us."

The Duchess of Brabant reddened with mortification. That night she wept bitterly, and when Lohengrin inquired the cause she replied, "The Duchess of Cleves has troubled me greatly." But Lohengrin inquired no further. The second and the third nights she attempted to ask the fatal question, but Lohengrin silenced her. At last, as dawn broke on the third day, she could no longer hold her peace.

"Lord, blame me not!" she cried; "I have faith you are of noble blood."

That day Lohengrin acknowledged his parentage; that Percival was his father, and that God had sent him hither. Then calling his children he took them in his arms and kissed them, commanding them to preserve sacredly the horn and sword he left them; to the duchess he gave the ring his own mother had once presented him. Then came in haste his friend the swan, drawing the little boat into which the prince stepped, and sailing sadly away left his consort to mourn her folly for the rest of her days.

With as fine poetical as musical sense, Wagner has shown exquisite taste in choosing for the text of all his later operas tales from the ancient German mythology; or, as in the case of the "Master Singers," has made use of a remarkable era in German literature and history. Think of such a libretto, and of a composer who dares strive to make his art akin to mind itself by not only giving musical-pictorial delineation of every variation in the plot, but also depicting every thought that disturbed the breast of each individual character!

Since thought is lightning-like, a bewildering chaos of musical ideas is thus presented to the mind, and no one concentrated expression is ever realized. Overflowing with musical conceptions as Wagner's works undoubtedly are, they seldom lead one to a resting-point from which we may grasp the preceding motive. While "Rienzi" reminds us of Meyerbeer's sensational French operas, the "Flying Dutchman" is conceived more in the spirit of Weber, and is therefore, by many, held to be his best work. But in Tannhäuser and Lohengrin, although as before intimated the influence of Berlioz is perceptible in a portion of the instrumentation, still the whole new tendency of the composer's ideal "Drama of the Future" is developed.

When Tannhäuser was first given in Leipsic, Liszt, who had written much to attract the public mind to the new light in the musical world, repaired thither to superintend the preparations for it. Neither then nor later did Wagner's works acquire favor there; in fact, Mendelssohn is the god of that classic city, and no favor can be expected for anything which his pure taste would not applaud. The "hyper-sentimental Advocate S——," the husband of a noted lady of the time, was almost the sole devoted ally of the new school, winning the above descriptive title and adjective by his zeal then displayed.

The plan for Lohengrin was conceived in Dresden, the opera was completed in Zurich. The May Revolution of 1849 found Wagner fighting behind the barricades of Dresden, and flight became a necessity. Not the lightest of the charges now brought up against the composer is the assertion that he has become as violent a monarchist as he was in his purer days a republican and democrat. In his exile he was unusually industrious. He then drew up his programme of the "Music of the Future," writing the well-known pamphlets, "Art and the Revolution," "The Artistic Work of the Future," and "The Opera and the Drama." At this epoch, also, he wrote and partially

composed the "Nibelungenring," a trilogie of operas, "The Walkyrie," "The Young Siegfried," and "Siegfried's Death," — these to be preceded in their performance by an introductory opera "Rheingold," so that four nights would be consumed in the presentation of the quartette. "Tristan and Isolde" was composed about this time also. In Switzerland Wagner remained until 1858, when he repaired to Venice, returning to Paris in 1860, where Tannhäuser a year later was presented to the French public. It is sufficiently well known how scornfully it was received. Disgusted he returned to Germany, where his triumph began. King John of Saxony pardoned the old political offence, and Wagner began a concert tour, extending his travels to St. Petersburg. It was his custom to superintend the orchestral performance of his compositions. It was 1864 or 1865, I believe, before he took up his residence in Munich under the patronage of the young king.

In the mean time Bülow had developed into one of the first pianists of the age. In truth he has but two rivals, Rubinstein and, of late years, Tausig.

After a short time spent in Stuttgart, he was sent to Leipsic, and entered the university as a student of jurisprudence, it being the desire of his family that he should prepare himself for the diplomatic service. Thrown into the finest musical circle of Europe, and still studying under the best masters, inspired by personal acquaintance with Mendelssohn, Maurice Hauptmann, Franz Brendel, the famous critic and editor of the "New Journal of Music," Robert Schumann, and, later, with Liszt also, it can readily be imagined that the law suffered somewhat. Still, unwilling to grieve his mother, he went from Leipsic to Berlin, entering the university there; but though he attended the lectures punctually, he did not study, devoting his time to intercourse with a circle of ultra-radicals, and soon beginning to make a stir in musical cliques by his published criticisms, favorable of course, upon the new school inaugurated by Wagner. When the vacation came, he set out for Weimar, and, yielding to the urgency of Liszt, determined upon his future career.

The breach with his parents seemed irreparable, and he set out for Zurich to gather what comfort he could from Wagner, who appears to have had the greatest confidence in his powers from the first.

The young man began his professional career by undertaking, at Wagner's suggestion, the directorship of the Zurich theatre, the necessary instruction being given him by the composer himself, — a remarkable piece of self-sacrifice the like of which that not especially generous musician has not often been guilty of. But he soon advised his young director to return to Weimar, where he was for some time carefully instructed by Liszt, and in the midst of an exciting artistic life wrote those famous musical criticisms for Brendel's "Journal of Music" which excited controversy enough at the time.

In 1853 he made his first tour, creating a perfect *furor* throughout Germany, so that when Dr. Kullak retired, a few years later, from his position in the School of Music at Berlin, Bülow was immediately invited to fill the place. Here he remained until 1864, making an occasional artistic tour and establishing himself as the greatest pianist of the time. When Wagner was invited to Munich he remembered his friend, sent for him and presented him to the young king, who shortly thereafter appointed him court pianist.

A rare friendship had for years united the two musicians, and they were at last happy in being together. Wagner seems always to have had greater confidence in Bülow's justice of conception of his operas than in that of any other director.

The war of 1866 caused both men to retire from Munich, but the next year found them back again, Bülow being appointed director of the new conservatory just established, and operatic conductor. His genius in this latter position is wonderful; the quick, artis-

tic sense with which he grasps newly-presented musical ideas has produced the remarkable result, that no composer quarrels with his rendition.

It was under his supervision that the "Master Singers" was presented in 1867. Already he has made the Munich Music School, especially as regards the piano, one of the first in Germany; his literary activity is unceasing, and his musical compositions have been numerous. These are of course in the newest style of the romantic school, that portion intended for the piano being after the manner of Liszt, whilst his orchestral combinations are similar to those of Berlioz. There is a certain originality about his music, but in general he follows his masters too closely in style to leave much room for individual thought. I have not had the opportunity of hearing the "Master Singers," so that as a whole I shall not venture to refer to it. Portions are, however, familiar, and especially the song of Walther, —

"Fanget an, fanget an, rief der Lenz in den Wald,"—

a perfect gem of melody, followed and accompanied by the most delicious instrumentation. A joyous greeting of spring, rousing even the birds to unite in it, — no wonder the audience on that first night arose in a body to greet with wildest applause the haughty composer looking down from the king's box. It is mentioned as an extraordinary circumstance, that Wagner was so surprised by the ovation as actually to bow in return.

That the composer is exceedingly disliked personally is well known, and his favor with the king, who is almost inaccessible to nearly every one else, does not add to his popularity. The most absurd stories are told of his pretension, and so impressed is he with his own extraordinary genius that he scorns the apparel of ordinary human beings. He wears generally upon the street a long green velvet robe-like affair reaching to the knees, and a mantle of the same color and material, of the style of the Middle Ages over that. There are slanderous whispers of exceeding lankness of limb, the reason for his detestation of the present fashion. One day he was striding with his melo-dramatic air along the street when a strong gust of wind carried off his mantle and dropped it at the feet of a young lady passing in a carriage. She ordered the driver to stop, and courteously handed it to the bowing musician, who came stately, though panting, to the carriage door. To her consternation, with a gracious wave of the hand he patronizingly exclaimed, "Retain it, my Fräulein!"

With his usual distinguished lack of tact, and recklessness of the experience of the past, he has roused a storm of indignation by his "Judaism in Music," which has been wittily said to amount to two propositions: First, a Jew is incapable of understanding or composing music; secondly, as no one understands or can compose my music, therefore all mankind are Jews.

The new opera "Rheingold" was performed for the first time in Munich on the 27th of August, 1869. As in the case of the "Master Singers" the king donated an extraordinary amount to defray the expense of preparation. Wagner conceived the idea that his Rhine should not be personated by rolling, painted canvas, but that a veritable stream of water must flow across the stage. Then came a dubious thought; as the scene requires a nymph to swim from one rocky shore to the other by the light of a setting sun, who was to do it? The part was to be taken by Fräulein Mellinger, and Wagner hit upon the brilliant idea of causing the king to order the lady to take swimming lessons.

Finally, there is but one conclusion, after the study of Wagner's arrogant new school. A reformer he is not, in the particular he asserts, for the theory he calls his own was shared by Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. He carries out the principle, however, in his own perverted and extravagant fashion, which must almost make those venerated fathers turn in their graves.

Alice Asbury.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

III.

Rejected Addresses.

AT the very time when the two ladies were carrying on the foregoing conversation, one of the subjects of that conversation was in his room engaged in the important task of packing a trunk. Mr. Seth Grimes was a very large man. He was something over six feet in height; he was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, well knit, muscular, and sinewy; he had a large face, with small, keen gray eyes, short beard, mustache, and shingled hair. About his face there was an expression of *bonhommie* mingled with resolution, to which on the present occasion there was superadded one of depression. The packing of his trunk, however, appeared at the present time to engross all his thoughts, and at this he worked diligently, until at length he was roused by a knock at the door. He started up to his feet, and at his invitation to come in a young man entered.

"Hallo, Carrol!" said Grimes, "I 'm glad to see you, by jingo! You 're the very fellow I wanted. It 's a thunderin' piece of good luck that you dropped in just now, too. If you 'd come half an hour later I 'd been off."

Carrol was a good-looking young fellow enough, with a frank, bold face and well-knit frame. But his frank, bold face was somewhat pale and troubled, and there was an unsettled look in his eyes, and a cloud over his brow. He listened with a dull interest to Grimes's remark, and then said, "Off? What do you mean?"

"Off from this village for good and all."

"Off? What, from Montreal? Why, where are you going?"

"Around the globe," said Grimes, solemnly.

"I don't understand you."

"Wal, I 'm packin' up just now with the intention of startin' from this village, crossin' the plains in a bee-line for Californy, then pursuin' my windin' way per steamer over the briny deep to China, and thence onward and ever onward, as long as life pervades this mortal frame. I 'm off, sir, and for good. Farewell forever, friend of my soul. Think of me at odd times and drop a tear over my untimely end."

"Hang me if I understand a single word of all this," said Carrol. "I see you 're packing your trunk, but I had no idea you were going off so suddenly."

"Wal, sit down, and I 'll explain; sit down. Fill the bowl. Here 's lots of pipes, make yourself comfortable, and gaze your fill at the last of your departin' friend."

At this Carrol took a chair, and sat looking at the other with dull inquiry.

"First of all," said Grimes, "I 'm goin' away."

"Really?"

"Honest. No mistake. Cut stick, vamoose, never again to come back, to go like ancient Cain a wanderer and a vagabond over the face of the earth, with a mark on my forehead, by jingo!"

"Look here, Grimes, don't you think you 're a little incoherent to-day?"

To this Grimes returned no immediate answer. He stood for a few moments in thought, then looking round he selected a chair, which he planted in front of Carrol, and then seating himself here he stooped forward, leaning his elbows on his knees, and fixing his eyes upon the other's face.

"See here, Carrol," said he, at last.

"Well?"

"You 've known me for several years, you 've watched my downrisin's and my upsettin's, and ought to have a pooty good insight into my mental and moral build. Now, I 'd like to ask you as a friend one solemn question. It 's

this. Have you ever detected, or have you not, a certain vein of sentiment in my moral stratum?"

"Sentiment?" said Carrol, in some surprise; "well, that depends on what you mean by sentiment."

"So it does," said Grimes, thoughtfully; "'sentiment''s a big word, embracin' a whole world of idees extunnel and intunnel. Wal, what I meant to ask was this, — have you ever detected in me any tendency to lay an undoo stress upon the beautiful?"

"The beautiful; well, no, I don't think I have."

"The beautiful in — in woman, for instance," said Grimes, in a low, confidential voice.

"Woman? Oho, that 's it, is it? What, do you mean to say that you 've got a shot from that quarter? What, you! Why the very last man I should have suspected would have been California Grimes."

"Man," said Grimes, in a meditative way, "is a singular compound of strength and weakness. I have my share of physical, mental, and I may add moral strength, I suppose; so I may as well acknowledge the corn, and confess to a share of physical, mental, and moral weakness. Yes, as you delicately intimate, I have been struck from that quarter, and the sole cause of my present flight is woman. Yes, sir."

And, saying this, Grimes raised himself to an erect position, and, rubbing his short shingled hair with some violence, he stared hard at his friend.

"A woman!" said Carrol. "Queer too. You, too, of all men! Well, I would n't have believed it if you yourself had not said so. But do you mean to say that you 're so upset that you 're going to run for it? Why, man, there must have been some difficulty. Is that it?"

"Wal, somethin' of that sort. Yes, we 'll call it a difficulty."

"May I ask who the lady is?" asked Carrol, after a pause.

"Certainly. It 's Mrs. Lovell."

"Mrs. Lovell!"

"Yes."

"The Devil!"

"Look here," said Grimes, "you need n't bring in that party in connection with the name of Mrs. Lovell; but at the same time I suppose you don't mean any harm."

"Of course not. Excuse me, old boy, but I was astonished."

"That 's the lady anyhow."

"Of course," said Carrol, "I knew you were acquainted with Mrs. Lovell, but I never dreamed that you were at all affected. How in-fernally odd! But how did it all come about?"

"Wal," said Grimes, "I got acquainted with her in a very queer shape. You see I was in the cars once goin' to Buffalo and saw her aboard. That 's the first sight of her. I was on my way through to Frisco, but turned off after her to Niagara, lettin' my baggage slide. I watched her there for about a week, and at last one day I saw her goin' out alone for a walk. I followed her at a respectful distance. Wal, distance lent such an enchantment, that I ventured nigher like a darned fly to a lighted candle. Suddenly a great gust of wind came and made my candle flare tremendously. By this I mean that the wind lifted her hat and fixin's from her head, and blew the whole caboodle clean over the cliff. In a moment I jumped after it — "

"What!" interrupted Carrol, "not over the cliff?"

"Yes, over the cliff. I tell you it was a sight that might have sent a fellow over a thousand cliffs. There she stood, as lovely as a dream, with her nat'ral hair all swingin' and tossin' about her head, like a nymph and a naiad and a dryad all rolled into one; and the sight of her was like a shock from a full-charged, double-barrelled galvanic battery, by jingo! So over the cliff I went, as I said, just stoppin' by the way to tell her I 'd get her hat and things. Now I tell you what it is, if it had been the falls of Niagara I 'd have gone over all the same; but as it happened it was only the cliff, a mile or so below, and for a man like me it

was easy enough goin' down, — a man like me that 's got nerve and muscle and sinoo and bones and a cool head; though, mind you, I don't brag much on the coolness of my head at that particular moment. So over I went, and down I went. I found ledges of rocks and shelves; and it wa' n't hard climbin'; so I did the job easy enough; and as luck would have it, I found the hat not more than thirty or forty feet down, jammed among the rocks and trees where the wind had whirled it. Along with the hat I found the usual accompaniments of a lady's head-gear. I secured them all and worked my way back, carryin' the prize in my teeth.

"Wal, I got up to the top and looked around. To my amazement the lady was nowhere to be seen. She was gone. I then institooted a series of delicate inquiries round about, and found out where she was livin', and went there to return her the hat and fixin's. She wa' n't able to see me. Too agitated, you know. The agitation had been too much for her no doubt, and had brought on a fever, accompanied by spasms and hysterics and other feminine pursuits. So I retreated, and on the followin' day called again. And what do you think I learned? Why she was gone, gone, sir, and for good; left, fled, sloped, vamoosed, — none of your transitory flights, but an eternal farewell to California Grimes. And I never in my life experienced the sensation of being dumbfounded until that moment.

"Wal, I wa' n't goin' to give her up. It ain't in me to knock under, so I set myself to find her. That job wa' n't over-easy. I did n't like to ask her friends, of course, and so in my inquiries after her I had to restrict myself to delicate insinuations and glittering generalities. In this way I was able to find out that she was a Canadian, but nothing more. This was all I had to go upon, but on this I began to institoot a reg'lar, systematic, analytic, synthetic, and comprehensive search. I visited all the cities of Canada and hunted through all the Directories. At length, in the course of my wanderings, I came here, and here, sure enough, I found her; saw her name in the Directory, made inquiries at the hotel, and saw that I had spotted her at last.

"Wal, the moment I found this out, that is, the day after, I went to see her. I found her as mild as milk, as gentle as a cooin' dove, as pleased as pie, and as smilin' as a basket of chips. She did n't really ask me in so many words to call again, but I saw that she expected it; and if she had n't, it would have been all the same, for I was bound to see more of her.

"Wal, I ain't goin' to dilate upon love's young dream now, but simply state that I indulged in it for several months, and it was not till to-day that I was waked out of it. It was a very rude shock, but it broke up the dream, and I 'm now at last wide awake and myself again."

"By this I suppose I am to understand that your sentiments were not reciprocated."

"Very much. O yes; that 's the exact definition," said Grimes, dryly. "Yes — Wal — You see it wa' n't more than two hours ago. I went to see her. I told her all."

"Well?"

"Wal, she listened as patient as a lamb, and did n't interrupt me once. Now, as my story could n't have been very particularly interestin', I call that very considerate of her, in the first place."

"Well, and how did it end?"

"Wal, she did n't say anythin' in particular for some considerable time. At last I stopped. And then she spoke. And she presented me with a very sweet, soft, elegant, well-shaped, well-knit, dove-colored, tastefully designed, and admirably fittin' — mitten."

"And that was the end, was it?" said Carrol, gloomily; "jilted? You might have known it. It 's always the way."

"What 's that?" exclaimed Grimes; "always the way? No, it ain't, not by a long chalk. On the contrary, people are gettin' married every day, and never see a mitten at all."

"O, confound all women, I say!" growled Carrol. "It 's always the way. They 're so full of whims and fancies and nonsense, they don't know their own minds. They 've no sense of honor. They lead a fellow on, and smile on him, and feed their infernal vanity, and then if the whim takes them they throw him off as coolly as they would an old glove. I dare say there 's a way to get around them; and if a fellow chose to swallow insults, and put up with no end of whims, he might eventually win the woman he loves, and to do that a man must lose his manhood. For my part, if a woman jilts me, she may go to the Devil."

"It strikes me," said Grimes, "that you use rather strong language about the subject."

Carrol laughed bitterly.

"Well, old fellow," said he, "you 've been jilted, and whatever you feel you appear to take it quietly. Now, I 'm not so much of a philosopher, and so I take it out in a little swearing."

"You!" said Grimes, staring at the other in surprise. "What have you got to do about it?"

"O, nothing, — a little affair of my own. They say misery loves company, and if so, perhaps it 'll be a comfort to you to know that I 'm in the same box."

"What 's that?" said Grimes; "the same what, — did you say 'box'?"

"Yes," said Carrol, while a heavy shadow passed over his face.

"What! not jilted?"

"Yes, jilted."

"Jilted? Good Lord! Not by a woman!"

"Well, I don't exactly see how I could have been jilted by anybody else," said Carrol, with a short laugh.

At this intelligence from Carrol, Grimes sat for a few moments in silence, staring at him and rubbing his hand slowly over his shingled hair.

"Wal," he said at length, "it strikes me as queer, too. For you see I 'm kind o' modest about myself, but I 'm free to say that I always regarded you not merely as a man, but also as one who might be a lady's man. A fellow of your personal appearance, general build, gift of gab, and amiable disposition hain't got any call, as far as I can see, to know anythin' whatever of the nature of a mitten."

"In spite of all these advantages," said Carrol, quietly, "I 've got my own particular mitten in my own possession. I 've got it in the shape of a beautiful little note, written in the most elegant lady's hand imaginable."

"A note? What do you mean by a note?"

"O, nothing; my affair, as it happened, was done up in writing."

"Writing! Do you mean to say that you wrote a letter about such a matter?"

"Yes, that was the way it was done."

"A letter!" exclaimed, Grimes, in strong excitement. "What! Do you mean to say that you, with all your advantages, descended so low as to write a letter to the woman you pretended to love about a thing of such unspeakable importance. Good Lord! Of all the darndest — "

And Grimes sank back in his chair, overwhelmed by the idea.

"Well," said Carrol, "I acknowledge that a letter is a very inferior sort of way of making a proposal, but in my case there was no help for it. I had to do it, and, as it 's turned out, it seems to me to be a confoundedly lucky thing that it was so, for it would have been too infernally mortifying to have had her tell me what she did tell me, face to face."

"Who is the lady?" asked Grimes, after a solemn pause. "Is it any secret?"

"O no, I 'd just as soon tell you as not. It 's Miss Heathcote."

"Miss Heathcote!" said Grimes, in surprise.

"Yes."

"What! Mrs. Lovell's sister?"

"Yes."

"Good thunder!"

"It 's deuced odd, too," said Carrol. "You and I seem to have been di-

recting our energies toward the same quarter. Odd, too, that neither of us suspected the other. Well, for my part, my case was a hard one. Miss Heathcote was always with her sister, you know, and I never had a decent chance of seeing her alone. I met her first at a ball. We often met after that. We danced together very frequently. I saw her two or three times by herself. I used to call there, of course, and all that sort of thing, you know. Well, at last I found myself pretty far gone, and tried to get an opportunity of telling her, you know; but somehow or other, her sister seemed to monopolize her all the time, and I really had n't a fair chance. Well, you know, I could n't manage to see her alone, and at last I could n't stand it any longer, and so I wrote.

"Now, mind you, although I had seen her alone only two or three times, yet I had very good reasons to suppose that she was *very* favorable to me; a woman can give a man all sorts of encouragement, you know, in a quiet way. It seemed to me that there was a sort of understanding between us. In the expression of her face, in the tone of her voice, and in other things which I cannot mention, I saw enough to give me all the encouragement I wanted.

"Very well, I wrote as I said, and I got an answer. It was an answer that came like a stroke of lightning. Now, under ordinary circumstances, if a woman rejects a fellow, there is no reason why she should not do it in a kind sort of a way. Her very nature ought to prompt her to this. If, however, there had been anything like encouragement given to the unfortunate devil who proposed, it certainly would not be presumptuous to expect some sort of explanation, something that might soften the blow. Now in my case the encouragement had really been strong. Very well; I wrote, — under these circumstances, mind you, — I wrote, after I had been encouraged, — actually encouraged, mind you, after she had given me every reason to hope for a favorable answer, — and what — what do you think was the sort of answer that I really did get? What? Why, this!"

And Carrol, who by this time had worked himself into a state of intense excitement, snatched a letter from his pocket and flung it toward Grimes.

The act was so suddenly done that Grimes had not time to raise his hand to catch it. The letter fell upon the floor, and Grimes, stooping down, raised it up. He then read the address in a very solemn manner, after which he slowly opened it and read the following: —

"DEAR SIR: I have just received your letter, and regret *very deeply* that you have written to me on *such a subject*. I 'm sure I am not aware of anything in our mutual relations that could give rise to a request of such a nature, and can only account for it on the ground of sudden impulse, which your own good sense will hardly be able to justify. I trust that you will not think me capable of giving unnecessary pain to any one; and that you will believe me when I say that it is *absolutely impossible* for me to entertain your proposal for one moment.

"Very truly yours,

"MAUD HEATHCOTE."

"Short, sharp, and decisive," was the remark of Grimes, after he had read the note over two or three times; and with these words he replaced the paper in the envelope and returned it to Carrol.

"Now, mind you," said Carrol, "she had given me as much encouragement as a lady would think proper to give. She had evidently intended to give me the idea that she was not indifferent to me, and then — then — when I committed myself to a proposal, she flung this in my face. What do you think of that, for instance?"

"It 's a stunner, and no mistake," said Grimes, solemnly.

"Well," said Carrol, after another pause, "I 've found out all about it."

"Found out?"

"Yes, her little game. O, she 's

deep! You would scarcely believe that so young a girl had such infernal craft. But it's born in them. The weaker animals, you know, are generally supplied with cunning, so as to carry out the great struggle for existence. Cunning! Cunning is n't the word. I swear, of all the infernal schemes that ever I heard of, this one of Miss Heathcote's was the worst. A deep game, yes, by heaven! And it was only by the merest chance that I found it out."

Carrol drew a long breath and then went on.

"You see, in the first place, she's been playing a double game all this time."

"A double game?"

"Yes, two strings to her bow, and all that, you know."

"O, another lover!"

"Yes, that miserable French vagabond that calls himself the Count du Potiron."

"Potiron! What! that infernal skunk?"

"Yes."

"What! Do you mean to say that Miss Heathcote would condescend to look at a fellow like that? I don't believe it. She would n't touch him with a pair of tongs. No, by thunder!"

"Well, it's a fact, as I know only too well."

"Pooh! you 're jealous and imagine this."

"I don't! I have proof."

"What proof?"

"What proof? Wait till you hear my story."

"Fire away then."

"Well, this fellow, Du Potiron, has only been here a few weeks, but has managed to get into society. I saw him once or twice hanging about Mrs. Lovell's, but, 'pon my soul, I had such a contempt for the poor devil that I never gave him a thought beyond wondering in a vague kind of way how the Devil he got there. But, mind you, a woman is a queer creature. Miss Heathcote is aristocratic in her tastes, or, rather, snobbish, and anything like a title drives her wild. The moment she saw this fellow she began to worship him, on account of his infernal sham nobility. The fellow's no more a count than I am, I really believe; but the name of the thing is enough, and to live and move and have her being in the presence of a real live count was too much for her. At once the great aim of her life was to become a countess."

"Wal," said Grimes, as Carrol paused, "you seem somehow or other to have got a deep insight into the inner workin's of Miss Heathcote's mind."

"I tell you I know it all," said Carrol, savagely. "Wait till you hear all. Mind you, I don't believe that she was altogether indifferent to me. I think, in fact, she rather liked me; and if I 'd been a count, I don't know that she would have turned me off, unless she 'd met with some member of a higher order of nobility. Besides, she did n't feel altogether sure of her Count, you know, and did n't want to lose me, so she played fast and loose with me; and the way she humbugged me makes my blood boil now as I think of it. There was I, infatuated about her; she, on her part, was cool and calculating all the time. Even in those moods in which she pretended to be soft and complaisant, it was only a miserable trick. She always managed to have her sister around, but once or twice contrived to let me be alone with her, just in order to give me sufficient encouragement to keep me on. But with the Frenchman it was different. He had no end of privileges. By heaven, I believe she must herself have taken the initiative in that quarter, or else he would never have dared to think of her. In this way, you see, she managed to fight off any declaration on my part, until she had hooked her Count. O, it was a deep game, and many things are clear to me now that used to be a puzzle!

"Well, you know, so the game went on, she trying to bag her Count, and at the same time keeping a firm hold of me, yet managing me so as to keep

me at a distance, to be used only as a *dernier ressort*. Well, I chafed at all this, and thought it hard; but, after all, I was so infatuated with her that I concluded it was all right; and so it was that no idea of the actual fact ever dawned upon my poor dazed brains. But at last even my patience was exhausted, and so I wrote that letter. And now mark this. She had managed the whole affair so neatly that my letter came to her just after she had succeeded in her little game, won her Count, and was already meditating upon her approaching dignity. What a pretty smile of scornful pity must have come over her face as she read my letter! You can see by her reply what she felt. The prospect of becoming a countess at once elevated her into a serene frame of mind, in which she is scarcely conscious of one like me; and she 'really does n't know of anything in our mutual relations which could give rise to such a request as mine.' Is n't that exquisite? By heavens! I wonder what she would have said if I had happened to write my letter a fortnight ago. I wonder how she would have wriggled out of it. She 'd have done it, of course; but I confess I don't exactly see how she could have contrived it without losing me altogether. And just then she would n't have lost me for the world. I was essential to her. She wanted me to play off against the Frenchman. I was required as a decoy-duck —"

"See here, my son," interrupted Grimes, "these are terrible accusations to bring against a woman that you 'd have laid down your life for only a week ago. It 's all very well for you to talk, but how do I know that this ain't all your infernal jealousy? How am I to know that these are all facts?"

"In the simplest way in the world; by hearing me out. I have n't come yet to the point of my story. It was only last evening that I found this out. And this is what I 'm now coming to. You see, after I got her letter I was so confounded that I really did not know what to think or say. I had a vague idea of going to see her and have a personal explanation."

"That would have been sensible and manly," said Grimes.

"No, it would n't," said Carrol, sharply; "and as things are, it 's well I did n't. Besides, I could n't. I felt too much cut up. I was stung to the soul, and it seemed as if all the light of my life had suddenly gone out. No; fortunately my pride sustained me, and I was saved from making an infernal ass of myself by exhibiting my weakness for her to laugh at. Well, I won't dwell upon this. I 'll only say that I did n't feel equal to anything for a couple of days, and then I sent her a few words of farewell.

"Very well. Last evening I sent this letter of farewell, and then went off to the Magog House, in order to make some arrangements for quitting town this morning. I had made up my mind to leave at once and forever. I was going off for good. I did n't know where, and did n't care, so long as I had this place behind me. So I went to the Magog House. After attending to the business for which I had come, I went to the bar, and sat down with a cigar, thinking over my situation. Well, I had n't been sitting there long, before a couple of fellows came in and went up to the bar. One was Du Potiron. He was talking very volubly, and was evidently in a great state of excitement."

"Was he drunk?" asked Grimes.

"No, quite as usual; only excited, you know."

"Ah, well, it 's all the same. Frenchmen never get drunk, because they are naturally intoxicated. A sober Frenchman is a good deal like a drunken Yank."

"I did n't pay any attention to what he was saying," resumed Carrol. "My back was turned to the bar, and I was taken up altogether with my own thoughts, when suddenly I heard Du Potiron mention the name of Miss Heathcote. Now, you know, all his excitement had been about some wonderful good fortune of his, for which he was receiving his friend's congratula-

tions, and in honor of which he had invited him to take a drink. It is n't a French custom, but Du Potiron has evidently been long enough in America to know American ways. So Du Potiron had come in to treat his friend. Now I heard all this congratulation in a vague way, and understood that it had something to do with a lady; but when Miss Heathcote's name was mentioned, the whole diabolical truth flashed upon me. I was perfectly stupefied, and sat for some minutes not able to move, and scarce able to breathe, listening to the fellow's triumphant boasts. He boasted of his good fortune, — how she had favored him, how his whole acquaintance with her had been one long triumph, and how she had fallen at last like ripe fruit into his hands. And this rat I had to listen to; for I tell you I could n't move and could scarcely breathe. I was suffocating with fury.

"At last I got up and went over to him.

"'Look here,' said I, 'you 're talking about a lady who is a friend of mine, in a public bar-room, and it seems to me that it is time to call you to account.' I said this very coolly and quietly, for I did n't want the Frenchman to see how excited I was.

"He looked at me in great surprise, and then said, 'Excuse me, sare, de lady that I haf spik of haf commit her name an' her honneur to me, an' no personne haf any claim to champion her but only me.'

"'Pooh,' said I, 'I don't believe you have any claim of the sort. When I saw her last, she had n't the remotest intention of anything of the kind.'

"I dare say my tone was very offensive, for the Frenchman turned very pale, and his eyes blazed with fury.

"'You don't belief,' said he. 'Aha! You insulta me. Ver' well. I sall haf satisfaction for de insult. An' so you don't belief. Ver' well. You sall belief dis. Ha! Ef you are so grand friend an' champion, you sall tell me wat you tink of dees!'

"And with these words he tore a letter from his pocket, and flourished it before my face. I saw the handwriting. It was hers. The letter was addressed to him. And in that one instant every boast of his was confirmed by her own signature, and I saw at once the infernal depth of her crafty, scheming nature. And, by heaven! she 'll find that she 's got things before her that will interfere a little with her brilliant prospects."

Carrol paused. His face grew dark, and there was that in his eyes which showed that his words contained something more than empty menace.

"Well?" asked Grimes, anxiously.

"Well," said Carrol, "at that I lost all control over myself, and I knocked him down. He jumped up, and turned upon me in a fury.

"'You sall gif me sateesfaction for dis!' he screamed.

"'Certainly,' said I.

"'You sall hear from me, sare.'

"'Very well,' said I; and then, as I did n't see any use in staying there longer, I went off. Well, this morning I got a challenge from him, and this is the thing that has prevented my departure, and has brought me to you. Otherwise, it is n't likely that we should have met again, unless, indeed, we had happened to turn up together at the same place in the middle of Crim Tartary. You see, I want you to be my second."

"Your second?" said Grimes, and fell into a deep fit of musing.

IV.

Dealings with "Moosoo."

Grimes sat for some time in profound silence.

"Of course, you 'll oblige me," said Carrol, at length, somewhat impatiently.

"Me? O, you may rely upon me; but, at the same time, I want you to understand that there 's difficulties in the way. Besides, I don't approve of this."

"Difficulties? Of course. Duels are against the law, and all that. No one

fights duels here; but sometimes nothing else will do."

"So you want to fight?" asked Grimes.

"Yes," said Carrol, fiercely. "Law or no law, I want to fight — to the death. This is now the only thing that I care for. I want to let *her* see that she has n't been quite so successful as she imagines, and to put some obstacle in the way of that serene and placid joy which she anticipates. She shall learn, if I can teach her, the old, old lesson, that the way of transgressor is hard."

"Are you a good shot?" asked Grimes, in a mild voice.

"No."

"Then how do you propose to pop Moosoo?"

"Well, I 'll have a shot at him."

"Are you aware that while you are firin' he 'll be firin' too?"

"Well?"

"Are you aware that Moosoo is a first-rate shot?"

"I did n't know it."

"Well, I do know it, for I happen to have seen somethin' of it!"

"O, I don't care a curse whether he 's a good shot or not."

"Wal, it makes a good deal of difference, as a general thing. You don't know anythin' about fencin', I s'pose?"

"No."

"Wal, you 've got to be precious careful how you enter on this dool."

"I tell you," cried Carrol, impatiently, "that I don't care a curse whether I 'm shot or not."

"And I tell you, you do care. If Moosoo hits you, it 's another feather in his cap. He 'll return to the lady covered with laurels. 'See, the conquerin' hero comes.' She 'll receive her warrior home from the wars. 'Gayly the Troubadour touched his guitar.' He 'll be 'Gayly the Troubadour,' and you 'll be simply contemptible. What 'll become of all your fine plans of retaliation, if you have to hobble about for thirteen months on a broken leg, or move in society with your arm in a sling? What 'll become of you, if you 're suddenly called upon to exchange worlds, and pass from this festive scene to become a denizen of the silent sepulchre? Answer me that."

Carrol said nothing, but his face flushed, and it was evident that these suggestions were not without effect.

"Secondly, my brethren," continued Grimes, "I desire to call your attention to this important point. It 's unfair. You, who can't shoot, go to meet a man who can. What do you call that? I call it simple suicide. Has Moosoo such claims on you, that you are ready to offer up your life to him? You 'll fall. He 'll fly. The lady 'll join him in New York, an' he 'll convey her to his home in Paris. Unfair? Why, it 's madness to think of it!"

"It 's deuced odd if I can't hit a man at such a short distance."

"'T ain't so easy. Have you ever tried?"

"No."

"Wal, I have, and I know what I 'm talkin' about. I tell you, you won't hit him; and that 's why I have my prejudices against the orthodox dool."

"What do you mean by the orthodox duel? There 's only one kind."

"Excuse *me*," said Grimes. "There are other ways, — dools with knives, dools with rifles, dools with axes, and so forth. By the orthodox dool I mean the fashionable sort, that they originated in Europe. Now, I want you to understand, in the first place, that the orthodox dool is unfair, unjust, and unwise. Secondly, I want you to know that the dool is not restricted to any one mode, but that it has many forms throughout this green earth. And thirdly, I want you to see that in this particular case we must originate a dool which shall be adapted to said case in all its bearin's."

"Originate a duel? what do you mean?"

"Wal, I mean this; you 're the challenged party."

"Yes."

"Wal, the challenged party has the choice of weepins."

"Yes."

"And that means, furthermore, that the challenged party has the choice of modes."

"Modes?"

"Yes, — the when, the where, and the how; and the what, and the which, and the whuffore; so you see it becomes your proud privilege to select for yourself the mode that shall be most in accordance with your own peculiar situation."

"Well," said Carrol, "I certainly don't want him to have *all* the advantages."

"Just so, and so it remains for us to consider the various kinds of dool, and to decide upon that mode which shall best secure a perfect equality between you two combatants. Now I happen at this moment to think of a plan by which both parties are on terms that are as nigh to equality as is ever permitted in this vale of tears. It is this. The two doolists either sit or stand close beside one another, and each one holds the muzzle of his pistol close to the forehead of the other. The word is called, 'One! two! three!' and at the word 'three' both fire. The result, as a general thing, is that neither one has any occasion to complain that the other had any undoo advantage over him. Now how does that strike you?"

Grimes asked this question with an air of paternal interest; with the manner, in fact, which a fond father might assume in asking his son's opinion about some particularly pleasant mode of going to Europe for a year's ramble.

Carrol's brow lowered darkly, and an air of steady and stern resolve came over his face.

"I'll do it," said he; "I will, by Heaven. That is the mode I'll choose. He shall not take refuge in his skill, and I will not give him the chance of surviving me. It shall be a life-and-death affair. If I die he shall die also. Then my lady will learn that I am a subject for something else than jeers and laughter. By heaven!" he continued, starting to his feet, "that shall be my choice, and I'll have it settled at once."

"O, come now," said Grimes, "not so fast! We must n't snatch at the first suggestion. Let 's talk the matter over further. Come, sit down again, and let 's talk it over like Christian men. For my part, I 'm not altogether in favor of this plan. There 's too much downright butchery in it; and it don't afford a ghost of a chance for the display of the finer feelings and instincts of humanity. Sit down again, my son. Don't be in a hurry. It 's an important matter, and our deliberations should be grave and solemn."

At this appeal Carrol resumed his seat, and waited somewhat impatiently for further suggestions.

"The orthodox dool," said Grimes, "gives you no chance; the one just mentioned is downright butchery, and may be called the slaughter dool. These are both at the opposite extremes. Now we want to hit upon the golden mean; something that may combine the perfect fairness of the slaughter dool with the style, grace, sprightliness, and picturesque force of the orthodox dool.

"Now how can the problem be solved?" continued Grimes, after long and patient thought, the effects of which were visible in the numerous wrinkles of his corrugated brow. "How can we get the golden mean? Methinks I see it, — O, don't be impatient! Methinks I have it, and I 'll give you the idee.

"You see, it 's this, my son. If a good shot meets a bad shot, the fight is unfair; but there are circumstances under which this inequality can be removed. If they fight in the dark, for instance, what advantage has one over the other? None whatever. Now I contend that darkness is every way suited to a dool. In the first place, a dool is a deed of darkness. In the second place, the combatants are on an equal footing. In the third place, it is secure from interruption. In the fourth place, it prevents any identifica-

tion of the survivor in a court of law in case of his arrest. Seventeen other reasons equally good are in my mind now, but I forbear to enumerate them. But you yourself must see the immense superiority of a dool of this kind over any other. You must see how it answers the demands of the present occasion. Take your enemy into the dark. Deprive him of the advantages which accident gives him. Put yourself and him on an equal footing. Stand there, face to face and front to front, in the dark, and then blaze away. Them 's my sentiments."

Grimes stopped, and watched Carrol in silence to see the effect of his suggestion. Not a word was spoken by either for a long time.

"A duel in the dark!" said Carrol, at length. "It 's a new idea to me, but 'pon my soul, my dear fellow, I must say it strikes me rather favorably just now. I don't relish the idea of being nothing more than a mere target, and of letting *her* have it all her own way; and then again, though I 'm willing to accept what you call the slaughter dool, yet I confess I should prefer a mode of fighting in which death is not an absolutely inevitable thing; and so, on the whole, it really seems to me as if the plan might not be a bad one; and I think we had better decide upon it. But where could it come off? Are the nights dark enough?"

"O yes, there 's no moon now."

"The best place would be under the shadow of some woods, I suppose."

"O no, the room of some house would be the best place."

"What! a house? inside a house?"

"Yes."

"Why, where could we find one that would be suitable?"

"Wal, that is a matter which we must see about. I can undertake that job, and I 'll go about it at once. I 've got a place in my mind now. Would you care about takin' a walk and seein' it?"

Carrol made no reply, but rose from his seat and prepared to accompany his friend.

Quitting the house, the two friends walked down the street, and took a direction which led out of town. They had not gone far before they saw a carriage approach, and both of them at once recognized the elegant barouche and spirited bays of Mrs. Lovell. Two ladies were in the carriage, and they knew them to be the very ones whom they did not care to meet at this particular moment. But retreat or even evasion was quite out of the question. The carriage was coming toward them at a rapid pace, and the next corner was too far away to afford a way of escape. Of course they could not think of turning round and walking back, so they kept on in the direction in which they were going.

The ladies saw them at once and looked fixedly at them. Mrs. Lovell's face was slightly flushed, and there was on it an air of embarrassment; but in spite of this there was a pretty smile which curved her rosy lips and dimpled her rounded cheeks in a highly fascinating way. But Maud was very different. Her face was pale, and her sad eyes fixed themselves with mournful earnestness on Carrol, throwing at him a glance of eager, wistful entreaty.

As the carriage came up, Grimes looked toward it, and caught Mrs. Lovell's glance, and saw her smile. She bowed in the most marked manner possible; and Grimes removed his hat and made a very low bow in return. While doing this he stood still, and after he had performed this ceremony he turned and stared after the carriage with a flushed face for more than a minute. Then with a sigh he resumed his walk, but found to his surprise that Carrol had walked ahead for some considerable distance.

If there had been a difference between the expressions of Mrs. Lovell and Maud, there had certainly been a corresponding difference between the demeanor of Carrol and that of Grimes on this momentous occasion. Each had been equally agitated at this unexpected meeting, but each had shown his emotion in a different way. The

way of Grimes has already been described. But while Grimes allowed his eyes to be drawn to the spot where his idol sat enthroned in her chariot, Carrol refused to let his eyes wander at all. At that moment he was like the gladiator on his way to the arena passing before the throne of Cæsar. *Morituru te salutat* was the thought of his despairing and imbittered soul; and deep within his heart was a conviction of the utter baseness of that beautiful girl who had betrayed him. Had she not encouraged him with false hopes? Had she not led him on? Had she not made him her tool, her decoy-duck, through whom she might gain the object of a vulgar and contemptible ambition? Was not all his life ruined through her? Was he not going even now to his death, — he, the doomed gladiator? *Morituru te salutat!*

He looked straight ahead, not allowing his eyes to rest on her, — his pale features set in an expression of icy calm, an expression very different from the frank joyousness which Maud so well remembered. Yet he did not forget the salutation, — even though he was going to die, — but as the carriage rolled by he raised his hat and so walked on.

After a time Grimes caught up to him, and the two walked on together. Neither one said a word, for each one had thoughts which he did not feel inclined to express in words. At length, after about an hour's walk, in which they had gone about two miles out of the town, they came within sight of an old house.

"Thar," said Grimes, "that's the place; what do you think of it?"

"O, I dare say it 'll do well enough," said Carrol, in an absent way.

"I say," said Grimes, "gather up your wits, and be a man. It was an infernally unlucky thing that we met them, but it could n't be helped, nohow, and I 've been upset ever since; but what 's the use of miaulin like a darned cat over a drownded kitten! I won't, for one."

Saying this, Mr. Grimes drew a long breath, and then proceeded to pound his chest vigorously with his two brawny fists, in the fashion which Mr. Du Chaillu ascribes to the cheerful gorilla. This pleasant exercise seemed to do Mr. Grimes a world of good; for after he had struck a number of blows, each of which, if dealt upon an enemy, might have reduced that enemy to a state of pitiable harmlessness, he said briskly and sharply, "Wal, now let 's get to business."

The deserted house stood about a hundred yards from the road. Carrol followed his friend in silence as he passed through a broken gateway and over what had once been a garden to the house. There were no doors or windows in the house, and there was a general air of desolation about it that was oppressive.

"Wal," said Grimes, "will this suit?"

"Anything 'll suit," said Carrol, coldly.

"You agree to this kind o' fightin'?"

"I agree to anything," said Carrol. "We 've talked all that over."

"So we have, but this sort of fightin' presupposes a desperate mind."

"Well, I tell you, I *am* desperate. I don't care whether I live or die. I 've seen the last of that treacherous she-devil, and only want to live long enough to put one drop of bitterness in her cup. But what 's the use of talking? Give me that Frenchman and put me in here with him. That 's all I want."

"Darkness," said Grimes, solemnly, "sometimes has a depressin' effect on the human nerve. Can you stand that?"

"O, damn the human nerve!" growled Carrol. "I tell you I can stand anything."

"I 'm afraid you 're just a mite too excited, my son; but then, temperaments differ. Now the prospect of a good, rousin' fight has a kind of cheerin' effect on me, and makes me a Christian in one sense, for I get almost to love my enemy."

"Well, I 've a different feeling to-

ward my enemy," said Carrol; "so now let 's go and finish up this business as soon as we can. It must be done up to-night."

"So say I; for I 've *got* to go," said Grimes. "I 'll go now after Moosoo. Where shall I see you?"

"At your rooms. I won't go back to mine, I don't want to see any fellows."

On reaching the town again Grimes went off, and Carrol went to the rooms of his friend, where he awaited the result.

In about two hours Grimes came back.

"Wal," said he, "you 're in the dark here. Suppose we have some light on the subject." And he proceeded to light up. "Won't you smoke?"

Carrol said nothing, but began to fill a pipe in an abstracted way, while Grimes filled another.

"Wal," said he, "I 've been and seen 'em; and a precious hard time I 've had of it, too. They 're both Moosoos, and your Moosoo and his friend, bein' foreigners, had a most unnat'ral prejudice against the mode of combat decided on by you. And it 's taken me full two good hours to beat into their frog-eatin' heads that this is the only fair, just, equitable, unpartial, and reasonable mode of fightin' recognized among high-toned men. And so it is. For look at me. I 'm a high-toned man. Wal, I give my vote clean in favor of it.

"Moosoo's friend is a fellow-countryman of his who came out with him to America; and as they have neither of them been here more than two or three months, they show an ignorance and a prejudice and a stoopidity that is incredible. Why, they actilly had the audacity to quote their infernal frog-eatin' French customs against me, — me that 's been brought up on the Californy code. But I managed precious soon to show them that their small Paris fashions wa' n't a circumstance out here."

"You must understand that first of all I saw only his friend, but he found my proposition so disagreeable, and, as he called it, so monstrous, that he had to consult Moosoo himself, and gradually I was worked into the conversation with the principal. Fortunately, I can talk their language as fast as they can, with a good, strong, honest Yankee accent, which I may add is the only safeguard to the moral nature of a free American when he doos speak French.

"Wal, I found Moosoo as venomous as a rat, and as thirsty for your blood as a tiger. He felt confidence in his own skill, and was as sure of you as he would be of his dinner, yea, perhaps more so. And this was the very thing I tackled him about at the outset. I showed him that we, bein' the challenged party, had a right to define our weepins and locate the scene of action. I showed that we were bound to look after our rights, privileges, and appurtenances, and not let him have it all his own way. I then went on to show that the proposed mode was at once sound, just, fair, wise, equitable, and honest. Wal, the blind prejudice of Moosoo was amazin', I never saw anythin' like it. All my arguments about fairness, equity, and abstract right were thrown away. So, then, I had to bring before him my second point, namely, that this is the custom of the country."

"What! to fight duels in the dark?"

"Wal, no, not precisely that, but to fight accordin' to the will of the challenged party. As for fightin' in the dark, I showed that this of itself was not *the* custom, but still it was *a* custom of the country, and as such deserved to be regarded with veneration by foreigners, and adopted by them whenever it was the desire of an American who might be the challenged party. This argument was one which they did n't find it so easy to meet. They fit against it like all-possessed; but my position was an impregnable one, and they could no more shake me from it than a couple of bumble-bees could uproot the giant tree that

lifts its gorgeous head from the midst of the primeval forest. No, sir. And finally, as a settler, I brought up Californy. I described its wealth of resources, animal, vegetable, and mineral; its giant mountains, its sunless valleys, its broad plains, its stoopendous trees; I dilated upon the Yosemite; I portrayed the Golden Gate; I gave them estimates of our annual commerce; I explained our school law, our criminal law, and our specie currency. I informed them that Californy was at once the brain, the heart, and the right arm of the broad continent; that Californy usage was final throughout America, and that Californy sanctioned the mode proposed.

"Wal, now, Moosoo was dreadful disinclined to fight a duel in the dark. He was bloodthirsty and venomous, but at the same time I detected in him a dash of timidity, and the prospect of this kind of a meetin' upset him a little. It's either natural timidity croppin' out, or else it's a kind of superstition, perhaps both; and whatever it was it made him refuse this dool for a long time. But Californy settled him. The supreme authority of America was somethin' they could n't object to.

"Wal, I redooced them to submission, and then it only remained to settle the details. Wal, first and foremost, we are to go there, — all of us together. Wal, then the seconds are to put the principals in the room whar the business is to be transacted. Wal, then the seconds are to take their departure and fly."

"What 's that? what?" asked Carrol, who had thus far listened without showing much interest. "Why should the seconds go?"

"Why should they stay?"

"Well, I don't know, except to see fair play."

"Wal, in the first place, as it 's goin' to be pitch dark the seconds won't be able to see anything; in the second place, the very essence of the whole thing is that the fighters be left to their own natural instincts; and in the third place, if no one sees it there won't be any witnesses for the lawyers to get hold of in case the survivor is tried for his life."

"And do you really mean to say that you 're going away? Won't you stay till — till —" Carrol hesitated.

"Stay?" echoed Grimes. "Stay? Me! — me stay! And here! What, here! Are you mad? Don't you see my trunk? Have n't you heard my mournful story? Ought n't I even now to be rollin' along on my windin' way? No. I leave this place at once and forever; and I 'm only waitin' to be of service to an old friend in the hour of need; and, my son, I 'll shake hands with you when we part, and bid you good by, with the hope that we may at last meet again whar partin's air unknown."

Midnight was the hour settled upon for the duel, and about half past eleven Grimes and Carrol called on the Frenchmen. They were ready. Du Potiron looked pale and nervous; in which respect Carrol was fully his equal. Du Potiron's friend looked dark and sullen. Grimes alone showed anything like ordinary good feeling. He was calm, urbane, chatty, and at times even jocose. He had the manner of one who was putting a strong restraint upon himself, but underneath this restraint there was an immense pressure of riotous feeling that at times surged up mightily. The feeling was the furthest possible from grief or anxiety. Was it natural cold-heartedness in this man that allowed him at such a time to be capable of such levity, that permitted him, while accompanying an intimate and trusting friend on such an errand, to have no thought of that friend's impending doom?

So they marched on, the four of them; first Grimes and Carrol, then the two "Moosoos." After finding that his companions declined conversation, Grimes gave it up, and walked on in silence. Sometimes his huge frame would shake from his hat to his boots; and on one occasion he even went so far as to beat his breast, gorilla fash-

ion, — a proceeding that excited much suspicion and anxiety in the minds of the foreigners.

Carrol noticed this, but did not think much about it. He was well acquainted with the eccentricities and extravagances of his friend, and did not see much in his present conduct that was very different from usual. Once or twice, it is true, he could not help feeling that repressed laughter was a little out of place, but he accounted for it on the ground that Grimes was really troubled in his mind, and took this way of struggling with his emotion.

On the whole, however, Carrol did not give much thought to Grimes. As he walked on, his mind was occupied with the events of the last few days, and the dark rendezvous before him. In those few days were comprised all the real trouble he had ever known. He had never in his life quarrelled with any one, much less fought a duel; yet here in three days his heart had been filled with bitterness and hate and despair.

Nor amid these contending feelings was he least affected by a certain horror of soul arising from the meeting before him. He was going at that midnight hour to meet death or to inflict it. That gloomy, deserted house, under the midnight sky, was to be the scene; and in that house even now there awaited one of them, perhaps both, the King of Terrors.

Was it wonderful, then, that at such a time and on such an errand, there should have come over Carrol's soul a certain overwhelming and shuddering awe? Has not the greatest of singers shown this feeling in the soul even of Ajax while fighting in the dark? Carrol going in broad day to meet his enemy would have been animated solely by that vindictive hate which he had already manifested, and would have soothed himself by the hope of inflicting sorrow of some sort on Miss Heathcote; but Carrol at midnight, in the dark, on his way to that place of meeting, to encounter an unseen enemy, found himself a weaker being. He was unable to maintain his fierce vindictive hate. Wrath and fury subsided at the presence of that one feeling which in all human hearts is capable of overmastering all else, — the unspeakable sense of horror.

James DeMille.

MORRICE LAKE.

ON Morrice Lake I saw the heron flit,
And the wild wood-duck from her summer perch
Scale painted by, trim in her plumes, all joy;
And the old mottled frog repeat his bass,
Song of our mother earth, the child so dear.
There, in the stillness of the forest's night,
Naught but the interrupted sigh of the breeze,
Or the far panther's cry, that, o'er the lake,
Touched with that sudden irony and woke
The sleeping shore; at once, I hear its crash,
Its deep alarm-gun on the speechless night, —
A falling tree, hymn of the centuries.

No sadness haunts the happy lover's mind,
On thy lone shores, thou anthem of the woods,

Singing her calm reflections ; the tall pines,
The sleeping hillside and the distant sky,
And thou ! the sweetest figure in the scene,
Truest and best, the darling of my heart.
O Thou, the ruler of these forest shades,
And by thy inspiration, who controll'st
The wild tornado in its narrow path,
And deck'st with fairy wavelets the small breeze,
That like some lover's sigh entreats the lake ;
O Thou, who in the shelter of these groves
Build'st up the life of nature, as a truth
Taught to dim shepherds on their star-lit plains,
Outwatching midnight ; who in these deep shades
Secur'st the bear and catamount a home,
Safe from the glare of the infernal gun,
And leav'st the finny race their pebbled home,
Domed with thy watery sunshine, as a mosque ;
God of the solitudes ! kind to each thing
That creeps or flies, or launches forth its webs, —
Lord ! in thy mercies, Father ! in thy heart,
Cherish thy wanderer in these sacred groves ;
Thy spirit send as erst o'er Jordan's stream,
Spirit and love and mercy for his need.
Console him with thy seasons as they pass,
And with an unspent joy attune his soul
To endless rapture. Be to him, — thyself
Beyond all sensual things that please the eye,
Locked in his inmost being ; let no dread,
Nor storm with its wild splendors, nor the tomb,
Nor all that human hearts can sear or scar,
Or cold forgetfulness that withers hope,
Or base undoing of all human love,
Or those faint sneers that pride and riches cast
On unrewarded merit, — be, to him,
Save as the echo from uncounted depths
Of an unfathomable past, burying
All present griefs.
Be merciful, be kind !
Has he not striven, true and pure of heart,
Trusting in thee ? O falter not, my child !
Great store of recompense thy future holds,
Thy love's sweet councils and those faithful hearts,
Never to be estranged, that know thy worth.

William Ellery Channing.

IN A WHERRY.

WE have a phrase in Oldport, "What New-Yorkers call poverty: to be reduced to a pony phaeton." By the effects of a November gale, I am reduced to a similar state of destitution, from a sail-boat to a wherry; and like others of the deserving poor, I have found many compensations in my humbler condition. Which is the more enjoyable, rowing or sailing? If you sail before the wind, there is the glorious vigor of the breeze that fills your sails; you get all of it you have room for, and a ship of the line could do no more; indeed, your very nearness to the water increases the excitement, since the water swirls and boils up, as it unites in your wake, and seems to clutch over the low stern of your sail-boat, as if to menace the hand that guides the helm. Or if you beat to windward, it is as if your boat climbed a liquid hill, but did it with bounding and dancing, like a child; there is the plash of the lighter ripples against the bow, and the thud of the heavier waves, while the same blue water is now transformed to a cool jet of white foam over your face, and now to a dark whirlpool in your lee. Sailing gives a sense of prompt command, since by a single movement of the tiller you effect so great a change of direction or transform motion into rest; there is, therefore, a certain magic in it: but, on the other hand, there is a more direct appeal to your physical powers in rowing; you do not evade or cajole the elements by a cunning device of keel and canvas, you meet them manfashion and subdue them. The motion of the oars is like the strong motion of a bird's wings; to sail a boat is to ride upon an eagle, but to row is to be an eagle. I prefer rowing, — at least till I can afford another sail-boat.

What is a good day for rowing? Almost any day that is good for living. Living is not quite agreeable in the midst of a tornado or an equinoctial storm, neither is rowing. There are days when rowing is as toilsome and exhausting a process as is Bunyan's idea of virtue; while there are other days, like the present, when it seems a mere Oriental passiveness and the forsaking of works, — just an excuse to Nature for being out among her busy things. For even at this stillest of hours there is far less repose in nature than we imagine. What created thing can seem more patient than yonder kingfisher on the sea-wall? Yet as we glide near him, we shall see that no creature can be more full of concentrated life; all his nervous system seems on edge, every instant he is rising or lowering on his feet, the tail vibrates, the neck protrudes or shrinks again, the feathers ruffle, the crest dilates; he talks to himself with an impatient *chirr*, then presently hovers and dives for a fish, then flies back disappointed. We say "free as birds," but their lives are given over to arduous labors. And so, when our condition seems most dreamy, our observing faculties are sometimes desperately on the alert, and we find afterwards, to our surprise, that we have missed nothing. The best observer in the end is not he who works at the microscope or telescope most unceasingly, but he whose whole nature becomes sensitive and receptive, drinking in everything, like a sponge that saturates itself with all floating vapors and odors, though it seems inert and unsuspicious until you press it and it tells the tale.

Most men do their work out of doors and their dreaming at home; and those whose work is done at home need something like a wherry in which to dream out of doors. On a squally day, with the wind northwest, it is a dream of action, and to round yonder point against an ebbing tide makes you feel as if you were Grant before Richmond;

when you put about, you gallop like Sheridan, and the wind and waves become a cavalry escort. On other days all elements are hushed into a dream of peace, and you look out upon those once stormy distances as Landseer's sheep look into the mouth of the empty cannon on a dismantled fort. These are the days for revery, and your thoughts fly forth, gliding without friction over this smooth expanse ; or, rather, they are like yonder pair of white butterflies that will flutter for a half-hour just above the glassy surface, traversing miles of distance before they alight again.

And by a happy trait of our midsummer, these various phases of wind and water may often be included in a single day. On three mornings out of four the wind blows northwest down our bay, then dies to a calm before noon. After an hour or two of perfect stillness, you see the line of blue ripple coming up from the ocean till it conquers all the paler water, and the southwest breeze sets in. This middle zone of calm is like the noonday of the Romans when they feared to speak, lest the great god Pan should be awakened. While it lasts, a thin aerial veil drops over the distant hills of Conanicut, then draws nearer and nearer till it seems to touch your boat ; the very nearest section of space being filled with a faint disembodied blueness, like that which fills on winter days, in colder regions, the hollows of the snow. Sky and sea show but gradations of the same color, and afford but modifications of the same element. In this quietness, yonder schooner seems not so much to lie at anchor in the water as to anchor the water, so that both cease to move, and though faint ripples may come and go elsewhere on the surface, the vessel lies in this island of absolute calm. For there certainly is elsewhere a sort of motionless movement, as Keats speaks of "a noiseless noise" among the leaves, or as the summer clouds form and disappear without apparent wind and without prejudice to the stillness. A man may lie in the profoundest trance and still be breathing, and the very pulsations of the life of nature, in these calm hours, are to be read in these changing tints and shadows and ripples, and in the mirage-bewildered outlines of the islands in the bay. It is this incessant shifting of relations, this perpetual substitution of fantastic for real values, this inability to trust your own eye or ear unless the mind makes its own corrections, — that give such an inexhaustible attraction to life beside the ocean. The sea-change comes to you without your waiting to be drowned. You must recognize the working of your own imagination and allow for it. When, for instance, the sea-fog settles down around us at nightfall, it sometimes seems to grow denser till it becomes more solid than the pavements of the town, or than the great globe itself ; and when the fog-whistles go wailing on through all the darkened hours, they seem to be signalling, not so much for a lost ship as for a lost island.

How unlike are those weird and gloomy nights to this sunny noon, when I rest my oars in this sheltered bay, where a small lagoon makes in behind Coaster's Harbor Island, and the very last breath and murmur of the ocean are left outside ! The coming tide steals to the shore in waves so light, they are a mere shade upon the surface till they break, and ten die dumbly for one that has a voice. And even those rare voices are the very most confidential and silvery whispers in which Nature ever spoke to man ; the faintest summer insect seems resolute and assured beside them ; and yet it needs but an indefinite multiplication of these sounds to make up the thunder of the surf. It is so still that I can let the wherry drift idly along the shore, and can watch the life beneath the water. The small fry cluster and evade between me and the brink ; the half-translucent shrimp glides gracefully undisturbed, or glances away like a flash if you but touch the surface ; the crabs waddle or burrow, the smaller species mimicking unconsciously the

hue of the soft green sea-weed and the larger looking like motionless stones, covered with barnacles and decked with fringing weeds. I am acquainted with no better Darwinian than the crab; and however clumsy he may be when taken from his own element, he has a free and floating motion, which is almost graceful, in his own yielding and buoyant home. It is so with all wild creatures, but especially with those of water and air. A gull is not reckoned an especially graceful bird, but yonder I see one, snowy white, that has come to fish in this safe lagoon, and it dips and rises on its errands, as lightly as a butterfly or a swallow. Beneath that neighboring causeway the water-rats run over the stones, lithe and eager and alert, the body carried low, the head raised now and then like a hound's, the tail curving gracefully and aiding the poise; now they are running to the water as if to drink, now racing for dear life along the edge, now fairly swimming, then devoting an interval to reflection, like squirrels, then again searching over a pile of sea-weed and selecting some especial tuft, which is carried with long sinuous leaps to the unseen nest. Indeed, man himself is graceful in his unconscious and direct employments: the poise of a fisherman, for instance, the play of his arm, the cast of his line or net; these take the eye as do the stealthy movements of the hunter, the fine attitudes of the wood-chopper, the grasp of the sailor on the helm. A haystack and a boat are always picturesque objects, and so are the men who are at work to build or use them. So is yonder stake-net, glistening in the morning light, — the innumerable meshes drooping in soft arches from the high stakes, and the line of floats stretching shoreward, like tiny stepping-stones; two or three row-boats are gathered round it, with fishermen in red or blue shirts, while one white sail-boat hovers near. And I have looked down on our beach in spring, at sunset, and watched them drawing nets for the young herring, when the rough men looked as graceful as the nets they drew, and the horseman who directed might have been Redgauntlet on the Solway Sands.

I suppose it is from this look of natural fitness that a windmill is always such an appropriate object by the sea-shore. It is simply a four-masted schooner, stranded on a hill-top, and adapting itself to a new sphere of duty. It could have needed but a slight stretch of invention in some seaman to combine these lofty vans, and throw over them a few remodelled sails. The principle of their motion is that by which a vessel beats to windward; the miller spreads or reefs his sails, like a sailor, — reducing them in a high wind to a mere "pigeon-wing" as it is called, two or three feet in length, — or in some cases even scudding under bare poles. The whole structure vibrates and creaks under rapid motion, like a mast; and the angry vans, disappointed of progress, are ready to grind to powder all that comes within their grasp, as they revolve hopelessly in this sea of air.

As the noonday sun grows hot, I like to take refuge in a sheltered nook beside Goat Island Lighthouse, where the shadow of the wharf just protects me from the sun, and the resonant plash of waters multiplies itself among the dark piles, extending a sense of coolness over all the senses. While the noonday bells ring twelve, I take my rest. Round the corner of the pier the fishing-boats come gliding in, generally with a boy asleep forward, and a weary man at the helm; one can almost fancy that the boat itself looks weary, having been out since the early summer sunrise. In contrast to this expression of labor ended, the white pleasure-boats seem but to be taking a careless stroll by water; while a skiff full of girls drifts idly along the shore, amid laughter and screaming and much aimless splash. More resolute and business-like, the boys row their boat far up the bay; then I see a sudden gleam of white bodies, and then the boat is empty, and the surrounding water is sprinkled with black and bobbing

heads. The steamboats seem busier still, as they go puffing by at short intervals, and send long waves up to my retreat; and then some schooner sails in, full of life, with a white ripple round her bows, till she suddenly rounds to, drops anchor, and is still. Opposite me, on the landward side of the bay, the green banks slope to the water; on yonder cool piazza there is a young mother who swings her baby in the hammock, or a white-robed figure pacing beneath the trailing vines. Peace and lotus-eating on shore; on the water, even in the stillest noon, there are life and sparkle and continual change.

One of those fishermen whose boat has just glided to its moorings, where it now lies as peacefully as if it had not been out since two o'clock this morning, is to me by far the most interesting person among all who pursue that traffic in Oldport, though he is perhaps the only one among them with whom I have never yet exchanged a word. There is good reason for it; he has been deaf and dumb from his boyhood. He is reported to be the boldest sailor among all these daring men; he is the last to retreat before the coming storm; the first after the storm to venture through the white and whirling channels, between dangerous ledges, to which others give a wider berth. I do not wonder at this, for think how much of the awe and terror of the tempest must vanish if the ears be closed! The ominous undertone of the waves on the beach and the muttering thunder pass harmless by him. How infinitely strange it must be to retain the sight of danger, but lose the sound! Fancy such a deprivation in war, for instance, where it is the sounds, after all, that haunt the memory the longest; the rifle's crack, the irregular shots of skirmishers, the long roll of alarm, the roar of great guns. This man would have missed them all. Were a broadside from an enemy's gunboat to be discharged above his head, he would not hear it; would only recognize, by some jarring of his other senses, the fierce concussion of the air.

How much deeper seems his solitude than that of any other "lone fisher on the lonely sea"! Yet all such things are comparative; and while the others contrast that wave-tossed isolation with the cheeriness of home, his home is silent too. He has a wife and children; they all speak, but he hears not their prattle nor their complaints. He summons them with his fingers, as he summons the fishes, and they are equally dumb to him. Has he a special sympathy with those submerged and voiceless things? Dunfish, in the old newspapers, were sometimes called "dumb'd fish"; and they perchance come to him as to one of their kindred. They have learned, like other innocent things, to accept this defect of utterance, and even adopt it. I knew a deaf-and-dumb woman whose children spoke and heard; but while yet too young for words, they had learned that their mother was not to be reached that way; they never cried nor complained before her, and when most excited would only whisper. Her baby ten months old, if disturbed in the night, would creep to her and touch her lips, to awaken her, but would make no noise.

One might fancy that all men who have an agonizing sorrow or a fearful secret would be drawn by irresistible attraction into the society of the deaf and dumb. What awful passions might not be whispered, what terror safely spoken, in the charmed circle round yonder silent boat, — a circle whose centre is a human life which has not all the susceptibilities of life, a confessional where even the priest cannot hear. Would it not relieve sorrow to express itself, even if unheeded? What more could one ask than a dumb confidant? and if deaf also, so much the safer. To be sure, he could give you neither absolution nor guidance; he could render nothing in return, save a look or a clasp of the hand; nor can the most gifted or eloquent friendship do much more. Ah! but suddenly the thought occurs, suppose that the defect of hearing, as of tongue, were liable to

be loosed by an overmastering emotion, and that by startling him with your hoarded confidence, you were to break the spell! The hint is too perilous; let us row away.

A few strokes take us to the half-submerged wreck of a lime-schooner that was cut to the water's edge by a collision in a gale, twelve months ago. The water fired the lime, the cable was cut, the vessel drifted ashore and sank, still blazing, at this little beach. When I saw her, at sunset, the masts had been cut away, and the flames held possession on board. Fire was working away in the cabin, like a live thing, and sometimes glared out of the hatchway; anon it clambered along the gunwale, like a school-boy playing, and the waves chased it as in play; just a flicker of flame, then a wave would reach up to overtake it; then the flames would be, or seem to be, where the fire had been; and finally, as the vessel lay careened, the waves took undisturbed possession of the lower gunwale, and the flames of the upper. So it burned that day and night; part red with fire, part black with soaking; and now twelve months have made all its visible parts look dry and white, and it is hard to believe that either fire or water has ever touched it. It lies over on its bare knees, and a single knee, torn from the others, rests imploringly on the shore, as if that had worked its way to land, and perished in act of thanksgiving. At low tide, one half the frame is lifted high in air, like a dead tree in the forest.

Perhaps all other elements are tenderer in their dealings with what is intrusted to them than is the air. Fire, at least, destroys what it has ruined; earth is warm and loving, and it moreover conceals; water is at least caressing, — it laps the base of this wreck with protecting waves, covers all that it can reach with sea-weeds, and protects with incrusting shells. Even beyond its grasp it tosses soft pendants of moss that twine like vine-tendrils, or sway in the wind. It mellows harsh colors into beauty, and Ruskin grows eloquent over the wave-washed tint of some tarry, weather-beaten boat. But air is pitiless, it dries and stiffens all outline, and bleaches all color away, so that you can hardly tell whether these ribs belonged to a ship or an elephant; and yet there is a certain cold purity in the shapes it leaves, and the birds it sends to perch upon these timbers are a more graceful company than lobsters or fishes. After all, there is something sublime in that sepulture of the Parsees, who erect near every village a *dokhma*, or tower of silence, upon whose summit they may bury their dead in air.

Thus widely may one's thoughts wander from a summer boat. But the season for rowing is a long one, and far outlasts in Oldport the stay of our annual guests. Sometimes in autumnal mornings I glide forth over water so still, it seems as if saturated by the Indian-summer with its own indefinable calm. The distant islands lift themselves on white pedestals of mirage; the cloud-shadows rest softly on Conanicut, and what seems a similar shadow on the nearer slopes of Fort Adams is in truth but a mounted battery, drilling, which soon moves and slides across the hazy hill like a cloud. I hear across nearly a mile of water the faint sharp orders, and the sonorous blare of the trumpet that follows each command; the horsemen gallop and wheel; suddenly, the band within the fort strikes up for guard-mounting, and I have but to shut my eyes to be carried back to days that passed by, — was it centuries ago? Meantime, I float gradually towards Brenton's Cove; the lawns that reach to the water's edge were never so gorgeously green in any summer, and the departure of the transient guests gives to these lovely places an air of cool seclusion; when fashion quits them, the imagination is ready to move in. An indefinable sense of universal ownership comes over the winter-staying mind in Oldport. I like to keep up this little semblance of habitation on the part of our human birds of passage; it is very

pleasant to me, and perhaps even pleasanter to them, that they should call these emerald slopes their own for a month or two; but when they lock the doors in autumn, the ideal key reverts into my hands, and it is evident that they have only been "tenants by the courtesy," in the fine legal phrase. Provided they stay here long enough to attend to their lawns and pay their taxes, I am better satisfied than if these estates were left to me the whole year round.

The tide takes the boat nearer to the fort; the horsemen ride more conspicuously, with swords and trappings that glisten in the sunlight, while the white fetlocks of the horses twinkle in unison as they move. One troop-horse without a rider wheels and gallops with the rest, and seems to revel in the free motion. Here also the tide reaches or seems to reach the very edge of the turf; and when the light battery gallops this way, it is as if it were charging on my floating fortress. Upon the other side is a scene of peace; and a fisherman sings in his boat as he examines the floats of his stake-net, hand over hand. A white gull hovers close above him, and a dark one above the horsemen, fit emblems of peace and war. The slightest sounds, the rattle of an oar, the striking of a hoof against a stone, are borne over the water to an amazing distance, as if the calm bay, amid its seeming quiet, were watchful of the slightest noise. But look! in a moment the surface is rippled, the sky is clouded, a swift change comes over the fitful mood of autumn; the water looks colder and deeper, the green-sward assumes a chilly darkness, the troopers gallop away to their stables, and the fisherman rows home. That indefinable expression which separates autumn from summer creeps almost in an instant over all. Soon, even upon this Isle of Peace, it will be winter.

Each season, as winter returns, I try in vain to comprehend this imperceptible shifting of expression that touches even a thing so essentially unchanging as the sea. How delicious to all the senses is the summer foam above yonder rock; in winter the foam is the same, the sparkle as radiant, the hue of the water scarcely altered; and yet the effect is, by comparison, cold, heavy, and leaden. It is like those subtle effects of character which make the difference between one human face and another; we call it by vague names, and cannot tell in what it lies; we only know that when that goes, all is gone. No warmth of color, no perfection of outline, can supersede those subtle influences which make one face so winning that all human affection gravitates to its spell, and another so cold or repellent that it dwells forever in lonely beauty, and no passionate heart draws near. I can fancy the ocean beating in vague despair against its shores in winter, and moaning, "I am as beautiful, as restless, as untamable as ever; why are my cliffs left desolate? why am I not loved as I was loved in summer?"

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

THE friends came together again in the Lions' Den, a little earlier than their wont; but they did not immediately take up the chief diversion of the evening. In intellectual, as in physical acrobatics, the joints must be gradually made flexible, and the muscles warm and elastic, by lighter feats; so the conversation began as mere skylarking and mutual chaffing, as empty and evanescent, when you attempt to catch it, as the foam-ripples on a swift stream. But Galahad had something on his mind; he had again read portions of the "Earthly Paradise," and insisted that the atmosphere of the poems was not gray and overcast, but charged with a golden, luminous mist, like that of the Indian summer. Finally, he asked the Ancient, —

"Granting the force of your impression, might not much of it come from some want of harmony between your mood or temper of mind and the author's? In that case, it would not be abstractly just.

THE ANCIENT. I don't think that we often can be "abstractly just" towards contemporary poets; we either exalt or abase them too much. For we and they breathe either the same or opposite currents in the intellectual atmosphere of the time, and there can be no impartial estimate until those winds have blown over. This is precisely the reason why you sometimes think me indifferent, when I am only trying to shove myself as far off as the next generation; at least, to get a little outside of the fashions and whims and prejudices of this day. American authors, and also their publishers, are often charged with an over-concern for the opinion of the English literary journals. I think their interest quite natural —

ZOÏLUS (*with energy*). Now, you surely are not going to justify that sycophantic respect for the judgment of men who know so much less than we do of our own literature!

THE ANCIENT. I condemn *all* sycophancy, even to the great, triumphant, overwhelming American spirit! But, until we have literary criticism of a more purely objective character in this country, — until our critics learn to separate their personal tastes and theories from their estimate of the executive and artistic quality of the author; or, which amounts to the same thing, to set this quality, this creative principle, higher than the range of themes and opinions, — the author will look to the judgment of critics, whose distance and whose very want of acquaintance with our prejudices and passions assure him of a certain amount of impartiality. The feeling is reciprocal; I venture to say that an intelligent American criticism has more weight with an English author than that of one of his own Reviews.

ZOÏLUS. Do you mean to say that we have *no* genuine criticism?

THE ANCIENT. By no means; we have some that is admirable. But it is only recognized at its true value by a very small class; the great reading public is blissfully ignorant of its existence. It adds to the confusion, that many of our writers have no definite ideas of literary excellence apart from the effect which immediately follows their work; and readers are thus actually misled by those who should guide them. Why, a year ago, the most popular book in the whole country was one which does not even belong to literature; and the most popular poem of late years was written, not from a poetic, but from a high moral, inspiration! Somebody must set up a true æsthetic standard; it is high time this were done, and a better criticism must be the first step.

THE GANNET. Why don't you undertake it yourself?

THE ANCIENT. I 'm too fond of comfort. Think what a hornet's-nest I should thrust my hand into! Moreover, I doubt whether one could force such interests beyond their natural growth; we are still suffering from the intellectual demoralization which the war left behind it. But, where 's the hat? We are spoiling ourselves by all this serious prose. Let us throw in a few more names, and try our luck again.

(*They draw the lots as before.*)

THE GANNET. John Keats! How shall I wear his mantle?

ZOÏLUS. I 'm crushed, buried under an avalanche of, — well, not much, after all. Don't ask me who it is, until I try my hand. You would confuse me with your laughter.

THE ANCIENT. I shall keep mine specially for you, Zoïlus.

GALAHAD. I have drawn one of the names I wrote myself; but you have already so demoralized me, that I will try to parody him as heartily as if I did n't like his poetry.

THE ANCIENT. You are getting on. But I think the Gannet ought to draw another name; it is best not to go back of our own day and generation. I propose that we limit ourselves to the poets who stand nearer to our own minds, under whom, or beside whom, or above whom (as each chooses to estimate himself), we have grown and are now growing. The further we withdraw from this atmosphere, the more artificial must our imitations be.

THE GANNET. Let it pass this once, I pray thee, for I have caught my idea! But, even taking your limitation, who is nearer us than Keats? Not alone in his own person, though there he stands among us; he is in Tennyson, in Morris, in Swinburne, and, more remotely, in the earlier poems of Browning and Lowell, besides a host of small rhymers. He still approaches us, while Shelley and Byron withdraw. I think it 's a fair exception; and if you won't admit it, I 'll take the sense of the company.

OMNES. Go on!

(*All write busily for fifteen minutes, except* THE ANCIENT, *who talks in a lower tone with* THE CHORUS.)

THE GANNET (*looking up*). Zoïlus, you were ready first.

ZOÏLUS. Could you guess whom I represent?

THE GANNET. Tupper?

ZOÏLUS. He? he is his own best parody. No; it is a lyrical inanity, which once was tolerably famous. The Ancient's rule as to what is properly parodiable does n't apply here; for it is neither excellent nor imbecile. I think I had the right to reject the name, but I have tried to see whether a respectable jingle of words, expressing ordinary and highly proper feelings, can be so imitated as to be recognized. Here it is. (*Reads.*)

OBITUARY.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. ELIJAH W. BATEY.

Ay, bear him to his sainted rest,
Ye mourners, but be calm!
Instead of dirge and sable crest,
Raise ye thanksgiving psalm!
For he was old and full of years,
The grandsire of your souls:
Then check ye now your heaving tears,
And quench the sigh that rolls!

Ye heard him from yon pulpit preach,
For sixty years and more,
Still battering with unwearied speech
The ceiling, pews, and floor;
As, hour by hour, his periods fell,
Your pious hopes arose,
And each one murmured, "All is well,"
Long ere the sermon's close.

Think ye the voice that spake so long
Can anywhere be dumb?
Before him went a goodly throng,
And wait for him to come.
He preaches still, in other spheres,
To saved and patient souls;
Then, mourners, check your heaving tears,
And quench the sigh that rolls!

OMNES (*shouting*). Mrs. Sigourney!

ZOÏLUS. I *have* succeeded, then! But, O my friends, is the success a thing over which I should rejoice? Do not, I beg of you, do not congratulate me!

GALAHAD. Come, now, don't abuse good old Mother Sigourney! For a long time she was almost our only wo-

man-poet; and I insist that she was not a mere echo of Felicia Hemans.

ZOÏLUS (*ironically*). Of course not! None but herself could ever have written that exquisite original poem, "On Finding a Shred of Linen." One passage I can never forget: —

"Methinks I scan
Some idiosyncrasy, which marks thee out
A defunct pillow-case."

GALAHAD. You are incorrigible; but we wait for the Gannet and the idea he has caught.

THE GANNET. It was better in anticipation than it seems after execution. However, Keats is too dainty a spirit to be possessed in a few minutes. (*Reads.*)

ODE ON A JAR OF PICKLES.

I.

A sweet, acidulous, down-reaching thrill
  Pervades my sense: I seem to see or hear
The lushy garden-grounds of Greenwich Hill
  In autumn, when the crispy leaves are sere;
And odors haunt me of remotest spice
  From the Levant or musky-aired Cathay,
Or from the saffron-fields of Jericho,
    Where everything is nice:
  The more I sniff, the more I swoon away,
And what else mortal palate craves, forego.

II.

Odors unsmelled are keen, but those I smell
  Are keener; wherefore let me sniff again!
Enticing walnuts, I have known ye well
  In youth, when pickles were a passing pain;
Unwitting youth, that craves the candy stem,
  And sugar-plums to olives doth prefer,
And even licks the pots of marmalade
    When sweetness clings to them:
  But now I dream of ambergris and myrrh,
Tasting these walnuts in the poplar shade.

III.

Lo! hoarded coolness in the heart of noon,
  Plucked with its dew, the cucumber is here,
As to the Dryad's parching lips a boon,
  And crescent bean-pods, unto Bacchus dear;
And, last of all, the pepper's pungent globe,
  The scarlet dwelling of the sylph of fire,
Provoking purple draughts; and, surfeited,
    I cast my trailing robe
  O'er my pale feet, touch up my tuneless lyre,
And twist the Delphic wreath to suit my head.

IV.

Here shall my tongue in other wise be soured
  Than fretful men's in parched and palsied days;
And, by the mid-May's dusky leaves embowered,
  Forget the fruitful blame, the scanty praise.
No sweets to them who sweet themselves were born,
  Whose natures ooze with lucent saccharine;
Who, with sad repetition soothly cloyed,
    The lemon-tinted morn
  Enjoy, and find acetic twilight fine:
Wake I, or sleep? The pickle-jar is void.

ZOÏLUS. Not to be mistaken; but you have almost stepped over the bounds of our plan. Those two odes of Keats are too immediately suggested, though I find that only two lines are actually parodied. I agree with the Ancient; let us stick to the authors of our own day! Galahad, you look mysterious; are we to guess your singer from the echo?

GALAHAD. Are you all ready to hear me chant, in rare and rhythmic redundancy, the viciousness of virtue?

THE CHORUS. O, Swinburne! chant away!

GALAHAD (*reads*): —

THE LAY OF MACARONI.

As a wave that steals when the winds are stormy
  From creek to cove of the curving shore,
Buffeted, blown, and broken before me,
  Scattered and spread to its sunlit core;
As a dove that dips in the dark of maples
  To sip the sweetness of shelter and shade,
I kneel in thy nimbus, O noon of Naples,
  I bathe in thine beauty, by thee embayed!

What is it ails me that I should sing of her?
  The queen of the flashes and flames that were!
Yea, I have felt the shuddering sting of her,
  The flower-sweet throat and the hands of her!
I have swayed and sung to the sound of her psalters,
  I have danced her dances of dizzy delight,
I have hallowed mine hair to the horns of her altars,
  Between the nightingale's song and the night!

What is it, Queen, that now I should do for thee?
  What is it now I should ask at thine hands?
Blow of the trumpets thine children once blew for thee?
  Break from thine feet and thine bosom the bands?
Nay, as sweet as the songs of Leone Leoni,
  And gay as her garments of gem-sprinkled gold,
She gives me mellifluous, mild macaroni,
  The choice of her children when cheeses are old!

And over me hover, as if by the wings of it,
  Frayed in the furnace by flame that is fleet,
The curious coils and the strenuous strings of it,
  Dropping, diminishing down, as I eat:
Lo! and the beautiful Queen, as she brings of it,
  Lifts me the links of the limitless chain,
Bidding mine mouth chant the splendidest things of it,
  Out of the wealth of my wonderful brain!

Behold! I have done it: my stomach is smitten
  With sweets of the surfeit her hands have unrolled.
Italia, mine cheeks with thine kisses are bitten:
  I am broken with beauty, stabbed, slaughtered, and sold!
No man of thy millions is more macaronied,
  Save mighty Mazzini, than musical Me:
The souls of the Ages shall stand as astonied,
  And faint in the flame I am fanning for thee!

THE ANCIENT (*laughing*). O Galahad, I can fancy your later remorse.

It is not a year since you were absolutely Swinburne-mad, and I hardly dared, in your presence, to object even to "Anactoria" and "Dolores." I *would not* encourage you, then, for I saw you were carried away by the wild rush of the rhythm, and the sparkle of epithets which were partly new and seemed wholly splendid; but now I will confess to you that as a purely rhythmical genius I look on Swinburne as a phenomenon in literature.

GALAHAD (*eagerly*). Then you admit that he is great?

THE ANCIENT. Not as you mean. I have been waiting for his ferment to settle, as in the case of Keats and Shelley; but there are no signs of it in his last volume. How splendidly the mind of Keats precipitated its crudity and redundancy, and clarified into the pure wine of "Hyperion"! In Shelley's case the process was slower, but it was steadily going on; you will find the same thing in Schiller, in Dryden, and many other poets, therefore I mean to reserve my judgment in Swinburne's case, and wait, at least until his next work is published. Meanwhile, I grant that he has enriched our English lyric poetry with some new and admirable forms.

THE GANNET. He has certainly made a "sensation" in the literary world; does that indicate nothing?

THE ANCIENT. That depends. I declare it seems to me as if the general taste were not quite healthy. To a very large class reading has become a form of lazy luxury, and such readers are not satisfied without a new great poet, every four or five years. Then, too, there has been an amazing deal of trash written about the *coming* authors, — what they should be, how they must write, and the like; and so those luxurious readers are all the time believing they have discovered one of the tribe. Why, let a man take a thought as old as Confucius, and put it into some strange, jerky, convulsed form, and you will immediately hear the cry, "How wonderful! how original!" You all remember the case of Alexander Smith; it seems incredible, now, that the simulated passion and forced sentiment of his "Life-Drama" should have been accepted as real, yet, because of this book, he was hailed as a second Shakespeare. This hunger of the luxurious reader for new flavors is a dangerous thing for young poets.

ZOÏLUS. I almost think I hear my own voice. We don't often agree so thoroughly.

THE ANCIENT. So much the better. I wonder if you 'll be as well satisfied with the task I have in store for you; here is the name. (*Giving him the slip of paper.*)

ZOÏLUS. Emerson! I think I can guess why.

THE ANCIENT. Yes, I remember what you wrote when "Brahma" was first published, and what you said to Galahad the other evening. I confess I was amazed, at the time, that the newspapers should so innocently betray their ignorance. There was a universal cry of "incomprehensible!" when the meaning of the poem was perfectly plain. In fact, there are few authors so transparently clear, barring a few idiosyncrasies of expression, which one soon learns, as just Emerson.

ZOÏLUS. Then explain to me those lines from "Alphonso of Castile": —

> "Hear you then, celestial fellows!
> Fits not to be over-zealous;
> Steads not to work on the clean jump,
> And wine and brains perpetual pump!"

THE ANCIENT. That is simply baldness of language (which Emerson sometimes mistakes for humor), not obscurity. I will not explain it! Read the whole poem over again, and I 'm sure you will not need to ask me. But now, to your work! Who will draw again?

THE GANNET (*drawing*). Ha! A friend, this time; and I wish he were here with us. Nobody would take more kindly to our fun than he.

GALAHAD. I shall try no more, tonight. My imitation of Swinburne has exhausted me. I felt, while writing, as Zoïlus did when he was imitating Browning, — as if I could have gone

on and on forever! Really there is some sort of possession or demoniac influence in these experiments. They fascinate me, and yet I feel as if a spirit, foreign to my own, had seized me.

THE ANCIENT. Take another cigar! I wish we had the Meleager, or the Farnese torso, here; five minutes of either would surround you with a different atmosphere. I know precisely how it affects you. Thirty years ago, O Tempus Edax, must I say *thirty?* when I dreamed hot dreams of fame, and walked the streets in a mild delirium, pondering over the great and godlike powers pent within me, I had the same chills and fevers. I 'm not laughing at you, my dear Galahad; God forbid! I only pray that there may be more vitality in the seeds which your dreams cover, than in mine. Waiter! Our glasses are empty.

(ZOÏLUS *and the* GANNET *continue to write: meantime, fresh glasses of beer are brought, and there is a brief silence.*)

ZOÏLUS. I suspect the Ancient will want to knock me on the head for this. (*Reads.*)

ALL OR NOTHING.

Whoso answers my questions
  Knoweth more than me;
Hunger is but knowledge
  In a less degree:
Prophet, priest, and poet
  Oft prevaricate,
And the surest sentence
  Hath the greatest weight.

When upon my gaiters
  Drops the morning dew,
Somewhat of Life's riddle
  Soaks my spirit through.
I am buskined by the goddess
  Of Monadnock's crest,
And my wings extended
  Touch the East and West.

Or ever coal was hardened
  In the cells of earth,
Or flowed the founts of Bourbon,
  Lo! I had my birth.
I am crowned coeval
  With the Saurian eggs,
And my fancy firmly
  Stands on its own legs.

Wouldst thou know the secret
  Of the barberry-bush,
Catch the slippery whistle
  Of the moulting thrush,
Dance upon the mushrooms,
  Dive beneath the sea,
Or anything else remarkable,
  Thou must follow me!

THE ANCIENT. Well, you have read somewhat more than I imagined, Zoïlus. This is a fair imitation of the manner of some of Emerson's earlier poems; but you may take heart, Galahad, if you fear the power of association, for not one of the inimitable, imperishable passages has been suggested.

ZOÏLUS. Now, seriously, do you mean to say that there are such?

THE ANCIENT.

"Still on the seeds of all he made
  The rose of beauty burns;
Through times that wear, and forms that fade,
  Immortal youth returns."

GALAHAD (*drawing a long breath*). How beautiful!

THE ANCIENT.

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
  Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of Beauty there,
  And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake."

ZOÏLUS. *Peccavi!*

THE ANCIENT. Then I will lock up my half-unbolted thunders. The Master does not need my vindication; and I should do him a poor service by trying to drive any one towards the recognition of his deserts, when all who think for themselves must come, sooner or later, to know him.

THE GANNET. But I never saw those stanzas!

THE ANCIENT. Yet they are printed for all the world. The secret is simply this: Emerson cut from his limbs, long ago, the old theological fetters, as every independent thinker *must.* Those who run along in the ruts made by their grandfathers, unable to appreciate the exquisite fibre of his intellect, the broad and grand eclecticism of his taste, suspect a heresy in every sentence which they are too coarsely textured to understand. No man of our day habitually lives in a purer region of thought.

ZOÏLUS (*looking at his watch*). Now, we must know what the Gannet has been doing.

THE GANNET. My name was Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE ANCIENT. One of the younger tribes, with some of whom I 'm not so familiar. I have caught several of his "fugitives," in their flight, finding them of the kind that catch and hang somewhere, instead of being blown quietly on until they pass forever out of the world. There 's a fine masculine vibration in his lines: he sings in the major key, which young poets generally do not. I 'd be willing to bet that your imitation has a sportive, not a solemn, character.

THE GANNET. Why, in spite of your disclaimer, you 're not so ignorant. Your guess is right: therefore, listen! (*Reads.*)

THE GOLD-ROOM.

AN IDYL.

They come from mansions far up-town,
And from their country villas,
And some, Charybdis' gulf whirls down,
And some fall into Scylla's.
Lo! here young Paris climbs the stairs
As if their slope were Ida's,
And here his golden touch declares
The ass's ears of Midas.

It seems a Bacchic, brawling rout
To every business-scorner,
But such, methinks, must be an "out,"
Or has not made a "corner."
In me the rhythmic gush revives;
I feel a classic passion:
We, also, lead Arcadian lives,
Though in a Broad-Street fashion.

Old Battos, here, 's a leading bull,
And Diomed a bear is,
And near them, shearing bankers' wool,
Strides the Tiltonian Charis;
And Atys, there, has gone to smash,
His every bill protested,
While Cleon's eyes with comfort flash, —
I have his funds invested!

Mehercle! 't is the same thing yet
As in the days of Pindar:
The Isthmian race, the dust and sweat,
The prize — why, what 's to hinder?
And if I twang my lyre at times,
They did so then, I reckon;
That man 's the best at modern rhymes
Whom you can draw a check on!

OMNES (*clapping their hands*). Bravo!

THE ANCIENT. To think of Stedman's being the only voice in our literature which comes out of the business crowds of the whole country! The man who can spend his days in a purely material atmosphere, and sing at night, has genuine pluck in him. It 's enough to make any green poet, who wails about the cruel world, and the harsh realities of life, and the beautiful realm of the ideal, ashamed of himself!

GALAHAD (*annoyed*). You don't mean as much as you say! Every poet, green or not, must have faith in an ideal.

THE ANCIENT (*gently*). Ay, but if it make him

> "Pamper the coward heart
> With feelings all too delicate for use,"

as Coleridge translates Schiller, it is a deceit and a snare to him. Your Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, were made of different clay.

ZOÏLUS. Here 's to their sublime Shades, wherever they may be wandering! Out, to the last drop! We are in the small hours; the *Donnerwetters!* are all silent in the saloon, and Karl Schäfer is probably snoring over his counter, waiting for us. Come! [*Exeunt.*

PETRONILLA.

OF Peter's daughter, it is said, men told,
While yet she breathed, a tale as sad as life,
As sweet as death; which, now she sleeps, has lent
The borrower Time its lighter tints, and holds
Only the shadowed outline of a grief
Before our eyes.
Thus much remains. She lived,
Yet lived not; breathed, yet stifled; ate, but starved;
The ears of life she had, but heard not; eyes,
But saw not; hands, but handled neither bud
Nor fruit of joy: for the great word of God,
In some dim crevice of eternal thought
Which He called *Petronilla*, had gone forth
Against her — for her — call it what we may,
And, bending to his will unerringly,
As bends the golden feather of the grain
Before the footsteps of the mailed West-wind,
Since childhood she had lain upon her bed
In peace and pain, nor had ever raised her body
Once to its young lithe length, to view the dawn
Of all her young lithe years, nor had once laid
Her little feverish feet upon the face
Of the cool, mocking, steadfast floor which laughed
When other girls, with other thinking done
Some time in Heaven about their happy names, —
Set like a song about their happy names, —
Tripped on it like a trill.
As one may see
Upon the hushed lips of a Sabbath day
A church door sliding softly as a smile,
To let the solemn, summer sunshine in
To dream upon, but neither guess nor tell
The dusky week-day secrets which the dome
Whispers the darkened niches and the nave,
Where in the purple silence which they love
The marble angels sleep, or weep, or sing,
(Who knoweth what they do on Monday mornings?)
So slides the tale on Petronilla, left
Upon a certain dull, wan day alone,
Her face turned on her pillow to the room
Wherein the wise and faithful met (for faith
With wisdom married then; none forbid the banns
Within the temple of the hearts of men)
To break their bread with Peter, and discourse
Of all the sacred, secret things; the hopes,
The fears, the solemn ecstasies, and dreams,
And deeds, which held life in the arms of death,
For the first namers of the name of Christ.

And lying there, at rest, adream, asleep,
She scarce could tell her state, so dim it was,
Such lifeless reflex of the hueless day,
A voice struck Petronilla, — Peter's voice,
Solemn and mighty as a lonely wave
Upon an untrod shore. "O brethren, hark!
Ye know not what ye say; your minds are dark.
O ye of little faith, I show you then!
By His great power I show you. Watch with me,
For he is here. Abase your heads; he lives;
It is his will I do his will, and show
The power of God in that he once hath lived
And died, but lives to work his glory still, —
To work his wish, unargued, undisturbed,
Without resistance, or appeal, or blame,
Upon the creature which his hands have made.
Were it his choice to raise yon maiden now
From out the coffin of her bed, and bid
Her step, — or live; it means the same, — what then?
Is that too much for him to do? What now?
Is that too hard? Increase your faith! Behold!"

Awake, asleep, adream, or all, or none,
What ailéd Petronilla? The world spun
Like a frail spindle in a woman's hands.
And all her breath went from her, and her sight,
At the faint fancy of her father, still,
Alone, alight within the room; as solemn,
And sad, and glad, as had a vision been
Of a choice taper set to spend itself,
And blaze and waste upon an altar's brow,
Not taught nor knowing wherefore, — burning out,
Since that's a taper's nature, and enough.
And faint the fancy of his face, if his
It were. And faint the fancy of his voice,
Which lost its way, so Petronilla thought,
Or twice, or thrice, before it bridged the bit
Of fanciful, faint sunlight which crawled in
Between his pitying, awful face and hers,
And "Petronilla," sighing softly, said,
And "Petronilla!" ringing cried, "Arise!"
"Now, in the name of Christ who lived for thee,
I bid thee live, and rise, and walk!"
Erect,
Unaided, with a step of steel, she rose.
What should she do but rise? And walked; how else?
For God had said it, sent it, dropped it down,
The sweetest, faintest fancy of her life.
And fancying faintly how her feet fell far
Below the dizzy dancing of her eyes,
Adown the listening floor; and fancying
How all the rising winds crept mutely up
The court, and put their arms around her neck

For joy; and how for joy the sun broke through
The visor which the envious day had held
Across his happy face, and kissed her hair;
And fancying faintly how those men shrank back,
And pulled their great gray beards at sight of her,
And nodded, as becometh holy men,
Approvingly, at wonders, as indeed
They'd bade her walk themselves, — so musingly,
As she had been a fancy of herself,
She found herself live, warm and young, within
The borders of the live, warm world.
But still,
As faintly as a fancy fell the voice
Of Peter: "Serve us, daughter, at the board."
And dimly as a fancy served she them,
And sweetly as a fancy to and fro
Across the gold net of the lightening day
She passed and paused.
Caught in its meshes fast;
Tangled into the happy afternoon,
Tangled into the sense of life and youth,
Blind with the sense of motion, leap of health,
And wilderness of undiscovered joy,
Stood Petronilla. Down from out her hand
A little platter dropped, and down upon
Her hands her face dropped, broken like the ware
Of earth that sprinkled all the startled floor,
And down upon her knees her face and hands
Fell, clinging to each other; crouching there
At Peter's feet, — her father's feet, — she gave
One little, little longing cry, — no more;
And like the fancy of a cry, — so faint;
And like the angel of a cry, — so brave.
For Peter's face had lifted like the heavens,
Above the presence of the holy men,
Above the maiden serving in the sun,
Above — God help him! — God's own princely gift,
The pity which a father bears his child.
And far and calm as heaven is shone his smile,
And far and still as heaven is fell his voice,
Yet held a cadence like a prisoned pain,
As one twice-wrecked upon the same bare shore.
"The Lord hath chosen Petronilla. Hearken!
Whom he will choose, he chooseth: some to honor,
Some to dishonor; this to be and bear,
And that to dare and do; these bear his swords,
And these his chains. Nay, but, O man! what then?
Who art thou that shalt mould the mood of God,
Or search his meaning, or defy his will?
On Petronilla he will work his power.
O, what is Petronilla? What am I?
Nay, nay, my child, I tremble; this is wrong.

Thou moanest; that is strange, for He is here
To show his glory on thy young, bent head,
And little smile and hands. O, lift them up
Before him, while I speak the word he sent.
For, by the love of him who died for thee,
Commandment comes; and I must bid thee turn
And lay thee down upon thy patient bed
Again; for what am I, and what art thou?
So turn and lay thee down. Behold it, Lord!
'T is finished, Master! Petronilla, go.
God's hand is on thee, O my child; God's grace
Go with thee. Brethren, see! His will is done,
And shall be done upon us evermore."
And there the wonder fell, so runs the tale;
For Petronilla turned her dumb as death,
And laid her down upon her empty bed,
Where a long sunbeam warm as life had curled;
And crept within it, white as sifted snow,
Nor ever raised her slender length again,
Nor ever dropped her foot upon the floor,
Nor ever felt the winds from up the court
Weave arms about her neck; nor ever found
Herself entangled more within the gold
Warp of the moving, merry world; nor once
Again knew even the pallid happiness
Which comes of serving holy men; nor felt
The leap of life within her shrivelled veins.
And there the legend breaks: what good or ill
Struck arms or folded wings about the heart
Of Petronilla; how fared she, prisoned
Behind the bars of that untragic woe,
The bearing of an old familiar fate
From which long use has rubbed the gilding out,
To which the wonted hours have set themselves
So sorely they can neither smile nor sigh
To think of it, but only drop the lids
Across their leaden eyes for wondering
What a glad chance an unworn grief must be;
What solemn musings marshalled in his mind
Who was the Rock on which Christ built a church
Of such as love nor son nor daughter more
Than Him, — we know not; rude our guesses are,
And rough; and mar the shady, sacred hush
Which the raised fingers of the years enforce.

The story slips, — an echo like the voice
Of far-off, falling water yet unseen;
A puzzle, like our next-door neighbor's life;
A lesson which an angel on the wing
Might drop, but linger not to read to us,
Or mark the stint. Each heart steals forth alone
A little after twilight, and takes home
The leaf, the line, appointed unto it.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

JEFFERSON A STUDENT OF LAW.

HIS college days were over when he had been two years a student at William and Mary, and he went home in December, 1762, with Coke upon Lyttleton in his trunk, to spend the winter in reading law. He made the journey in his usual leisurely way, visiting friends near the road, and found himself, about Christmas time, at a merry house half a day's ride from his own Shadwell. There he stayed for two or three days, taking part in the festivities of the season, to which he could always contribute his violin. On this occasion he had brought with him a roll of new minuets for the young ladies, and, doubtless, he did his part toward the entertainment of the company.

But he had left his heart behind him at Williamsburg. He had danced too many minuets in the Apollo — the great room of the old Ralegh tavern — with Miss Rebecca Burwell, one of the orphan daughters of a great house near the capital; and she had given him a watch-paper, cut and painted with her own lovely hands; and he found his mind dwelling night and day upon her sweet image. He had packed his Coke at Williamsburg with the most virtuous resolutions of reading him, even amid the gayeties of the holiday time; but the work lay in his trunk untouched. He even wrote to his college friend, John Page, that he wished the Devil had old Coke, for he was sure he never was so tired of an old dull scoundrel in his life. "What!" he says, "are there so few inquietudes tacked to this momentary life of ours, that we must needs be loading ourselves with a thousand more!" How different this from the tone of fond regard with which he speaks, in the grave letters of his maturer years, of Coke and his works. But he was in love, and he was writing on a Christmas day, a hundred miles from the object of his affection.

He had risen on that joyful morning to face what must have been, to a young fellow in love for the first time, a dreadful catastrophe. He told his friend Page that he was in a house surrounded by enemies, who took counsel together against his soul; who, when he lay down to rest, said, Come, let us destroy him! In the night the "cursed rats," at the instigation of the Devil, if there was a Devil, had eaten his pocket-book within a foot of his head, carried off his "jemmy worked silk garters," and all those new minuets. But these were trifles. It had rained in the night; and in the morning he found his watch all afloat in a pool of water, and as silent as the rats that had eaten his pocket-book. But this was not the catastrophe. "The subtle particles of the water with which the case was filled had, by their penetration, so overcome the cohesion of the particles of the paper of which my dear picture and watch-paper were composed, that, in attempting to take them out to dry them, — good God! *Mens horret referre!* — my fingers gave them such a rent, as I fear *I* never shall get over." He is so overcome by the recollection that he cannot keep up the jocular strain, but breaks into a serious invocation. Whatever misfortunes may attend the picture or the lover, his hearty prayers shall be, that all the health and happiness which Heaven can send may be the portion of the Original, and that so much goodness may ever meet with what is most agreeable in this world, as he is *sure* it must in the next. "And now," he adds, "although the picture may be defaced, there is so lively an image of her imprinted in my mind, that I shall think of her too often, I fear, for my peace of mind; and too often, I am sure, to get through old Coke this winter."

Message upon message he sends to the young ladies at Williamsburg;

with whom, he says, the better part of him, his soul, ever is, though that heavy earthly part, his body, may be absent. With one he has a bet pending of a pair of silk garters; which the rats knew he was destined to win, else they never could have been so cruel as to carry off the pair he had. And O, *would* Miss Burwell give him another watch-paper of her own cutting? What does dear Page think? Would he ask her? A watch-paper cut by *her* fingers, though it were only "a plain round one," he should esteem much more than the nicest one in the world cut by other hands. Another young lady, he had heard, was offended with him. What could it be for? Neither in word nor deed had he ever, in all his life, been guilty of the least disrespect to her; and, no matter what she might say or do, he was determined ever to look upon her as "the same honest-hearted, good-humored, agreeable lady" he had always thought her. So full was he of Williamsburg and its lovely girls, "Sukey Potter," "Betsy Moore," "Judy Burwell," "Nancy," and, above all, "Becca Burwell," otherwise "Belinda," the adored one, that, on this Christmas day, 1762, he wrote a letter about them that would have filled a dozen of our trivial modern sheets of paper. It well became him to write such an epistle on his nineteenth Christmas. Young men of nineteen still write such who have preserved their innocence.

He was at home soon after Christmas. Absence only made his heart grow fonder. He missed the gayety and variety, the friends and stir of life and business at the capital. He found the old farm-house dull. There must have been *something* uncongenial there, else so affectionate a youth, the head of the family, would not have spent his Christmases away from home. Perhaps his mother was oppressed by the care of a family of eight children and thirty slaves; or she may have agreed with that small portion of the clergy who regarded the fiddle and the minuet as a "profanation" of Christmas. However that may be, this sudden change from the Apollo and the palace, from college friends and employments, to a farm-house on the frontier and Coke's digest of law, was almost too much for his philosophy. He could hardly muster spirits to write to his friend Page. When he had been at home three weeks, he wrote a short letter which shows him reduced to a sorry plight indeed. He was torn with the contest raging in his soul between his passion and his judgment, and he plunges into a letter, as it were, headforemost, seeking relief in converse with his friend, with whom he had been accustomed to exchange such confidences: "Dear Page, to tell you the plain truth, I have not a syllable to write to you about"; which was a lover's way of stating that his heart was full to bursting. "I do not conceive," he continues, "that anything can happen in my world which you would give a curse to know." The *worlds* of these two friends were indeed unlike; for John Page, heir to one of the largest estates, lived in the largest mansion of all Virginia, — Rosewell, — which stands to this day near the banks of the York River, a vast, square barrack, treeless, fenceless, dismantled, a pile without inhabitant, a picture of desolation. "All things here," the distracted lover went on, "appear to me to trudge on in one and the same round; we rise in the morning that we may eat breakfast, dinner, and supper, and go to bed again that we may get up the next morning and do the same; so that you never saw two peas more alike than our yesterday and to-day."

If he had nothing to tell, he had plenty to ask. A jury of lovers would have pronounced his situation serious in the extreme. He was enamored of a beauty and an heiress; she, in the full lustre of her charms; he, a youth not twenty, of small estate heavily burdened, reading the elementary book of a profession requiring years of preparation. Moreover, he had the usual dream of foreign travel. Before settling to the business of life, he meant to visit England, Holland, France, Spain, Italy,

— where he would buy "a good fiddle," — and then cross to Egypt, returning home by way of the St. Lawrence and Canada. Such a tour would require two or three years. Would she wait? Could he ask her to wait? She must love him very much to do that, and he did not know that she loved him at all; for the watch-paper meant nothing particular, indicating friendly feeling, nothing more. What would dear Page advise? Should he go at once to town, receive his sentence, and end this awful suspense? Inclination prompted this course; but if she rejected him, he would be "ten times more wretched than ever." In this dilemma, he had some thoughts of going to Petersburg, "if the actors go there in May," and keeping on to Williamsburg for the birthnight ball at the Apollo, which, of course, *she* would attend. But, after all, had not he and Page better go abroad at once for a two or three years' tour? "If we should not both be cured of love in *that* time, I think the Devil would be in it."

He remained at home, however, all that winter and all the ensuing summer, wrestling with love and Coke, writing long letters to Page on the one, and long notes on the other in his blank-books. Page, though he was as far gone in love as Jefferson, tried to act as his friend's attorney-in-love; and Jefferson, on his part, reflected much on Page's "case," and favored him with sage advice. And so the affair went on nearly all that year.

"The test of a woman is gold," says Poor Richard, "and the test of a man is woman." This young man bore the test well. He was not carried away, even by this first yearning passion, but held firmly to his purposes, making his love subordinate to them. After viewing the subject in every light, he could only come to this wise conclusion: If she said Yes, he should be happy; but "if she does not, I must *endeavor* to be as much so as possible." And then he bestows upon his fellow-sufferer a discourse upon the necessity of fortifying the mind against inevitable strokes of ill-fortune. "The only method of doing this," he remarks, "is to assume a perfect resignation to the Divine Will; to consider that whatever does happen must happen, and that by our uneasiness we cannot prevent the blow before it does fall, but we may add to its force after it has fallen." This attitude of mind, which he recommends to his friend in several rotund and solemn sentences, will enable a man to tread the thorny path of life with "a pious and unshaken resignation." He ends this discourse with a sentence which reminds us that Dr. Johnson was then a power in the world: "Few things will disturb him at all; nothing will disturb him much."

The lover had occasion for all his philosophy. In October, when the General Court convened, he must needs be in Williamsburg, to watch its proceedings and submit knotty questions to his friend Wythe. He flew thither on the wings of love. There was a ball at the Apollo. He met her there. Who so happy as he when he led her out to the dance? He had made up his mind to speak, if opportunity favored, and he had meditated some moving passages which, he hoped, would touch her heart, and call forth the response he desired. But, alas! when, at length, after so many months of longing, the moment arrived, and he had her *tête-à-tête*, he could only stammer a few broken sentences, with dreadful pauses between them; which elicited no explicit reply, and had no result except to plunge him into the depths of shame and despair. "For God's sake, COME," he writes to Page, who had not yet arrived. He met her again. The fearful subject was again approached. This time he got on a little better; explained his projects; did not put the question, but gave her to understand that he *should* do so in due time. Girls of spirit are not won in that manner, and we may presume she did not flatter his hopes; for when next he wrote to his friend, he calls the capital of Virginia, the scene of his disaster, by the name

of "Devilsburg." The probability is, that the young lady was engaged at the time, since, a few months after the *tête-à-tête* in the Apollo, she was married to that dread being, — Another! Page, too, seems to have been crossed in love, but he immediately consoled himself by courting — Another. Poor love-sick Jefferson declared he would not believe the tale, till he had heard it from Page himself. For his own part, he had been perfectly sure, during the whole course of his love, that if Belinda rejected him, his heart was dead to love forever; and he wanted to know his fate as soon as possible, that, if doomed to disappointment, he might have "more of life to wear it off."

How captivating to lovers is the poetry of love! It was during these two or three years of longing that London ships were bringing to Virginia, among the other new publications, volumes of the poems of Ossian, invested with the halo of a London celebrity, soon to become European. Burly Johnson, tyrant of Great Britain, had not yet denounced them as forgeries, and all the reading world accepted them as genuine relics of antiquity. In these poems there is much which could not but have impressed a youth who had listened spell-bound to the melodious oratory of an Indian chief, of which he understood not a word, and gazed with such interest upon the scene of the various groups of listeners, each group by its own fire, and the full-orbed moon shining over all. It was an Ossian scene. But he was now a lovelorn young man, and Ossian contains on almost every page some picture of beauty in distress, some utterance of passion or tenderness, which lovers can easily make their own. "Daura, my daughter, thou wert fair; fair as the moon on Fura, white as the driven snow, sweet as the breathing gale." So was Belinda. "Her fair bosom is seen from her robe, as the moon from the clouds of night, when its edge heaves white on the view from the darkness which covers its orb." He had often observed this fine effect when dancing at the Apollo with Belinda, arrayed in the bodice of the period. "Fair was she, the daughter of the mighty Conlock. She appeared like a sunbeam among women." Precisely the observation he had frequently made to Page, when glorious Belinda appeared, surrounded by her excellent but commonplace friends. "Often met their eyes of love." Rapturous thought! Would it ever be anything more than a thought? Tradition has not recorded the color of Belinda's hair, but whether it were of the hue of the "raven's wing," or "dark brown," or of some lighter shade; whether she wore her hair "flowing," or "wandering," or in some other touching style; he had not far to go in Ossian, without meeting a damsel similarly adorned, with the additional resemblance of white hands and snowy arms.

It belongs to youth to abandon itself to these literary raptures; but there has seldom been a case of such lasting fascination as this. He could not get over it. His passion for Ossian long outlived his love for Belinda. The fulminations of Dr. Johnson, if they were heard on this side of the Atlantic, could not shake *his* faith. It chanced that Charles MacPherson, a relative of the translator, visited Virginia a few years after; when Jefferson made his acquaintance, and, we may be sure, gave utterance to his enthusiasm. The longer he read the ancient poet, the more interested he became; and for ten years of his life, at least, he thought "this rude bard of the North the greatest poet that ever existed." His friends had but to start that topic to call from him the most animated discourse, interspersed with many a favorite passage, delivered with his best elocution.

Ossian had other American admirers. Some enthusiast, perhaps, it was who took the name of "Selma" from Ossian, and gave it to a town in Alabama, since become important; as another reader of poetry fancied the pretty name of Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and called a village in New

York, Auburn. With regard to other familiar authors, the student's preferences were such as we should expect, — Shakespeare, Homer, Molière, Cervantes, and the old English songs and ballads. Copies of songs, in his youthful hand, are still preserved, — simple old love-ditties that pleased the simple old generations. Fiction had not then become one of the fine arts, and he had little relish for any but the few immortal tales. Don Quixote, his descendants think, was the only fiction he ever read twice.

Fortunately for love-sick swains, the affairs of this vulgar world go on, little as they may regard them; and, indeed, there is reason to surmise that our lover recovered his serenity very soon after he knew his fate. In his long letters to Page on their affairs of the heart, there is generally a saving clause like this, "The court is at hand, which I must attend constantly"; or this, "As I suppose you do not use your 'Statutes of Britain,' if you can lend them to me till I can provide myself with a copy, it will infinitely oblige me." During the period of his preparation for the bar, he usually spent the winter at the capital and the summer at home; working at both places, as he did everywhere and always, with a constancy, system, and cheerfulness, of which there have been few examples among the toiling sons of men. It was this that soon enabled him to play groomsman for happier friends with so much gayety, and contemplate John Page's fortunate suit without a sigh. If we possessed nothing of this part of his life but these familiar letters to John Page, wherein love and the Apollo are everything to him, and Coke appears as an "old dull scoundrel," lying snugly packed in a trunk, we should be utterly deceived.

Letters, indeed, though of eminent value as biographical material, are most misleading, unless we employ other means of information. In this respect, they are like newspapers, which are a kind of digest of the letters of the time, and valuable as showing, not what occurred at a given period, but what was then thought to have occurred. The very exhaustion which results from long mental toil may cause a student to write in a strain of reckless audacity or rollicking merriment very unlike his habitual tone, — as people who find themselves in extremely dismal circumstances sometimes abandon themselves to hilarity. As to the letters of public or famous persons, are they not generally written under the expectation or dread of ultimate publication? Happily, we have other means than these few epistles about Belinda and the girls, of knowing how this student of law passed his time, both at the capital and at home.

He came of age in April, 1764. According to an old British custom, he signalized the year by causing an avenue of trees to be planted near his house. Time has dealt harshly with it, for, after a hundred and eight years, there are only a few battered, decaying trees left, locusts and sycamores. He did not spend this birthday at home, but at Williamsburg, where he and all the other mathematical heads of the place were intent upon a grand operation of measurement. "Everything," he writes to Page, "is now ready for taking the height of this place above the water of the creeks," — two streams, one a tributary of the James, and the other of the York, both navigable to within a mile of Williamsburg, — and he hopes Page will come to take part in the interesting affair, "if his mistress can spare him."

He did not delay in accepting the responsibilities of his position as a leading gentleman of his county. We find him soon in two of his father's offices, — justice of the peace and vestryman of the parish. Not long after coming of age he set on foot a public improvement of importance to his neighborhood. The river Rivanna, that flowed by his land, although a considerable stream was so obstructed as to be useless for purposes of navigation. Scarcely an empty canoe had ever

floated on it to the James. Upon reaching home he examined its channel, and, perceiving that it could be cleared for twenty-two miles without too great expense, he set on foot a subscription for the purpose, which was successful; and, after procuring an act of the Legislature authorizing the work, he caused it to be done. The result was that he and his neighbors used the river thenceforth for carrying down all the produce of their farms. Thus did this colonial squire announce and celebrate his coming of age.

The young man took hold of his business as a farmer in a manner which showed that the genuine culture of the mind is the best preparation for the common as well as for the higher duties of life. In everything he did he was the educated being. Was there ever a mortal so exact, so punctual, so indefatigable as he, in recording and tabularizing details? He may be said to have lived pen in hand. He kept a garden-book, a farm-book, a weather-book, a receipt-book, a pocket-expenditure book, and, later, a fee-book; and there was nothing too trivial to be entered in one of them, provided it really had any relation to matters of importance. In the small, neat hand, then common in Virginia, he would record in his pocket-book such items as these: "Put into the church-box, 1 *d.*"; "Paid a barber, 11 *d.*"; "Paid for pins, 4/2"; "Paid for whetting penknife, 4 *d.*"; "Paid my part for an express to Williamsburg, 10 *s.*"; "Paid Bell for books, 35 *s.*"; "Paid postage, 8/3." In his garden-book, for some pages of which we are indebted to Mr. Randall, may be read countless entries like the following: "March 30, sowed a patch of later peas"; "July 15, planted out celery"; "July 22, had the last dish of our spring peas"; "March 31, grafted five French chestnuts into two stocks of common chestnut." His garden-books show that he was a bold and constant experimenter, always eager to try foreign seeds and roots, of which he introduced a great number in the course of his life. They show, also, that he was a close observer and calculator. His weather-book, of which I possess a few pages, given to me by Mr. Randall, is a wonder of neatness and minuteness, — fifty-nine days' weather history on one small page. This is one day's record: "March 24, at 6.30 A. M., ther. 27°; barom. 25°; wind N. W.; force of wind (not stated); weather, clear after rain, Blue Ridge and higher parts of S. W. mountain covered with snow. No snow here, but much ice; black frost." Multiply this by fifty-nine, and you have the contents of one page of his weather-book, every word of which, after the lapse of a century, is as clear and legible as diamond type. It is ruled in ten columns, one for each class of entries. This practice of minute record, which remained with him to the end of his days, he began while he was still a student. Nor did he ever content himself with the mere record of items. These were regularly reviewed, added, compared, and utilized in every possible way. It was the most remarkable of all his habits.

Interesting events were occurring in the family at the Shadwell farm-house. During his first year in college one of his sisters was married; and now, soon after his coming of age, another marriage in the family, and one that proved of far more importance to the head of the house, became probable.

Among the most beloved of his schoolfellows was Dabney Carr, a youth destined like himself to the bar. It was that Dabney Carr who fills the place in the annals and the hearts of Virginia, which young Josiah Quincy occupies in those of Massachusetts; both having died in the prime of early manhood, at the beginning of the Revolution, after figuring honorably in its opening scenes. At this time, when Jefferson was coming into his duties as head of his family, clearing out his river and watching his early peas, Dabney Carr was getting into practice as a country lawyer; and when Jefferson was at home, during the long sum-

mers, the two friends and fellow-students were inseparable. Two miles from Jefferson's home was an isolated mountain, five hundred and eighty feet high, which he afterwards named Monticello, or The Little Mount, covered then to the summit with the primeval forest. High up on this mountain, in the deepest shade of the luxuriant woods, under an ancient oak of vast size, the young friends constructed a rustic seat; and thither, in the summer mornings, they would ride, with their law-books, and pass peaceful days there in study and conversation. Both of them became strongly attached to the spot. They made a compact that whichever of them died first should be buried by the other under that grand old tree. The compact was fulfilled, and the place was, long after, enclosed and made the burial-place of the Jeffersons; so that both the friends now repose on the spot where they studied together in their youth. It was these happy visits to the mountain that led to its selection, by and by, as the site of Jefferson's abode.

When the young men returned to Shadwell at the close of the day, they returned to a house full of sisters, three of whom were young ladies, twenty-five, twenty-one, nineteen years of age; the work of the day done, the costume of the evening assumed, the evening meal ready, the violin and music in the next room. It was the beautiful and gifted Martha, in her nineteenth year, upon whom Dabney Carr fixed his affections; and in the summer vacation of 1765 Jefferson had the pleasure of seeing them married. The bridegroom had still his fortune to make, and they went away to live, a few miles off, in the next county of Louisa, in a house amusing to them all for its smallness and simplicity. It was one of the triumphant marriages. "This friend of ours, Page," wrote Jefferson, when they had been five years married, "in a very small house, with a table, half a dozen chairs, and one or two servants, is the happiest man in the universe. Every incident in life he so takes as to render it a source of pleasure. With as much benevolence as the heart of man will hold, but with an utter neglect of the costly apparatus of life, he exhibits to the world a new phenomenon in philosophy, — the Samian sage in the tub of the cynic." To this pleasing picture Mr. Wirt adds, from tradition current in Virginia, that Dabney Carr was the most formidable rival in oratory that Patrick Henry had among the lawyers of his own age; and that his person was of engaging elegance, and his voice finely toned. In old age Mr. Jefferson wrote of him as the man who united inflexible firmness of principle to the most perfect amiability.

But on this happy wedding-day in July the shadow of death already rested upon the young student's home. His eldest sister, Jane, the best of all his friends hitherto, was approaching her end. She died in October, leaving a void in the home and the heart of her brother that was never quite filled. From the funeral of this beloved sister he was summoned soon, by the opening of the General Court, to resume his law-studies at Williamsburg.

Not that he discontinued those studies at home. He used, in after years, to tell his grandchildren that, when he was a law-student, he kept a clock in his bedroom at Shadwell, on a shelf opposite his bed; and his rule was to get up, in the summer mornings, as soon as he could see what o'clock it was, and begin his day's work at once. In the winter he rose at five and went to bed at nine. He did a fair day's work at his law-books every day, even at home, besides attending to company, besides his vigorous gallop on horseback, besides walking to the top of Monticello, besides looking closely to his garden and farm, besides caressing his violin, besides keeping up his Latin, Greek, French, and an extensive system of other reading. Nevertheless, it is reasonable to conclude that at the capital he gave himself to

study more completely than at home; and it is there that we can best observe him as a student.

The law is not an easy nut to crack even in these days, after so much of its husk has been cut away by the Broughams and the Dudley Fields of the legal profession. It will never be easy to apply the eternal principles of right to the "cases" that arise in our complicated human life. But when Jefferson studied law, generations of ingenious men had spent their lives in investing the science of justice with difficulties, artificial and needless. They had wrought with such success, that if our young justice of the peace had been required to record that John Jones had hanged himself at Williamsburg, he would have been obliged to say — and I now copy from a Virginia Justice's Own Book, in which his name appears as a subscriber — that "John Jones, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, at Williamsburg, in a certain wood at aforesaid, standing and being, the said John Jones, being then and there alone, with a certain hempen cord, of the value of three pence, which he then and there had and held in his hands, and one end thereof then and there put about his neck, and the other end thereof tied about a bough of a certain oak-tree, himself then and there, with the cord aforesaid, voluntarily and feloniously, and of his malice aforethought, hanged and suffocated." This is a specimen of the law jargon of that day, for the retention of which lawyers strove so long. It was the confused, bewildering element in which lawyers worked for centuries.

When the love-sick student opened that "old dull scoundrel, Coke, he opened a work printed in black-letter, and offering as little promise of entertainment or instruction as the outside of a gold-mine does of the wealth within it. The author himself, in his Preface, does not flatter his readers with any hope of pleasure in the perusal. "I shall desire," he says, "that the learned reader will not conceive any opinion against any part of *this painful and large volume* until he shall have advisedly read over the whole, and diligently searched out and well considered of the several authorities, proofs, and reasons which we have cited and set down for warrant and conformation of our opinions throughout this whole work."

To add to a student's perplexity, the passages from Lyttleton, the ancient lawyer whom Coke is "upon," are written in the law-French of Edward III.'s time, plentifully interspersed with Latin equivalents and illustrations. But, fortunately, these passages are short, being mere texts for old Coke's long discourses. In the edition of 1789 Lyttleton's observations on "Fee Simple" occupy a third of a page, but Coke's quaint and subtle treatment of the topic fills thirty-three pages, with a thick-set hedge of references down each page. It would be an excellent month's work for a student to master that one chapter. Tedious and repulsive as all this must have been to a youth the morning after dancing with Belinda at the Apollo, Jefferson learned in due time to value old Coke aright. When, in the midst of his law-studies, the passage of the Stamp Act called attention to the rights of Englishmen, he turned with responsive mind to Coke's learned and cordial comments upon Magna Charta, and recognized a master. He probably did not know that one Roger Williams served Lord Coke as clerk and amanuensis in his youth, and went from his inspiring influence to convey to New England the first notion it ever had of the rights of conscience. What Coke did in person for Roger Williams and Rhode Island, Jefferson thought he did by his book for himself, for Madison, for Henry, for Dabney Carr, for Virginia, for the United States.

"Coke Lyttleton," he once wrote, "was the universal elementary book of law-students, and a sounder Whig never wrote, nor of profounder learning in the orthodox doctrines of the British Con-

stitution, or in what were called British liberties. Our lawyers were then all Whigs. But when his black-letter text, and uncouth, but cunning learning got out of fashion, and the honeyed Mansfieldism of Blackstone became the student's horn-book, from that moment that profession (the nursery of our Congress) began to slide into Toryism, and nearly all the young brood of lawyers are now of that line. They suppose themselves indeed to be Whigs, because they no longer know what Whiggism or Republicanism means."

When he had made a conquest of Coke, he was desirous of ascending to the sources of English law in the ages preceding the Norman invasion; for, as one of his old friends remarked, he "*hated* superficial knowledge." He perceived that law, like the other sciences, is progressive, and that Coke merely marked a stage of its progress. He used to compare the laws of England, in their course down the ages, with the journey of a traveller, who, when he has accomplished a certain distance, stops, looks back over the route he has pursued, recalls the business he has done, and, before going farther, makes a record of the whole. The most ancient digest of this nature is not Coke, but Bracton, an ecclesiastic of Richard I.'s reign, who wrote in law-Latin, more puzzling than Lyttleton's law-French, to read whom the most learned lawyers of Jefferson's time required a glossary. This work, too, he read and loved, because it was able and luminous, and because it interpreted Magna Charta in the spirit and lifetime of the men who wrote and extorted it. He went even further back, and conned with keenest scrutiny the book of Alfred's laws, the abrogation of which by the Conqueror the English so bitterly lamented. He did not fail to note the "pious fraud" of the ancient clergy in prefixing to Alfred's laws five chapters of the Book of Exodus, the twentieth to the twenty-fourth inclusive, though they contained laws at direct variance with those of the king. For a young vestryman, he seems to have had a sharp scent for pious frauds.

Already we observe in the few relics of his student life which have come down to us indications of the coming Jefferson, the Thomas Jefferson of American history. The most interesting of all those relics is an extract, which he made for a friend in 1814, from a book in which, when he was plodding through Bracton and the older law-books, he was accustomed to enter abstracts. "When I was a student of the law," he wrote to this friend, "now half a century ago, after getting through Coke Lyttleton, whose matter cannot be abridged, I was in the habit of abridging and commonplacing what I read meriting it, and of sometimes mixing my own reflections on the subject." The abstract which is thus introduced is a complete exhibition of Jefferson's mind and mental habits as a student of law. We notice, first of all, that it is numbered "873," which shows us that he studied, as well as lived, pen in hand. Compact as it is with abbreviations ("pl." for plaintiff, "def." for defendant, "v." for versus, "Blackst." for Blackstone), it fills seven and a half octavo pages, bristling all over with references, old French and law-Latin, which attest his industry and knowledge. There is a maturity of tone and completeness of execution in the work, which would surprise us if it had been done by a lawyer of many years' standing at the bar. But the most remarkable and rare quality which it exhibits is an absolute fearlessness of mind, a loyalty to truth, no matter to what conclusion the evidence may lead, and no matter what array of authorities may have maintained the contrary. In a mind that is immature or unformed, a disregard for authorities may be mere vanity and presumption; but when the intelligence is superior, trained to investigation, and patient of labor, it is the quality to which the whole of the progress of our race is due. An independent, superior mind is the most precious thing that human nature possesses.

This young man found it an axiom of the courts, that the Bible was a part of the common law of the realm, and it was in accordance with this principle that witches were hanged, tithes exacted, and labor forbidden on Sunday. In the long document before us he denied the fact, and traced the error up to its source in one of the ancient law-books, the author of which had converted the words *ancien scripture* (employed in a work still older) into "Holy Scripture." The student proved that the words *ancien scripture*, as employed in the original, meant precisely what they seem to mean, that is, ancient writings, the old records of the Church. Having thus detected the source of the error, he follows it down through the law-books, until he finds it stated with bluntest simplicity by Sir Matthew Hale, thus: "Christianity is parcel of the laws of England." "Sir Matthew Hale," observes this relentless pursuer of error, "quotes no authority, but rests the statement on his own; which was good in all cases in which his mind received no bias from his bigotry, his superstitions, his visions about sorceries, demons, etc. The power of these over him," continues the student, "is exemplified in his hanging of the witches." From this dictum of Sir Matthew Hale he proceeded to the time when it bore fruit in laws making it criminal to write against Christianity, or to utter words implying disbelief in it. Blackstone incorporated the doctrine into his Commentaries, and Mansfield into his decisions. "The essential principles of *revealed* religion," Lord Mansfield had just said on the bench, "are part of the common law," which carried the doctrine still further, while leaving the public, as Jefferson indignantly remarked, "to find out, at our peril, what, in the opinion of the judge, and, according to the measure of his foot or his faith, *are* those essential principles of revealed religion obligatory on us as part of the common law." And all this without authority to support it; for "this string of authorities," resumes the wrathful student, "all hang on the same hook, a perverted expression of Prisot's."

But this was not enough. He goes back into antiquity, as far as the seventh century, when Christianity was introduced into England, and examines every source of information, from Alfred to Bracton, and can find no trace of formal or informal adoption of Christianity as part of the common law; dwelling particularly upon the obvious fact, that the insertion of the chapters of Exodus among the laws of Alfred was "an awkward monkish fabrication"; and showing that the adoption by Alfred of the Ten Commandments was an express exclusion of the laws in Exodus which were suited only to the Jews. "The adoption of a part proves the rejection of the rest, as municipal law."

We observe further, in this curious paper, a certain aversion to the clergy as an order, joined to a veneration for the Christian religion. The fact that Christianity is truth, he remarks, does not make it part of the law of England. The Newtonian philosophy is truth, but it is not common law. "Christianity and Newtonianism *being reason and verity itself*, in the opinion of all but infidels and Cartesians, they are protected under the wings of the common law from the dominion of other sects, but not erected into dominion over them." He illustrates the point further by an allusion to the controversy concerning the use of the lancet in medical practice. He was among the first to reject bleeding as a common remedy, and early forbade his overseers to bleed a negro. An eminent Spanish doctor, he says, affirms that the lancet had slain more than the sword, but Dr. Sangredo maintains that with plentiful bleedings and draughts of warm water, every disease can be cured. Both these opinions the common law protected, but neither of them was common law. How palpable all this, he remarks; but "the English judges have piously avoided lifting the veil under which it was shrouded,"

since "the alliance between Church and State in England has ever made their judges accomplices in the frauds of the clergy, and even bolder than they are." The precepts of the gospel, he adds, were designed by "their benevolent author" to bear sway in the realm of conscience, and only there.

It could not have been difficult for him to discover the unsuitableness of a union of Church and State to the circumstances of modern communities; for the evil results of the union in Virginia were apparent enough, and never so apparent as just then, when he was studying law, from 1762 to 1767. The clergy, indeed, had fallen into contempt; or, as Bishop Meade expresses it, had become "the laughing-stock" of the Colony. Nor does the Bishop fall into the usual error of attributing this to the "Twopenny Quarrel" between the clergy and the vestrymen, of which Mr. Wirt gives us so interesting an account in his Life of Patrick Henry. In that dispute the clergy had both law and justice on their side, as Mr. Wirt avows, while exulting in his orator's victory over both. As Patrick Henry was always Jefferson's guest when he came to Williamsburg, doubtless our student heard his merry friend's own version of that affair; and, being himself a vestryman and a young man, may have shared the general joy at the defeat of the clergy.

The clergymen of Virginia were in a position so false and demoralizing, that as a body they could not but become indolent and dissolute. The law gave them sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco per annum; which might be worth two hundred pounds a year, if the quality were high, and the incumbent lucky and skilful in selling it; or it might be worth sixty pounds a year, if the quality were low and the crop superabundant. They were further allowed by law four hundred pounds of tobacco, or forty shillings, for preaching a funeral sermon; two hundred pounds of tobacco for a marriage by license; fifty for a marriage by banns; and a fee for baptism, which custom appears to have fixed at a guinea for the rich, and five shillings for others. To these revenues was added a glebe sufficient for a good farm, which a liberal vestry, we are told, were sometimes kind enough to "stock" with one or two families of slaves. The clergy, appointed without much regard to their fitness, were subjected to little supervision. The parishes were of great extent, stretching sometimes as much as thirty miles along a river, and yet so thinly inhabited that they could scarcely furnish a congregation; and such was the scarcity of candidates, that a commissary hesitated to suspend a clergyman, even for notorious vice, because the parish might remain vacant for two or three years.

Thus circumstanced, each clergyman behaved according to his disposition. A few of them, men of learning and virtue, did their duty, and eked out their slender and changing incomes by taking pupils; and it was these few who saved civilization in the Colony. Others, men of rude energy and executive force, pushed the cultivation of their glebes, bought more slaves, raised more tobacco, speculated sometimes in *both*, grew rich, reduced their parish duty to the minimum, and performed that minimum with haste and formality. But the greater number lived as idle hangers-on of the wealthier houses, assisting their fellow-idlers, the planters, to kill time and run through their estates, not always dissolute, but easy-going, self-indulgent, good-natured men of the world. It was not very uncommon for the clergyman of a parish to be president of its jockey-club, and personally assist in the details of the race-course, such as weighing the men and timing the horses. It was common for clergymen to ride after the hounds in fox-hunting, and they were as apt to nail the trophy of the day's chase to their stable door as any other men. The names of clergymen figured among the patrons of balls, and they were rather noted for their skill at cards. All of which was just as proper for clergymen as for planters, and more neces-

sary. But in those days the bottle was the vitiating accompaniment of every innocent delight. The race must end in a dinner, and the dinner must end under the table. The day's hunt must be followed by a night's debauch. The christening of a child must be the pretext for a day's revel. This single element of mischief converted all festal days, all honest mirth, all joyous recreation, into injury, shame, and ruin. Nothing can make any headway against the potency of wine, for it suspends the operation of that within us which enables us to resist, and finally destroys it. It vitiates the texture of the brain itself, the seat of life, and the citadel of all the superior forces. And the wine which flowed so freely at the planters' tables was Madeira, strongest of wines, so enriched by time and two long voyages, that the uncorking of one bottle filled a large house with fragrance.

The tales we read of the clergy of old Virginia stagger belief, though it is clergymen who report them. The reverend rector of Wicomico, we read, not approving the bread placed upon the communion-table, cried out from the altar, in the midst of the service, to one of his church-wardens: "George, this bread is not fit for a dog." We read of another who was invited after church to dinner at a planter's house, where he drank so much that he had to be tied in his gig, and a servant sent to lead his horse home. One jolly parson comes down to us reeling up and down the porch of a tavern, bawling to the passers-by to come and drink with him. Another lives in the memory of his county because he fought a duel within sight of the church in which he had formerly officiated. Another is remembered as the jovial hunter who died cheering on the hounds to the chase. One is spoken of as pocketing annually a hundred dollars, the revenue of a legacy, for preaching four sermons a year against atheism, gambling, racing, and swearing, though himself a notorious swearer, racer, and gambler. Another is the hero of a story that one day parson and vestry differed in opinion, quarrelled, and came to blows. The parson, a giant in strength, put them to flight. Not content with his victory, he renewed the battle on Sunday morning in church, when from the vantage-ground of the pulpit he hurled at them this text from Nehemiah: "And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair"; which had the keen sting of literal truth.

One old clergyman is remembered as staggering toward the altar at the time of communion, when the rector who was officiating ordered him back to his seat. The monthly dinners of the clergy have not yet passed out of mind, to which men would ride for thirty or forty miles, and revel far into the night. The court records of Hampton show that a clergyman of that parish was presented by the grand jury for drunkenness, and on another occasion for slander; and that when before the court, he behaved with such insolence as to be committed to prison for contempt. Bishop Meade of Virginia, to whom the reader is indebted for several of these incidents, relates that a lady once came to one of his clergymen, asking rebaptism, as she had doubts whether the christening of her infancy was valid. The clergyman who performed the ceremony, she said, dined with her father that day, and after dinner, her father won back from the priest at cards the very guinea he had paid him before dinner as his baptismal fee.

The Bishop of London, hearing of these scandals, would sometimes urge his commissary, the president of William and Mary College, to proceed against the clergy known to be drunkards. The difficulty of proof was submitted to the bishop as an excuse for not complying with his commands. At what point of intoxication does it become a scandal? How shall we decide when a clergyman has been drunk enough for ecclesiastical censure? The Bishop of London sent over directions on this point. He thought that if a

clergyman sat an hour or more with a company that were drinking strong drink, — not wine, — and took the cup as it went the rounds of the table, and drank the healths proposed, like the rest of the company, there was ground of proceedings. He was also of opinion, that "striking and challenging, or threatening to fight, or laying aside any of his garments for that purpose, staggering, reeling, vomiting, incoherent, impertinent, obscene, or rude talking," was sufficient to justify judges in deciding that "the minister's behavior at such a time was scandalous, indecent, unbecoming the gravity of a minister." For many years, too, as before observed, the commissary-president was himself too fond of the bottle to prosecute a drunken clergyman without calling attention to his own habits.

Old Virginia was a kind of caricature of Old England in everything. As in England this state of things in the Church called forth Wesley and Whitefield, so in Virginia, says John Burk, "swarms of Methodists, Moravians, and New-Light Presbyterians" came over the border from Pennsylvania, and pervaded the Colony, "propagating their doctrines with all the ardor and vehemency of gesture and boldness of denunciation which mark the first movements of a new sect in religion." It was during the boyhood of Jefferson that these "swarms" are represented to have darkened the air; and he was old enough to observe the beginnings of the bitter conflict between the New Lights (Henry Clay's father was one of them) and the royal government. Burk, who was a New Light of another description, and in full accord with Jefferson in his "disestablishment" measures of a later day, informs posterity, that when these swarms descended upon Virginia, "government had not yet learned the secret of subduing the frenzy of religious bigotry by suffering it to waste its powers, and perish by convulsions of its own exciting." Nor was the government alone in fault. Many of Jefferson's stanchest supporters in the measures by which the domination of one sect was terminated gave the governor at this period moral and official support in silencing the dissenting ministers.

His own mind, we may be sure, did not arrive at the simple solution of this problem all at once. Possibly, the young vestryman may have himself regarded the swarms as furnishing occasion for the interference of a young justice of the peace. The vestryman's oath, then used in Virginia, was stringent enough: —

"I, Thomas Jefferson, as I do acknowledge myself a true son of the Church of England, so I do believe the articles of faith therein professed, and do oblige myself to be conformable to the doctrine and discipline therein taught and established; and that, as a vestryman of this church, I will well and truly perform my duty therein, being directed by the laws and customs of this country and the canons of the Church of England, so far as they will suit our present capacity; and this I shall sincerely do, according to the best of my knowledge, skill, and cunning, without fear, favor, or partiality; and so help me God."

The time came, as most readers know, when he could not have taken this oath, though he never ceased to perform the duties which it indicates. As his mind matured, his religion reduced itself to two articles, — belief in God, and veneration for the character and precepts of Jesus Christ; which has been, during the last century and a half, a kind of established religion with minds of the cast and grade of his. But he ever lived in the most perfect accord with neighbors who believed more than he could, giving freely of his time, money, and skill to promote their religious objects. It was long before Charlottesville became village enough to have a church, and every preacher that came along occupied the court-house, a small, rude edifice, without seats for auditors. Old men of the neighborhood used to remember young Jefferson riding over to the service on Sunday morning, with

a small folding-chair of his own contriving hung to his saddle, upon which he sat in the court-room. By and by, when the Episcopalians were ready to build their church, he drew the plan; and the edifice which resulted, Bishop Meade testifies, was better adapted to the purposes of a church than many modern buildings much more costly. This church still stands.

We may say, therefore, that if the church of his youth and early manhood did not materially assist the formation of his character, it did not place obstacles in the way of his mental growth. He was unrestricted in his reading. It would not have been so if he had come to college twenty years sooner. Bishop Meade mentions that when, about 1740, "the first infidel book was imported into Virginia," it created such excitement that the governor and president of the college wrote to the authorities in England about it. Governor Fauquier would not have taken so much trouble. They had such works in Boston as early as 1720, as Franklin records, who read and was convinced by them. Jefferson, when a law-student, could not have had many books at Williamsburg; but we know that among his books was an edition of Hume's Essays, because he speaks of having lent two of the volumes to Patrick Henry. Few young men of Jefferson's cast of mind have ever read Hume's Essay on Miracles without being much influenced by it, at least for a time.

Meanwhile he continued his study of the law with excessive ardor, including in his preparation for the bar a vast range of subjects. Indeed, he went to a rash and perilous excess in study. *He* bore it with impunity, because he inherited a constitution exceptionally strong, because he had horses at command, because, during his long vacations at home, he was obliged to attend to his farms and improvements. But his friend Madison, led astray by his example and precepts, and pursuing his education at Princeton, far from horse and home, nearly killed himself with study, and could not recover his health for many years. Indeed, though among the very best of American citizens, and of infinite value to his country when his country most needed its best citizens, James Madison was never quite the *man* he might have been if he had studied less and played more at college. The only fault Jefferson could ever see in this most honored and most trusted of all the friends of his life, was a certain lack of power to stand firm against vehement opposition, — a certain lack of stanch, indomitable manhood, — caused, perhaps, by the waste of the capital stock of his vitality at Princeton. Thus Peel was made sensitive to the shallow sarcasm of Disraeli. Thus valedictory men pass from the commencement platform into oblivion. Thus, to-day, throughout Christendom, Ignorance is master, and Knowledge is its hireling; Ignorance controls capital, and Knowledge lives on wages; Ignorance rides in a carriage, and Knowledge trudges on foot; Ignorance edits, and Knowledge writes; the counting-room orders, and the sanctum obeys.

Before Jefferson had finished his law-studies, his devotion to study drew admiring eyes upon him. Young men asked his advice as to what they should read, and parents consulted him concerning the education of their sons. He was asked to suggest a course for Madison, when Madison was seventeen and himself twenty-three. He had already written an outline for a young man about to enter upon the study of the law, and we may learn from that both what he practised himself, and what he laid down for Madison, Monroe, and other friends.

The student, duly prepared for the study of the law by mastering Latin and French, and by a course of those "peculiarly engaging and delightful" branches, natural philosophy and mathematics, must divide each day into portions, and assign to each portion the studies most proper for it. *Until* eight in the morning, he should confine himself to natural philosophy, morals, and

religion; reading treatises on astronomy, chemistry, anatomy, agriculture, botany, international law, moral philosophy, and metaphysics. Religion, during these early morning hours, was to be considered under two heads, "natural religion" and "religion sectarian." For information concerning sectarian religion, the student was advised to apply to the following sources: "Bible; New Testament; commentaries on them by Middleton in his works, and by Priestley in his 'Corruptions of Christianity,' and 'Early Opinions of Christ'; the sermons of Sterne, Massillon, and Bourdaloue." From eight to twelve he was to read law and condense cases, "never using two words where one will do." From twelve to one, he was advised to "read politics," in Montesquieu, Locke, Priestley, Malthus, and the Parliamentary Debates. In the afternoon he was to relieve his mind with history; and when evening closed in he might regale himself with literature, criticism, rhetoric, and oratory. No, not regale himself, but sit down to a hard and long evening's work, as Jefferson did himself, keeping it up sometimes till two in the morning. The student was recommended in the evening to write criticisms of the books he read, to analyze the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, to read good English orations and pleadings with closest attention to the secrets of their excellence, to compose original essays, and to plead imaginary causes with a friend.

This was cram, not education. It might make a perfect chief clerk, but not a great minister. It would have diminished Jefferson, but for his fiddle, his horses, his farms, his journeys, and his minuets at the Apollo. Perhaps, however, as he knew his young friends better than we do, he was aware that most of them required no urging to take rest and recreation. Madison read this paper too literally, without putting in the saving clauses; and Monroe was saved by the summons to arms, which in 1775 drew him and most of his fellow-students from William and Mary to the sterner discipline of Cambridge, where man could not, just then, be regarded as a creature composed of intellect alone.

Passing events are an important educating force to attentive minds. Perhaps they educate us more than all things else, for we cannot easily get off our lesson for a single day; and, once in a generation, occur electric events which rouse and inform the minds of whole nations at once. What creature in the United States so unteachably dull as to have been no more of a human being in 1865 than he was in 1861! But in all recent history I know of no example more striking of the greater good that results from great evil, than the Stamp Act agitation of 1764 to 1766; which began the de-colonization — the independent public life — of North America. It so chanced that our student was in the thick of events at the time. It was the Stamp Act which changed old Coke's comments on Magna Charta from dead law into living gospel; and what the Stamp Act did for Jefferson's mind, it did for the mind of his country. It converted the fundamental principles of right into the familiar things of daily speech, and infused the essence of old Coke into a million minds that never heard his name. He had watched with interest, as he himself records, the series of events by which imperial Chatham had given Great Britain her opportunity of empire by making her supreme in North America; and he was now to follow, with interest more intense and more intelligent, the events by which an ignorant king and a corrupt ruling class threw England's magnificent chance away, and caused her to lapse into an island again.

His friend, Patrick Henry, had been coming and going during these student years; dropping in when the General Court met in the autumn, and riding homeward, with a book or two of Jefferson's in his saddle-bags, when the court adjourned over till the spring; then returning with the books unread. The wondrous eloquence which he had

displayed in the Parsons Case in December, 1763, does not seem to have been generally known in Williamsburg in 1764; for he moved about the streets and public places unrecognized, though not unmarked. It would not have been extraordinary if our young student had been a little ashamed of his oddity of a guest as they walked together towards the Capitol, at the time when the young ladies were abroad, — Sukey Potter, Betsy Moore, Judy Burwell, and the rest, — for Henry's dress was coarse, worn, and countrified, and he walked with such an air of thoughtless unconcern, that he was taken by some for an idiot. But he had a cause to plead that winter; and when he sat down he had become "Mr. Henry" to all Williamsburg. You will observe in the memorials of old Virginia, from 1765 to 1800, that, whoever else may be named without a prefix of honor, this "forest-born Demosthenes," as Byron styled him, is generally *Mr.* Henry. To Washington, to Jefferson, to Madison, to all that circle of eminent men, he ever remained "Mr. Henry." On that day in 1764 he gave such an exhibition of his power, that during the next session of the House of Burgesses a vacancy was made for him, and he was elected to a seat. The up-country yeomen, whose idol he had become, gladly gave their votes to such a man, when the Stamp Act was expected to be a topic of debate.

And so, in May, 1765, the new member was in Williamsburg to take his seat, a guest again of his young friend Jefferson. He sat, day after day, waiting for some of the older members to open the subject. But no one seemed to know just what to do. A year before the House had gently denied the right of Parliament to tax the Colonies, and softly remonstrated against the threatened measure; but as the act had been passed, in spite of their objections, what more could a loyal colony do? No one thought of formal resistance, and remonstrance had failed. What else? What next? However frequently the two friends may have conversed upon this perplexity, it was Patrick Henry who, — to use his own words, — "alone, unadvised, and unassisted," hit upon the proper expedient.

Only three days of the session remained. On the blank leaf of an old "Coke upon Lyttleton" — perhaps Jefferson's own copy — the new member wrote his celebrated five resolutions, of this purport: We, Englishmen living in America, have all the rights of Englishmen living in England; the chief of which is, that we can only be taxed by our own representatives; and any attempt to tax us otherwise menaces British liberty on both continents. In all probability Jefferson knew that something of the kind was intended on that memorable day, for he was present in the House. There was no gallery then, nor any other provision for spectators; but there could be no objection to the friend and relative of so many members standing in the doorway between the lobby and the chamber; and there he took his stand. He saw his tall, gaunt, coarsely attired guest rise, in his awkward way, and break with stammering tongue the SILENCE which had brooded over the loudest debates, as week after week of the session had passed. He observed, and felt too, the thrill which ran through the House at the mere introduction of a subject with which every mind was surcharged, and marked the rising tide of feeling as the reading of the resolutions went on, until the climax of audacity was reached in the last clause of the last. How moderate, how tame, the words seem to us! "Every attempt to invest such power (of taxation) in any person or persons whatever, other than the General Assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British and American freedom." Ravishing words to the Whig members from Albemarle and the other western counties. Sound as old Coke himself, in the judgment of our spell-bound listener in the doorway. Words of fearful import to the Tory lords of the eastern counties. Not approved,

as yet, by George Wythe, nor by Peyton Randolph, whom the student held in so much honor.

When the reading was finished, he heard his friend utter the opening sentences of his speech, with faltering tongue, as usual, and giving little promise of the strains that were to follow. But it was the nature of this great genius, as of all genius, to rise to the occasion. Soon Jefferson saw him stand erect, and, swinging free of all impediments, launch into the tide of his oration, every eye captivated by the large and sweeping grace of his gesticulation; every ear charmed with the swelling music of his voice; every mind thrilled or stung by the vivid epigrams into which he condensed his opinions. He never had a listener so formed to be held captive by him as the student at the lobby door, who, as a boy, had found the oratory of the Indian chief so impressive, and could not now resist a slurring translation of Ossian's majestic phrases. After the lapse of fifty-nine years, he still spoke of this great day with enthusiasm, and described anew the closing moment of Henry's speech, when the orator, interrupted by cries of Treason, uttered the well-known words of defiance, "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

The debate which followed Mr. Henry's opening speech was, as Jefferson has recorded, "most bloody." It is impossible for a reader of this generation to conceive the mixture of fondness, pride, and veneration with which these colonists regarded the mother country, its Parliament and king, its Church and its literature, and all the glorious names and events of its history. Whig as Jefferson was by nature and conviction, he could not give up England as long as there was any hope of a just union with her. What, then, must have been the feelings of the Tories of the House — Tories by nature and by party — upon hearing this yeoman from the West speak of the natural rights of man in the spirit of a Sidney, and use language in reference to the king which sounded to them like the prelude to an assassin's stab? They had to make a stand, too, for their position as leaders of the House, unquestioned for a century. To the matter of the resolutions no one objected. All that Wythe, Pendleton, Bland, and Peyton Randolph could urge against them was, that they were unbecoming and unnecessary. The House had already remonstrated without effect, and it became a loyal people to submit. "Torrents of sublime eloquence" from Patrick Henry, as Jefferson observes, swept away their arguments, and the resolutions were carried; the last one, however, by only a single voice. Standing in the doorway, the student watched the taking of the vote on the last resolution, upon which the contest had been hottest. When the result had been declared, Peyton Randolph, the king's attorney-general, brushed past him, saying, as he entered the lobby, "By God, I would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote!"

Doubtless, the young gentlemen went home exulting. Patrick Henry, unused to the artifices of legislation, and always impatient of detail, supposing now that the work for which he had come to Williamsburg was done, mounted that very evening and rode away. Jefferson, perhaps, was not sure of this; for the next morning, some time before the hour of meeting, he was again at the Capitol, and in the Burgesses' chamber. His uncle, Colonel Peter Randolph, one of the Tory members, came in, and, sitting down at the clerk's table, began to turn over the journals of the House. He had a dim recollection, he said, of a resolution of the House, many years ago, having been *expunged!* He was trying to find the record of the transaction. He wanted a precedent. The student of law looked over his shoulder, as he turned the leaves; a group of members standing near, in trepidation at the thought of yesterday's doings. The House bell rang; the House convened; the student re-

sumed his stand in the doorway. A motion was made to expunge the last resolution of yesterday's series; and, in the absence of the mighty orator whose eloquence had yesterday made the dull intelligent and the timid brave, the motion was carried, and the resolution was expunged.

We hear no more from Jefferson of his making the tour of Europe, after the Stamp Act. Perhaps, although the odious measure was repealed a year after its passage, to the boundless joy of the people, these events lessened his desire to visit the land of his forefathers. He begins now to speak with some asperity of the Tory leaders in England. In abstracting cases, he detects the political bias of the judge in his rulings. As Braddock's defeat revealed to the colonists that red-coats were not invincible, so did the Stamp Act break the enchantment of distance, and show some of them that British judges and law-makers could be subservient to power. Nor was he rich enough for such a luxury as foreign travel, and, by this time, he must have discovered the fact. His farms did not yield an income of more than four hundred pounds sterling per annum.

But a young gentleman may take a little recreation in travel, without going to the ends of the earth. The system of inoculation for the small-pox was still a topic with physicians and persons interested in medical science. Jefferson was, all his life, a curious inquirer in such subjects, and he became, by and by, a not unskilful surgeon, — one who could, upon an emergency, sew up an ugly wound, or set a negro's broken leg. The delicacy of touch and dexterity of hand that he possessed, joined to his patience in investigation and fearlessness of precedent, could have made him a master in surgery. Convinced of the utility of inoculation, then performed by Dr. Shippen of Philadelphia, he availed himself of this pretext, in the spring of 1766, to take a journey northward, and see something of the world that lay beyond the boundaries of Virginia. At twenty-three he had never been out of his native Province.

This journey he made, not on horseback, but in a one-horse chaise. Readers familiar with the road will not be at a loss to imagine the "time" he must have had in crossing so many wide and brimming rivers, over which we now thunder with so much ease, — the York, Pamunkey, Rappahannock, Potomac, Pawtuxent, Patapsco, Susquehanna, Delaware, Passaic, Hackensack, and Hudson, without counting fifty smaller streams, and those wide shallows that indent the shores of Chesapeake Bay, — all to be forded, or crossed in a ferry-boat propelled by poles or oars. It argues ill for his habits that his horse ran away with him twice the first day, for the animal evidently wanted exercise. The second day he rode in a drenching rain from morning till night, without coming to a habitation in which he could take shelter. The third day, in fording the swollen Pamunkey, he was nearly drowned. After getting beyond this river, he came to a more inhabited region, where he visited old college friends at their homes, to his great content. At Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, then a town of a thousand inhabitants, and of somewhat more importance than Williamsburg, he found the people in the midst of public rejoicings over the repeal of the Stamp Act. The Maryland Assembly was in session. It was no such courteous and dignified body, he told his friend Page, as the House of Burgesses of Virginia. Business was conducted in a more informal manner; so loosely, in fact, as to move the young Virginian to laughter. He was struck, however, with the beauty and convenience of the situation, — "the largest vessels, those of four hundred hogsheads, being able to brush against the sides of the dock."

At Philadelphia, the inoculation was performed. When he recovered, he continued his journey to the clean, crooked, little, cobble-stoned, half-Dutch city, so green and shady, that

covered the last mile of beautiful Manhattan Island, — a place then of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants. Of his stay in New York we know only one trifling fact. He chanced to take lodgings in a house where a young gentleman of his own age from Massachusetts, named Elbridge Gerry, was staying. They became acquainted with one another well enough to remember the chance meeting, when, nine years after, they met in "the Congress" at Philadelphia. They remained friends and political allies for fifty years. It was, perhaps, on his return from this journey that an incident occurred which, in his old age, he used to relate with so much glee. On his way through Virginia he stopped at a tavern, the landlady of which had just returned from the funeral of a young man of the neighborhood, whom she extolled and lamented with much feeling. "But, Mr. Jefferson," said she, "we have the consolation of knowing that everything was done for him that could be done. He was bled no less than six-and-twenty times."

And so sped these happy, laborious years of preparation for the bar. Early in the year 1767, about the time of his twenty-fourth birthday, he was admitted, and he began at once the practice of his profession. He had not to wait for business. One of his existing account-books shows that, in this first year of his practice, he was employed in sixty-eight cases before the General Court of the Province, besides county and office business.

James Parton.

THE CASTLEWORTH TRAGEDY.

IN a small town in the State of Virginia, on the night of the 8th of August, 18—, a terrible tragedy was enacted. A slave named Reuben was tied up by a rope to a beam in a barn, and whipped until he died, by his master and his master's son. If this statement requires confirmation it can be found in an extract from a Southern paper, published in the Appendix to Mrs. Stowe's "Dred." The reason there assigned for this act is that the man had stolen money from the cash-drawer of the tavern kept by the younger of his murderers.

To prove the falsity of this charge, for the sake of one to whom that dead man's honor and memory are dear, to say nothing of the demands of justice and truth, this narrative is written.

Few who recall the terrible story will have forgotten the cry of indignant denunciation against the crime which rose throughout the whole South, nor the sickening way in which, in spite of evidence at the trial of the murderers, honor and truth were bought and sold, and the jury rendered a verdict of "Not guilty." To the credit of Virginia, let it be said that this act of the above-named official body is still held in unutterable scorn. So much as introduction to my story.

Some years ago I was spending a few of the autumn weeks in a small town in the interior of Virginia, with the widow of an old friend of my father's. Her husband, Dr. Gray, a former physician of the village, had been throughout his life that rarest of anomalies, a Southern Abolitionist; and as his wife had adoringly and believingly listened to and echoed all his opinions from the day of their marriage, it is scarcely necessary to add that her views upon the question of slavery did not differ materially from her husband's.

She was a kind-hearted, hospitable, not very clever woman, fond of her friends, free with her money, and the greatest talker I ever knew. To this

last quality am I indebted for the story which I am going to tell you, and which I hope may interest you no less than it did me.

I had been there about a week, when one morning, as we sat on the veranda with our knitting, I was startled by hearing, instead of the familiar voice of Fannie, — the little maid who had been in the habit of waiting upon us, — an entirely strange one, which informed Mrs. Gray that lunch was ready. The announcement was simple enough in itself, but the voice was so rare, so unusually clear and liquid and musical, that I turned to see what its owner was like. Standing in the doorway just behind me was the most remarkable-looking woman I had ever seen; and as she is to be the principal character in this story, I claim the privilege of describing her.

It is so easy to draw a charming fancy sketch, and so hard to present a correct pen-and-ink portrait, that, were the subject any less wonderful than she really was, I should find it difficult to refrain from exaggeration. But, indeed, words are much more likely to fall short of the truth than to overrate her. Her form was perfectly regal in its magnificent outline and development. Upon a neck that rose like a grand column from her bust and shoulders sat her exquisitely shaped head with a grace I have never seen equalled. In her features there was not the faintest characteristic of her race. Her face was as faultlessly classic as her head; and when I looked at her, and saw a complexion scarcely a shade darker than my own, I found it almost impossible to believe that the few words I had heard — words proving unmistakably her servitude — could have been uttered by her lips.

Mrs. Gray's voice dispelled the feeling of wonder that had crept over me, by saying in a loud, jolly tone, "Why, is that you, Harriet? How d'y? I thought you were in bed. Miss Mary, this is my Harriet."

I rose to my feet at the introduction; I think I should as soon have thought of sitting on being presented to an empress. With a stately courtesy she acknowledged my greeting, raising her great dark velvety eyes for a moment to my face. Then, with a slight bend of the head, which astonished me equally by its grace and the utter indifference which it expressed, she swept through the doorway out of sight.

"In the name of all that is wonderful, Mrs. Gray, who is that awfully tragic beauty?" I exclaimed, when I had recovered from my amazement sufficiently to say anything.

"Why, I just told you," she said, laughing; "that 's my Harriet."

"But you don't mean to say that she 's — that she 's not white," I gasped.

"Yes, my dear, I mean just that," was the quiet answer; "and more than that, for years she was a slave. She has been free for a long time, but she was a slave for years."

"Do tell me something about her, won't you?" I urged. "I feel sure that woman has a story; has n't she?"

"A story! I should think she had! My dear, if you were to put in a book that woman's life," said my hostess, "there is n't a publisher in the land would buy it. He would simply say that your imagination had run away with your common sense, and that such exaggeration was ridiculous."

I knew I should hear the whole story now, so when she stopped talking for a moment I remained silent. In a few moments she broke out with this: "Mary, do you remember the Castleworth tragedy?"

"Remember it! O Mrs. Gray, how could any one ever forget it?" was my earnest, if very youthful, rejoinder.

"Well, my dear," she went on, "the man who was murdered was that woman's son. Now don't get excited, but come in and have your lunch, and then, if you like, I shall be glad to tell you all about her."

We were soon back in our places on the piazza, and what follows is the story she told me, which I shall give in her own words, without interruption.

"You see, honey," Mrs. Gray began, "you 've got to bear in mind that Harriet 's queer, that is, she 's different from other people; anybody can see that at a glance, and she 's always been so. As far as being a first-rate, likely servant goes, there is n't her equal in the State. She 's too proud to be anything else; but she 's been queer all her days, and she 'll die as queer as she 's lived.

"She and I were children together, and she was brought up more like my sister than my servant. Her mother died when she was born; and my father, who was all beat out by her death, said the baby should be brought into the house and treated different from the rest of the servants. My mother did n't like it much at first, but my father had his way; so Harriet and I, being near of an age, were brought up almost alike until we were about twelve years old; then, somehow, she got to be looked upon as my maid. As far as being my maid went, I was hers just about as much as she was mine. We were mighty fond of each other," she went on in her eminently Southern-English, "always playing together, taking each other's part if either got into a scrape, learning the same lessons, — only she was about twice as smart as I was, and that 's a fact, — and being, as I said, more like sisters than anything else. It seems funny, too, for we were n't a bit alike in disposition. I was pretty even-tempered always, and she was just as spicy as pepper until the first trouble came upon her. That I am going to tell you about. Indeed, it was only by the hardest that I was able many a time to keep her from being punished, she was so obstreperous. I was an only child, however, and my father was a good, easy-natured man, and when I said she should n't be whipped, he never let her, you may be sure. People did say that she looked something like me, though you would n't believe it now, and that that was the reason he was always so good to her. At any rate she never came under the lash but once, and that pretty nearly killed her, and me too for the matter of that.

"I was eighteen that summer, and had just come home from Charlottesville Academy, where I 'd been finishing for a year; and my father being considered a rich man, and I being young and pretty blooming, why, I had plenty of beaux, as you may imagine. Almost the first person I saw when I got back was Harriet, and I declare to you, she had altered so in one year that I did n't know her. She knew that I was coming, and had gone down to the great gate about half a mile from the house to meet the carriage; and as she stood on one side to let us pass, I do think she was the prettiest thing I ever saw in my life. She was so handsome as she stood there in her pink muslin dress, with her straw hat in her hand, and her splendid hair blowing in short loose curls about her face and neck, that I felt real jealous for a minute, thinking that I was n't going to be the belle of the neighborhood, after all, if this great beauty was about. Just then she swept me one of her grand courtesies, exactly as she did to you a little while ago, and by that I knew her. I called to Ben, the driver, to stop, and in a minute more I was beside her under the trees, with my hand stretched out to say 'How d'y,' when what does she do but fling herself down on the grass beside me, and take to sobbing and crying as though she was crazy with grief.

"I tried to comfort her the best way I could; but she was in such a storm of excitement, that I saw the only thing for me to do was to let her have her cry out, and after that find out, if I could, what troubled her, for I knew something very unusual had happened. I ordered Ben to drive on and say that I would walk with Hattie from the gate. After a little she seemed to feel better, so I knelt down beside her and begged her to tell me what ailed her, and what I could do for her; but it was n't of the least use, — she would n't tell me a thing. She just put her two arms right round me and held me close,

saying she only cried because she was so glad to see me, — but I knew better than that, and I told her so, — and that she loved me and begged me to love her always; and that was all I could get out of her. At last, when she felt better, we walked on towards the house.

"My father had gone to the country-seat that day, and had n't got home yet; and, not finding my mother in the parlor, I flew up to her room, while Hattie followed me almost as fast to the head of the stairs. There she left me with a frightened look on her face that I barely noticed then, but remembered well afterwards. I had just got through hugging and kissing my mother, who had n't expected me so soon, and who was dressing herself, when there was a great racket in the hall below; running down stairs I found my father with six or eight ladies and gentlemen that he had brought home to give me a welcome, he said. When I had been petted and made much of to my heart's content by the whole of them, we all went to tea. When it was over and we were going away from the table, my father called out for Hattie. He was never so well satisfied as when we were together. 'Where 's Hattie, Puss?' he said. 'Have n't you seen her yet? She ought to be here.' And then he called her two or three times, but no Hattie came. I told him that I had seen her, and that she was waiting up stairs to help dress me; for I would n't tell them that she did n't want them to see her red eyes, which I thought was the truth.

"'Waiting to dress you, is she?' my father said. 'Well, then, be off and do it; and look your prettiest, and see which of these chaps' hearts you can catch. And mind, when you come back, you 're to give us some tunes, for I have n't heard that old piano rattle since you went away.' My father was real old-fashioned and queer, and did n't care a bit how he talked.

"Well, after telling the servants where to put the company, I ran up to my room, and there, sure enough, I found Hattie waiting for me, with the same queer look on her face that I noticed at the head of the stairs, only her eyes were bigger and brighter than they were then. But I was so glad to be at home again, and so excited by the praises I 'd received, that I did n't pay much attention to anything but the new blue silk dress and sash that Hattie had laid on the bed for me. I felt sorry, too, to see her so worried; but I thought that the best way to make her forget her trouble, whatever it might be, was to take no further notice of it. So I rattled away, all the time I was getting dressed, about school and the neighbors and the servants at home, and about how pretty she had grown, and how jealous I was of her, and I don't know how much more nonsense; but I could n't get a smile or a word out of her scarcely. After a while I happened to tell her that there were some of the country beaux down stairs, and that when I went down I was going to play for them, and that I meant to have some dancing.

"'Who are the gentlemen, Miss Pussie?' — that was my nickname, — she asked quietly.

"'O, Mr. Jack Maguire, Charlie Isler, Major Snow, and Colonel Fred Castleworth,' I said.

"She was fastening some lilies in my hair, — I remember it as well as if it had happened yesterday, and it 's more than twenty years ago now, — and while I was answering her, she went on pinning them in with the same don't-carish way she had shown from the time I went up stairs to dress, till I mentioned Colonel Castleworth's name; then she gave a start, and dropped one of the lilies in my lap. This made me look up, and I declare I never believed before that any face could change so. From looking as pale as a ghost a minute before, her cheeks were as pink as a rose, and she looked as pretty and happy as anything you ever saw in less than two minutes.

"'Why, Hattie,' I said, 'what 's happened? You were as blue as indi-

go a little while ago, and now you 're as bright as a button. What are you laughing at?'

"She did n't want to tell me at first; but after I teased her awhile, she said she was thinking of something that had happened over at Colonel Castleworth's about a month before, when she was there. You see, Miss Mary, he kept bachelor's hall, a couple of miles from my father's, and it seems that about two months before I came from school some cousins of his came up from the South to make him a visit, and, one of the young ladies wanting a maid, mother had let Hattie go over for a few weeks.

"After a little coaxing, she told me that one night, awhile before the visitors left, there was a little party of young folks there, and they were all eager for a dance, but there was no one who could play dancing music. They were just about giving up the idea when she, Hattie, who was in the room behind her mistress's chair, told Colonel Castleworth that there was one of the women on the place who could play if he would like her to come in. This started a great laugh, 'Because they thought I did n't know that drumming and playing were two things,' said Hattie; 'but they thought it would make some fun; so they told me to go and get her, and I did. In a few minutes she slipped in with a sun-bonnet drawn over her face and an old shawl wrapped around her, and, taking her seat at the piano, struck a chord, ran her hands like lightning down the key-board, and, without waiting an instant, gave the call for the Virginia reel. I wish you could have seen them, Miss Puss; the way they danced and the way she played; you 'd have thought they were all gone crazy. For a half an hour they kept it up, each trying to see which could outdo the other. But the dancers had to give up first; for while they were finding their way to the windows and seats panting for breath, she just went on playing as if she had only that minute begun. All this time she kept her head down, so no one could see her face; but the Colonel was n't going to have that, and when she had finished playing a pretty little piece that the hands on the place often sang, he walked up to the piano, and, pushing her bonnet back, said, "Who the dickens are you?" I just wish, Miss Pussie, you could have seen his face when he saw it was I.'

"'You, Hattie!' I screamed, jumping up from my chair. 'Why, do you know how to play? Where upon earth did you learn?'

"'Yes, indeed, Miss Puss, I do know very well, and nobody taught me,' she said. 'It just comes as natural as talking. I never knew I could, till one day I was dusting the parlor when the folks were all away, and I thought I would try; and when I found I could, I was almost as much stunned as they were at the Colonel's that night.'

"'Stunned,' I said, 'I never was so astonished in my life. Why, Hattie, you are a real genius, and I am delighted with you. Have you played for anybody since?'

"She said, yes, that she had played for the Colonel and the rest of them every day while she stayed. The Colonel taught her everything he knew by just whistling the tunes to her, and she would follow him note by note on the piano until she knew them perfectly.

"'Have you ever played for my father?' I asked. 'No,' she said she had n't, because she thought he might n't like her to open the piano that I had closed before I went away to school. 'Nonsense,' I said, 'he would have been as delighted to have heard you as I shall be, and I mean to hear you this very night; so get yourself dressed as quick as you can, and come down with me into the parlor. Here, quick! put on this white frock and sash; I know that is your best one that you have on,' I said, flinging her a white muslin one of my own; 'and let me fasten it for you.' After I had tied on her sash I turned her round to see that she was all right, and I declare to you, Miss Mary, she was just like a lovely picture. 'Now come along,' I said, 'and

let me have the pleasure of showing you off.' And with that I gave her my shawl and fan to carry, and hurried her along toward the parlor. As we were going down the stairs she leaned over the banister and listened to hear what Snell, the overseer, was talking about at the end of the hall. She could n't tell, I was sure, for he went out at the back door at that minute; but the scared look came into her face again, and she shuddered as if a chill were passing over her. I was a little cross with her for stopping, and called out to her pretty sharply to come on and not stand there looking as though somebody was going to kill her.

"'I wish somebody would, or that I had the courage to do it myself,' she said; and then she gave a queer little laugh not a bit like herself. I had found her so odd ever since I came home, that I did n't mind this much, but just took her hand, and, giving her a little pull, brought her down the steps beside me. 'Now then,' I said, giving her a little slap on the neck, 'don't be grumpy, but come into the parlor like a dear, and look as pretty as you can, and don't bother.' With that she brightened up, and said she would be very good, and so we went into the parlor together. I sha' n't tell you of all the attention I received that night, because you don't know how I looked when I was young; but Harriet has kept her promise better than I have, and it seems easier to believe of her, so I will only tell of her conquests.

"You know, Miss Mary, with us if one of our young girls is pretty and sprightly, and is a great favorite with the family, there is no end to the petting she 'll get from everybody who comes to the house; and, indeed, in most cases, it is n't best; for it often makes them saucy and independent. But it was n't so with Hattie; it seemed to make her sweeter and more lovable than ever; and that night, I assure you, she got her share of flattery and attention. The gentlemen were delighted with her; and when I got her to playing, which I did when most of them had their backs toward the piano, I thought they would go crazy over her; all except young Castleworth, and he never said a word about it, except that he had heard her before. I rather wondered at that, for Hattie had spoken as though he had been very kind to her, and it did n't seem so not to take any notice of her, when the rest were so pleased. Just then she struck up 'Money Musk,' and the gentlemen choosing their partners, we all took our places, but Colonel Castleworth, who said he would look at a book of my drawings while the rest danced, as there were more gentlemen than ladies in the room.

"I had just passed with my partner down the middle and stood waiting at the end for the others to right and left through, when my attention was fastened on Hattie and the Colonel by what I saw as I glanced towards him in the pause of the dance. He was sitting at a little distance from the piano, with the book of drawings open on his lap; but his eyes were fixed on Hattie's face with a look I had never seen in anybody's in my life, while she kept hers turned steadily to the key-board. I was standing where I could see them both without turning my head; and, feeling sure that something was going on between them, I watched them, more to have something to tease her about than anything else. Well, he never moved his eyes from her face for a second, but I saw the hand that rested on the book clench tighter and tighter, and his look grew darker and darker; but Hattie never looked up once, but kept on playing in the most wonderful way. I knew that she felt that he was looking at her, for her color came and went with every breath, and her chest was rising and falling in a way that showed she was dreadfully excited about something. I did n't understand the look in his face at all, but I began to feel a little frightened, when just then he gave a start which forced her to look at him.

"If I did n't understand the meaning in his face, there was no mistaking hers. Young as I was, I knew that she

loved him, and that her look was telling him so as plain as words could have done. In an instant more he was beside her, and leaning down said in a fierce whisper that I believe no one heard but myself, for no one seemed to notice, 'You love me! you know you do! Answer me now, here, this very moment! Say yes! I will be answered! Do you hear me? I will be answered!'

"'Yes, yes, I will answer,' she said, quickly; 'I do love you, dearly, dearly; but go away now and be quiet, or somebody will hear you, and I will talk to you again by and by.'

"The dark look faded out of his face in a moment, and in its place came one so gentle and loving that I hardly knew him; for he was n't looked upon as a very amiable man in the neighborhood. But I thought then and I know now that love works wonders. I had had too little experience to think seriously on any subject; and I was so unused to thinking of Hattie as a slave or as anything but a friend, that it only seemed nice and romantic to have a love-affair going on in the house. That marriage was impossible, and that misery to her, at least, must come sooner or later, never occurred to me.

"Poor little thing! I shall never forget how lovely she was that night, and, indeed, I have good reason, for she has never looked like it from that night to this. She was perfectly beautiful as she sat there, her satiny cheeks flushed crimson, and her great soft black eyes as bright as happiness could make them, while her hair rippled back over her ears in loose waves, and fell in a cluster of curls at the back of her pretty little head. I could n't give you much more of an idea of her looks, if I were to talk all day; but you see how handsome she is now, and you can judge what she must have been more than twenty years ago.

"The Colonel had just walked away from the piano; we had finished the dance and taken our seats; Hattie was playing something soft and low; and we were just saying how pretty she was and how bright, when we were all astounded by seeing Snell, the overseer, come in at the door just behind Hattie, with his hat and his boots covered with mud. He stood looking at her for an instant, with the wickedest face I ever saw, and then, before we could dream of what he was going to do, or she had seen who was behind her, there was a flash of something in the air, and a horsewhip had fallen across the poor little neck and shoulders, each cut followed by a shriek that I shall remember while I live.

"After that I can't tell what followed, clearly. Everything was confusion and noise. There was a heavy fall, a pistol was fired, a great glass was shattered to atoms by the ball; screams and tears from the ladies, and curses from the men, with cries of, 'Don't let him escape! Tar and feather him! Kill him! Shoot him down like a dog, as he deserves!' together with trampling of feet and shouts for horses and servants outside. After that the house was quiet, and as well as we could, between our sobs, we tried to find out some clew to the meaning of the horrid scene.

"But no one could tell anything about it. Poor Hattie had been lifted from where she had fallen by Colonel Castleworth the moment after he had fired the pistol, and now lay on the sofa as white as death and entirely unconscious, while he knelt beside her, sobbing as though his heart would break. We were all so wretched that I suppose the rest thought it perfectly natural for him to show his feelings as he did; I thought it natural, too, but for a very different reason. My mother and the rest of the ladies did everything they could to restore her, and after a while she revived so that she knew us, but for a long time she seemed dazed, and could not talk coherently. She took my kisses very quietly, and told me not to cry, wiping my tears off with her handkerchief. After a little she sat up, and, seeing Colonel Castleworth in another part of the room, she put me gently aside, then rose to her feet,

and, going over to him, she put her arms round his neck, and laying her head on his shoulder, said in the most broken-hearted voice I ever heard, 'O, take me away from here, take me away! There is nobody who will save me from what I have borne to-night and worse, all through my life, but you, because there is nobody else who loves me so!'

"He had put his arms round her gently when she first went to him, but when she said that he clasped them tightly about her and said quickly but tenderly, 'You want me to take you away from here, home with me? Think, Hattie, what you are saying; be sure before you speak, and then, if you want to go, you shall!'

"'I have thought,' she said; 'I do want to go; I do mean what I say. What is there for me that is not worse?' she cried out passionately, 'what but to be bought and sold from master to master, as they desire or grow tired of me, or to find freedom and rest for myself, as I have been tempted to do to-day, at the bottom of the river?'

"'O Hattie! my father will free you,' I said, going to her and taking her hand. 'I will ask him this very night, and I know he will if I tell him he must.'

"'Your father can't free me,' she said, 'or he would have done it yesterday when Snell set his own price upon me. You wanted me to tell you what ailed me to-day; I did n't want to then, for it would only have troubled you, and would have done no good; now it can make no difference. He gave me until sundown to-day to consent to a proposition he made me, — a proposition that needs no name from me, a slave; and when I struck his hand back with which he attempted to take hold of me, he grew frantic with rage, and said if I did n't change my mind, and tell him so between that and night, he would whip me before you all. He only laughed at me when I threatened to tell your father, and said he could n't protect me, and he told the truth. I don't know how it is, but your father is in his power; and if Colonel Castleworth does n't buy me to-night, I shall as surely be sold to Snell to-morrow as that I am now here. When I knew how I was in his power I was frightened, and that is why I behaved so strangely; but I did n't believe he would dare to whip me so,' she said, breaking into the wildest weeping.

"Not one of us could say a single word to comfort her; for we all had a dreadful feeling that it was true, though none of us knew why. As Hattie told her story, it seemed as if young Castleworth would go wild with rage; but when she broke down so at the last, he could n't bear it another minute. He had unclasped his arms from round her and walked away while she talked; but as she finished he snatched her to him, and, kissing her frantically, swore with a great oath that he would save her from that wretch let come what would, and with that he rushed from the room. We found afterwards that he had gone in search of my father, who went out with the rest, when Snell made his escape.

"After the Colonel had gone we did what we could to comfort Hattie, but we all felt that at the best some great trouble was coming upon her. We could do nothing but wait until some of them came back. All the ladies went off into one corner, leaving me and Hattie by ourselves, and were talking in low shocked tones, not only of the dreadful outrage by Snell, but of what to them was even worse, the open show of love Fred Castleworth had made. In about an hour he came back, looking more grave and quiet now, and followed by my father, who came in with an anxious, careworn face, carrying a folded paper in his hand. 'My dear,' he said, 'here is something I want you to sign, and I think when you hear my reasons and bear in mind what has happened to-night you will be very willing.' My mother took the paper and glanced over it; then, taking the pen the Colonel held ready for her, walked over to the table and signed it

without a word. Then we knew that Hattie was sold. As soon as my mother had signed the paper my father told us that all Hattie had said was true, in regard to Snell and himself.

"It seems that, becoming involved, he had borrowed money of the overseer, giving a mortgage on all the slaves but Hattie. Failing to pay the interest, Snell had threatened to foreclose, unless my father would consent to sell her to him. Horrified at the bare idea, he refused, and they had parted with high words, Snell swearing that he would have her in less than twenty-four hours, and my father knowing that he would be obliged at last to yield.

"Failing in his purpose with my father, Snell found Hattie and made her the brutal proposal of which she had told us, threatening her with the punishment he had so horribly inflicted, if she refused. I may as well tell you here, that Colonel Castleworth proved a good friend to my father; for the night he bought Hattie he found out the whole matter, and after lecturing him well for not coming to his friends, in the first place, he lent him money to pay off the mortgage, so that he was out of Snell's power, and in a few days the wretch left the place, and we never saw him again. My husband told me long afterwards that he came near swinging for that night's work. They caught him about a mile from the house, and it was only because Dick Maguire was a little cooler headed than the rest that he got off. They gave him a tremendous thrashing as it was, and then, making him promise to leave the county in three days, they let him go.

"When my father had finished the story of his troubles and had gone to talk to my mother alone, Colonel Castleworth came over to Hattie, and, leaning down, said, 'It is all settled as you wished; you belong to me now.' 'Do I? I am very glad,' she said; that was all. 'I shall send the carriage for you in the morning; will you come?' 'Yes, I will come,' she said. Then he bade us good night and went away. After he had gone my mother came over to Hattie, and told her that if she felt well enough she would better go to her own room; but I said I wanted her to stay with me that night, and my father, as usual, said I should have my way. My mother shrank from it now that she knew what her future was to be; but I had just got home, and my first evening was so sad, that she did n't say very much against it, so I carried my point. Hattie talked a great deal that night about what had happened, and of her going away, and of how much she loved me, but all in a very sad way, just as she might have talked if in high health she had been struck by a mortal disease and knew that nothing could save her from death. She said very little about her future, but without words from her I felt that when we parted in the morning we should never again hold the same relation to each other that we had held until then.

"There was one thing I found out that night that surprised me, — how intelligent Hattie was, and how much she knew. We had a very good library in the house, as libraries went in those days; and I assure you, Miss Mary, she had read nearly everything in it, and understood it too. She told me how glad she was that my father had let her learn to read and write; that the comfort she had gained from books during the past two years was all that had kept her from destroying herself. She said that when she first knew that she was a slave and understood what slavery meant, it seemed as though she would go mad, but that we were all so kind to her, and she knew how fond I was of her, that she never lost hope that some day she might be free, and that hope, together with her books, had saved her. After a while I asked her how she felt about going to Colonel Castleworth's. She said, 'I am very glad of that, it will be much better for me; I love him and he loves me, and he will free me I am sure. If I were as white as I look,' she said, sadly, 'he would marry me; but as he can't do that, he will free me I know.' I don't remember all the

conversation, and it would take too long to tell it if I did, but it lasted till nearly morning; then we kissed each other and went to sleep, and when I woke Hattie was gone.

"It seemed very sad for a long time after she went, and my father never was the same again. About six months afterwards Dr. Gray asked me to be his wife; and in less than a year from that time my poor dear father and mother were both dead, and I was married and settled here, with my husband, in this very house.

"Well, my dear, some few months after my marriage Dr. Gray was kept out all night, and when he came home in the morning he told me that Hattie had given birth to a son. I felt dreadfully for her, and wanted to go and see her; but he said it would n't do for her at all, and so I did n't go. One thing he told me that delighted me; just before her baby was born Colonel Castleworth had freed her. Her position at the Colonel's was gossiped about a good deal in the neighborhood, and all sorts of stories were started, — a good many of them without foundation; but one of them came to be pretty generally believed, whether it was true or not. By some means it came to be reported that young Castleworth wanted Hattie to marry him, and that she had refused, because she knew that it would injure him. At any rate, some of the gentlemen took the trouble to wait on and expostulate with him about it; but they got mighty little for their pains, for as soon as the Colonel found out their errand, he grew so lofty, and let them know so plainly that they had nothing to do with his domestic matters, that they left without being much the wiser. My husband got himself into trouble by saying, when the neighbors talked to him about it, that he hoped, for the credit of the Colonel, that it was true. But then he was an Abolitionist, and had never owned a slave in his life.

"They soon got tired of gossiping, and concluded by saying that the story originated with his brother Jim, who hated him because the Colonel had inherited more property from their father than he had. At any rate, the story died away, and the next thing of interest, nearly a year afterwards, was the birth of this child and Hattie's freedom. This was late in the fall, and, my husband's health being poor, he engaged another doctor to take his place, and we went for the winter to New Orleans. One of the first things I did when I came back was to go over and see Hattie. My husband had objected, while there was so much gossip, to my going, so I had n't seen her at all since her child was born, and only occasionally, and always by chance, from the time she left my father's house. Now I was seized with a real longing to see her; and as the Colonel was away, and I was in no danger of meeting anybody there, my husband consented to my going, and drove me over one morning, when he went out on his round of visits to his patients. I found Hattie in a large, pleasant room, on the second floor, which had been converted into a nursery, playing with her baby, who was as fair as a snowdrop. Hattie was so delighted to see me that she cried, and I reckon I cried a little too; I know I felt wretchedly. She looked almost as pretty as ever, only paler and thinner, a little, I thought. She talked a good deal about the Colonel, telling me how kind and good he always was to her, and how much he had done for her. But the sadness that I had noticed the night she was sold had never left her; its marks were in her face, and her voice was full of it. One trouble she said she had, and that was all. Colonel Castleworth's brother Jim, who was married and lived about a mile away, and between whom and young Colonel Fred a bitter quarrel existed, annoyed her greatly. He knew better than do it when his brother was at home, but in his absence she was constantly receiving insulting messages, which the servants were only too glad of an excuse to bring. She said it troubled her greatly before she was

freed, but that she did n't care afterwards, because if anything dreadful happened now, — meaning the Colonel's death, — that nobody could interfere with her or the baby. She said she had her freedom papers locked up where nobody could find them but herself, and besides that, they were both free by the Colonel's will. We had a little more talk about my father and mother and our old home; and then my husband called, and, after bidding her and the baby good by, I went away, feeling, I could n't tell just why, sadder than I had since my first night home from school. Another year went by, and then news came that Hattie had a little daughter; and in three months from that time the *real* tragedy of her life began. Colonel Castleworth led the hounds at a fox-chase one day, and in leaping a ditch he was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. My husband and I were away at the time, and when we returned, a month afterwards, his will, in which he had freed all his slaves, had been set aside by the court to which the heirs had appealed, for no reason, that we could ever learn, except that it was a 'bad precedent.' Jim Castleworth had possession of the place; Hattie and her children were slaves, as much as though they had never been freed, and she lay dying, as everybody supposed, of brain-fever. Dr. Gray went over as soon as we got home, and found her lying in the heat and dust of the negro quarter, tended by an old black woman, while her poor little children were crying on the floor beside her. I never saw my husband in a rage but that once, Miss Mary, and then he frightened me half out of my wits. He had gone straight to Jim Castleworth, as soon as he found her in that condition, and tried to shame him into treating her better; but it was n't of the slightest use; he only cursed and swore and raved like a madman, and said he would teach her and her brats to know their place, or he would take it out of their hides.

"My husband told him that the most he would have to do for her would be to get her a coffin. That seemed to bring him to reason a little. 'You don't mean to say that she is going to die?' he asked. 'I most certainly do mean to say so,' my husband said, 'or I am greatly mistaken; but I 'll tell you one thing: whether she lives or dies, she will never be worth three hundred dollars to you or anybody else as long as she lives; for if she recovers from this attack, she will have lost her reason; one or the other must go, — that or her life.' Then Castleworth cursed again, saying that that was a cool two thousand dollars out of his pocket, and that the fiends were in it, or he would be well out of it. My husband then made him an offer; he told him that Hattie had belonged to my father's family, as he knew; that I had an affection for her, and if he would name his price, he would buy her and her children. No, Castleworth swore he would n't. He might take the woman, as she lay, if he would pay five hundred dollars for her and take her away; but the children he would keep. 'I 'll pay her for her impudence, the hussy, through her children,' he said. 'I 'll make her smart; just wait till this girl grows up; I only hope her mother may live to see it.' And my husband said he looked like a demon while he talked. But the thing to be thought of then was Harriet; so, for fear he might change his mind if he left him, my husband went into the house and signed papers binding the bargain; and in two hours Hattie was landed safe and sound here in my best bedroom. I won't trouble you, Miss Mary, with the particulars of her getting well, which she did in body and mind in spite of my husband's prediction, nor of what she suffered in hearing that her children were with that wicked man. My husband gave her her freedom as soon as she was well enough to understand it, and we wanted her to go North; but she said she never would, unless her children could go with her. So here she has stayed, my dear, suffering, year after year, more

than tongue can tell; and, indeed, we have all been wretched enough. Jim Castleworth has more than kept his promise; the cruelties that he has inflicted upon those children could never be told, — things so dreadful that I don't even want to think of them. And, indeed, he was very little better to his own family; his wife and daughters were mortally afraid of him, and the only thing upon earth that ever had any influence over him was his son Joe; and, if possible, he was worse than his father. Everybody abhorred them; and if it had not been for the sake of his family, he 'd have been dealt with by the law long ago for his villanies. I don't believe there is a decent man or woman in the county that would n't have been glad to have seen him hanged for the murder of Reuben. But you see he was rich, and his money bought just the jury and verdict that were wanted.

"But I am getting ahead of my story. Clara, Harriet's daughter, grew to be an almost perfect beauty; Reuben, her son, was a fine-looking fellow, but not handsome; he was more like his father; but Clara was like her mother, — superbly beautiful. Knowing to a certainty what, in her position, her fate must be, nothing distressed Harriet so much as this constantly increasing attractiveness, and she lost no opportunity to warn her daughter against all approaches of a familiar nature from the young men of the neighborhood, and especially those of young Joe Castleworth, the person most to be feared. Strangely enough, there was nothing occurred to excite apprehension, until the summer Clara was seventeen, when one evening, just after dark, Reuben, who attended the bar of the tavern kept by Joe Castleworth, came over to see his mother, and, in a great state of excitement, told her that his sister had been brought down that day to act as chambermaid in the hotel, and that, in consequence of a conversation that she had had with her master's son, she was crying bitterly, and was threatening to drown herself. There was no need of words upon the subject; we knew what it all meant, and were as wretched as helpless, hopeless trouble could make us. After a while I was surprised to see Harriet suddenly brighten up wonderfully; and, telling me that she would be back in a few minutes, started away with Reuben, saying that she would walk a short distance with him.

"The following morning the whole neighborhood was horrified to hear that Clara had disappeared, and that a portion of her clothes had been found on the bank of the river, close to a whirlpool where, only a year before, a negro of Castleworth's had drowned himself to keep from being branded. I was appalled, at first, by the conviction that Harriet had been instrumental in bringing about her daughter's death; but my mind was soon disabused of that idea. There was a great hue and cry made about her death, and the Castleworths came to be more hated than ever. Joe met Harriet one day, after drinking more than was good for him, and accused her of being the cause of her daughter's death. She said some things back which were not pleasant to hear, and in his rage he threatened to pay her for it through Reuben. Well, my dear, a few days after this, your father stopped on his way North, and when he went away there was a young lady went with him. I suppose I need scarcely tell you that it was Harriet's daughter. The clothes on the border of the river were merely placed there by her mother to mislead, as they did, her persecutors; and when she brought her to me and asked me to help her, I did it with all my heart. She was simply concealed in my room for a short time; and as I happened to be a cripple and could not leave my chamber, and as Harriet was the only person who ever waited upon me or served my meals, it was easily managed. I don't know how we would have disposed of her, if it had not been for your father; but, fortunately, he came; and, after hearing her story, nobly took charge of her and got her away. It was less

difficult than you would suppose. They left at night; no one suspected that she was not at the bottom of the whirlpool; and there was nothing to suggest her existence in the well-dressed, closely veiled lady who went with your father when he left.

"Now, my dear, I wish that ended the story; but, unfortunately, it don't, quite.

"Harriet's anxiety for Reuben, after Castleworth's threat, or that she hoped to induce him to make an effort for his own escape, now that Clara's had proved successful, or some similar thing, led her to go over to see him one evening, just before nightfall. He was not in the bar-room, as usual, and one of the servants, she thinks, told her that he was in the barn, throwing down hay into the stables for the cattle. Her memory has always been so uncertain since that night, that she has never been able to remember perfectly ordinary details. At all events, she found him there; and, believing themselves to be entirely alone, they talked freely of Clara and her escape, but, fortunately for me, mentioned neither the time nor the means. Harriet says they had just finished speaking of that, and she was urging Reuben to get away himself, when they were both terrified to find old Castleworth and Joe leering at them from behind a corner of the hay-mow, having evidently heard every word that they had said. At the first movement she made the two Castleworths, raving and cursing like fiends, sprang upon them. Reuben made a tremendous fight, and would have won, being much stronger than Joe, who had attacked him; but just then a powerful negro, who by his treachery had won the favor of his masters, went to Joe's aid, and poor Reuben was overpowered, and bound hand and foot with ropes. Old Castleworth held Harriet down until Joe was ready to help him, and then they bound her hands behind her back, and tied her to one of the props in the barn, where she was forced to see all that followed. God knows how she lived through it all; but she did live to witness what you would not wish to hear, nor I to tell. I cannot go over the sickening story, — you have heard it all, — how, in spite of shrieks of agony and prayers for mercy, they drew him up by ropes over a beam, until his toes barely touched the floor, and then, stripping him to the waist, they whipped him until he died, father and son relieving each other as one or the other grew too weary to wield the lash effectually.

"When the devils had finished their work, being frightened, or too weary to attack Harriet, they set her free, or she would have probably met the same fate. She found herself at home some time in the night; how she got here she does n't remember; and I have never, since I first heard the story, let her talk about it; it is not best for either of us.

"I can tell you no more, my dear; this is enough to make us both ill. Only this; at the time of the trial, that woman's testimony was refused because she was a negro! The few papers which felt called upon at the time to defend the 'rights of slaveholding citizens' trumped up the falsehood of a week's petty pilfering as the cause of the murder; I say that it was the result of thirty years of headlong, reckless passion. At any rate, you have Harriet's story and the truth of the Castleworth tragedy."

So have you, reader. Clara is living in Canada, and is well married. Harriet died a year ago in an insane asylum.

Alice Dutton.

A NORSE STEV.

WHERE under the pine-clothed mountain-side
The maidenly fjord lies dreaming, —
Where the sunlight plays with the moody tide,
From the distant glaciers beaming, —

Where the midnight sun pours its flaming gold
O'er the Yokul's airy steeple,
There lingers an echo from Saga old
In the hearts of the Northern people.

At the wedding-feast when the home-brewed ale
Has made its round of the table,
And the healthful mirth of a merry tale
Shakes the house from cellar to gable,

Then waketh again, what hath slumbered so long,
That fire of the ancient Saga,
And the Norseman's heart flows over in song,
As of old the goblet of Braga.

Full oft then a youth leaps forth from the crowd
'Mid the dance and the music and laughter —
Leaps forth with a shout so free and loud
That it rings from rafter to rafter, —

And calleth a maiden out of the throng,
And round them the revellers and dancers
Are hushed, while his heart pours out its song
And the heart of the maiden answers.

THE STAVE.

HE. There standeth a birch in the lightsome lea —
SHE. In the lightsome lea;
HE. So fair she stands in the sunlight free —
SHE. In the sunlight free;
BOTH. So fair she stands in the sunlight free.

SHE. High up on the mountain there standeth a pine —
HE. There standeth a pine;
SHE. So stanchly grown and so tall and fine —
HE. So tall and fine;
BOTH. So stanchly grown and so tall and fine.

HE. A maiden I know as fair as the day —
SHE. As fair as the day;
HE. She shines like the birch in the sunlight's play —
SHE. In the sunlight's play;
BOTH. She shines like the birch in the sunlight's play.

SHE. I know a lad, in the spring's glad light—
HE. In the spring's glad light—
SHE. Far-seen as the pine on the mountain-height—
HE. On the mountain-height;
BOTH. Far-seen as the pine on the mountain-height.

HE. So bright and blue are the starry skies—
SHE. The starry skies;
HE. But brighter and bluer that maiden's eyes—
SHE. That maiden's eyes;
BOTH. But brighter and bluer that maiden's eyes.

SHE. And his have a depth like the fjord I know—
HE. The fjord I know;
SHE. Wherein all the heavens their beauty show—
HE. Their beauty show;
BOTH. Wherein all the heavens their beauty show.

HE. The birds each morn seek the forest-glade—
SHE. The forest-glade;
HE. So flock my thoughts to that lily maid—
SHE. That lily maid;
BOTH. So flock my thoughts to that lily maid.

SHE. The moss, it clingeth so fast to the stone—
HE. So fast to the stone;
SHE. So clingeth my soul to him alone—
HE. To him alone;
BOTH. So clingeth my soul to him alone.

HE. Each brook sings its song, but forever the same—
SHE. Forever the same;
HE. Forever my heart beats that maiden's name—
SHE. That maiden's name;
BOTH. Forever my heart beats that maiden's name.

SHE. The plover hath but an only tone—
HE. An only tone;
SHE. My life hath its love, and its love alone—
HE. Its love alone;
BOTH. My life hath its love, and its love alone.

HE. The rivers all to the fjord they go—
SHE. To the fjord they go;
HE. So may our lives then together flow—
SHE. Together flow;
BOTH. O may our lives then together flow!

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

THE VISIBLE AND THE INVISIBLE IN PROTECTION.

THE burden of a tax is to be gauged by the proportion which it bears to the rate of profit that may be gained from the use of the thing taxed, either in the production of some new form of the thing itself, or in the production of some other article of which the thing taxed is a component part.

The value of the thing taxed and the tax itself may each constitute but a small proportion of the cost of the final product, while yet the proportion which the tax may bear to the profit or income upon the capital used in the process of final manufacture may be such as either to break down and utterly destroy a business established before the imposition of the tax, or else to prevent its establishment in the state or country imposing it.

No domestic product of any importance is possible in a civilized country, except it include as an element of cost, either in itself or in the process of its production, some elements of foreign origin; and the burden of a tax upon the article of foreign origin is in the proportion which it bears to the profit and not to the gross value of the domestic production.

In view of this principle, the proper discrimination to be used in imposing taxes upon commodities is, to sort them into two distinct classes; comprising respectively those articles which are of necessary use in the processes of domestic production, and those which are of voluntary use on the part of the consumer.

In accordance with the rule that it is fit to take, under the necessity of taxation, a small portion of the luxury or even the comforts which men seek as the end of their labor, rather than to impair their means of subsistence, taxes should not be imposed upon articles of the first class, but may be imposed upon those of the second class.

The purpose of this article is to consider the effect of the taxes now imposed upon articles of necessary use of the first class in their relation to profits, and to gauge them in rate, amount, and effect by comparison with an imaginary tax upon an article in universal use on which no tax would be tolerated, if it were proposed.

First, in relation to profits.

In general, it may be said that a prospect or expectation of a profit of ten per cent is sufficient to attract capital and to induce the establishment of any branch of industry not peculiarly hazardous. It may be that this profit can be secured in the manufacture of a product only equal in annual value to the capital invested, in which case the profit on the product must be ten per cent in order to yield that income to capital; or it may be that the annual product is ten times the value of the capital, in which case one per cent profit on the product will yield ten per cent on the capital.

The tendency of all invention and improvement is to reduce the margin of profit on production, while at the same time reducing the amount of capital in proportion to production; hence true progress is perfectly consistent with a larger absolute profit to the capitalist, although he may receive a much smaller relative share of the production in which his capital is employed.

Transportation is but another form of production, different in name, but the same in kind. Let us note some of the changes which have taken place in this matter.

When the Erie Canal was first proposed, it was proved that it would then cost one hundred dollars a ton to transport grain from Buffalo to Albany: hence no movement was possible. Now the grain can be carried by railroad at five dollars a ton, and at that rate yield to some of the owners of the road the largest individual fortunes of

the day. The capital invested in old times in baggage-wagons was small, and their owners did not become millionnaires, yet it took a very large relative share of the products moved to reimburse the cost even for short distances. Now the capital in railroads is enormous, and a charge of a quarter of a cent a ton per mile by them may decide the question of profit or loss to the farmers and manufacturers who transport their products upon them; while upon their power to exact a quarter of a cent a ton per mile, more or less, may also depend the question of wealth or poverty to those who have invested their capital in them. Friction and cost are synonymous terms, and he who removes friction feeds multitudes. This is the modern miracle.

The capacity of our land is barely conjectured, the application of chemistry to barren soils hardly begun, and Malthus counted without the railroad. Political economy, which treats of these things, is somewhat contemned as relating only to material wants; but the great Teacher fed the multitude when he preached to them, — a lesson which those who pretend to scorn the things of this world might well ponder a little.

Having thus attempted to establish the importance of the little margins upon which prosperity or adversity and the subsistence of multitudes depend, let us proceed to consider the relation of capital to production, and see how prosperity or adversity, both for capitalist and laborer, may depend upon a little margin, often completely absorbed by an unwise tax.

It would be an exceedingly difficult problem to ascertain the exact or even the approximate relation of the capital required in all our mills and shops to the annual value of the products thereof; but it is clear that the works or mills which turn out the largest product in proportion to the capital invested are likely to give employment to the largest proportionate number of artisans, mechanics, or operatives. A very small capital invested in tools for the working of fine steel into finished forms often gives employment to a large number of most skilful artisans, and a very small profit on the finished product yields a large per cent on the capital. Hence, as a tax is a burden in proportion to its relation to profits, it will prove to be the greatest burden where the margin of profit is least; and, by the rule above stated, such a tax becomes an interference most malign with the largest proportionate number of working-people.

For purposes of illustration the rate of freight upon a railroad may be considered in the light of a tax.

Let us suppose two machine-shops established equidistant from the same supply of coal and iron, but supplied by two different railroad lines; the capital invested in each, $ 20,000; the coal and iron demanded by each costing at the mines $ 20,000; the wages paid out by each, $ 40,000.

If the cost of transportation is in each case $ 4,000, then the total cost of the production of either machine-shop will be $ 64,000, or a little more than three times the capital; and a sale of its product at the net price of $ 66,000 will yield the owner $ 2,000, or ten per cent profit.

Now, if one of the railroads is managed in accordance with the recommendations of the Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts, with broad and wise foresight, it will carry the coal and iron to one of these machine-shops at the lowest possible rate, which we will suppose to be $ 4,000. This railroad will rely for its profit upon the outward movement of the finished products of the shop, of the people employed therein, and of the great variety of small supplies used by them. This shop will thrive; the place in which it is located will thrive; and the railroad will thrive; in fact, capitalist, artisan, shopkeeper, and railroad stockholder, all co-operating under that law of enlightened self-interest, which is the great and beneficent motive-power of society and of civilization, will prosper together.

But we will suppose that the other

railroad is managed on narrow and unwise principles, or that the State which granted its charter has threatened it with confiscation if it dares to make over ten per cent per annum. Not being controlled by the broad principles of enlightened self-interest, it charges $6,000 a year for the freight of coal and iron. Then the profit of ten per cent upon the machine-shop is all absorbed, the business ceases or drags, the machinists are discharged, and, though the railroad may thrive on its other absolutely necessary uses, it will have failed to confer all the benefit which it might have conferred, with greater profit to its stockholders.

The excess in the charge for transportation is but $2,000, or three and one third per cent on the estimated product of the shop, but it is ten per cent on the investment, and of necessity that capital seeks employment in a State guided by wiser lawmakers and more astute railway-managers.

The import of foreign articles now bears about the relation or proportion to domestic production and consumption of $4,000 to $60,000, or four to sixty in each year. These foreign articles enter, to as great an extent as the cost of railroad transportation, into the cost of all domestic production. These foreign articles are taxed forty per cent, and this tax is increased to fifty per cent by the extra interest and other charges which are involved in its imposition. This tax bears the same relation to the rate of profit on production and on capital that the enhanced cost of railway transportation imposed under our second example would bear, and this tax has the same result upon the employment of capital and of labor. It destroys profit, reduces wages, prevents diversity of employment, hinders home industry, and exposes even the home market to the only foreign competition that can possibly be injurious, — that of foreign works like the woollen-mills of Canada, which our laws have protected into existence, precisely as the unwise railway-management in our assumed case would drive capital into and build up mills and works in other States.

It may be that this assumed case of railway management comes within the category of what the people of Massachusetts have seen, and not within the category of what they have not seen.

Let us, therefore, proceed to draw inductions from the seen to the unseen, and to consider the tax which is imposed upon the people of the United States under the name of a "tariff of duties upon foreign imports."

The annual import and consumption of foreign products in the United States now ranges from $450,000,000 to $550,000,000 in value, upon which import a tax is imposed yielding over $200,000,000 of customs revenue to the government. This import is large in the aggregate, and gives rise to much loose talk about a flood of foreign luxuries, etc. Yet the consumption of articles of foreign origin estimated at cost, free from the tariff tax, is only six or seven per cent of the whole consumption of the people of the United States.

The question is therefore often asked, why duties upon imports are the cause of so much controversy, and why interference, under the name of protection, with so small a part of our whole commerce, should be the cause of so much bitter discussion.

If the consumption of articles of domestic production exceeds that of articles of foreign production in the ratio of fifteen to one, the same relation holds good in the case of domestic exchange, which also constitutes commerce; and it might seem that there ought to be little cause for dispute about so small a matter as the foreign portion of the whole. But in order that the comparative insignificance of foreign commerce may be fully appreciated, let us compare our use of foreign goods with the use of some very common and necessary domestic article.

Let us, however, first consider the assortment of foreign goods, and see of what our flood of luxuries consists. We will name them somewhat in the order of their necessity.

Imports in fiscal Year ending June 30, 1871.

Articles free of duty, consisting of dye-stuffs, guano, rags, raw silk, gums, and other articles of prime necessity in the useful arts	$36,587,737
Animals, grain, fish, vegetables, and other provisions	19,553,726
Coal	1,132,775
Salt	1,254,001
Wood and lumber	9,279,942
Iron and steel, and manufactures of same	43,625,975
Tin, and manufactures of same	12,757,215
Lead, and manufactures of same	3,725,546
Zinc, and manufactures of same	849,441
Brass and copper	880,846
Hides and skins	14,892,987
Wool	9,780,443
India-rubber and gutta-percha	3,004,617
Leather, and manufactures of	10,400,034
Paper and books	1,911,685
Sugar and molasses	74,826,848
Tea	17,254,617
Coffee and cocoa	31,381,388
Manufactures of wool	43,839,839
Manufactures of cotton	29,876,640
Manufactures of flax	18,745,928
Hemp and jute, and manufactures of	9,704,536
Earthen, stone, and china ware	4,681,376
Glass and glassware	4,269,620
Drugs, chemicals, oils, and paints	19,076,316
Clothing and the like	4,824,559
Furs	2,188,825
Fruit and nuts	9,602,630
Spices	2,165,557
Manufactures of silk	32,341,001
Wines and spirits	8,438,507
Watches, jewelry, fancy goods, and other articles of luxury	13,229,829
Tobacco and cigars	6,047,285
Sundries unenumerated	18,091,479
	$520,223,750

It would be difficult to find in this list articles amounting to one hundred million dollars in value, or one fifth of the whole amount, which could, under any pretence, be called "foreign luxuries"; and though this may seem a large sum, it falls into utter insignificance when the fact is stated that this whole flood of luxuries, comforts, and necessities imported from abroad in a single year, and mainly consumed in that year, amounting to over five hundred million dollars in value, does not exceed the value of the milk, butter, and cheese consumed in the same year by the people of the United States. This allegation is based upon the following statements received in answer to an inquiry propounded by the writer to the best authorities in the country.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE,
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, November 2, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR: The following is a near approximation to the dairy product of the United States.

Cheese.

Product of, in the United States, in 1860, 103,548,868 pounds.

Product of, in the United States, in 1869, 240,000,000 pounds.

Value of product in 1869, $38,000,000.

Value per pound in 1869, about 16 cents.

Butter.

Product in 1860, 458,827,799 pounds.

Product in 1869, about 700,000,000 pounds.

Value of product in 1869, about $210,000,000.

Average value per pound, about 30 cents.

Value of milk in 1869 not used in the production of butter and cheese, if estimated at a low value at the point of consumption, about $300,000,000.

Total value of dairy product in 1869, estimated, $548,000,000.

Average value of butter in Boston, 35 cents per pound.

Average price of cheese in Boston, 15 cents per pound.

Average price of milk in Boston, 7 cents per quart.

Very truly, etc.,

CHARLES L. FLINT,
President State Board of Agriculture.

EDWARD ATKINSON, ESQ.

Mr. X. A. Willard, of Little Falls, N. Y., President of the State Dairyman's Association of New York, and Lecturer on Dairy Husbandry at Cornell University, gives me the following estimate, premising that prices are now somewhat less than in 1869.

Milk consumed as food at 3 cents per quart	$275,000,000
Butter	195,000,000
Cheese	28,800,000
Condensed milk	1,000,000
Whey and buttermilk used in production of pork	10,000,000
	$509,800,000

There is probably no one better informed upon this subject than Mr. Willard.

Some idea of the aggregate production of the United States can be formed from these figures. If milk in its several forms constitutes one sixteenth of the total expenditure and accumulation of the people for food, fuel, clothing, and subsistence, and for the construction of dwellings, warehouses, mills, and works of every name; then the value of our annual product would be eight thousand million dollars, or two hundred dollars *per capita.* Our dairy product would in such case constitute six and a quarter per cent of the cost of all domestic production and in like manner our foreign import at cost, free of duty, would constitute the same percentage of domestic production. But the cost of the imports being increased forty per cent by the tariff tax, which tax costs the consumer not less than fifty per cent, the true relation of the cost of foreign articles entering into domestic production is over nine per cent of our gross product.

In the fiscal year of which we have enumerated the imports the government collected a customs revenue of $206,000,000, or at the rate of over forty per cent on all dutiable imports. Every dutiable article imported was therefore increased in cost at an average rate of over forty per cent, and consumers have paid that charge, together with the interest, exchange, profit, and other additional items, which would make the cost of the tariff tax of forty per cent at least fifty per cent to the consumer.

Having thus established the relation of the cost of the foreign imports to the cost of milk in its several forms, we now have a standard by which to gauge the burden of the customs tax. The price of milk in the various cities of the country is now about seven cents per quart; suppose it increased to ten and one half cents by a tax. The price of common butter is twenty-five, and of good butter fifty cents per pound; suppose these prices increased by a tax of fifty per cent to thirty-eight and seventy-five cents respectively. The price of cheese ranges from ten to twenty cents; suppose it fifteen to thirty cents, in consequence of a tax. There would surely be controversy, bitter discussion, and perhaps violent resistance, should such a tax be imposed; and yet the general cost of subsistence would be no more increased, while the power of enlarged production would be far less restricted and hampered, by a tax of fifty per cent upon dairy products, than they are now by the tariff taxes imposed on foreign imports. Nor would the burden be distributed more widely. The use of dairy products is no more universal or necessary than the use of most of the articles of foreign import named in our list; and there is almost as much luxurious consumption of dairy products as there is of foreign imports. It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that all these articles imported from other countries are as much the product of American labor as the dairy product, or as if they had been raised upon American soil, by the hands of native-born men and women, since every one of them has been or must be paid for by an exchange of some domestic product for it, whether it be cotton, oil, gold, cheese, or wooden clocks; and the only reason why this exchange is ever made is, that we have too much of the things made upon our own soil, and too little or none at all of those things of foreign origin for which we make the exchange. Production is but a *leading forth;* it is but movement. We move the soil of our Southern clime; we move the cotton-seed to the soil, the cotton to the Northern mill, the cloth to the seaboard; then, by the steamship, we move it to where it is more needed than by ourselves; we move back the tea, and the tea is but the final product of the labor of the freedman, the operative, and the sailor, each of whom is or may be our countryman, and each of whom is counted as a representative of home industry.

We have said that a tax of forty per

cent on milk would at once provoke resistance. Why should it be so? Simply because every man would at once see that his cost of subsistence, and therefore the cost of his production, had been increased in the exact sum of the tax. Suppose him to be a shoemaker; he must at once charge more for his shoes, or go without milk and butter; and if one of his foreign competitors should happen to pay no tax upon milk, he can undersell him. Our shoemakers pay no tax upon milk, but they do pay a tax of twenty-five to sixty per cent on articles entering as directly into the production and cost of shoes, such as coal, potatoes, fish, salt, leather, thread, and the like, and they have lost many of their customers. Shall they not be protected by the repeal of such taxes?

Our machinists pay no tax of forty per cent upon milk, but they do pay an equal tax on iron, steel, copper, lead, and the like, and they, too, have lost their customers.

Our ship-builders pay no tax of forty per cent on milk, but they pay an equal tax on iron, lumber, cordage, food, and fuel, and their trade has been utterly destroyed.

A tax of forty per cent on milk would stop the export of cheese. Our farmers and dairymen have succeeded in establishing the manufacture of cheese in such manner, that, although our wages are a dollar a day where the wages of the English farm-laborers are but little above the pauper standard, yet we last year exported, mostly to England, 63,698,867 pounds of cheese, valued at $8,752,990; but if we taxed milk forty per cent, that export would cease.

We once established the manufacture of furniture, so that our mechanics, working at $2.50 to $3 per day, yet supplied many foreign customers; but we have taxed the wood, the varnish, the oil, the paint, the tools, the food, and the fuel of these men forty per cent on all those portions which are of foreign origin, and thus they have lost their customers. Privation of imports is prohibition of exports. Protection to the mechanic is to be found only in the repeal of bad taxes.

Yet it may be said, it has just been proved that foreign articles constitute only six or seven per cent of our total cost; why is a small increase on their cost so disastrous? The answer can only be found in the relation which this tariff tax bears to the average rate of profit to be obtained in any occupation.

It is safe to say that a shop for the manufacture of furniture for export can be established for $20,000, from which an annual product of at least $60,000 may be turned out; let us suppose this product to consist of such articles as used to be exported to Canada, the West Indies, South America, and Africa, in return for which we received coal, wool, fish, flour, and other articles of like character. Let us suppose that such a shop would require only $5,000 worth of articles of foreign origin, such as steel, varnish, paint, Canada lumber, or fish, salt, coal, and other articles of food which constitute a part of the subsistence and therefore of the product of the workmen. Now, if this portion of the cost be taxed, *as it is*, forty per cent, under the Tariff Act, then its cost is increased $2,000. Not much, it may be said, on a gross product of $60,000; but what is its relation to the expected profit of ten per cent on the capital of $20,000 uninvested? Has not the tariff tax absorbed the whole? and will not the German or the Canadian who have taken up the furniture export when we taxed it almost out of existence, grow rich on an income of ten per cent, or on a margin of only three and one half per cent on the value of the furniture?

Let us take the tax upon tin. It would seem to have little to do with farmers; yet it is one of the most oppressive taxes upon the products of the farm. It is purely a revenue tax, as we produce no tin. It yielded in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, $2,850,000 revenue on about $12,800,000 worth of tin imported; all of which revenue went to pay bonds not yet

due. How much of this tin tax went into the farmer's pails and pans, or into the cans in which meats, fruits, and milk are preserved, it is impossible to tell; but on canned meats, fruit, and fish the tax on tin must be a tax of far more than ten per cent. $2,850,000 represents a tax of ten per cent on $28,500,000 worth of tinware, canned meats, canned fruit, canned fish, and other articles which we might export in large quantities, were it not for this tax. But we impose it to pay a debt not yet due, and hence we leave England and France to supply the world with canned meats and fruits, while we only put up enough for our own use.

If the revenue duty on tin works privation of pails, pans, and tin cans, why does not the protective duty of seven dollars per ton on Scotch pig-iron work privation of cooking-stoves and hollow-ware? The tariff tax increases the cost of any imported article at the time of the import; this increase of cost of the article of foreign origin increases the cost of the domestic product into which the foreign article enters as a constituent element; and if this increase amounts to only two or three per cent of the value of the finished product, it amounts, as we have proved, to a tax on the income of capital of from two or three up to ten or twenty per cent. Hence, foreign capital takes the business, and home labor ceases to be employed; diversity of employment is prevented; wages are lowered, and the cost of subsistence increased; and all this is done in the name of protection to labor!

Soda-ash, salts of soda, and other alkalies are taxed under the tariff in such manner that their cost in this country is usually twenty-five per cent more than in England; this tax is imposed mainly at the dictation of Pennsylvania, and ostensibly for the protection of possibly two or three hundred workmen employed at the average rate of wages of the State in the alkali-works of Pennsylvania.

The use of alkalies has been said to be coincident with the progress of civilization; they enter into the cost of glass, paper, soap, bleaching, and a great variety of other industries, in all of which a large product is possible upon a small capital invested. In 1870 the government collected a customs revenue on soda and salts of soda of $1,700,000; all of which was used to buy bonds not yet due. If the annual product of soap, paper, glass, etc. is only equal to twice the capital invested in works for their production, this tax on alkali, estimated at the rate of five per cent on the product into which the alkali entered as an element of cost, was equal to a tax of five per cent on a product of $34,000,000 in value, and was therefore equal to a tax of ten per cent on $17,000,000 capital; a sum which, except for this tax, might have been saved and invested in these factures for our own increased consumption or for export. How many men would be employed in the use of $17,000,000 capital invested in paper-mills, glass-works, soap-factories, bleacheries, etc., etc.? How many are employed by the Pennsylvania Salt Company, through whose influence this most obnoxious tax has mainly been imposed?

The effect of a tax on milk could be seen by all. The effect of a tax on alkali is not so obvious, but a great deal more injurious.

It may be said that, although heavy duties are now paid upon certain articles of prime necessity, such as iron, steel, wool, coal, soda-ash, and the like, the price of these articles is in some cases less than it was before these duties were imposed; hence it is asserted that the imposition of a tax under the name of a protective duty has actually reduced the price. Nothing could be more absurdly fallacious than this assertion, and nothing could be more apt to mislead and to deceive as to the real and obnoxious effect of a so-called protective duty. It is true, that in some cases prices are lower than they were before the impost, but this is simply evidence that the progress of

invention and the improvements in the processes of production and of distribution have reduced cost elsewhere as well as here. So far as the temporary bounty to special interests which results from the imposition of a protective duty is concerned, its effect is and always has been, in this country and in all other countries, to retard improvement in branches of industry already established, and to cause men to depend on the bounty of the government rather than on skill, economy, and complete mastery of their business. And so far as what are called infant manufactures are concerned, there is no case on record where the protected infants have ever grown to adult age, or have ever proposed to give up the government support. On the contrary, those who have been most clamorous in their demand to be established are the most audacious in their demand to be supported and maintained at the public cost.

The case of iron and steel is a crucial one. Two hundred years ago it was an infant manufacture.

In 1652 there were in Massachusetts blast-furnaces and a bloomery, and in 1655 a patent was granted to Joseph Jenks of Massachusetts for an improved steel scythe. Before the Revolution, in Massachusetts and in other Colonies, edge-tools, augers, scythes, and shovels were made better and cheaper than in England; and in 1750 the English ironmasters petitioned Parliament to protect them against American iron, lest they should be ruined.*

Did this infant grow to maturity?

Under the tariff in force in 1859 the average rate of duty upon steel, except on three varieties, was twelve per cent, and on the exceptions it was only fifteen per cent. When the internal taxes were imposed, these rates of duty were raised to an average of about forty per cent; and although the steel-makers are all on record, and have united in a memorial to Congress in which they admit and affirm that in 1859, when the duties were one third what they now are, the manufacture of steel was an assured success, there is no body of men so persistent or so imperative in their demand that the present rate of taxation of forty per cent on foreign steel shall be maintained, although the internal tax has been abated. They claim that, although they have once reached maturity, they have now lost all manly force and self-respect, and must be maintained by a system of outside relief, or else become degraded to the condition of foreign paupers. And yet, all combined, these steel-makers do not employ as many men in making steel in all the United States as are employed in one machine-shop in England, in converting iron and steel into tools and machinery. We have said that the effect of a tax of forty per cent on milk can be seen; the effect of the forty per cent tax on steel is not yet seen, but when it is, the members of the Iron and Steel Association will cease to be supported or maintained at the public expense.

It matters not in this discussion whether steel is higher or lower in price than it was in 1859. It ought to be much lower, inasmuch as greater progress has been made in cheapening the general cost of steel than in almost any other process.

The question of main interest to the mechanics, artisans, machinists, and others who use steel in the United States, — and who outnumber the little force of steel-makers in the proportion of at least a hundred to one, — now is, "What is the cost of the steel we use, or of which our tools are made, as compared to the cost *at this time* of the steel used by our competitors in Europe?" The answer to this question is obvious; the difference is substantially equal to the rate of tax imposed on the foreign import, on all the steel used, whether domestic or foreign, that is, forty per cent. How is this to be proved? Simply by the fact that in the last fiscal year we did import over $11,000,000 worth of steel and of steel

* *Vide* "Does Protection Protect?" By W. M. Grosvenor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

manufactures. If steel were like coarse cotton goods, of which none are imported, because we can make them cheaper ourselves, without regard to the tariff, this rule would not hold, the duty in such case being of no effect; but in a case where a large portion of the supply of a given article is actually imported, upon which the duty is paid, it is clear that the cost to the consumer of the whole supply, both foreign and domestic, is increased in a sum equal to the duty. Let it then be asked, Could our skilled mechanics better afford to pay a tax of forty per cent on milk, butter, and cheese, the exact effect of which they could see and measure in the cost of their subsistence; or suffer their export of machinery, which was large and increasing in 1860, to be utterly destroyed, and their home market restricted and exposed to foreign competition because of the increased cost of their product induced by a tax on the steel which forms the raw material of their product or of their tools? The exact effect of such a tax they can neither see nor measure, but they now pay it.*

That such an increase of cost is the result of the present tax on the foreign imports of steel is conclusively proved by the fact that steel rails can be landed in Montreal at $60 to $65 per ton, which cost in New York, duty paid, over $100 per ton.

The use of milk, butter, and cheese is no more essential to prosperity than is the use of steel, and the only difference between the taxes on milk and on steel would be, that milk is used by all alike, and is in some of its uses a luxury; while steel is consumed almost wholly by those whose work is most arduous, and is in every sense a necessity.

It cannot be denied that pig-iron is increased and maintained in price by the imposition of a duty, since we continue to import it, and, in fact, now import a much larger quantity than we did when the duty was far less; and in this case, again, the makers of pig-iron are as only one to a hundred of those who use it. Yet the advocates of protection demand, through the Secretary of the Treasury, that this duty shall be maintained for the specific and avowed purpose of maintaining the price. In a recent speech at Cleveland, the Secretary of the Treasury affirms that if the cost of domestic iron were $25 per ton at Cleveland, and the cost of foreign iron only $20 per ton free of duty, he and his associates would impose a duty of over $5 per ton; not for revenue, since such a rate would yield not a dollar of revenue, but simply that those men who are engaged in making pig-iron in Ohio might not have their wages reduced or be obliged to seek other employment. This is a vague and glittering general statement, in which the Secretary assumes that it is the function of the government to regulate wages and to provide employment, and also to tax the larger portion of the people for the support of the remainder. Such an argument is tolerably safe to make, and appears to be only the assertion of a paternal control, until it is examined and analyzed, and then its vicious character and tendency are at once seen.

If the Secretary of the Treasury had said to the people of Ohio, "There are among you perhaps one hundred men of capital, who employ forty-five hundred other men in dairy products; we propose to give them a monopoly of the dairy business, and to tax your milk, butter, and cheese forty per cent; not for the benefit of the United States treasury, into which we do not expect to receive one dollar of the tax, but to pay the avails of the tax to the hundred men who own all the cows, in order that their forty-five hundred employees may not have their wages reduced or be obliged to seek other employment," what would be the response? The effect of such a proposal would be seen

* The duty on machinery is less than the duty on the raw material, hence the steel-makers have secured protection to themselves by discriminating against the machinists, who outnumber them as twenty to one. Were it not for the difficulty in packing and moving machinery, many of our machine-shops would be closed.

at once, and the public officer who should make it would be driven from office with jeers. Yet what the people of Ohio do not see is, that the Secretary of the Treasury, on behalf of the advocates of a high tariff, said exactly this, no more and no less, at Cleveland, on the 29th September, 1871, only he substituted a tax on pig-iron for a tax on milk, butter, and cheese. This we propose to prove. He advocated a tax of over $ 5 per ton on pig-iron, in order that none might be imported. There are 2,700,000 people in Ohio; the average consumption of iron in the United States was lately one hundred pounds *per capita;* we will call it one hundred and twenty pounds now; therefore the people of Ohio now use 162,000 tons of iron in a year, which, at the Secretary's assumed price of $ 25 per ton for domestic iron, would cost $ 4,050,000. If this iron be considered all labor, and if no allowance be made for the interest or profits on capital invested in mines and works, this sum would represent the labor of just 4,500 men working three hundred days in a year at $ 3 per day. The exact number of employers is not known to me, but it is not to be assumed that mines and iron-works can average less than forty-five men to each establishment, and therefore there are not over one hundred employers or ironmasters in Ohio. The Secretary therefore says, on behalf of the advocates of protection, that if this 162,000 tons of iron could be had from abroad at $ 20 per ton, or at $ 810,000 less than the cost of domestic iron, he would impose a tax of more than $ 5 per ton, or more than $ 810,000, upon the people of Ohio, and that he would pay this over to the one hundred owners of iron mines and works, in order that the wages of 4,500 men out of 2,700,000 people might be maintained at the average rate of wages prevailing in Ohio. This is, in fact, an admission of the claim made by the promoters of a high tariff, that the owners of the iron-works are infants needing guardianship and requiring to be supported at the public expense, like other incompetent persons. They are more astute than incompetent; their real demand is to be made rich by law at the cost of the poor. In what does this proposition differ from our proposition for a tax on milk? The use of milk is no more universal and not so necessary as that of iron. This tax is demanded under the pretence that it is for the protection of labor and that it all goes into wages. How much do the owners of the iron mines and works of Ohio and Pennsylvania pay their men above the average of wages in other employments which are not protected, but which are equally arduous? Are they so free from self-interest as to pay more than this average?

On the other hand, the tax of $ 810,000 thus imposed upon the people of Ohio would purchase 40,500 tons more iron if the supply were permitted to come in at $ 20 per ton, and in the use of this additional supply not only the 4,500 men proposed to be supported in iron-mines and iron-works would find employment at as high wages and far more wholesome work, but many times more than that number would be called for. How many cannot be demonstrated, except by considering the number of machinists, blacksmiths, stove-makers, boiler-makers, and the like, who are now employed in using the limited quantity of pig-iron which the government graciously permits the people of Ohio to have at a cost, not of $ 5, but of $ 7 per ton more than they need to pay for it. It is safe to affirm that the number of machinists, stove-makers, tool-makers, boiler-makers, and the like, who are exclusively employed in using iron in the city of Cincinnati *only*, is double that of the men who are employed in making pig-iron for the whole State of Ohio, either in this country or elsewhere.

Protection to one hundred dairy farmers would work privation of milk or an increase in the cost of all that productive force which is called labor, for which milk may be said to be a part of the fuel.

Protection to one hundred ironmas-

ters in Ohio works privation of iron to the people. The injury of the tax on iron as compared to the tax on milk is in the proportion which iron bears to milk as an agent in all production.

We have thus given several examples, and have gauged them by the standard of the milk tax; let us now leave specific examples and consider our useless taxes as a whole.

The amount of worse than useless taxes collected under the tariff in the last fiscal year, at an average rate of over forty per cent on food, fuel, lumber, leather, iron, steel, hides, chemicals, and other articles, the use of which is universal and which constitute a part of the cost of every domestic product that can be named, was over eighty million dollars. We say worse than useless, because this revenue all went in with other revenue to pay debts not due at the rate of over one hundred million dollars a year, and not one dollar of it was used to aid in the restoration of an honest specie standard of value.

This sum of eighty millions of useless taxes was collected on two hundred million dollars' worth of materials used in all our domestic factures; it therefore represents a tax on our domestic product of boots, shoes, shovels, ploughs, furniture, cars, engines, soap, stoves, woollen and cotton goods, canned meats, canned fruits, and all the other manufactures which we used to export in large and increasing quantities in ships which have now ceased to be built. This useless tax is a tax of ten per cent on eight hundred million dollars' worth of these domestic products. Upon the supposition that one dollar of capital must be invested for every dollar of product turned out, this useless tax of eighty million dollars represents a tax of ten per cent on eight hundred million dollars capital, which but for it might have been or might be saved in a few years, and invested. Can it be a cause of surprise that we now only export our crudest forms of raw materials, and have about ceased to attempt to manufacture them for any use beyond that of our own little fraction of the population of the world.

At whose demand has this privation been inflicted? Only at the demand of the employers of less than one-tenth part of the labor of the country; the operatives in all the protected mills, mines, and works in the United States being barely equal to the number of immigrants who annually land upon our shores.

What one sees is that we prosper in spite of all privations inflicted under due process of law; such are the boundless resources with which the Almighty has endowed this land. What one does not see is the far greater prosperity which we might have, except for the ignorance of those who make these unjust laws, and in the name of protection inflict privation.

What one does not see is the progress in the arts of peace and good-will with all nations which might ensue if we did but realize that "the ships that pass between this land and that are like the shuttle of the loom, weaving the web of concord among the nations," and that commerce is the most potent agent of civilization.

We have said that this useless tax of eighty million dollars now collected upon articles which enter into our domestic product of boots, hats, ploughs, cloth, steamships, locomotives, furniture, and the like, is equal to a tax of ten per cent upon eight hundred million dollars capital, upon the supposition that the annual product of the articles named is only equal to the capital invested in works for their manufacture. The fact is, however, that a capital of four hundred million dollars invested in such works would be ample for an annual product of eight hundred millions in value, and therefore this useless tax of ten per cent on product is equal to a tax of twenty per cent on capital. Hence it follows that nations like England, Belgium, and Germany, which have abated all taxes on such imports, can earn twenty per cent on capital, or beat us ten per cent in the cost of all exports of manufactured

commodities, before our machine-shops and other works have received the cost of production; and that where our works make six per cent per annum, our foreign competitors would make twenty-six, supposing each to be equal in other elements of cost.

Hence it is that, instead of buying our sugar in Cuba with engines, sugar-mills, furniture, and other factures, as we used to, we now settle our sugar-bill in London only with cotton, oil, wheat, and gold, or with bonds. Hence it is that, instead of paying for our hides in South America with furniture, cotton cloth, machinery, and the like, as we used to, we pay our bills in London with the crudest raw material or with bonds to be paid hereafter; hence it is that the German and the Canadian now supply the furniture or the engines, and the Englishman the cotton and woollen cloth. It is because our ship-builders must pay a tax of twenty to fifty per cent on all their materials, that ship-building has become one of our lost arts, while at this time there are thousands of tons of iron ships in process of construction upon the Clyde. Hence it is that while ocean steam transportation is now one of the most profitable branches of business in the world, we have no share in it.

We have proved that our imports are only about five hundred million dollars in value, and our exports about the same, each barely, if at all, equal to our dairy product; and we have also affirmed that, if useless taxes were removed, we could establish works from which we could export eight hundred million dollars' worth of products per annum, an export which is now prohibited by the duties upon imports. It may be said that we have affirmed and proved too much. Let it be remembered that we cannot buy unless we sell, or sell unless we buy, and that all commerce is but the aggregate of individual transactions, none of which will be repeated, unless in the long run each party gains. It will surely be admitted that what England has done we can do. We control the cotton and oil supply; our coal at the pit's mouth costs far less than English coal, although our wages are double or treble; our iron lies on the surface, while hers is mined at great depths; our food supply is unlimited; our people are tolerably educated, while England has yet no common schools. It is intelligent labor, highly paid, that makes products at low cost; not pauper labor, ill paid, of which we hear so much. Yet Great Britain, with all her disadvantages and one fourth less population than we have, exported and imported in 1861 products of the aggregate value of eighteen hundred and twenty-five million dollars, or eight hundred millions more than we do now. In 1869 the aggregate value of her exports and imports was twenty-five hundred and seventy-seven millions. And if the last three months of this year are in proportion to the first nine, her foreign commerce for 1871 may exceed three thousand million dollars in gold value, or three times as much as our own. If our aggregate export and import were in proportion to that of Great Britain as our population is to hers, it would now be four thousand millions in value, or four times as much as it really is. All this additional product might be made with no greater effort or labor than is now exerted, as it would only represent an increase of little more than ten per cent upon our gross annual product; and it is safe to say that protection to labor increases the quantity of labor expended while diminishing its result at least to that extent. This gain is far from unreasonable to expect, when Congress ceases to interfere in the employment of the people. The return of imports for such increase of exports might give every man, woman, and child in the country twenty dollars a year more on the average in the form of such foreign luxuries as good food, cheap fuel, ample shelter, and abundant clothing.

Therefore it is that we affirm that when we remove these useless taxes on imports of eighty million dollars, and cease to protect the manufacturers of

Great Britain by giving them an advantage over us of twenty per cent per annum on their capital, or ten per cent in cost of production before we can make a single dollar, we may gain eight hundred million dollars a year in exports in ten years from now, and then we shall make no greater gain than Great Britain has made in the last ten years.

And as we are free from the restrictive or protective system in our internal affairs, which is one of the causes of the unequal distribution of wealth in Great Britain, the gain in comfort and luxury from our increased commerce will be justly distributed among all our people.

There remains but one more point to be considered in this article. Our wheat-growers and other producers of farm products are told not to regard the small export of wheat, beef, pork, and other farm products, because the whole foreign demand is so small compared to the whole crop. This small export is, however, as important in its relation to the price of the whole crop as is the useless tax on imports to the profits on manufactures worth ten times its amount. If there be a surplus of any crop of only five per cent, the sale of a whole crop may be delayed and the price reduced in far greater proportion. When we reduce imports we retard or stop exports, thus we compel the farmer to pay more for all that he buys and to take less for all that he sells.

The vast improvements in processes and the unexampled extension of our railroad system have made us prosper in spite of our restrictive statutes; but when our education is in reality what it is claimed to be, we shall cease to permit our representatives to take from us our liberty and to impose useless taxes upon us under the false pretence of protection to home industry.

Edward Atkinson.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

II.

I AM going to take it for granted now and henceforth, in my report of what was said and what was to be seen at our table, that I have secured one good, faithful, loving reader, who never finds fault, who never gets sleepy over my pages, whom no critic can bully out of a liking for me, and to whom I am always safe in addressing myself. My one elect may be man or woman, old or young, gentle or simple, living in the next block or on a slope of Nevada, my fellow-countryman or an alien; but one such reader I shall assume to exist and have always in my thought when I am writing.

A writer is so like a lover! And a talk with the right listener is so like an arm-in-arm walk in the moonlight with the soft heartbeat just felt through the folds of muslin and broadcloth! But it takes very little to spoil everything for writer, talker, lover. There are a great many cruel things besides poverty that freeze the genial current of the soul, as the poet of the Elegy calls it. Fire can stand any wind, but flame is easily blown out, and then come smouldering and smoke, and profitless, slow combustion without the cheerful blaze which shed light all round it. The One Reader's hand may shelter the flame; the one blessed ministering spirit with the vessel of oil may keep it bright in spite of the stream of cold water on the other side doing its best to put it out.

I suppose, if any writer, of any distinguishable individuality, could look into the hearts of all his readers, he might very probably find one in his parish of a thousand or a million who

honestly preferred him to any other of his kind. I have no doubt we have each one of us, somewhere, our exact fac-simile, so like us in all things except the accidents of condition, that we should love each other like a pair of twins, if our natures could once fairly meet. I know I have my counterpart in some State of this Union. I feel sure that there is an Englishman somewhere precisely like myself. (I hope he does not drop his *h*s, for it does not seem to me possible that the Royal Dane could have remained faithful to his love for Ophelia, if she had addressed him as 'Amlet.) There is also a certain Monsieur, to me at this moment unknown, and likewise a Herr Von Something, each of whom is essentially my double. An Arab is at this moment eating dates, a Mandarin is just sipping his tea, and a South-Sea-Islander (with undeveloped possibilities) drinking the milk of a cocoa-nut, each one of whom, if he had been born in the gambrel-roofed house, and cultivated my little sand-patch, and grown up in "the Study" from the height of Walton's Polyglot Bible to that of the shelf which held the Elzevir Tacitus and Casaubon's Polybius, with all the complex influences about him that surrounded me, would have been so nearly what I am that I should have loved him like a brother, — always provided that I did not hate him for his resemblance to me, on the same principle as that which makes bodies in the same electric condition repel each other.

For, perhaps, after all, my One Reader is quite as like to be not the person most resembling myself, but the one to whom my nature is complementary. Just as a particular soil wants some one element to fertilize it, just as the body in some conditions has a kind of famine for one special food, so the mind has its wants, which do not always call for what is best, but which know themselves and are as peremptory as the salt-sick sailor's call for a lemon or a raw potato, or, if you will, as those capricious "longings," which have a certain meaning, we may suppose, and which at any rate we think it reasonable to satisfy if we can.

I was going to say something about our boarders the other day when I got run away with by my local reminiscences. I wish you to understand that we have a rather select company at the table of our boarding-house.

Our Landlady is a most respectable person, who has seen better days, of course, — all landladies have, — but has also, I feel sure, seen a good deal worse ones. For she wears a very handsome silk dress on state occasions, with a breastpin set, as I honestly believe, with genuine pearls, and appears habitually with a very smart cap, from under which her gray curls come out with an unmistakable expression, conveyed in the hieratic language of the feminine priesthood, to the effect that while there is life there is hope. And when I come to reflect on the many circumstances which go to the making of matrimonial happiness, I cannot help thinking that a personage of her presentable exterior, thoroughly experienced in all the domestic arts which render life comfortable, might make the later years of some hitherto companionless bachelor very endurable, not to say pleasant.

The condition of the Landlady's family is, from what I learn, such as to make the connection I have alluded to, I hope with delicacy, desirable for incidental as well as direct reasons, provided a fitting match could be found. I was startled at hearing her address by the familiar name of *Benjamin* the young physician I have referred to, until I found on inquiry, what I might have guessed by the size of his slices of pie and other little marks of favoritism, that he was her son. He has recently come back from Europe, where he has topped off his home training with a first-class foreign finish. As the landlady could never have educated him in this way out of the profits of keeping boarders, I was not surprised when I was told that she had received a pretty little property

in the form of a bequest from a former boarder, a very kind-hearted, worthy old gentleman who had been long with her and seen how hard she worked for food and clothes for herself and this son of hers, Benjamin Franklin by his baptismal name. Her daughter had also married well, to a member of what we may call the post-medical profession, that, namely, which deals with the mortal frame after the practitioners of the healing art have done with it and taken their leave. So thriving had this son-in-law of hers been in his business, that his wife drove about in her own carriage, drawn by a pair of jet-black horses of most dignified demeanor, whose only fault was a tendency to relapse at once into a walk after every application of a stimulus that quickened their pace to a trot; which application always caused them to look round upon the driver with a surprised and offended air, as if he had been guilty of a grave indecorum.

The Landlady's daughter had been blessed with a number of children, of great sobriety of outward aspect, but remarkably cheerful in their inward habit of mind, more especially on the occasion of the death of a doll, which was an almost daily occurrence, and gave them immense delight in getting up a funeral, for which they had a complete miniature outfit. How happy they were under their solemn aspect! For the head mourner, a child of remarkable gifts, could actually make the tears run down her cheeks, — as real ones as if she had been a grown person following a rich relative, who had not forgotten his connections, to his last unfurnished lodgings.

So this was a most desirable family connection for the right man to step into, — a thriving, thrifty mother-in-law, who knew what was good for the sustenance of the body, and had no doubt taught it to her daughter; a medical artist at hand in case the luxuries of the table should happen to disturb the physiological harmonies; and in the worst event, a sweet consciousness that the last sad offices would be attended to with affectionate zeal, and probably a large discount from the usual charges.

It seems as if I could hardly be at this table for a year, if I should stay so long, without seeing some romance or other work itself out under my eyes; and I cannot help thinking that the Landlady is to be the heroine of the love-history like to unfold itself. I think I see the little cloud in the horizon, with a silvery lining to it, which may end in a rain of cards tied round with white ribbons. Extremes meet, and who so like to be the other party as the elderly gentleman at the other end of the table, as far from her now as the length of the board permits? I may be mistaken, but I think this is to be the romantic episode of the year before me. Only it seems so natural it is improbable, for you never find your dropped money just where you look for it, and so it is with these *a priori* matches.

This gentleman is a tight, tidy, wiry little man, with a small, brisk head, close-cropped white hair, a good wholesome complexion, a quiet, rather kindly face, quick in his movements, neat in his dress, but fond of wearing a short jacket over his coat, which gives him the look of a pickled or preserved school-boy. He has retired, they say, from a snug business, with a snug property, suspected by some to be rather more than snug, and entitling him to be called a capitalist, except that this word seems to be equivalent to highway robber in the new gospel of Saint Petroleum. That he is economical in his habits cannot be denied, for he saws and splits his own wood, — for exercise, he says, — and makes his own fires, brushes his own shoes, and, it is whispered, darns a hole in a stocking now and then, — all for exercise, I suppose. Every summer he goes out of town for a few weeks. On a given day of the month a wagon stops at the door and takes up, not his trunks, for he does not indulge in any such extravagance, but the stout brown linen bags in which he packs the few conveniences he carries with him.

I do not think this worthy and economical personage will have much to do or to say, unless he marries the Landlady. If he does that, he will play a part of some importance, — but I don't feel sure at all. His talk is little in amount, and generally ends in some compact formula condensing much wisdom in few words, as that *a man should not put all his eggs in one basket;* that *there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it;* and one in particular, which he surprised me by saying in pretty good French one day, to the effect that *the inheritance of the world belongs to the phlegmatic people*, which seems to me to have a good deal of truth in it.

The other elderly personage, the old man with iron-gray hair and large round spectacles, sits at my right at table. He is a retired college officer, a man of books and observation, and himself an author. *Magister Artium* is one of his titles on the College Catalogue, and I like best to speak of him as the Master, because he has a certain air of authority which none of us feel inclined to dispute. He has given me a copy of a work of his which seems to me not wanting in suggestiveness, and which I hope I shall be able to make some use of in my records by and by. I said the other day that he had good solid prejudices, which is true, and I like him none the worse for it; but he has also opinions more or less original, valuable, probable, fanciful; fantastic, or whimsical, perhaps, now and then; which he promulgates at table somewhat in the tone of imperial edicts. Another thing I like about him is, that he takes a certain intelligent interest in pretty much everything that interests other people. I asked him the other day what he thought most about in his wide range of studies.

— Sir, — said he, — I take stock in everything that concerns anybody. *Humani nihil*, — you know the rest. But if you ask me what is my specialty, I should say, I applied myself more particularly to the contemplation of the Order of Things.

— A pretty wide subject, — I ventured to suggest.

— Not wide enough, sir, — not wide enough to satisfy the desire of a mind which wants to get at absolute truth, without reference to the empirical arrangements of our particular planet and its environments. I want to subject the formal conditions of space and time to a new analysis, and project a possible universe outside of the Order of Things. But I have narrowed myself by studying the actual facts of being. By and by — by and by — perhaps — perhaps. I hope to do some sound thinking in heaven — if I ever get there, — he said, seriously, and it seemed to me not irreverently.

I rather like that, — I said. I think your telescopic people are, on the whole, more satisfactory than your microscopic ones.

(— My left-hand neighbor fidgeted about a little in his chair as I said this. But the young man sitting not far from the landlady, to whom my attention had been attracted by the expression of his eyes, which seemed as if they saw nothing before him, but looked beyond everything, smiled a sort of faint starlight smile, that touched me strangely; for until that moment he had appeared as if his thoughts were far away, and I had been questioning whether he had lost friends lately, or perhaps had never had them, he seemed so remote from our boarding-house life. I will inquire about him, for he interests me, and I thought he seemed interested as I went on talking.)

— No, — I continued, — I don't want to have the territory of a man's mind fenced in. I don't want to shut out the mystery of the stars and the awful hollow that holds them. We have done with those hypæthral temples, that were open above to the heavens, but we can have attics and skylights to them. Minds with skylights, — yes, — stop, let us see if we can't get something out of that.

One-story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with skylights. All fact-collectors, who have

no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact-collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight. There are minds with large ground floors, that can store an infinite amount of knowledge; some librarians, for instance, who know enough of books to help other people, without being able to make much other use of their knowledge, have intellects of this class. Your great working lawyer has two spacious stories; his mind is clear, because his mental floors are large, and he has room to arrange his thoughts so that he can get at them, — facts below, principles above, and all in ordered series; poets are often narrow below, incapable of clear statement, and with small power of consecutive reasoning, but full of light, if sometimes rather bare of furniture, in the attics.

— The Old Master smiled. I think he suspects himself of a three-story intellect, and I don't feel sure that he is n't right.

— Is it dark meat or white meat you will be helped to, — said the landlady, addressing the Master.

— Dark meat for me, always, — he answered. Then turning to me, he began one of those monologues of his, such as that which put the Member of the Haouse asleep the other day.

— It 's pretty much the same in men and women and in books and everything, that it is in turkeys and chickens. Why, take your poets, now, say Browning and Tennyson. Don't you think you can say which is the dark-meat and which is the white-meat poet? And so of the people you know; can't you pick out the full-flavored, coarse-fibred characters from the delicate, fine-fibred ones? And in the same person, don't you know the same two shades in different parts of the character that you find in the wing and thigh of a partridge? I suppose you poets may like white meat best, very probably; you had rather have a wing than a drumstick, I dare say.

— Why, yes, — said I, — I suppose some of us do. Perhaps it is because a bird flies with his white-fleshed limbs and walks with the dark-fleshed ones. Besides, the wing-muscles are nearer the heart than the leg-muscles.

I thought that sounded mighty pretty, and paused a moment to pat myself on the back, as is my wont when I say something that I think of superior quality. So I lost my innings; for the Master is apt to strike in at the end of a bar, instead of waiting for a rest, if I may borrow a musical phrase. No matter, just at this moment, what he said; but he talked the Member of the Haouse asleep again.

They have a new term nowadays (I am speaking to you, the Reader) for people that do a good deal of talking; they call them "conversationists," or "conversationalists"; talkists, I suppose, would do just as well. It is rather dangerous to get the name of being one of these phenomenal manifestations, as one is expected to say something remarkable every time one opens one's mouth in company. It seems hard not to be able to ask for a piece of bread or a tumbler of water, without a sensation running round the table, as if one were an electric eel or a torpedo, and could n't be touched without giving a shock. A fellow is n't all battery, is he? The idea that a Gymnotus can't swallow his worm without a coruscation of animal lightning, is hard on that brilliant but sensational being. Good talk is not a matter of will at all; it depends — you know we are all half-materialists nowadays — on a certain amount of active congestion of the brain, and that comes when it is ready, and not before. I saw a man get up the other day in a pleasant company, and talk away for about five minutes, evidently by a pure effort of will. His person was good, his voice was pleasant, but anybody could see that it was all mechanical labor; he was sparring for wind, as the Hon. John Morrissey,

M. C., would express himself. Presently —

Do you — Beloved, I am afraid you are not old enough — but *do* you remember the days of the tin tinder-box, the flint, and steel? Click! click! click! — Ah-h-h! knuckles that time! click! click! CLICK! a spark has taken, and is eating into the black tinder, as a six-year-old eats into a sheet of gingerbread.

Presently, after hammering away for his five minutes with mere words, the spark of a happy expression took somewhere among the mental combustibles, and then for ten minutes we had a pretty, wandering, scintillating play of eloquent thought, that enlivened, if it did not kindle, all around it. If you want the real philosophy of it, I will give it to you. The chance thought or expression struck the nervous centre of consciousness, as the rowel of a spur stings the flank of a racer. Away through all the telegraphic radiations of the nervous cords flashed the intelligence that the brain was kindling, and must be fed with something or other, or it would burn itself to ashes. And all the great hydraulic engines poured in their scarlet blood, and the fire kindled, and the flame rose; for the blood is a stream that, like burning rock-oil, at once kindles, and is itself the fuel. You can't order these organic processes, any more than a milliner can make a rose. She can make something that *looks* like a rose, more or less, but it takes all the forces of the universe to finish and sweeten that blossom in your button-hole; and you may be sure that when the orator's brain is in a flame, when the poet's heart is in a tumult, it is something mightier than he and his will that is dealing with him! As I have looked from one of the northern windows of the street which commands our noble estuary, — the view through which is a picture on an illimitable canvas and a poem in innumerable cantos, — I have sometimes seen a pleasure-boat drifting along, her sail flapping, and she seeming as if she had neither will nor aim. At her stern a man was laboring to bring her head round with an oar, to little purpose, as it seemed to those who watched him pulling and tugging. But all at once the wind of heaven, which had wandered all the way from Florida or from Labrador, it may be, struck full upon the sail, and it swelled and rounded itself like a white bosom that had burst its boddice, and —

— You are right; it is too true! but how I love these pretty phrases! I am afraid I am becoming an epicure in words, which is a bad thing to be, unless it is dominated by something infinitely better than itself. But there is a fascination in the mere sound of articulated breath; of consonants that resist with the firmness of a maid of honor, or half or wholly yield to the wooing lips; of vowels that flow and murmur, each after its kind; the peremptory *b* and *p*, the brittle *k*, the vibrating *r*, the insinuating *s*, the feathery *f*, the velvety *v*, the bell-voiced *m*, the tranquil broad *a*, the penetrating *e*, the cooing *u*, the emotional *o*, and the beautiful combinations of alternate rock and stream, as it were, that they give to the rippling flow of speech, — there is a fascination in the skilful handling of these, which the great poets and even prose-writers have not disdained to acknowledge and use to recommend their thought. What do you say to this line of Homer as a piece of poetical full-band music? I know you read the Greek characters with perfect ease, but permit me, just for my own satisfaction, to put it into English letters: —

Aiglē pamphanoösa di' aitheros ouranon ike!

as if he should have spoken in our poorer phrase of,

Splendor far shining through ether to heaven ascending.

That Greek line, which I do not remember having heard mention of as remarkable, has nearly every consonantal and vowel sound in the language. Try it by the Greek and by the English alphabet; it is a curiosity. Tell me that old Homer did not roll his sightless eyeballs about with delight,

as he thundered out these ringing syllables! It seems hard to think of his going round like a hand-organ man, with such music and such thought as his to earn his bread with. One can't help wishing that Mr. Pugh could have got at him for a single lecture, at least, of the "Star Course," or that he could have appeared in the Music Hall, "for this night only."

— I know I have rambled, but I hope you see that this is a delicate way of letting you into the nature of the individual who is, officially, the principal personage at our table. It would hardly do to describe him directly, you know. But you must not think, because the lightning zigzags, it does not know where to strike.

I shall try to go through the rest of my description of our boarders with as little of digression as is consistent with my nature. I think we have a somewhat exceptional company. Since our landlady has got up in the world, her board has been decidedly a favorite with persons a little above the average in point of intelligence and education. In fact, ever since a boarder of hers, not wholly unknown to the reading public, brought her establishment into notice, it has attracted a considerable number of literary and scientific people, and now and then a politician, like the Member of the House of Representatives, otherwise called the Great and General Court of the State of Massachusetts. The consequence is, that there is more individuality of character than in a good many similar boarding-houses, where all are business-men, engrossed in the same pursuit of money-making, or all are engaged in politics, and so deeply occupied with the welfare of the community that they can think and talk of little else.

At my left hand sits as singular-looking a human being as I remember seeing outside of a regular museum or tent-show. His black coat shines as if it had been polished; and it has been polished on the wearer's back, no doubt, for the arms and other points of maximum attrition are particularly smooth and bright. Round shoulders, — stooping over some minute labor, I suppose. Very slender limbs, with bends like a grasshopper's; sits a great deal, I presume; looks as if he might straighten them out all of a sudden, and jump instead of walking. Wears goggles very commonly; says it rests his eyes, which he strains in looking at very small objects. Voice has a dry creak, as if made by some small piece of mechanism that wanted oiling. I don't think he is a botanist, for he does not smell of dried herbs, but carries a camphorated atmosphere about with him, as if to keep the moths from attacking him. I must find out what is his particular interest. One ought to know something about his immediate neighbors at the table. This is what I said to myself, before opening a conversation with him. Everybody in our ward of the city was in a great stir about a certain election, and I thought I might as well begin with that as anything.

— How do you think the vote is like to go to-morrow? — I said.

— It is n't to-morrow, — he said, — it 's next month.

— Next month! — said I. — Why, what election do you mean?

— I mean the election to the Presidency of the Entomological Society, sir, — he creaked, with an air of surprise, as if nobody could by any possibility have been thinking of any other. Great competition, sir, between the dipterists and the lepidopterists as to which shall get in their candidate. Several close ballotings already; adjourned for a fortnight. Poor concerns, both of 'em. Wait till our turn comes.

— I suppose you are an entomologist? — I said with a note of interrogation.

— Not quite so ambitious as that, sir. I should like to put my eyes on the individual entitled to that name! A *society* may call itself an Entomological Society, but the man who arrogates such a broad title as that to himself, in the present state of science, is a pre-

tender, sir, a dilettante, an impostor! No man can be truly called an entomologist, sir; the subject is too vast for any single human intelligence to grasp.

— May I venture to ask, — I said, a little awed by his statement and manner, — what is your special province of study?

I am often spoken of as a Coleopterist, — he said, — but I have no right to so comprehensive a name. The genus Scarabæus is what I have chiefly confined myself to, and ought to have studied exclusively. The beetles proper are quite enough for the labor of one man's life. Call me a Scarabeeist if you will; if I can prove myself worthy of that name, my highest ambition will be more than satisfied.

I think, by way of compromise and convenience, I shall call him the Scarabee. He has come to look wonderfully like those creatures, — the beetles, I mean, — by being so much among them. His room is hung round with cases of them, each impaled on a pin driven through him, something as they used to bury suicides. These cases take the place for him of pictures and all other ornaments. That Boy steals into his room sometimes, and stares at them with great admiration, and has himself undertaken to form a rival cabinet, chiefly consisting of flies, so far, arranged in ranks superintended by an occasional spider.

The Old Master, who is a bachelor, has a kindly feeling for this little monkey, and those of his kind.

— I like children, — he said to me one day at table. — I like 'em, and I respect 'em. Pretty much all the honest truth-telling there is in the world is done by them. Do you know they play the part in the household which the king's jester, who very often had a mighty long head under his cap and bells, used to play for a monarch? There 's no radical club like a nest of little folks in a nursery. Did you ever watch a baby's fingers? I have, often enough, though I never knew what it was to own one. — The Master paused half a minute or so, — sighed, — perhaps at thinking what he had missed in life, — looked up at me a little vacantly. I saw what was the matter; he had lost the thread of his talk.

— Baby's fingers, — I intercalated.

— Yes, yes; did you ever see how they will poke those wonderful little fingers of theirs into every fold and crack and crevice they can get at? That is their first education, feeling their way into the solid facts of the material world. When they begin to talk it is the same thing over again in another shape. If there is a crack or a flaw in your answer to their confounded shoulder-hitting questions, they will poke and poke until they have got it gaping just as the baby's fingers have made a rent out of that atom of a hole in his pinafore that your old eyes never took notice of. Then they make such fools of us by copying on a small scale what we do in the grand manner. I wonder if it ever occurs to our dried-up neighbor there to ask himself whether That Boy's collection of flies is n't about as significant in the Order of Things as his own Museum of Beetles?

— I could n't help thinking that perhaps That Boy's questions about the simpler mysteries of life might have a good deal of the same kind of significance as the Master's inquiries into the Order of Things.

— On my left, beyond my next neighbor the Scarabee, at the end of the table, sits a person of whom we know little, except that he carries about him more palpable reminiscences of tobacco and the allied sources of comfort than a very sensitive organization might find acceptable. The Master does not seem to like him much, for some reason or other, — perhaps he has a special aversion to the odor of tobacco. As his forefinger shows a little too distinctly that he uses a pen, I shall compliment him by calling him the Man of Letters, until I find out more about him.

— The Young Girl who sits on my

right, next beyond the Master, can hardly be more than nineteen or twenty years old. I wish I could paint her so as to interest others as much as she does me. But she has not a profusion of sunny tresses wreathing a neck of alabaster, and a cheek where the rose and the lily are trying to settle their old quarrel with alternating victory. Her hair is brown, her cheek is delicately pallid, her forehead is too ample for a ball-room beauty's. A single faint line between the eyebrows is the record of long-continued anxious efforts to please in the task she has chosen, or rather which has been forced upon her. It is the same line of anxious and conscientious effort which I saw not long since on the forehead of one of the sweetest and truest singers who has visited us; the same which is so striking on the masks of singing women carved upon the façade of our Great Organ, — that Himalayan home of harmony which you are to see and then die, if you don't live where you can see and hear it often. Many deaths have happened in a neighboring large city from that well-known complaint, *Icterus Invidiosorum*, after returning from a visit to the Music Hall. The invariable symptom of a fatal attack is the *Risus Sardonicus*. — But the Young Girl. She gets her living by writing stories for a newspaper. Every week she furnishes a new story. If her head aches or her heart is heavy, so that she does not come to time with her story, she falls behindhand and has to live on credit. It sounds well enough to say that "she supports herself by her pen," but her lot is a trying one; it repeats the doom of the Danaides. The "Weekly Bucket" has no bottom, and it is her business to help fill it. Imagine for one moment what it is to tell a tale that must flow on, flow ever, without pausing; the lover miserable and happy this week, to begin miserable again next week and end as before; the villain scowling, plotting, punished; to scowl, plot, and get punished again in our next; an endless series of woes and blisses, into each paragraph of which the forlorn artist has to throw all the liveliness, all the emotion, all the graces of style she is mistress of, for the wages of a maid of all work, and no more recognition or thanks from anybody than the apprentice who sets the types for the paper that prints her ever-ending and ever-beginning stories. And yet she has a pretty talent, sensibility, a natural way of writing, an ear for the music of verse, in which she sometimes indulges to vary the dead monotony of everlasting narrative, and a sufficient amount of invention to make her stories readable. I have found my eyes dimmed over them oftener than once, more with thinking about her, perhaps, than about her heroes and heroines. Poor little body! Poor little mind! Poor little soul! She is one of that great company of delicate, intelligent, emotional young creatures, who are waiting, like that sail I spoke of, for some breath of heaven to fill their white bosoms, — love, the right of every woman; religious emotion, sister of love, with the same passionate eyes, but cold, thin, bloodless hands, — some enthusiasm of humanity or divinity; and find that life offers them, instead, a seat on a wooden bench, a chain to fasten them to it, and a heavy oar to pull day and night. We read the Arabian tales and pity the doomed lady who must amuse her lord and master from day to day or have her head cut off; how much better is a mouth without bread to fill it than no mouth at all to fill, because no head? We have all round us a weary-eyed company of Scheherazades! This is one of them, and I may call her by that name when it pleases me to do so.

The next boarder I have to mention is the one who sits between the Young Girl and the Landlady. In a little chamber where a small thread of sunshine finds its way for half an hour or so every day during a month or six weeks of the spring or autumn, at all other times obliged to content itself with ungilded daylight, lives this boarder, whom, without wronging any others of our company, I may call, as she is

very generally called in the household, The Lady. In giving her this name it is not meant that there are no other ladies at our table, or that the handmaids who serve us are not ladies, or to deny the general proposition that everybody who wears the unbifurcated garment is entitled to that appellation. Only this lady has a look and manner which there is no mistaking as belonging to a person always accustomed to refined and elegant society. Her style is perhaps a little more courtly and gracious than some would like. The language and manner which betray the habitual desire of pleasing, and which add a charm to intercourse in the higher social circles, are liable to be construed by sensitive beings unused to such amenities as an odious condescension when addressed to persons of less consideration than the accused, and as a still more odious, — you know the word, — when directed to those who are esteemed by the world as considerable personages. But of all this the accused are fortunately wholly unconscious, for there is nothing so entirely natural and unaffected as the highest breeding.

From an aspect of dignified but undisguised economy which showed itself in her dress as well as in her limited quarters, I suspected a story of shipwrecked fortune, and determined to question our Landlady. That worthy woman was delighted to tell the history of her most distinguished boarder. She was, as I had supposed, a gentlewoman whom a change of circumstances had brought down from her high estate.

— Did I know the Goldenrod family? — Of course I did. — Well, the Lady was first cousin to Mrs. Midas Goldenrod. She had been here in her carriage to call upon her, — not very often. — Were her rich relations kind and helpful to her? — Well, — yes; at least they made her presents now and then. Three or four years ago they sent her a silver waiter, and every Christmas they sent her a bōquet, — it must cost as much as five dollars, the landlady thought.

— And how did the Lady receive these valuable and useful gifts?

— Every Christmas she got out the silver waiter and borrowed a glass tumbler and filled it with water, and put the bōquet in it and set it on the waiter. It smelt sweet enough and looked pretty for a day or two, but the landlady thought it would n't have hurt 'em if they 'd sent a piece of goods for a dress, or at least a pocket-handkercher or two, or something or other that she could 'a' made some kind of use of; but beggars must n't be choosers; not that she was a beggar, for she 'd sooner die than do that if she was in want of a meal of victuals. There was a lady I remember, and she had a little boy and she was a widow, and after she 'd buried her husband she was dreadful poor, and she was ashamed to let her little boy go out in his old shoes, and copper-toed shoes they was too, because his poor little ten — toes — was a coming out of 'em; and what do you think my husband's rich uncle — well, there, now, it was me and my little Benjamin, as he was then, there 's no use in hiding of it — and what do you think my husband's uncle sent me but a plaster of Paris image of a young woman, that was — well, her appearance was n't respectable, and I had to take and wrap her up in a towel and poke her right into my closet, and there she stayed till she got her head broke and served her right, for she was n't fit to show folks. You need n't say anything about what I told you, but the fact is I was desperate poor before I began to support myself taking boarders, and a lone woman without her — her —

The sentence plunged into the gulf of her great remembered sorrow and was lost to the records of humanity.

— Presently she continued in answer to my questions: The Lady was not very sociable; kept mostly to herself. The Young Girl (our Scheherazade) used to visit her sometimes, and they seemed to like each other, but the Young Girl had not many spare hours for visiting. The Lady never

found fault, but she was very nice in her tastes, and kept everything about her looking as neat and pleasant as she could.

— What did she do? — Why, she read, and she drew pictures, and she did needle-work patterns, and played on an old harp she had; the gilt was mostly off, but it sounded very sweet, and she sung to it sometimes, those old songs that used to be in fashion twenty or thirty years ago, with words to 'em that folks could understand.

Did she do anything to help support herself? — The landlady could n't say she did, but she thought there was rich people enough that ought to buy the flowers and things she worked and painted.

All this points to the fact that she was bred to be an ornamental rather than what is called a useful member of society. This is all very well as long as fortune favors those who are chosen to be the ornamental personages; but if the golden tide recedes and leaves them stranded, they are more to be pitied than almost any other class. "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed."

I think it is unpopular in this country to talk much about gentlemen and gentlewomen. People are touchy about social distinctions, which no doubt are often invidious and quite arbitrary and accidental, but which it is impossible to avoid recognizing as facts of natural history. Society stratifies itself everywhere, and the stratum which is generally recognized as the uppermost will be apt to have the advantage in easy grace of manner and in unassuming confidence, and consequently be more agreeable in the superficial relations of life. To compare these advantages with the virtues and utilities would be foolish. Much of the noblest work in life is done by ill-dressed, awkward, ungainly persons; but that is no more reason for undervaluing good manners and what we call high-breeding, than the fact that the best part of the sturdy labor of the world is done by men with exceptionable hands is to be urged against the use of Brown Windsor as a preliminary to appearance in cultivated society.

I mean to stand up for this poor lady, whose usefulness in the world is apparently problematical. She seems to me like a picture that has fallen from its gilded frame and lies, face downward, on the dusty floor. The picture never was as needful as a window or a door, but it was pleasant to see it in its place, and it would be pleasant to see it there again, and I, for one, should be thankful to have the Lady restored by some turn of fortune to the position from which she has been so cruelly cast down.

— I have asked the Landlady about the young man sitting near her, the same who attracted my attention the other day while I was talking, as I mentioned. He passes most of his time in a private observatory, it appears; a watcher of the stars. That I suppose gives the peculiar look to his lustrous eyes. The Master knows him and was pleased to tell me something about him.

You call yourself a Poet, — he said, — and we call you so, too, and so you are; I read your verses and like 'em. But that young man lives in a world beyond the imagination of poets, let me tell you. The daily home of his thought is in illimitable space, hovering between the two eternities. In his contemplations the divisions of time run together, as in the thought of his Maker. With him also, — I say it not profanely, — one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day.

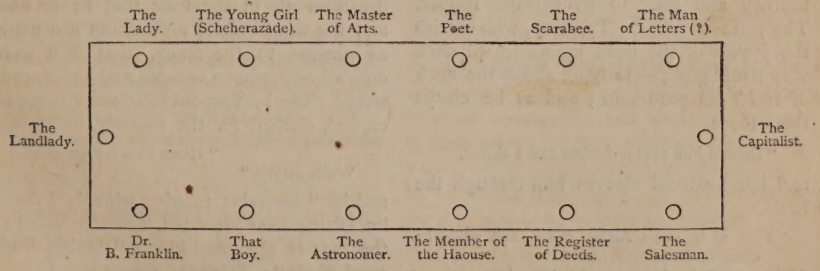
This account of his occupation increased the interest his look had excited in me, and I have observed him more particularly and found out more about him. Sometimes, after a long night's watching, he looks so pale and worn, that one would think the cold moonlight had stricken him with some malign effluence, such as it is fabled to send upon those who sleep in it. At such times he seems more like one who has come from a planet farther away

from the sun than our earth, than like one of us terrestrial creatures. His home is truly in the heavens, and he practises an asceticism in the cause of science almost comparable to that of Saint Simeon Stylites. Yet they tell me he might live in luxury if he spent on himself what he spends on science. His knowledge is of that strange, remote character, that it seems sometimes almost superhuman. He knows the ridges and chasms of the moon as a surveyor knows a garden-plot he has measured. He watches the snows that gather around the poles of Mars; he is on the lookout for the expected comet at the moment when its faint stain of diffused light first shows itself; he analyzes the ray that comes from the sun's photosphere; he measures the rings of Saturn; he counts his asteroids to see that none are missing, as the shepherd counts the sheep in his flock. A strange unearthly being; lonely, dwelling far apart from the thoughts and cares of the planet on which he lives, — an enthusiast who gives his life to knowledge; a student of antiquity, to whom the records of the geologist are modern pages in the great volume of being and the pyramids a memorandum of yesterday, as the eclipse or occultation that is to take place thousands of years hence is an event of to-morrow in the diary without beginning and without end where he enters the aspect of the passing moment as it is read on the celestial dial.

In very marked contrast with this young man is the something more than middle-aged Register of Deeds, a rusty, sallow, smoke-dried looking personage, who belongs to this earth as exclusively as the other belongs to the firmament. His movements are as mechanical as those of a pendulum — to the office, where he changes his coat and plunges into messuages and building-lots; then, after changing his coat again, back to our table, and so, day by day, the dust of years gradually gathering around him as it does on the old folios that fill the shelves all round the great cemetery of past transactions of which he is the sexton.

Of the Salesman who sits next him, nothing need be said except that he is good-looking, rosy, well dressed, and of very polite manners, only a little more brisk than the approved style of carriage permits, — as one in the habit of springing with a certain alacrity at the call of a customer.

You would like to see, I don't doubt, how we sit at the table, and I will help you by means of a diagram which shews the present arrangement of our seats.



Our young Scheherazade varies her prose stories now and then, as I told you, with compositions in verse, one or two of which she has let me look over. Here is one of them, which she allowed me to copy. It is from a story of hers, "The Sun-Worshipper's Daughter," which you may find in the periodical before mentioned, to which she is a contributor, if you can lay your hand upon a file of it. I think our Scheherazade has never had a lover in human shape, or she would not play so lightly with the fire-brands of the great passion.

FANTASIA.

Kiss mine eyelids, beauteous Morn,
Blushing into life new-born!
Lend me violets for my hair,
And thy russet robe to wear,
And thy ring of rosiest hue
Set in drops of diamond dew!

Kiss my cheek, thou noontide ray,
From my Love so far away!
Let thy splendor streaming down
Turn its pallid lilies brown,
Till its darkening shades reveal
Where his passion pressed its seal!

Kiss my lips, thou Lord of light,
Kiss my lips a soft good night!
Westward sinks thy golden car;
Leave me but the evening star,
And my solace that shall be,
Borrowing all its light from thee!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE place of "The Last Tournament," among the "Idyls of the King," is after "Pelleas and Ettarre," following this with a further revelation of the corruption of Arthur's knights, and drearily foreshadowing the ruin felt in "Guinevere." Arthur has ordered a tournament to contend for the necklace of "the maiden babe" that Arthur found in an eagle's nest, and that the queen took for her own, but that died:

> "And in time the carcanet
> Vext her with plaintive memories of the child;
> So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,
> 'Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
> And make them as thou wilt, a tourney prize.'"

But the day before the tourney a maimed and mutilated churl appears before the king and tells him that his cruel hurts have come from a robber-baron of the North; and Arthur leaves Lancelot to rule the tourney and goes to punish the robber. The prize is won by Tristram, who carries the jewels of the dead innocence to deck very lively guilt, — to hang about the neck of Isolt, his paramour; and as he clasps them there,

> "Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek,

and her husband cleaves him through the brain.

> "That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd,
> All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom,
> The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw
> The great Queen's bower was dark, — about his feet
> A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,
> 'What art thou?' and the voice about his feet
> Sent up an answer, sobbing, 'I am thy fool,
> And I shall never make thee smile again.'"

The queen has flown with Lancelot, and what comes next is in "Guinevere," without full reference to which this idyl cannot be quite satisfactorily read. In some lights it seems the slightest of all the idyls, but it gathers substance as the reader considers it, and when taken in its due relation to the rest, we doubt if it will be found the least. There is no great painting as in "Pelleas," and it wants the novelty of note which ravished in the earlier idyls; but in the art of subtly simple narration, which characterizes the whole series of poems, we think it is almost the first. So many things are so delicately yet clearly shown in the dreamful air of the time that never was, and the whole scene and action are made so present to the fancy, that if it were only all new, what a wonder and a rapture it would all be! The old fabulous Arthurian capital, clothed for the tourney, its streets

> "Hung with folds of pure
> White samite,"

and its "fountains running wine"; Lancelot sitting heavy-hearted, absent-minded at the lists in the good king's "double-dragoned chair"; Tristram entering,

* *The Last Tournament.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

The Divine Tragedy. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

The Life of Charles Dickens. By JOHN FORSTER. Vol. I. 1812–1842. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

History of English Literature. By H. TAINE. Translated by H. VAN LAUN. With a Preface prepared expressly for this Translation by the Author. 2 vols. New York: Holt and Williams. 1871.

Art in Greece. By H. TAINE. Translated by JOHN DURAND. New York: Holt and Williams. 1871.

History of Florida. From its Discovery by Ponce de Leon, in 1512, to the Close of the Florida War, in 1842. By GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

"Taller than the rest,
And armor'd all in forest green, whereon
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer";

the sorrowful rain and the wet plumes and mantles of the after-revels, at which dame and damsel cast the simple white they had worn at the tourney in honor of "the dead innocence," and wantoned forth in all colors,

"The live grass,
Rose-campion, blue-bell, king-cup, poppy";

little Dagonet, the king's fool, with Tristram in the wood, and the musical, airy prolixity of their talk, and Tristram's rhythmical, unrhymed song thereto; Tristram's dream in the ruined forest bower, and his riding forward to Tintagil under "an ever-showering leaf"; Arthur's slaughter of the Red Knight and all his comrades and their paramours in the North; — these things we read with a quiet sense of their expectedness even when we most admire them; and several of the passages really are of the best Tennyson: —

"And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
Heard in dead night along that table-shore
Drops flat, and after the great waters break
Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing; thus he fell
Head-heavy, while the knights, who watch'd him, roar'd
And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n;
There trampled out his face from being known,
And sank his head in mire, and slimed themselves:
Nor heard the King for their own cries, but sprang
Thro' open doors, and swording right and left
Men, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd
The tables over and the wines, and slew
Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells,
And all the pavement stream'd with massacre:
Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired the tower,
Which half that autumn night, like the live North,
Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,
Made all above it, and a hundred meres
About it, as the water Moab saw
Come round by the East, and out beyond them flush'd
The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea."

That it is not new in feeling ought hardly to count against the poem, seeing that it is part in temper and mood of an enterprise already old. Perhaps it is to be praised for preserving so perfectly the atmosphere of the other idyls. Familiar, at any rate, it certainly is, in every mien and attitude, — in its supreme and predominant gracefulness; in its grand-operatic violences, its impulses that wait upon the music; its comfortable unreality, — so comfortable that we behold any wickedness and sorrow the poet will with a gentle motion of the sympathies that is regret, and scarcely know if it be disapproval. The bloodshed is decent, the outrage graceful, the adulteries do not stain, the tears have no savor of bitter or of salt. It is a fair, stately world of revery in which we live while we read the idyls of Tennyson; we do not like to come out of it; and while there we think it a pity that such a world could not have been once. When time shall have done as much for these poems as it has done for Guarini's *Pastor Fido* or Tasso's *Aminta*, will the reader, may be, derive the same sort of pleasure from them all? Does he now? And if something wholly outside of experience or possibility can give us pleasure, shall we complain of it? If ever we do, may we read realities that weary us!

Like the "Last Tournament," Mr. Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy" is part of a series of poems, though there is nothing to hinder the sympathetic reader's enjoyment of this poem apart from the others. The plan of the whole work includes "The Divine Tragedy" as the first of a dramatic trilogy; then, after an Interlude by the Abbot Joachim, "The Golden Legend," and then, with a second Interlude by Martin Luther, "The New England Tragedies," ending with a Finale by St. John, who, after the passion of Christ, after the mystical self-sacrifice of the mediæval asceticism, after the gloomy excesses of Puritanism in the New World, is still a wanderer on the earth, where still

"There is war instead of peace,
Instead of love there is hate."

And he cries: —

"From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;
Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry:
Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!"

We need not speak of the second and third of the three dramas, except to say

that they gain new meaning and force in the light of their relation to each other and to the first. As for "The Divine Tragedy," it is for the most part simply the life of Christ, told in the words of the Evangelists, which, with curiously few touches of art, take shape in blank verse; but interspersing the dramatic narration are soliloquies, in which the poet has used some invention of his own, or some old legend. It is of course nearer in form to "The Golden Legend," but the resolute simplicity of the work is more like that of "The New England Tragedies." There is in the beginning an Introit of the Angel and of the Prophet Habbakuk, foretelling Christ, and then the first Passover (for the three acts of the Tragedy are the three passovers embraced in Christ's ministry) opens with John's crying in the wilderness, and answering the priest sent out to question him. Here it is almost solely the Evangelists' words that take lyrical life and shape from the poet's touch, but the Temptation of Christ that follows is more freely, though scarcely less simply treated. Then comes the marriage in Cana, with the first and most poetical of the miracles; and we do not think that any part of the drama is better managed. The outline given in Scripture is so filled and lighted up that the whole scene rises before us, with the musicians singing verses from the Song of Solomon, — the bride and bridegroom uttering their love in the Old Testament phrases of mystical tenderness, — the governor of the feast and guests talking of the young Nazarene present, —

> "That youth with the dark eyes,
> And hair, in color like unto the wine,
> Parted upon his forehead, and behind
> Falling in flowing locks"; —

the few words that pass between Mary and her son, — the divine abstraction of Jesus in working the miracle, — and the Essenian Manahem's vision of the Passion. At the close is one of the few passages which forcibly remind us of the poet's earlier manner: —

"THE BRIDEGROOM *to the* BRIDE, *on the balcony.*

"When Abraham went with Sarah into Egypt,
The land was all illumined with her beauty;
But thou dost make the very night itself
Brighter than day! Behold, in glad procession,
Crowding the threshold of the sky above us,
The stars come forth to meet thee with their lamps;
And the soft winds, the ambassadors of flowers,
From neighboring gardens and from fields unseen,
Come laden with odors unto thee, my Queen!"

But the poet has permitted himself few merely literary graces, and has made his literary art strictly servant to his reverence for his theme, exerting it to impart dramatic quality to the scenes by putting the words of the Gospel narrative as chorus-like comment into the mouth of some probable witness, or in making the Scriptural persons relate of themselves the things that are related of them, and in here and there the introduction of legendary facts or characters, as we have already said, and of some wholly imagined passages. In the first Passover the last scene is the supper in the house of Simon the Pharisee. Preceding this is the soliloquy of Mary of Magdala in her tower, — one of the imagined passages, which is characteristic of much of the grave poetry of the drama: —

"Companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn,
I sit here in this lonely tower, and look
Upon the lake below me, and the hills
That swoon with heat, and see as in a vision
All my past life unroll itself before me.
The princes and the merchants come to me,
Merchants of Tyre and Princes of Damascus,
And pass, and disappear, and are no more;
But leave behind their merchandise and jewels,
Their perfumes, and their gold, and their disgust.
I loathe them, and the very memory of them
Is unto me as thought of food to one
Cloyed with the luscious figs of Dalmanutha!
What if hereafter, in the long hereafter
Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain,
It were my punishment to be with them
Grown hideous and decrepit in their sins,
And hear them say: Thou that hast brought us here,
Be unto us as thou hast been of old!"

In the second Passover, after Herod has consented to the beheading of John the Baptist, Manahem rushes out of the castle of Machærus, where the king sits feasting, and in a wild lyrical strain utters the vision in which he sees the great misdeed accomplished. This monologue is very fine for a prophetic fury of horror and malediction in the verse, and is worthy of the poet's feeling that in this way only could the event be portrayed. But we think the strongest and most expressive of all the interludes, as we may call them, is the song of Barabbas to his fellow-prisoners, when he lies in prison expecting death. The character of the ruthless, fearless ruffian seems to shape the verse and to give it a reckless swagger: —

> "Barabbas is my name,
> Barabbas, the Son of Shame,
> Is the meaning, I suppose;
> I 'm no better than the best,
> And whether worse than the rest
> Of my fellow-men, who knows?

"I was once, to say it in brief,
A highwayman, a robber chief,
In the open light of day.
So much I am free to confess;
But all men, more or less,
Are robbers in their way.

"From my cavern in the crags,
From my lair of leaves and flags,
I could see, like ants, below,
The camels with their load
Of merchandise, on the road
That leadeth to Jericho.

"And I struck them unaware,
As an eagle from the air
Drops down upon bird or beast;
And I had my heart's desire
Of the merchants of Sidon and Tyre,
And Damascus and the East.

. . . . . .

"Who cares for death? Not I!
A thousand times I would die,
Rather than suffer wrong!
Already those women of mine
Are mixing the myrrh and the wine;
I shall not be with you long."

The reader, looking back upon the poem, will be more apt to do it justice than at the first glance. The simplicity will probably have seemed bare at times, and the self-denial which has rejected from the dramatic narrative all non-scriptural persons and incidents, and has so sparingly relieved the Gospel history by the inventions of the interludes, may have been felt as too severe. A better sense of the poet's intention ought to remove these impressions, and revision will light up the many points at which it touches the life of the time, such as Pilate's Roman mystification at the strange religion of the Jews, and his pagan surprise at their intolerance; the low spirit of sorcery, almost self-believing, in Simon Magus and Helen of Tyre, seeking out Christ to learn his magic; the domination of the Romans, and the restive subjection of the Jews; the wandering career, the apparition and the disappearance of Christ in divers places; the bewilderment and uncertain knowledge of his own disciples concerning him; the feverish tumult of expectation and disappointment in the minds of the Jewish rulers; the apparent end of all his mission in Christ's death; and the strange, dreamlike aspect of the events of his appearance after death. But these are really *points* only; there is a peculiar unrest in the poem, which lets it dwell upon no fact with extraordinary fulness; it hastens forward to the most tragic of all tragic ends. You must turn back, as we have said, for its true effects, and in this review you will most enjoy the tender and vivid passages in it. The whole soliloquy of Judas is full of pathos, with nothing more pathetic than his cry, —

"Why did I not perish
With those by Herod slain, the innocent children
Who went with playthings in their little hands
Into the darkness of the other world,
As if to bed?"

Helen's all-Eastern homesickness for Tyre, —

"It is too silent and too solitary;
I miss the tumult of the streets; the sounds
Of traffic; and the going to and fro
Of people in gay attire, with cloaks of purple,
And gold and silver jewelry. . . . .
I regret the gossip
Of friends and neighbors at the open door
On summer nights. . . . .
The singing and the dancing, the delight
Of music and of motion. Woe is me,
To give up all these pleasures, and to lead
The life we lead! . . . .
Happier was I in Tyre.
O, I remember how the gallant ships
Came sailing in, with ivory, gold, and silver,
And apes and peacocks; and the singing sailors;
And the gay captains with their silken dresses,
Smelling of aloes, myrrh, and cinnamon!" —

the touchingly patient cheerfulness of blind Bartimeus, and the excellent art with which the scene of his healing is done, are parts of the poem that have constantly grown upon our liking.

The first volume of Mr. Forster's "Life of Dickens" is probably making more people talk of it at present than any other book, and in substance it is one of the most remarkable biographies ever written. It is not so surprising, however, as it is interesting, to know that many of the most famous passages of Dickens's romances are personal history, with little or no disguise of circumstance or other invention; for there has been rumor of all this before, and now we are chiefly struck with the fulness and faithfulness with which the author's own experiences were reproduced. It was said long ago that Mr. Micawber was drawn from Dickens's father; but now the veil is wholly lifted, and we see that Mr. Micawber *was* the elder Dickens, not in character alone, but in the principal incidents of his amusing career. The continual struggle with bad luck, the shabby devices for eking out a genteel existence, the repeated compromises with creditors, the final crash, and the sojourn in the debtors' prison, and then the court of bankruptcy, — not only were these facts common to the career of Micawber and the elder Dickens, but also such small matters as

the petition of the debtors to the throne, — "not for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, as David Copperfield relates, but for the less dignified but more accessible boon of a bounty to drink his Majesty's health on his Majesty's forthcoming birthday," — and that well-known financial statement by Mr. Micawber, that the difference between misery and happiness lay in the odd pence of an income overspent or underspent. In the mean time Dickens was himself the David Copperfield of that period of the story, even to his employment in the bottle warehouse, which was, in fact, the blacking manufactory of a cousin and rival of the illustrious Warren. Here, with such companionship as is described in the romance, he worked a year, for six shillings a week, at bottling the blacking. All these facts are most touchingly narrated in his own language from the notes he left for Mr. Forster's use, and form the history of a part of his life which was always a most miserable memory to him. He declares that from the final hour of this servitude — imbittered to the sensitive boy by his early consciousness of high possibilities in himself, and his precocious shrinking from mean associations — up to the moment he wrote of it, the fact was never mentioned in his presence by any that knew it, and he himself never, in any burst of confidence, referred to it. He shunned the street where the blacking warehouse stood, and he says that "his old way home by the borough made him cry after his eldest child could speak." It is not easy to give a sense of the intense and passionate feeling, the suffering, with which these notes are written. After reading them, the other revelations seem of little moment, though it is well to know that the phonographic toils of David Copperfield were also those of Dickens, and that there was a real Dora, who did not die, but lived to become Flora Casby in "Little Dorrit."

The book is very satisfying as a literary history, and it imparts the excitement of the far times when "Pickwick" was a new delight, and "Oliver Twist" began to appear before "Pickwick" was finished, and "Nicholas Nickleby" hurried forward by the side of "Oliver Twist," and "Barnaby Rudge" was planned, and "The Old Curiosity Shop" was written, and the whole world was talking of the young genius who had taken its sensibilities by storm. Mr. Forster does not attempt any critical analysis of the works whose production he describes; it is not his office, and it appears not his *forte*, for the praises which he lavishes upon them are not only idle, but astonishingly commonplace. Think of his supposing it worth while to say that Dickens does not make vice attractive! One longs to examine Mr. Forster's bumps, after that. But he has told the story he had to tell very entertainingly; not singularly well, but, as we say, satisfyingly, yes, delightfully, as a man could hardly help doing with such material; and we think he has only used himself with justice whenever he has touched upon his friendship with Dickens. It was a relation of which he might well be proud, for it was of uncommon tenderness and constancy; and if Mr. Forster might be proud, Dickens on his part had rare cause to be grateful. By virtue of his abounding love for Dickens, and the thoroughly uncritical mood in which he writes of him, Dickens's character is the more frankly made known to us. Mr. Forster does not seem to have felt the trait of exaggeration running through his whole nature and work, — for his work was himself, — and consequently does not guard against it, or try to veil it. The reader may suspect that the anguish of the boy in the blacking factory is partly the retrospective misery and self-pity of the man who remembers it; but the biographer leaves the reader alone to the enjoyment of this and other doubts, and lets his hero put himself in all his extravagance before us. A more critical friend would have hesitated to publish the expressions of transcendent tenderness in which Dickens bewails the death of his wife's younger sister; but Mr. Forster trusts it to us, and we learn again that, however deeply Dickens felt, he must often have thought that he felt more deeply than he did feel. This trait made him the more effective with the vast multitudes he enraptured to laughter or tears; but it won him, in prodigiously greater degree, an actor's success, and must forbid him a place with Goldsmith, and Thackeray, and Hawthorne, perhaps the only perfect artists English fiction has known.

The six chapters which end the book are given up to his American visit, and are exceedingly interesting, without being novel. The fact seems to have been simply that Dickens came here in the glow of very lively sympathies with democracy in the ideal, and was shocked and outraged by the vulgarity, the vanity, the dulness, the timid-

ity which belong to the American, as well as to all human experiments, whether in republicanism or monarchy. His letters do full justice to the good qualities of that curiously provincial and happily obsolete American people of thirty years ago, while they do not spare their conceit and pretentiousness, their self-seeking even in the honors they bestowed, and their now-incredible meanness in the presence of great wrongs, their intolerance, their ignorance. He was horribly fatigued and bored; but on the whole we meant well, and perhaps he meant well in the "American Notes." If he did not, it must be owned that he was sorely tempted to evil. His judgment of us was superficially correct, and profoundly mistaken; but it was not dishonest, we believe, however ungracious it was.

This part of the life of Dickens must awaken the doubt which we suppose most serious people feel concerning the value of all judgments of a nation by critics outside of itself. A humorist like Dickens, whose celebrity amongst us came from our love of humor, could declare that we had no sense of it; and he was a man of our own race, religion, and domestic, if not social and political traditions. Such a misconception goes near to make one sad, and one has no heart for his revenge when he takes up the all-too-vivid Monsieur Taine's History of English Literature, and reads there the sparkling errors of that ingenious gentleman about Dickens and Thackeray and the society that produced them. No doubt troubles M. Taine, who flashes his jack-a-lantern over the boggy ups and downs of English life, and upon the pages of the great romancer and the great satirist, with a lively belief in its solar power. We speak slightly now of only a small part of a large work, which may have more value than we have been led to hope by what we have read in it. If the suspicion which our partial acquaintance has cast upon the whole proves unjust, we shall be prepared to make full amends hereafter; but in the mean time we own our misgiving. In treating of the remoter literary epochs, M. Taine has us more on his own ground, for our ancestors are a kind of foreigners to us; yet if we may guess from his criticism on Dryden, which we have read, we must still prefer a critic who has not had to judge his author with all his finest and his sweetest left out. It is not so much that he is mainly mistaken; Dryden is rather too plain a case; but if any one will read Mr. Lowell's essay on Dryden after M. Taine's, he will have our meaning, and will perceive the difference between interpreting a poet by every delicate faculty, and feeling for him with the thumb. Still, one has to admire M. Taine's zeal and industry, and the strictly historical portions of his work. He succeeds better, we think, in relating the history of a foreign people to its art, as in his "Art in Greece," than to its literature; but his success there may be chiefly in our necessary modern ignorance of antiquity, and, if they could, those poor ancients might cry out in indignant protest. It is certain that it is safer to infer Greek art from Greek life, as M. Taine does, than to infer Greek character from Greek art, as Mr. Ruskin would prefer to do. His method of showing the influences of daily life upon art is admirably brilliant and effective, but the reader will do well to guard himself against the author's too inflexible and exclusive application of his theory. Stated in rather an extreme form, it is this: given the time and climate of a people, their art can be accurately deduced therefrom, without reference to their artistic productions, — just as Agassiz can sketch you off a portrait of our affectionate forefathers the ichthyosaurus or the pterodactyl, after glancing at their fossilized foot-tracks. M. Taine's method does not take into sufficient account the element of individuality in the artist. Rigorously applied, it would make us expect to find all the artists of a given people at a given time cast in one mould, good or bad as the case might be. In the history of art it should be borne in mind that, beside the study of works of art proper, not only the general circumstances of the time and people are to be considered, but the personal circumstances of each great artist, — his obstacles and aids, his failures and triumphs, which modify the character of his works. Each study should supplement the other two. By following these three paths *seriatim*, among every people in every period, and comparing the results, we arrive at a comprehensive knowledge of the world's art. In respect to Greece, the study of biography and of art-products is, of course, mainly out of the question, from the absence of material. But in the study of modern art, it should always be remembered that M. Taine's method is only one side of a complete view. Much gratitude, however, is due him for his valuable contributions to one portion of the science of art-history.

Mr. Fairbanks, in his history of Florida,

has not felt that dearth of material which must trouble the historians of most of our States, and he has made an interesting book, of which no part is more attractive than that devoted to the early discoverers and explorers, one of whom (Cabeza de Vaca) he believes to have discovered the Mississippi before De Soto. Through three chapters we trace the history of Ribaut and Landonnière, the commanders of the Huguenot settlements, Forts Charles and Caroline; and there is a narrative of Dominique de Gourgues, the avenger of the massacre of Ribaut and his followers. The historian dwells upon the curious fact that the son of Melendez, the murderer of these Huguenots, had been shipwrecked on the passage from Mexico to Spain, and taken captive by the Indians of the Bermudas, so that one of the chief motives of the father in coming to America, where his cruelties were committed, must have been the affectionate desire to rescue his son. He was a man admirable, in spite of his atrocious crime, for heroic perseverance and daring. Mr. Fairbanks tells us that Melendez, "within the eighteen months that had elapsed since his landing in Florida, had carefully examined the entire coast from Cape Florida to St. Helena, had built forts at St. Augustine, San Mateo, Avista, Guale, and St. Helena, and had established block-houses at Tequesta, Carlos, Tocobayo, and Coava, in all of which he had left garrisons and religious teachers."

A curious episode of Florida history was the enterprise of Sir William Duncan and Dr. Andrew Turnbull, who, at an expense of one hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars, brought from Smyrna, under indentures, fifteen hundred Greeks, Italians, and Minorcans, who formed a settlement at Mosquito and called it New Smyrna. This colony proving a failure, in about nine years the six hundred that remained went in 1776 to St. Augustine, where their descendants are still found. The last four chapters of the history are devoted to the Seminole or Florida War, — that conflict in which a comparatively few Indians contrived to elude the strength and skill of our forces for nearly seven years, and in whose subjugation the sum of forty million dollars was expended.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

The most interesting as well as the most important of the new foreign books we are to notice this month is Otto Ludwig's *Shakespeare-Studien*. And studies exactly defines the informal nature of the book. It consists of a series of disconnected observations on Shakespeare, poetry, and the drama, as well as the thousand various matters which naturally suggest themselves to one who is seriously considering such complex subjects. On one page we find the analysis of some particular play of Shakespeare's followed by some criticism of Goethe or Schiller, then a brief dissertation on some matter of æsthetics; and all done as simply and unpretentiously as one who only writes for himself is more likely to do than he who makes books for the instruction of his fellow-men. These notes have all the simplicity of conversation; again, they are put in chronological order, so that we can watch the growth of the author's mind from year to year. On the whole, the book is as sound a manual of criticism as we have seen for a long time. Shakespeare has been for a long time adored by the Germans, but at times a vein of mysticism has entered into their worship. Ludwig, however, keeps a cool head even in his greatest enthusiasm, and his admirable criticism of Schiller and other German idols is all the more precious for coming from one of their own countrymen. As an example of the simplicity and condensation of the book, we quote the following; it is called "The Cosmos of the Plays of Shakespeare": "What we find in Shakespeare is the world, but freed from the contradictions which we find in the actual world; one of which the most secret motives lie before our eyes; we see through the people as if they were spirits; we see, too, their right, their wrong, their whole nature, and their fate in its necessary sequence; we see nothing that could make us doubt of the wisdom of the order of the world. His world is a school

* All books mentioned in this section may be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Otto Ludwig, Shakespeare-Studien. Aus dem Nachlasse des Dichters herausgegeben von Moritz Heydrich. Leipzig. 1872.

Fritz Ellrodt. Roman. Von Karl Gutzkow. 3 Bände. Jena. 1872.

Der neue Tannhäuser. Berlin. 1871.

Barbares et Bandits — La Prusse et la Commune. Par M. Paul de Saint Victor. Paris. 1871.

L'Histoire d'un Sous-Maître. Par MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris. 1871.

La Clique Dorée. Par Emile Gaborian. Paris. 1871.

L'Autriche-Hongrie. Par Daniel Lévy. Paris. 1871.

Récits d'un Soldat. Par Amédée Achard. Paris. 1871

for the actual one, it teaches us how every sort of excess and perversion, every discord in the harmony of our powers, brings its own punishment; it shows how the wicked man, in his apparent triumph, bears hell in his heart, etc. He is his own organism, not a mechanism, like Lessing in his Emilia Galotte, or like the French classic tragedians, with whom one fact demands another, as in a game of cards or chess which goes on piece by piece, move by move, until we have at last only a frosty symmetry, hardly more than superficial. He is without oversubtlety, he works from one or two primitive and self-evident motives; if they are two, they are approved to one another. Shakespeare has never made it as easy for himself as Goethe has done, for example, in his 'Tasso.' In order to inform us that his hero is a great poet, he gives him the name of a great poet, and to Antonio he gives the name of a statesman. Without this testimony, he would never appear to us as a great statesman; we see nothing of the kind in him; on the contrary, he is as powerless over himself as is Tasso. What we see is only two vain, sensitive men. When Shakespeare shows us a Coriolanus, he does not need the name and historical identification. We see that he is high-minded to excess; that he is a mighty hero, who, after he has conquered the others, conquers himself, the stoutest of all. Shakespeare does not suppose any further belief than what our senses and understanding can find or prove. The name of his heroes is indifferent, — Coriolanus might be called Tullius or what you please, he would remain what he is, and we should see what he is. Give Tasso and Alphonso other names, and let us know nothing more about them than what we see, and they would sink greatly in our opinion."

Of Schiller he says: "The main difference between Shakespeare and Schiller is this, that with the former the inner development is the chief thing, and the external tragedy, i. e. the action, appears as the necessary consequence, and at the same time as the symbolic expression of the inner development; while with Schiller just the contrary is true. With him the external facts are the main point, they are the acting characters; the hero is passive, he suffers not the consequences of his own actions, which avenge themselves upon him, but rather he suffers without fault of his own; fate is changed into accident; the divine order into a relentlessly cruel force of nature, which takes a malicious pleasure in trampling what is beautiful in the dust, in degrading what is noble. Chance directs the inner conduct of the play, the external action is the result of necessity. Thus his heroes are in a very bad way, dramatically, since the other characters monopolize all the action; they have nothing to do, except to maintain their dignity. Hence they are truly enough the heroes, but not the principal characters." This is a theme to which Ludwig is continually returning, illustrating and emphasizing it in a thousand ways. We have not space for more extracts; we can only recommend the volume most heartily.

Gutzkow's new novel *Fritz Ellrodt*, of which two volumes have already appeared, but which still lacks one to be completed, is not of entrancing interest. It is an historical novel, in which the history appears to be thoroughly accurate; the story itself, as far as we have read, is rather dull. It might be well for one who hopes that these sketches may put the reader in the way of getting hold of some entertaining reading seriously to forswear the mention of any German novels; at any rate, the one we have mentioned is only noteworthy on account of its novelty, — there is nothing else about it which could tempt us to break so agreeable a rule. A short poem, *Der neue Tannhäuser*, which appeared last summer, is not without merit. It is the wail of the modern, introspective Tannhäuser, who poisons every joy by trying to determine its real place in the universe, and on whose lips, in consequence, worldly pleasures soon turn to dust and ashes. This is not the best subject in the world, nor yet one that recommends it to universal reading, but while there is much that is tiresome in the treatment of it, there is somewhat that is really good. The last scene in the book, where Faust, Helena, and the Wandering Jew appear, is well worth reading, it is really poetical. The characters introduced are not easily made dull.

Of French books we have but few, except those about the war; of these there are M. Paul de Saint Victor's *La Prusse et la Commune*, a most hysterical production, and two volumes by M. Louis Veuillot, which we hope to mention again next month. *L'Histoire d'un Sous-Maître*, by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, which came out in the *Revue* since the war, has appeared in book form, and, like everything by these authors, is deserving of all praise. A new novel by M. Gaborian, *La Clique Dorée*, is not without inter-

est, and may be taken as a very good specimen of its author's curious power. All of his books are intricate developments of some plot which generally involves the breaking of all the Ten Commandments in turn. But there are none which can be read with calmer pulse than those of just this sort. We can be at the most exciting point, where the hero, who has been languishing in a protracted fever, flies just in time from a burning house and seeks repose in the branches of the deadly upas-tree ; two savages are aiming their poisoned arrows at him, his deadliest foe is loading his rifle behind a neighboring rock, a waterfall is roaring beneath him, there is a lion by the side of the tree, a large serpent is making its way towards him, — but we can lay the book aside and go to dinner without impatience ; we are sure that M. Gaborian will take the best of care of him and give him the bride and all the money he wants at the end of the book. Others of his stories are less full of incident than *La Clique Dorée*, which at times reminds us of one of Mayne Reid's stories grown up. This novel is the history of an adventuress who takes the name of a prominent Philadelphia belle who died abroad. She comes to America and mingles in *la haute société de la Philadelphie*, without exciting any suspicion in that rather particular city. On the whole, however, the book is readable and not too much exaggerated. One cannot expect stories of this kind to be more than a combination of startling possibilities.

L'Autriche-Hongrie, by M. Daniel Lévy, is a valuable work and full of information on a country about which one can be very ignorant without being any less a worthy citizen and respectable member of a family. The *Récits d'un Soldat*, by Amédée Achard, who seems to be a sort of literary godfather to various anonymous writings, contains two interesting sketches, of the surrender at Sedan, and of the campaign before Paris, written by an eyewitness. They had already appeared in the *Revue*.

ART.

APROPOS of the establishment of a free system of elementary art education in Massachusetts there has lately been an exhibition, at the rooms of the Boston Art Club, of drawings by pupils of schools of art abroad. The English system as pursued throughout the United Kingdom, under the direction of the science and art department of the Committee of Council on Education, was illustrated by a series of carefully finished drawings exhibiting all the twenty-three " stages " embraced in their programme, covering the whole range of art from the construction of geometrical figures to architectural composition and design, and from simple outlines of ornament or of natural objects to painting in oils. These examples, collected by the friendly aid of the South Kensington authorities, are the property of the city of Boston. The French system, as pursued in the municipal schools of Paris, was illustrated by a series of crayon drawings from the admirable school of M. Sequien, exhibiting the eight or nine stages of progress through which the French students pass from " the flat " to " the round," and from the round to the living model. The Belgian system of M. Hendrickx, as explained by a set of outline drawings of ornament and half a dozen drawings in crayons and in sepia from the Kreling Art School at Nuremburg, completed the show. All the Continental drawings were from the collections of the Institute of Technology.

The various drawings were not without their individual merits and attractiveness, but the chief interest of the exhibition came, of course, from the opportunity it offered of comparing the methods and results of the three systems of popular art education most likely to serve as an example in our own case. The German drawings were too few to enable one to judge of the method pursued. The Belgian work, though not reaching beyond the drawing of ornament from flat copies, was interesting and pertinent to our own case as showing what can be done by class-teaching through the medium of the blackboard. But the English and French work formed the bulk of the exhibition, and was in every respect the most important, representing, as it did, the two chief systems of industrial art educa-

tion in the world. The French system is that by which the long-continued supremacy of the French in all the industrial arts has been maintained. Whether it is to be regarded as the efficient cause of this ascendency, or only as the means adopted by the most artistic of nations to develop and keep in vigor their artistic powers, in either case it is eminently worthy of study and imitation by ourselves, now that we are proposing to do what we can to discover and develop the germs of artistic power that may exist among us. The English system, on the other hand, is even more germane to our purpose. It is the method by which a nation of our own blood and with mental habits identical with our own has managed in the space of twenty years to raise its manufactures from the lowest rank of art to a position next to the highest. It would seem that here was an example that we could not err in following.

In comparing the methods and the results, nothing could be more unlike than the two systems. In the first place, as we have intimated, the English scheme is much more ambitious, too much so, one may safely say, for a scheme intended to train artisans and mechanics. The fine arts and the industrial arts, however intimately related, are practically distinct. The discursive culture appropriate to the Royal Academy and the École des Beaux Arts is out of place in a school for workingmen. The French schools, though intended for just the same class of persons as the English, recognize this distinction, and limit the range of work to their practical needs. They are simply schools of drawing, and proceed upon the theory that good drawing, the accurate representation of form by contrasted light and shade so as to bring out, whether by a rude or by an elaborate process, its essential characteristics of form, is the beginning, middle, and end of what an art workman needs to know. To attempt more than this in an art school is to waste strength upon irrelevant matters.

But it is not only in this difference of scope that the French and English systems as contrasted in this exhibition are at variance. They differ equally in their way of treating the subjects they treat in common. Half a dozen of the English stages are occupied with the drawing of objects in outline, and in light and shade, in black and white. But while the French begin with charcoal or crayon, on rough paper, exacting at first only an approximation to accuracy, trusting to the educating effect even of inaccurate drawing to sharpen the student's perceptions and lead him to establish for himself an ever-rising standard of excellence, and introduce shading almost from the outset, that the drawings may even at first resemble the object drawn as nearly as may be, the English system enforces an introductory discipline in outline work, using a hard fine point, and exacting a degree of finish and of precision which a beginner has hardly eyes to see or knowledge enough to understand. It is not surprising that with these beginnings the English work has a general air of painstaking, of faithful and laborious effort, while the French work, some of which is exquisitely finished, has freedom and spirit and an artistic charm. The English drawings are, many of them, very admirable, yet hardly any of them make one wish to go and do likewise, as French work does.

The difference in the scope and character of the work done has long been recognized in England, and the most intelligent of the art masters have urged it upon the department so far to relax the regulations as to allow them to engraft upon the English organization, which is by far the most efficient in Europe, the best points of the French methods of work. Among other testimony to the same purpose, we find abundant confirmation, of this statement, as well as of what we have said respecting the characteristics of the two systems, in a couple of articles printed in the "Builder," shortly after the close of the exhibition of 1867, and written by Mr. Walter Smith, for many years Head Master of the School of Art at Leeds, and now holding an appointment as General Superintendent of Drawing both from the State of Massachusetts and from the city of Boston.

It is matter for congratulation that in endeavoring to profit from the example of England by putting the whole matter of art education into the hands of an experienced art master thoroughly versed in the administrative work of the English system, we should have happened upon the one man, perhaps, in all England, most thoroughly alive to the defects of that system, and to the necessity of engrafting upon it the best methods of the Continental schools. We may hope that when there comes to be an exhibition of the results of the Massachusetts system, this combination, which Mr. Smith successfully effected in his own

schools at Leeds, will be found to have been carried out upon a new and larger field.

The exhibition of the works of Mr. William Hunt, at Doll and Richards, struck us as not fairly representative of the painter. It contained, indeed, one of his most ambitious, but not most successful pictures, the "Hamlet"; but, in general, the works present suggested invidious comparisons with various absent companions, which those who have seen them associate with the artist's best powers, — the "Girl at the Fountain," the "Belated Kid," the portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, and various charming portraits of women. A critic who should judge Mr. Hunt on the evidence of this collection would, we think, distinctly underestimate him; though, on further information, he would be compelled to regret that the artist should tend increasingly, as it seems, to identify himself with his inferior manner. The trouble is that, while his talent is pre-eminently delicate, his method has taken a turn toward coarseness, so that in the case of a number of these recent pictures, the spectator was vexed by a sense that they deserved to have been better. Delicate talents cannot afford to be reckless, and Mr. Hunt is interesting, in every case, just in proportion as he has been careful. The thoroughly agreeable works of last month's exhibition were neither the "Hamlet," nor the "Boy and the Butterfly," nor the portrait of Bishop Williams, but half a dozen small canvases, chiefly landscapes, of the most charming quality. We may instance especially the two companion-pieces, representing respectively a bit of French garden and a couple of quaint French houses. Into each of these the very *genius loci* has been cunningly infused. Why should the artist who painted that admirable patch of sky in the latter picture have been content with the sky which forms the background to the young girl in white? It must be confessed, however, that in spite of her sky, this young lady stands up in the open air with no small reality and grace.

Messrs. Williams and Everett have exhibited an excellent Gérome; none other than the well-known "Combat de Coqs." Though small and of simple elements, this picture is a capital example of the master, and presents in remarkably convenient shape the substance of his talent, — that indefinable *hardness* which is the soul of his work. The present picture is equally hard in subject and in treatment, in feeling and in taste. A young man, entirely naked, is stooping upon one knee, and stirring two bristling game-cocks to battle. A young woman, also naked, — more than naked, as one somehow feels Gérome's figures to be, — reclines beside him and looks lazily on. The room and the accessories are as smartly antique as Gérome alone could have made them. The picture is of course painted with incomparable precision and skill; but the unloveliness of the subject is singularly intensified by the artist's sentimental sterility. There is a total lack of what we may call moral atmosphere, of sentimental redundancy or emotional by-play. The horrid little game in the centre, the brassy nudity of the youth, the peculiarly sensible carnality of the young woman, the happy combination of moral and physical shamelessness, spiced with the most triumphant cleverness, conduce to an impression from which no element of interest is absent, save the good old-fashioned sense of being pleased.

The most interesting name, to our mind, in the same group with this Gérome, is that of Zamacois, although the one small canvas bearing it is but a slight example of the artist's powers. This young Spanish painter, who died a year ago, had created a brilliant specialty of his own by his mediæval dwarfs and court-fools, his monks and gallants and other historico-romantic figures. What he might have lived to accomplish further, it is hard to say; it is possible that a certain precocious firmness and hard perfection had indicated the limit of his development. But as he stands, Zamacois is a very pretty figure of a master. He is the model of the painters of letters and culture. No one, surely, has possessed a more delicate sense of the historical picturesque, of the value of odd lingering testimonies to bygone manners and individuality of costume, place, and scene. The picture which suggests these remarks is little more than a sketch of miniature size; a tall, gross Spanish monk, in some warm-toned sacristy, some high rococo ecclesiastical parlor, standing at a music-desk and practising upon a quaint bassoon. Minutely sketchy as it is, the picture reveals the master; in the distinct expression of the big, bloated, hooded face, and still more, perhaps, in that of the hand, in the happy firmness of the figure, placed there in three touches, in the rapid frankness and

delicacy of the whole treatment. It is a work to hang under glass, in its massive gold margin, on some dark library wall, and be relished after a good dinner, while the host fondly holds up the lamp.

More of a picture (though by less of a painter) is the admirable Vibert exhibited by Messrs. Doll and Richards. It bears no title that we know of; the spectator may baptize it to suit his own fancy, and if his fancy has been half as charmingly mystified as ours, he will find a pleasure in his very wonderment and doubt. The scene is the verge of some hoary forest of Italy, with the trees thinning away behind to the crest of a hill which commands a glimpse of blue sea. The hot light of a sinking summer sun turns their green to a transparent glow and lies red upon the stems and trunks. Within the wood, toward the front, begins a lovely mixture of forest gloom and gathering dusk. To the right stand, half huddled, a dozen sheep, timorously nosing each other's wool. To the left, on a stone, against a massive tree-bole, sits a little shepherd-boy, in sheep-skin jacket, with his bandaged legs hanging helpless, his hands in his lap, and his big, childish eyes fixed and expanded with a sense of some terrible influence unseen by the spectator. At his feet — the centre of the little mystery — lies a dead ram, the pride of the flock, staining the sod with a gush of blood. Does the poor little boy see the wolf or does he fear the *padrone?* He is, perhaps, afraid to be alone with a corpse, even of the ovine order. It is a most pathetic little story — pretty in its delicate complexity of theme, incomparably pretty in its treatment. As with many of the young French painters of the day, M. Vibert tends rather largely to sacrifice truth of detail to mere delight in manipulation *per se;* and with the less excuse, as his handling, though graceful, is decidedly thin and superficial. He has none of the delicious depth of Diaz. The picture has that familiar air of being painted too much in-doors, in an arbitrary light; but it is, nevertheless, a model of ingenuity and taste.

MUSIC.

THE musical season advances bravely. Besides the great number and rapid succession of concerts this winter, we notice a marked improvement in the quality of most of the programmes of concerts of the popular sort. A decided exception, however, to this rule were the concerts given by the Wachtel troupe, the programmes of which were almost beneath criticism. And the famous tenor himself did little to redeem the character of the occasion. He has undeniably a most superb tenor voice. There is no good or fine quality that his voice does not possess, and it has a magnetic power over the audience that is at times almost maddening. But here his merits cease. We look in vain for a single point in his singing that shows him to be an artist in any high sense of the word. His method of vocalization is bad. The smooth flow of his scales and *arpeggi* is broken up by aspirations and other consonantal sounds. He attacks notes badly, either with an exaggerated upward *portamento*, or with an explosive stroke of the chest (*coup de poitrine*), where the stroke should come from the glottis. His phrasing is vulgar. He rarely sustains his voice throughout a phrase, which gives his singing that ungraceful, jerky (*saccadé*) abruptness which is the worst fault of the German school. His style is wanting both in dignity and simplicity, and his exaggerated crescendos and sudden changes of *timbre* are the merest claptrap shamming of sentiment and expression. He sings with a certain amount of enthusiasm, it is true, but shows all the while a coarse want of appreciation of the music; and though we may be electrified by the ease with which he throws out his glorious chest C, yet this vocal phenomenon is a small compensation for his gross and almost wanton violation of all that is really artistic in singing.

The performances of Elijah and Judas Maccabæus by the Handel and Haydn Society in conjunction with the artists of the Dolby troupe were, in many respects, the most satisfactory renderings of those oratorios, especially of the former, that Boston has yet heard. Mr. Santley's impersonation of the great prophet is more

than faultless. It is truly great. His singing of the song, "Is not his word like a fire?" with the sharp hammer-like ring of his voice in the closing measure, is not to be soon forgotten. He has a repose and almost stolidity of manner which is as far removed from the gloomy lifelessness of many of our singers as it is from the seemingly greater intensity of the Italians, and which gives us the sense of great reserved power. We feel that he is equal to any emergency. The fire of passion is also there, but he, like a true artist, keeps it locked up within himself, confined that it may do real work; instead of flashing out before the faces of the audience in a pyrotechnic display of sham intensity, that may dazzle for the moment, but leaves no lasting impression. Miss Edith Wynne sings like a thorough artist, and with the most self-forgetting devotion to the music. The air, "Hear ye, Israel," may have been sung more brilliantly by other singers, but not with more genuine fervor and noble simplicity of expression.

Theodore Thomas's concerts have been better this winter than ever before. The programmes have been uniformly interesting. Among the novelties performed we notice especially the symphony "*Im Walde*," by Joachim Raff; and the *Kaiser-Marsch*, and Introduction and *Finale* from *Tristan und Isolde*, by Richard Wagner. The Raff symphony abounds in happy, natural melody, worked out with great skill and exquisitely put upon the orchestra. The last movement is at times abstruse, and many of the progressions sound forced, but it comes to a happy close with an allusion to one of the themes in the first *Allegro*. The symphony, as a whole, leaves the impression of great beauty, and no doubt the *Finale* would be more intelligible after a second or third hearing. The Wagner *Kaiser-Marsch* (written in commemoration of the late German victories) is superb. Almost all that has been played of Wagner in this country has shown us the poet-composer in his more perplexed moods. Such compositions as the Overture to *Tannhäuser* and *Eine Faust-Ouvertüre* tell more of the struggles of life than of realization of the end striven after. Even the "Procession to the Church," in *Lohengrin*, with its joyous harmonies, is rather a mystic suggestion of happiness to come than an expression of thanksgiving after a victorious struggle. But the key-note of the *Kaiser-Marsch* is victory. There are in it many passages full of the death-grapple of battle, but ever and anon the triumphant march-theme rises above the tumult, and when at times it seems in danger of being lost amid the discordant noise of war, Luther's great song of faith, *Ein' feste Burg*, rings out like a trumpet-call to rally the wavering forces, and at last the glorious march-theme bursts forth with all-conquering power, a nation's song of victory. This majestic theme is full of the national, *Volkslied* spirit, and, in spite of rattling snare-drums and clashing cymbals (which latter instrument by the way, is invariably very ill played in our orchestras), has nothing of the wild, barbaric pomp that is so striking a feature in many modern compositions of a like character, such as the War-March of Priests in Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, and many of the marches by Liszt and Berlioz. It is also far removed from the vulgar mock-grandeur, the mere pasteboard and saw-dust splendor of such compositions as the Bridal March in Gounod's *Romeo*, or the *Marche du Sacre* in Meyerbeer's *Prophet*. Wagner's great command over the various resources of the modern orchestra shows itself here as in all his later works. He knows how to make each instrument do its best, and he so well balances the different parts of the orchestra that even in the loudest passages the quality of tone is never harsh or disagreeable, nor does great sonority and volume of tone ever degenerate into mere noisiness. The Introduction and *Finale* from *Tristan* show us another phase of the composer's genius. Here every note speaks of love and tenderness. The *Finale* especially is one of the most beautiful passages in all Wagner, if not in all modern music. But the selections, as presented by Mr. Thomas, are, in spite of their great beauty, hardly suited to the concert-room. The Introduction is but a preparation for the drama, not a condensed *résumé* of the whole work, as are many overtures. The musical phrase it is based upon is the charaterization in tones of the love-potion administered to Tristan by Isolde. It is the vague, chaotic expression of a passion without a definite object, the germ from which the great love-story is to be developed. The strain of intense, unsatisfied longing that runs through this Introduction leaves an almost painful impression upon the mind when divorced from what follows it in the drama. The *Finale* (Isolde's dying speech over Tristan's body) suffers still more by being separated from

the rest of the work. It is full of allusions to the love-scene in the Second Act, which are unintelligible when we have not previously heard that scene. Then again the most important part in the music is left out, namely, the singer; and with the singer the text also. As played by Mr. Thomas, it is but the accompaniment without the song. With Wagner the *words* are of the *first importance*. They are the vivifying power that calls the music into life. To separate his music from the text is to take Helen and Paris out of the Iliad, to deprive the effect of its cause. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, we can catch glimpses of the beauty and greatness of the composition, and we must heartily thank Mr. Thomas for giving us even this imperfect taste of one of Wagner's later (and greater) lyric dramas.

By far the best of recently published songs * that have come under our notice is Gounod's "Queen of Love." There is a quiet, natural sincerity of sentiment in the music that is very different from the composer's usual vein, and reminds one of the old Mozart and Haydn songs. Only in the four or five additional bars to the last verse do we recognize the dreamy, sensuous spirit of Gounod, that is so fascinating in his *Faust* and *Romeo*. The song is written in a pure, simple style, not common in modern French music, and the flow of the harmonies is so easily smooth that we are at first inclined to overlook the consummate contrapuntal skill and mastery over the technical part of composition that is displayed in every bar. In strong contrast to the above are the two songs by Millard. This composer's music abounds in strong, fiery passages of the sort that, when well sung, almost invariably bring down the house; again we meet passages of real beauty and sentiment, of noble breadth of melody and finely harmonized. Such a passage is the opening phrase of "Forget not!" and there are many points of like beauty in "The Tear." But side by side with bursts of almost dazzling brilliancy we find the most clumsily ungrammatical blunders in harmony, and vulgar, ungraceful freaks of rhythm. Some phrases begin like a comet, only to go out like a squib, and mere violence of phrasing and second-hand Italian *disperazione* too often take the place of sentiment and passion. Nevertheless we know of no American song-writer who has given to the world so much that is *effective* in that dubious class of compositions known as "*encore* pieces," as has Mr. Millard, and the above-mentioned songs do no discredit to his reputation in this respect. Franz Abt's "The Old, Old Tale" is another song of this class, though less pretentious in style than the foregoing. It is well written, and although full of musical commonplaces and trite harmonic progressions, has a certain artistic refinement that saves it from being wholly uninteresting. Abt unites an Italian warmth of expression and spontaneity of melody to something of the German *Volkslied* spirit. But in his hands the song of the people loses in vigor what it gains in perhaps somewhat affected refinement, and the Swiss, Suabian, or Tyrolese turn that he gives to many of his melodies bears about the same relation to the strong, buoyant folk-songs of those countries as do Watteau's Louis XIV. shepherdesses and dairy-maids to the real tenders of sheep and churners of milk. Massenet's "Declaration" is full of exquisite tenderness and delicacy of sentiment. It is not one of those songs that take the heart by storm at the first hearing, but its quiet, unobtrusive beauties grow upon one on better acquaintance. M. Massenet shows a most graceful ease in writing, and has treated his subject with great purity and refinement of feeling. We feel in the lines,

> "Je crains tes baisers,
> O vierge charmante,
> Mais toi ne crains pas les miens,"

that the modest timidity is genuine, and that the "sweet maid" is in no danger of being made a fool of. The edition is not free from typographical errors. "The Old Place," by Ferdinand J. White, is a rather good ballad of the Anglo-Italian school, of pleasing though somewhat sleepy melody, and without any disagreeable eccentricities of harmony or rhythm. A rather mawkish sentimentality pervades the composition, and there is little in it to distinguish it from hosts of other lackadaisical ballads. The unhappy swain into whose mouth the verses are put might, without impropriety, add, "the same old tune," to the catalogue of

* *Queen of Love.* By Charles Gounod. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Forget not, and *The Tear.* By H. Millard. Boston: White and Goullaud.

The Old, Old Tale. By Franz Abt. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Declaration. By J. Massenet. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

The Old Place. By Ferdinand J. White. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co.

I love but thee alone. By Agnes Ashton. Boston: White and Goullaud.

items that have remained unchanged in the course of his lovelorn experience. Agnes Ashton's "I love but thee alone," although no more original, and, if possible, still more commonplace, than the foregoing, is quite pleasing from the homely English character of the melody. It recalls forcibly the old Dempster ballads, a class of songs which is unfortunately rapidly becoming extinct. We say unfortunately, not from any great regard for Mr. Dempster's compositions, but because we do not see that their place is filled by anything better or even as good. No doubt many of those who used to sing and sigh over Dempster, now enjoy much of the music of the Franz Abt school, or have even learned to find beauties in Schubert, Schumann, and Robert Franz; but we fear that a far greater number find their musical ideal in songs of the "Put me in my little Bed" order, — those astounding bits of doggerel in which dying soldiers, sleeping infants, ministering angels, reclaimed inebriates, weeping widows, indigent orphans, and heaven knows what not, are set to music for the edification of the million. Weak and sentimental as Dempster and the rest of his school were, they were at least better than these back-stairs songwrights; and in these days when music must be either very old or very new to suit the popular taste, we are glad to see something of the old ballad spirit in any recent publications.

In piano-forte music* we notice Edouard Dorn's "*Gondolina*" as quite pleasing in melody. We suppose it to be intended for a gondola-song, but have been unable to find the word *gondolina* in any Italian dictionary. Augusta Gottschalk's "Christmas Eve" polka is brilliantly put upon the instrument, but has no very salient points either to praise or to condemn. The "Flying Dutchman Galop," by Henry Eikmeier, is a lively, rattling piece of dance-music that can be ranked with the best of its class, and is, perhaps, better written for the piano than is usual in such compositions.

* *Gondolina.* By EDOUARD DORN. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Christmas Eve. By AUGUSTA GOTTSCHALK. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The Flying Dutchman, Galop Brillante. By HENRY EIKMEIER. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

SCIENCE.

CAPTAIN ERICSSON has recently published, in "Nature," a paper containing the tabulated results of some very interesting observations for determining the amount of temperature due to direct solar radiation at any given parallel of latitude. The method employed was the same as that which was adopted by Newton in order to obtain the data for estimating the temperature of the solar surface. In the latitude of London, for example, at midsummer, the average temperature of dry earth is 85° F. in the shade, while in direct sunlight it is 150° F. Now, as dry earth is a very poor conductor, but an excellent absorber and radiator, it follows that no appreciable proportion of the heat acquired by a given patch of earth, when exposed to direct sunlight, can be due to conduction from the earth surrounding it; and, as there can be no radiation laterally, but only upwards in the very direction from which the heating rays proceed, it is evident that the 65 degrees of difference between the shaded and exposed earth must represent the heating power of the rays. The only disturbing circumstance is the possible interference of currents of air blowing over neighboring patches of earth which are hotter or colder; but this possible source of error may be got rid of, either by averaging the results of a large number of observations, or by confining the patch of earth within a vacuum. Rough as this method of observation may at first sight appear, the results obtained by it do not materially differ from those which are deduced from more elaborate researches with the actinometer or with incandescent radiators. Knowing the aphelion distance of the sun in midsummer, and knowing the increase of temperature produced by its rays in dry earth, we are enabled to estimate the temperature of the source from which the rays proceed. In this way Newton obtained for the sun's surface a temperature of nearly three million degrees Fahrenheit, or about fifteen thousand times the

temperature of boiling water, — a result which is in harmony with modern observations.

Captain Ericsson's object, however, is not so much the verifying of Newton's deduction, as the ascertaining of the precise increment of temperature due to solar radiation in different latitudes and at different seasons of the year. His tables show a remarkable constancy in the figures which express the amount of heat received from the sun on any given day of the year. On the first day of January, when, being in perihelion, we receive the greatest amount of heat, the excess over the amount received on the first day of July is 5.88° F.; and the rate at which this surplus diminishes goes through a regular cycle of variations until the first day of the next January is reached. This series of results shows to how slight an extent the annual variations in terrestrial temperature directly depend on the variations in the intensity of solar radiation from day to day. When perihelion occurs in summer, as it will in one hundred and five centuries from the present time, the excess of heat actually received on July 1st over that now received on the same day will be but 11.76° F.; nevertheless, the cumulative effect of such an increment, when taken in connection with the effects due to the slight change in the number of summer and winter days, cannot but be considerable. It may be noted in passing that, if the eccentricity of the earth's orbit were to increase to such figures as it is known to have attained several times within the past three million years, these differences between the amounts of heat received in summer and in winter would accumulate to a formidable amount. As it has now become probable that the glaciation of extensive portions of the earth's surface has been due in past times to such changes in the position of our planet, the application of Captain Ericsson's figures to the results given in Mr. Croll's table of variations of the earth's eccentricity would be very instructive.

While the amount of solar intensity at noon is least at the south pole, when the earth is in aphelion, it is not greatest at the equator, but at the tropic of Cancer, — a result which might be anticipated from the northerly position of the sun at midsummer. It may be asked how the amount of temperature produced by solar radiation at one of the poles can be determined, the poles being inaccessible. The result is deduced from the known zenith distance of the sun at the pole in midsummer. At this time the zenith distance at the Arctic circle is 43°, so that the temperature is obviously 60.57° F. at that point, that being the temperature which coincides with the zenith distance of 43° in other places at other seasons of the year.

Whether the north pole is likely forever to remain inaccessible is a question suggested by the failure of the recent German expeditions sent on routes planned by Dr. Petermann of Gotha. Working upon materials drawn from that "moral consciousness" out of which his mythical compatriot so triumphantly constructed a camel, this eminent geographer had persuaded himself of the existence of an open sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, through which the pole might be reached in sailing-vessels. The two expeditions commanded by Captain Koldewey, the second of which returned home last year, have demonstrated the incorrectness of this supposition; so that the only route which can now be regarded as practicable is the one which has usually been pursued by English and American explorers, — through Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound. By this route it is possible to approach within about nine hundred and fifty miles of the pole in a sailing vessel; and the sledge journey which remains does not exceed in length the distances frequently traversed in sledges in the course of the search for Franklin.

Professor Helmholtz, the greatest of contemporary physicists, has just published the second instalment of his series of popular scientific lectures. Besides the famous essays on the conservation of force and the transformations of the different modes of motion, which, when they first appeared, opened a new era in scientific speculation, the work contains four chapters, of which three are devoted to the phenomena of vision. In discussing color-blindness, Professor Helmholtz has advanced what would seem to be the most probable explanation, namely, that in the normal retina there are specialized filaments for the reception respectively of red, green, and violet rays. Such a specialization is indeed no more than might be anticipated from the parallel fact that the auditory nerve, in entering the cochlea, is divided into a large number of filaments, which are capable of vibrating each in response to a particular sound, just as a tuning-fork will vibrate

when its own note is sounded near it. And the hypothesis is further strengthened by Dr. Brown-Séquard's discovery of the number of fibres in the spinal cord which are specialized for the reception of particular sensations.

The most remarkable scientific work published in English during the past year is undoubtedly Mr. E. B. Tylor's "Primitive Culture: Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Custom," 2 vols. 8vo, London, John Murray. Nothing else that has yet been written about savage habits of thinking will bear comparison with it. That it has not attracted more attention from the general public is surely not owing to the dryness or abstruseness of the subject, for the work is not more abstruse, though far more truly profound, than the works of Max Müller, which have been so popular; nor is it because the author does not write a pleasing style, for his style is remarkably lucid and graceful; but it is probably because Mr. Tylor is, in a certain sense, a new writer, having previously been little known save among scholars. His earlier work on the "Early History of Mankind," must be regarded as a masterpiece of scientific and philological investigation; and the present work marks an era in the study of those primeval modes of thought which, on a superficial view, seem so alien from our own. Properly to epitomize such a work would require a long article. We can only say that the leading conclusion established by Mr. Tylor's researches is, that myths and customs and beliefs which in an advanced stage of culture seem meaningless find their explanation in a reference to lower stages. Myths, like words, survive their primitive meanings; and hence it results that the higher culture may be a further development of the lower, while the lower culture cannot be a degradation from the higher.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, who is perhaps a trifle more self-conscious than a scientific writer ought to be, reminds us that he has written and published twelve books within the past six years. Of these the latest is a collection of short essays entitled "Light Science for Leisure Hours," in which nearly all things get discussed, from a transit of Venus to a college boat-race. One of the most interesting papers is that which shows, in admirably lucid language, how the great mathematician Adams has modified the conclusions of Laplace regarding the length of the terrestrial day. The conclusion that the length of the day has not varied by a fraction of a second since the time of Hipparchos is no longer tenable. It has been shown that the tidal wave which the moon draws twice a day around the earth, in the opposite direction to the terrestrial rotation, acts upon the earth like a brake on a carriage-wheel. Owing to this circumstance, the day is now one eighty-fourth part of a second longer than at the beginning of the Christian era. By and by the rate of retardation will diminish, but in the course of a trillion years our day will have become as long as a lunar month. Had he cared to speculate on all the consequences deducible from this result, Mr. Proctor might have brought out some startling subjects for reflection. For example, as the weight of any body on the earth's surface depends on the intensity of gravity diminished by the centrifugal force, and as the amount of centrifugal force depends on the velocity of the planet's rotation, does it not follow that in course of time our human bodies will get rather inconveniently heavy, and may it not come true that *une plume pèse à qui soulevait la charrette Fauchelevent?* And as the limit to the growth of a race of organisms depends on the fact that the forces to be overcome increase as the cubes of the dimensions, while the muscular power of overcoming them increases only as the squares, must we look forward to being succeeded by a race of Liliputians? Or shall we say that in times now immeasurably ancient the iguanodon waddled lightly about and the megatherium raised his huge bulk against a tall tree-trunk the more unconcernedly because of the shortness of his days? Such questions may be droll, but they are legitimate, if only because they show us how inextricably all manner of seemingly independent phenomena are mixed up with each other.

POLITICS.

TO the rule that Presidential messages are usually excellent studies in the art of saying nothing unforeseen or unexpected we have not found the late message of General Grant an exception. Every one is in favor of amnesty; so is the President. Every one is in favor of monogamy; so is the President. Nobody doubts the necessity of a reduction of taxation; neither does the President. The glorious termination of the Alabama difficulty and the reduction of the debt delight every one, including the President; nothing puzzles the country at large so much as the question of free-trade and protection; it is exactly so with the President. And finally, though the President's enemies say that he is still intent upon his scheme for the annexation of San Domingo, the message indicates nothing of the kind; and though they maintain also that he cares nothing for a reformed civil service, the message says the exact reverse. On the whole, the message, as a message, is as near perfection as anything human can be. It has received the unanimous commendation of the best portion of the press throughout the country as a manly, straightforward, and simple address, and it has left the public quite as clear (to say the least) as to General Grant's motives and political aims as they have been for the last three years.

The reports of the heads of departments, and especially that of the Secretary of the Treasury, are documents of a different kind. Mr. Boutwell, emerges from the obscurity which all administrative officers naturally seek, and discloses to the world a full, true, and particular account of his financial proceedings. These proceedings, of course, include those of the far-famed Syndicate, — a name which but for these disclosures might perhaps have been handed down to future generations with the fabled Gerrymander, — a mystery for all time, but which we now find to be the European equivalent of the familiar American word "ring."

The long and the short of Mr. Boutwell's explanation is that he has succeeded in funding two hundred millions of United States bonds, by means of violating the Funding Bill. A great deal of fault has been found with him for this; but when we reflect how many laws are every year broken by officers of government, — how many sheriffs take illegal fees, how many constables make illegal arrests, how many consuls and ministers do queer things, and in how many cases they make handsome fortunes by their violations of the law, — Mr. Boutwell may well maintain that a secretary who violates the laws of the country for the country's good and not for his private emolument is not as other men are.

To make a very brief *résumé* of the reports of the other departments, with one or two additional facts easily accessible to all the world, we may say that the State Department, in common with the rest of the world, rejoices in the honorable settlement of the Alabama difficulty and in common with the rest of the world, excepting Russia, in the return of M. Catacazy to the country which sent him forth. The American army has been occupied in checking the inroads of the Indians and curbing the excesses of polygamy on the Plains, and in the less remote West in protecting the city of Chicago against her licentious inhabitants. The navy is chiefly engaged in maintaining the department at Washington and the various navy-yards throughout the country. The protectorate of San Domingo is still being waged with relentless vigor; but that is an old story. The Post-Office announces that it desires to assume the business of telegraphy.

The debate in the Senate on Mr. Trumbull's motion for the reorganization of the Retrenchment Committee developed an unexpected strength among the ranks of those who do not agree with Mr. Morton that we have the best civil service in the world. It is singular that Mr. Morton and his friends should oppose an investigation into its condition, since the investigation could only redound to the credit of the service and of the administration which makes it what it is. But Mr. Morton and those who voted with him, no doubt, had the best possible reasons for voting as they did, though the reasons be different from what, on their own theories, they ought to be. The result of the vote showed that two fifths of the senators were of the opinion that a searching investigation into the affairs of the executive part of the govern-

ment was necessary. The significance of the vote was at once perceived at the White House. The report of the Civil-Service Commission was immediately sent to Congress, with the announcement that its regulations were adopted by the President, and would be applied for the future to the service.

The appearance of this report marks an important epoch in the history of the country. The recommendations of the Commission are in substance that competitive examination shall determine the qualifications of all applicants for admission to the service, and that partisan tests shall not be allowed in any case. Of course the reform does not apply to the higher offices, but to the great army of clerks, postmasters, and officers of the revenue, who now obtain their appointments as the reward of party zeal. Admissions are to be only to the lowest grades; promotions are to take place according to merit. When this plan is once in effective operation, the career of politics, formerly considered among Americans so honorable, but latterly so much the reverse, will once again resume its old position, and, indeed, more than its old position. It will have all the characteristics of a respectable and powerful profession, founded on merit and the interest of all its members in the work to which they have devoted their lives.

A SURVEY of the rest of the political field cannot fail to fill the most despondent with cheerful thoughts. To be sure the war in Cuba still continues, if that can be called a war which consists of brutal outrages on one side and submission on the other. The volunteers hold the island, and also the governors of it, as sufficiently appeared the other day after the riot occasioned by the affair of the medical students. The government were willing enough to give the unfortunate students fair play, but the volunteers demanded their blood, and the sacrifice was accordingly made. Meanwhile two vessels are to be stationed off the island by our government to render assistance to refugees. Cruel as the volunteers are, however, we cannot find in their excesses any reason why the United States should buy Cuba.

But the dangers of the Cuban question are trifling. Meanwhile, in New York, the work of purification goes on, and it is evident now that the defeat of the Ring at the polls was but the first step of a triumph which will end only in the complete restoration of the citizens to their long-lost political rights. There is every reason to believe that the few creatures of Tammany who still remain in power will be driven from their offices by the incoming Legislature. Barnard, Cardozo, and McCunn, if they do not follow the example of their employers, and seek safety in flight, will, perhaps before this paragraph meets the eyes of our readers, be suffering the penalty of their crimes. A very short time, and they will appoint receivers and referees no more. The curtain has fallen upon the play which Tammany has so long kept upon the political boards, and will rise again under a very different management.

With Tammany will also fall the Erie Ring. The municipal government of New York was so closely connected with the management of the Erie Railway, that the downfall of one involves the ruin of the other. The suits of the English stockholders furnish a *point d'appui* for the movement against Fisk and Gould, to say nothing of the recent disclosures made by members of a jury in a cause in which they were interested. The new Attorney-General, Mr. Barlow, is a very different kind of man from those who have of late years held the position; indeed, his election is perhaps, looking to the future, the most important single result of the reform movement.

Among the Mormons there is a lull in the fierce storm of indictments, charges, and convictions, and the opportunity afforded by the meeting of Congress will probably be used to secure the passage of a law establishing Utah on a moral and monogamic basis. It is proposed that the system of polygamy shall for the future cease, that the children of past polygamous marriages shall be legitimated, and Utah be admitted as a State. There is no sort of objection to these terms, and they are by far the best the Mormons are likely to obtain. This solution of the Mormon problem will also have the advantage of putting a stop to the so-called judicial proceedings which have been recently instituted in the Territory, and which have reflected anything but credit upon those engaged in them. There are, we believe, some kind-hearted people who think that what they are pleased to call the principles of American society militate against any interference with polygamy, because it is a religious custom. And this argument is

supposed to be strengthened by the fact that the Mormon marriages are purely voluntary, and therefore concern only the men and women who make them. There is no similarity, it is said, between polygamy and such religious customs as those of the Thugs, which are enforced very much against the will of those chiefly interested. But this argument wholly overlooks a vital point in the case. Marriages do not merely concern the parents. They concern the offspring of the marriage, and it is for this very reason that the state intervenes and enforces monogamy. The state is bound to protect the interests of its future citizens; and to treat polygamous marriages as if they concerned no one but those who voluntarily make the contract, is to ignore a plain duty. All civilized modern countries consider that, in the interest of their future citizens, it is necessary to break up organized concubinage; they cannot in the nature of things treat it as a question of religion.

Perhaps the most romantically interesting thing that has lately happened, if not in the world of politics, at least in a world very much affected by politics, is the fall of gold to 109. The history of the precious metals is evidently yet to be written. The ablest financiers in this country have been, for a long time agreed that the natural price of gold is about 150. The ablest financiers have been also agreed that it could never go down to par without contraction on the part of the government. It is easy to see that with four hundred millions of irredeemable paper afloat, gold must remain permanently depreciated in value. The government has not contracted the currency since the war, except to an infinitesimal extent during Mr. McCullough's administration of the Treasury. Gold therefore must remain at about 150. But it will not remain at 150; on the contrary, it is going down as steadily and surely as if all these calculations had never been made; and some day, before very long apparently, the country will awake to find that its irredeemable paper currency is not irredeemable any longer, and that gold is at par. Mr. Sumner's much-derided and certainly heretical maxim that "the way to resume is to resume," seems, after all, to have been quite as valuable a contribution to the science of political economy as the most orthodox calculations made by his antagonists. The explanation of the continued fall of gold now current is that it is due to the material progress of the country in wealth and population, and this certainly seems a very good theory. But for ourselves, we prefer to regard gold as a mystery. It is a consoling thought that, after making a fetish to ourselves for so many years of the almighty dollar, we should find the ways of our divinity, though beyond our comprehension, still only paths of pleasantness and peace. It is certainly a benevolent god.

There are, in fine, few clouds on the political horizon; and the happiness of the hour is only marred by the sad and solitary debate still maintained by the Governor of Illinois on the usurpation of authority by the President in Chicago. There is only one difficulty with it as a constitutional discussion, — it is carried on entirely by one side. Governor Palmer thinks that the stationing of four companies of Regulars in the city after the fire was a high-handed act, which indicates a desire on the part of some one to break down the bulwarks erected by the Constitution, and open the floodgates to license and tyranny. The President says, in reply, that whatever other persons' aims may be, he, at least, has no intention of this revolutionary character; and under such circumstances, what can Governor Palmer do? It is absolutely necessary in affairs of this kind to have an antagonist, or at least to have an audience: and Governor Palmer has neither. What constitutional objection there is to the presence of four military companies in Chicago it is hard to see. On Governor Palmer's principles, the presence of the President himself at Long Branch would seem to be an invasion of the sacred rights of the State of New Jersey. One commander-in-chief, in the eye of the law, is just as unconstitutional as four hundred privates.

The duty of calling a constitutional convention devolves this winter on the Ohio Legislature, and one of the most important subjects which will come before that body will be minority representation. The chief objections urged against this system are that it is new, and that it requires more honesty and intelligence of government officials than can be fairly expected of them. The charge that the system is a new one is not strictly correct, as the "Andræ" system has been in operation in Denmark for fifteen years; the cumulative vote has been adopted in Illinois; the "three-cornered" constituencies exist in England, and minority representation

has been applied in New York to the election of judges. It must be remembered that representation itself is a comparatively modern invention. As to the other objection, it can be made, and indeed has been made, against almost every improvement in the political or social art. It can be easily proved *a priori* that the management of railroads requires such a high degree of fidelity and intelligence that no one will ever dare to trust himself inside a railroad-car. On the same grounds it can be shown that no one will ever send an important message by telegraph. *A priori* the money-order system is out of the question, and the registration of land-titles a dream. The administration of justice and the government of parliamentary bodies by the rules of parliamentary law are just as impracticable *a priori* as the Hare system or the *liste libre*. It may be taken as an axiom in discussions of this kind, that there is enough honesty and intelligence in the world to make any improvement work that is worth having. It is not the business of those who are interested in minority representation to make all the inspectors in the country honest before they have the right to introduce their scheme. It is enough for them to show that the scheme is better than the present plan. It is the business of society to provide means for carrying it into effect.

One curious fact has been brought to light by the experience gained by those engaged in the minority representation experiment at Harvard College. It has always been supposed that counting the votes under the new system would take a great deal of time. An ingenious calculation was made that under the Hare system it would take several years to count the votes for the Massachusetts Legislature. The Hare system has been in force in the nomination of Overseers at Cambridge for two or three years, and it has been found that less time is occupied in counting the votes than under the old system.

One of the strongest arguments against a protective tariff is the impossibility of estimating what the indirect effects of it may be. No one — not even those in whose interest it is passed — can predict the result. Modern commercial relations are so intricate and multifarious, there are so many hidden and yet important connections between different occupations, that the wisest protectionist cannot foresee how a tax laid upon one import which he wishes to exclude from the domestic market may affect the production or consumption of some other which he has not the least desire to touch. We do not mean such indirect effects as that produced by the present tariff in Chicago, where it is calculated that the taxes on imports enhance the damage caused by the fire to the extent of thirty-one millions: —

On iron	$11,000,000
On lumber	5,000,000
On window-glass, paint, putty, varnish, stoves, door-latches	5,000,000
On carpeting	2,500,000
On furniture	3,000,000
On crockery and glassware	1,633,000
On bedding and blankets	1,500,000
On clothes and clothing	1,666,000
Total	$31,299,000

Cases like this are beside our present purpose.

But it was certainly never the intention of Congress to kill American ship-building. Yet it has done so by a tariff on materials necessary for the construction of ships. Nobody ever desired that the tariff should prevent the manufacture of American wall-paper. Yet a branch of this industry was suddenly taxed out of existence by an impost which had no more apparent connection with wall-paper than the tariff on iron had with ships twenty-five years ago. The history of the Lake Superior copper-mines furnishes a curious illustration of the impossibility of predicting the effect a tariff. Five years since the proprietors of these mines, which were producing copper under great disadvantages, determined to apply to Congress for a tariff of three cents on raw copper. This they thought would keep out foreign copper and yield them a profit. The tariff was passed; the lobby congratulated the miners and the miners thanked the lobby for its efficient assistance. There was little reason, however, for congratulation. The price of copper, instead of rising, fell; almost every mine in the Lake Superior country stopped work, and the Calumet and Hecla mine, which had previously done nothing at all, now produces, two thirds of all the copper that is mined. The fluctuations in price have meanwhile closely followed those of the English market. The tariff had no effect whatever. We do not undertake to explain these facts. Protectionists may if they will. Perhaps they will say that the tariff was too small.

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SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

III.

SEPTIMIUS, the next day, lost no time in writing a letter to the direction given him by the young officer, conveying a brief account of the latter's death and burial, and a signification that he held in readiness to give up certain articles of property, at any future time, to his representatives, mentioning also the amount of money contained in the purse, and his intention, in compliance with the verbal will of the deceased, to expend it in alleviating the wants of prisoners. Having so done, he went up on the hill to look at the grave, and satisfy himself that the scene there had not been a dream; a point which he was inclined to question, in spite of the tangible evidence of the sword and watch, which still hung over the mantel-piece. There was the little mound, however, looking so incontrovertibly a grave, that it seemed to him as if all the world must see it, and wonder at the fact of its being there, and spend their wits in conjecturing who slept within; and, indeed, it seemed to give the affair a questionable character, this secret burial, and he wondered and wondered why the young man had been so earnest about it. Well; there was the grave; and, moreover, on the leafy earth, where the dying youth had lain, there were traces of blood, which no rain had yet washed away. Septimius wondered at the easiness with which he acquiesced in this deed; in fact, he felt in a slight degree the effects of that taste of blood, which makes the slaying of men, like any other abuse, sometimes become a passion. Perhaps it was his Indian trait stirring in him again; at any rate, it is not delightful to observe how readily man becomes a blood-shedding animal.

Looking down from the hill-top, he saw the little dwelling of Rose Garfield, and caught a glimpse of the girl herself, passing the windows or the door, about her household duties, and listened to hear the singing which usually broke out of her. But Rose, for some reason or other, did not warble as usual this morning. She trod about silently, and somehow or other she was translated out of the ideality in which Septimius usually enveloped her, and looked little more than a New Eng-

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land girl, very pretty indeed, but not enough so perhaps to engross a man's life and higher purposes into her own narrow circle; so, at least, Septimius thought. Looking a little farther, — down into the green recess where stood Robert Hagburn's house, — he saw that young man, looking very pale, with his arm in a sling, sitting listlessly on a half-chopped log of wood, which was not likely soon to be severed by Robert's axe. Like other lovers, Septimius had not failed to be aware that Robert Hagburn was sensible to Rose Garfield's attractions; and now, as he looked down on them both from his elevated position, he wondered if it would not have been better for Rose's happiness if her thoughts and virgin fancies had settled on that frank, cheerful, able, wholesome young man, instead of on himself, who met her on so few points; and, in relation to whom, there was perhaps a plant that had its root in the grave, that would entwine itself around his whole life, overshadowing it with dark, rich foliage and fruit that he alone could feast upon.

For the sombre imagination of Septimius, though he kept it as much as possible away from the subject, still kept hinting and whispering, still coming back to the point, still secretly suggesting that the event of yesterday was to have momentous consequences upon his fate.

He had not yet looked at the paper which the young man bequeathed to him; he had laid it away unopened; not that he felt little interest in it, but, on the contrary, because he looked for some blaze of light which had been reserved for him alone. The young officer had been only the bearer of it to him, and he had come hither to die by his hand, because that was the readiest way by which he could deliver his message. How else, in the infinite chances of human affairs, could the document have found its way to its destined possessor? Thus mused Septimius, pacing to and fro on the level edge of his hill-top, apart from the world, looking down occasionally into it, and seeing its love and interest away from him; while Rose, it might be looking upward, saw occasionally his passing figure, and trembled at the nearness and remoteness that existed between them; and Robert Hagburn looked too, and wondered what manner of man it was who, having won Rose Garfield (for his instinct told him this was so), could keep that distance between her and him, thinking remote thoughts.

Yes; there was Septimius, treading a path of his own on the hill-top; his feet began only that morning to wear it in his walking to and fro, sheltered from the lower world, except in occasional glimpses, by the birches and locusts that threw up their foliage from the hillside. But many a year thereafter he continued to tread that path, till it was worn deep with his footsteps and trodden down hard; and it was believed by some of his superstitious neighbors that the grass and little shrubs shrank away from his path, and made it wider on that account; because there was something in the broodings that urged him to and fro along the path alien to nature and its productions. There was another opinion, too, that an invisible fiend, one of his relatives by blood, walked side by side with him, and so made the pathway wider than his single footsteps could have made it. But all this was idle, and was, indeed, only the foolish babble that hovers like a mist about men who withdraw themselves from the throng, and involve themselves in unintelligible pursuits and interests of their own. For the present, the small world, which alone knew of him, considered Septimius as a studious young man, who was fitting for the ministry, and was likely enough to do credit to the ministerial blood that he drew from his ancestors, in spite of the wild stream that the Indian priest had contributed; and perhaps none the worse, as a clergyman, for having an instinctive sense of the nature of the Devil from his traditionary claims to partake of his blood. But what strange

interest there is in tracing out the first steps by which we enter on a career that influences our life; and this deep-worn pathway on the hill-top, passing and repassing by a grave, seemed to symbolize it in Septimius's case.

I suppose the morbidness of Septimius's disposition was excited by the circumstances which had put the paper into his possession. Had he received it by post, it might not have impressed him; he might possibly have looked over it with ridicule, and tossed it aside. But he had taken it from a dying man, and he felt that his fate was in it; and truly it turned out to be so. He waited for a fit opportunity to open it and read it; he put it off as if he cared nothing about it; but perhaps it was because he cared so much. Whenever he had a happy time with Rose (and, moody as Septimius was, such happy moments came), he felt that then was not the time to look into the paper, — it was not to be read in a happy mood.

Once he asked Rose to walk with him on the hill-top.

"Why, what a path you have worn here, Septimius!" said the girl. "You walk miles and miles on this one spot, and get no farther on than when you started. That is strange walking!"

"I don't know, Rose; I sometimes think I get a little onward. But it is sweeter — yes, much sweeter, I find — to have you walking on this path here than to be treading it alone."

"I am glad of that," said Rose; "for sometimes, when I look up here, and see you through the branches, with your head bent down and your hands clasped behind you, treading, treading, treading, always in one way, I wonder whether I am at all in your mind. I don't think, Septimius," added she, looking up in his face and smiling, "that ever a girl had just such a young man for a lover."

"No young man ever had such a girl, I am sure," said Septimius; "so sweet, so good for him, so prolific of good influences!"

"Ah, it makes me think well of myself to bring such a smile into your face! But, Septimius, what is this little hillock here so close to our path? Have you heaped it up here for a seat? Shall we sit down upon it for an instant? — for it makes me more tired to walk backward and forward on one path than to go straight forward a much longer distance."

"Well; but we will not sit down on this hillock," said Septimius, drawing her away from it. "Farther out this way, if you please, Rose, where we shall have a better view over the wide plain, the valley, and the long, tame ridge of hills on the other side, shutting it in like human life. It is a landscape that never tires, though it has nothing striking about it; and I am glad that there are no great hills to be thrusting themselves into my thoughts, and crowding out better things. It might be desirable, in some states of mind, to have a glimpse of water, — to have the lake that once must have covered this green valley, — because water reflects the sky, and so is like religion in life, the spiritual element."

"There is the brook running through it, though we do not see it," replied Rose; "a torpid little brook, to be sure; but, as you say, it has heaven in its bosom, like Walden Pond, or any wider one."

As they sat together on the hill-top, they could look down into Robert Hagburn's enclosure, and they saw him, with his arm now relieved from the sling, walking about, in a very erect manner, with a middle-aged man by his side, to whom he seemed to be talking and explaining some matter. Even at that distance Septimius could see that the rustic stoop and uncouthness had somehow fallen away from Robert, and that he seemed developed.

"What has come to Robert Hagburn?" said he. "He looks like another man than the lout I knew a few weeks ago."

"Nothing," said Rose Garfield, "except what comes to a good many young

men nowadays. He has enlisted, and is going to the war. It is a pity for his mother."

"A great pity," said Septimius. "Mothers are greatly to be pitied all over the country just now, and there are some even more to be pitied than the mothers, though many of them do not know or suspect anything about their cause of grief at present."

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Rose.

"I mean those many good and sweet young girls," said Septimius, "who would have been happy wives to the thousands of young men who now, like Robert Hagburn, are going to the war. Those young men — many of them, at least — will sicken and die in camp, or be shot down, or struck through with bayonets on battle-fields, and turn to dust and bones; while the girls that would have loved them, and made happy firesides for them, will pine and wither, and tread along many sour and discontented years, and at last go out of life without knowing what life is. So you see, Rose, every shot that takes effect kills two at least, or kills one and worse than kills the other."

"No woman will live single on account of poor Robert Hagburn being shot," said Rose, with a change of tone; "for he would never be married were he to stay at home and plough the field."

"How can you tell that, Rose?" asked Septimius.

Rose did not tell how she came to know so much about Robert Hagburn's matrimonial purposes; but after this little talk it appeared as if something had risen up between them, — a sort of mist, a medium, in which their intimacy was not increased; for the flow and interchange of sentiment was balked, and they took only one or two turns in silence along Septimius's trodden path. I don't know exactly what it was; but there are cases in which it is inscrutably revealed to persons that they have made a mistake in what is of the highest concern to them; and this truth often comes in the shape of a vague depression of the spirit, like a vapor settling down on a landscape; a misgiving, coming and going perhaps, a lack of perfect certainty. Whatever it was, Rose and Septimius had no more tender and playful words that day; and Rose soon went to look after her grandmother, and Septimius went and shut himself up in his study, after making an arrangement to meet Rose the next day.

Septimius shut himself up, and drew forth the document which the young officer, with that singular smile on his dying face, had bequeathed to him as the reward of his death. It was in a covering of folded parchment, right through which, as aforesaid, was a bullet-hole and some stains of blood. Septimius unrolled the parchment cover, and found inside a manuscript, closely written in a crabbed hand; so crabbed, indeed, that Septimius could not at first read a word of it, nor even satisfy himself in what language it was written. There seemed to be Latin words, and some interspersed ones in Greek characters, and here and there he could doubtfully read an English sentence; but, on the whole, it was an unintelligible mass, conveying somehow an idea that it was the fruit of vast labor and erudition, emanating from a mind very full of books, and grinding and pressing down the great accumulation of grapes that it had gathered from so many vineyards, and squeezing out rich viscid juices, — potent wine, — with which the reader might get drunk. Some of it, moreover, seemed, for the further mystification of the officer, to be written in cipher; a needless precaution, it might seem, when the writer's natural chirography was so full of puzzle and bewilderment.

Septimius looked at this strange manuscript, and it shook in his hands as he held it before his eyes, so great was his excitement. Probably, doubtless, it was in a great measure owing to the way in which it came to him, with such circumstances of tragedy and mystery; as if — so secret and so important was it — it could not be within the

knowledge of two persons at once, and therefore it was necessary that one should die in the act of transmitting it to the hand of another, the destined possessor, inheritor, profiter by it. By the bloody hand, as all the great possessions in this world have been gained and inherited, he had succeeded to the legacy, the richest that mortal man ever could receive. He pored over the inscrutable sentences, and wondered, when he should succeed in reading one, if it might summon up a subject-fiend, appearing with thunder and devilish demonstrations. And by what other strange chance had the document come into the hand of him who alone was fit to receive it? It seemed to Septimius, in his enthusiastic egotism, as if the whole chain of events had been arranged purposely for this end; a difference had come between two kindred peoples; a war had broken out; a young officer, with the traditions of an old family represented in his line, had marched, and had met with a peaceful student, who had been incited from high and noble motives to take his life; then came a strange, brief intimacy, in which his victim made the slayer his heir. All these chances, as they seemed, all these interferences of Providence, as they doubtless were, had been necessary in order to put this manuscript into the hands of Septimius, who now pored over it, and could not with certainty read one word!

But this did not trouble him, except for the momentary delay. Because he felt well assured that the strong, concentrated study that he would bring to it would remove all difficulties, as the rays of a lens melt stones; as the telescope pierces through densest light of stars, and resolves them into their individual brilliancies. He could afford to spend years upon it, if it were necessary; but earnestness and application should do quickly the work of years.

Amid these musings he was interrupted by his Aunt Keziah; though generally observant enough of her nephew's studies, and feeling a sanctity in them, both because of his intending to be a minister and because she had a great reverence for learning, even if heathenish, this good old lady summoned Septimius somewhat peremptorily to chop wood for her domestic purposes. How strange it is, — the way in which we are summoned from all high purposes by these little homely necessities; all symbolizing the great fact that the earthly part of us, with its demands, takes up the greater portion of all our available force. So Septimius, grumbling and groaning, went to the wood-shed and exercised himself for an hour as the old lady requested; and it was only by instinct that he worked, hardly conscious what he was doing. The whole of passing life seemed impertinent; or if, for an instant, it seemed otherwise, then his lonely speculations and plans seemed to become impalpable, and to have only the consistency of vapor, which his utmost concentration succeeded no further than to make into the likeness of absurd faces, mopping, mowing, and laughing at him.

But that sentence of mystic meaning shone out before him like a transparency, illuminated in the darkness of his mind; he determined to take it for his motto until he should be victorious in his quest. When he took his candle, to retire apparently to bed, he again drew forth the manuscript, and, sitting down by the dim light, tried vainly to read it; but he could not as yet settle himself to concentrated and regular effort; he kept turning the leaves of the manuscript, in the hope that some other illuminated sentence might gleam out upon him, as the first had done, and shed a light on the context around it; and that then another would be discovered, with similar effect, until the whole document would thus be illuminated with separate stars of light, converging and concentring in one radiance that should make the whole visible. But such was his bad fortune, not another word of the manuscript was he able to read that whole evening; and, moreover, while he had

still an inch of candle left, Aunt Keziah, in her nightcap, — as witch-like a figure as ever went to a wizard meeting in the forest with Septimius's ancestor, — appeared at the door of the room, aroused from her bed, and shaking her finger at him.

"Septimius," said she, "you keep me awake, and you will ruin your eyes, and turn your head, if you study till midnight in this manner. You 'll never live to be a minister, if this is the way you go on."

"Well, well, Aunt Keziah," said Septimius, covering his manuscript with a book, "I am just going to bed now."

"Good night, then," said the old woman; "and God bless your labors."

Strangely enough, a glance at the manuscript, as he hid it from the old woman, had seemed to Septimius to reveal another sentence, of which he had imperfectly caught the purport; and when she had gone, he in vain sought the place, and vainly, too, endeavored to recall the meaning of what he had read. Doubtless his fancy exaggerated the importance of the sentence, and he felt as if it might have vanished from the book forever. In fact, the unfortunate young man, excited and tossed to and fro by a variety of unusual impulses, was got into a bad way, and was likely enough to go mad, unless the balancing portion of his mind proved to be of greater volume and effect than as yet appeared to be the case.

The next morning he was up, bright and early, poring over the manuscript with the sharpened wits of the new day, peering into its night, into its old, blurred, forgotten dream; and, indeed, he had been dreaming about it, and was fully possessed with the idea that, in his dream, he had taken up the inscrutable document, and read it off as glibly as he would the page of a modern drama, in a continual rapture with the deep truth that it made clear to his comprehension, and the lucid way in which it evolved the mode in which man might be restored to his originally undying state. So strong was the impression, that when he unfolded the manuscript, it was with almost the belief that the crabbed old handwriting would be plain to him. Such did not prove to be the case, however; so far from it, that poor Septimius in vain turned over the yellow pages in quest of the one sentence which he had been able, or fancied he had been able, to read yesterday. The illumination that had brought it out was now faded, and all was a blur, an inscrutableness, a scrawl of unintelligible characters alike. So much did this affect him, that he had almost a mind to tear it into a thousand fragments, and scatter it out of the window to the west-wind, that was then blowing past the house; and if, in that summer season, there had been a fire on the hearth, it is possible that easy realization of a destructive impulse might have incited him to fling the accursed scrawl into the hottest of the flames, and thus returned it to the Devil, who, he suspected, was the original author of it. Had he done so, what strange and gloomy passages would I have been spared the pain of relating! How different would have been the life of Septimius, — a thoughtful preacher of God's word, taking severe but conscientious views of man's state and relations, a heavy-browed walker and worker on earth, and, finally, a slumberer in an honored grave, with an epitaph bearing testimony to his great usefulness in his generation.

But, in the mean time, here was the troublesome day passing over him, and pestering, bewildering, and tripping him up with its mere sublunary troubles, as the days will all of us the moment we try to do anything that we flatter ourselves is of a little more importance than others are doing. Aunt Keziah tormented him a great while about the rich field, just across the road, in front of the house, which Septimius had neglected the cultivation of, unwilling to spare the time to plough, to plant, to hoe it himself, but hired a lazy lout of the village, when he might

just as well have employed and paid wages to the scarecrow which Aunt Keziah dressed out in ancient habiliments, and set up in the midst of the corn. Then came an old codger from the village, talking to Septimius about the war, — a theme of which he was weary: telling the rumor of skirmishes that the next day would prove to be false of battles that were immediately to take place, of encounters with the enemy in which our side showed the valor of twenty-fold heroes, but had to retreat; babbling about shells and mortars, battalions, manœuvres, angles, fascines, and other items of military art; for war had filled the whole brain of the people, and enveloped the whole thought of man in a mist of gunpowder.

In this way, sitting on his doorstep, or in the very study, haunted by such speculations, this wretched old man would waste the better part of a summer afternoon, while Septimius listened, returning abstracted monosyllables, answering amiss, and wishing his persecutor jammed into one of the cannons he talked about, and fired off, to end his interminable babble in one roar; [talking] of great officers coming from France and other countries; of overwhelming forces from England, to put an end to the war at once; of the unlikelihood that it ever should be ended; of its hopelessness; of its certainty of a good and speedy end.

Then came limping along the lane a disabled soldier, begging his way home from the field, which, a little while ago, he had sought in the full vigor of rustic health he was never to know again; with whom Septimius had to talk, and relieve his wants as far as he could (though not from the poor young officer's deposit of English gold), and send him on his way.

Then came the minister, to talk with his former pupil, about whom he had latterly had much meditation, not understanding what mood had taken possession of him; for the minister was a man of insight, and from conversations with Septimius, as searching as he knew how to make them, he had begun to doubt whether he were sufficiently sound in faith to adopt the clerical persuasion. Not that he supposed him to be anything like a confirmed unbeliever; but he thought it probable that these doubts, these strange, dark, disheartening suggestions of the Devil, that so surely infect certain temperaments and measures of intellect, were tormenting poor Septimius, and pulling him back from the path in which he was capable of doing so much good. So he came this afternoon to talk seriously with him, and to advise him, if the case were as he supposed, to get for a time out of the track of the thought in which he had so long been engaged; to enter into active life; and by and by, when the morbid influences should have been overcome by a change of mental and moral religion, he might return, fresh and healthy, to his original design.

"What can I do?" asked Septimius, gloomily. "What business take up, when the whole land lies waste and idle, except for this war?"

"There is the very business, then," said the minister. "Do you think God's work is not to be done in the field as well as in the pulpit? You are strong, Septimius, of a bold character, and have a mien and bearing that gives you a natural command among men. Go to the wars, and do a valiant part for your country, and come back to your peaceful mission when the enemy has vanished. Or you might go as chaplain to a regiment, and use either hand in battle, — pray for success before a battle, help win it with sword or gun, and give thanks to God, kneeling on the bloody field, at its close. You have already stretched one foe on your native soil."

Septimius could not but smile within himself at this warlike and bloody counsel; and, joining it with some similar exhortations from Aunt Keziah, he was inclined to think that women and clergymen are, in matters of war, the most uncompromising and bloodthirsty of the community. However, he replied, coolly, that his moral impulses

and his feelings of duty did not exactly impel him in this direction, and that he was of opinion that war was a business in which a man could not engage with safety to his conscience, unless his conscience actually drove him into it; and that this made all the difference between heroic battle and murderous strife. The good minister had nothing very effectual to answer to this, and took his leave, with a still stronger opinion than before that there was something amiss in his pupil's mind.

By this time, this thwarting day had gone on through its course of little and great impediments to his pursuit, — the discouragements of trifling and earthly business, of purely impertinent interruption, of severe and disheartening opposition from the powerful counteraction of different kinds of mind, — until the hour had come at which he had arranged to meet Rose Garfield. I am afraid the poor thwarted youth did not go to his love-tryst in any very amiable mood; but rather, perhaps, reflecting how all things earthly and immortal, and love among the rest, whichever category, of earth or heaven, it may belong to, set themselves against man's progress in any pursuit that he seeks to devote himself to. It is one struggle, the moment he undertakes such a thing, of everything else in the world to impede him.

However, as it turned out, it was a pleasant and happy interview that he had with Rose that afternoon. The girl herself was in a happy, tuneful mood, and met him with such simplicity, threw such a light of sweetness over his soul, that Septimius almost forgot all the wild cares of the day, and walked by her side with a quiet fulness of pleasure that was new to him. She reconciled him, in some secret way, to life as it was, to imperfection, to decay; without any help from her intellect, but through the influence of her character, she seemed, not to solve, but to smooth away, problems that troubled him; merely by being, by womanhood, by simplicity, she interpreted God's ways to him; she softened the stoniness that was gathering about his heart. And so they had a delightful time of talking, and laughing, and smelling to flowers; and when they were parting, Septimius said to her, —

"Rose, you have convinced me that this is a most happy world, and that Life has its two children, Birth and Death, and is bound to prize them equally; and that God is very kind to his earthly children; and that all will go well."

"And have I convinced you of all this?" replied Rose, with a pretty laughter. "It is all true, no doubt, but I should not have known how to argue for it. But you are very sweet, and have not frightened me to-day."

"Do I ever frighten you then, Rose?" asked Septimius, bending his black brow upon her with a look of surprise and displeasure.

"Yes, sometimes," said Rose, facing him with courage, and smiling upon the cloud so as to drive it away; "when you frown upon me like that, I am a little afraid you will beat me, all in good time."

"Now," said Septimius, laughing again, "you shall have your choice, to be beaten on the spot, or suffer another kind of punishment, — which?"

So saying, he snatched her to him, and strove to kiss her, while Rose, laughing and struggling, cried out, "The beating! the beating!" But Septimius relented not, though it was only Rose's cheek that he succeeded in touching. In truth, except for that first one, at the moment of their plighted troths, I doubt whether Septimius ever touched those soft, sweet lips, where the smiles dwelt and the little pouts. He now returned to his study, and questioned with himself whether he should touch that weary, ugly, yellow, blurred, unintelligible, bewitched, mysterious, bullet-penetrated, blood-stained manuscript again. There was an undefinable reluctance to do so, and at the same time an enticement (irresistible, as it proved) drawing him towards it. He yielded, and taking it from his

desk, in which the precious, fatal treasure was locked up, he plunged into it again, and this time, with a certain degree of success. He found the line which had before gleamed out, and vanished again, and which now started out in strong relief; even as when sometimes we see a certain arrangement of stars in the heavens, and again lose it, by not seeing its individual stars in the same relation as before; even so, looking at the manuscript in a different way, Septimius saw this fragment of a sentence, and saw, moreover, what was necessary to give it a certain meaning. "Set the root in a grave, and wait for what shall blossom. It will be very rich, and full of juice." This was the purport, he now felt sure, of the sentence he had lighted upon; and he took it to refer to the mode of producing something that was essential to the thing to be concocted. It might have only a moral being; or, as is generally the case, the moral and physical truth went hand in hand.

While Septimius was busying himself in this way, the summer advanced, and with it there appeared a new character, making her way into our pages. This was a slender and pale girl, whom Septimius was once startled to find, when he ascended his hill-top, to take his walk to and fro upon the accustomed path, which he had now worn deep.

What was stranger, she sat down close beside the grave, which none but he and the minister knew to be a grave; that little hillock, which he had levelled a little, and had planted with various flowers and shrubs; which the summer had fostered into richness, the poor young man below having contributed what he could, and tried to render them as beautiful as he might, in remembrance of his own beauty. Septimius wished to conceal the fact of its being a grave: not that he was tormented with any sense that he had done wrong in shooting the young man, which had been done in fair battle; but still it was not the pleasantest of thoughts, that he had laid a beautiful human creature, so fit for the enjoyment of life, there, when his own dark brow, his own troubled breast, might better, he could not but acknowledge, have been covered up there. [*Perhaps there might sometimes be something fantastically gay in the language and behavior of the girl.*]

Well; but then, on this flower and shrub-disguised grave, sat this unknown form of a girl, with a slender, pallid, melancholy grace about her, simply dressed in a dark attire, which she drew loosely about her. At first glimpse, Septimius fancied that it might be Rose; but it needed only a glance to undeceive him; her figure was of another character from the vigorous, though slight and elastic beauty of Rose; this was a drooping grace, and when he came near enough to see her face, he saw that those large, dark, melancholy eyes, with which she had looked at him, had never met his gaze before.

"Good morrow, fair maiden," said Septimius, with such courtesy as he knew how to use (which, to say truth, was of a rustic order, his way of life having brought him little into female society). "There is a nice air here on the hill-top, this sultry morning below the hill!"

As he spoke, he continued to look wonderingly at the strange maiden, half fancying that she might be something that had grown up out of the grave; so unexpected she was, so simply unlike anything that had before come there.

The girl did not speak to him, but as she sat by the grave she kept weeding out the little white blades of faded autumn grass and yellow pine-spikes, peering into the soil as if to see what it was all made of, and everything that was growing there; and in truth, whether by Septimius's care or no, there seemed to be several kinds of flowers, — those little asters that abound everywhere, and golden flowers, such as autumn supplies with abundance. She seemed to be in quest of something, and several times plucked a leaf and

examined it carefully; then threw it down again, and shook her head. At last she lifted up her pale face, and, fixing her eyes quietly on Septimius, spoke: "It is not here!"

A very sweet voice it was, — plaintive, low, — and she spoke to Septimius as if she were familiar with him, and had something to do with him. He was greatly interested, not being able to imagine who the strange girl was, or whence she came, or what, of all things, could be her reason for coming and sitting down by this grave, and apparently botanizing upon it, in quest of some particular plant.

"Are you in search of flowers?" asked Septimius. "This is but a barren spot for them, and this is not a good season. In the meadows, and along the margin of the watercourses, you might find the fringed gentian at this time. In the woods there are several pretty flowers, — the side-saddle flower, the anemone; violets are plentiful in spring, and make the whole hillside blue. But this hill-top, with its soil strewn over a heap of pebble-stones, is no place for flowers."

"The soil is fit," said the maiden, "but the flower has not sprung up."

"What flower do you speak of?" asked Septimius.

"One that is not here," said the pale girl. "No matter. I will look for it again next spring."

"Do you, then, dwell hereabout?" inquired Septimius.

"Surely," said the maiden, with a look of surprise; "where else should I dwell? My home is on this hill-top."

It not a little startled Septimius, as may be supposed, to find his paternal inheritance, of which he and his forefathers had been the only owners since the world began (for they held it by an Indian deed), claimed as a home and abiding-place by this fair, pale, strange-acting maiden, who spoke as if she had as much right there as if she had grown up out of the soil, like one of the wild, indigenous flowers which she had been gazing at and handling. However that might be, the maiden seemed now about to depart, rising, giving a farewell touch or two to the little verdant hillock, which looked much the neater for her ministrations.

"Are you going?" said Septimius, looking at her in wonder.

"For a time," said she.

"And shall I see you again?" asked he.

"Surely," said the maiden, "this is my walk, along the brow of the hill."

It again smote Septimius with a strange thrill of surprise to find the walk which he himself had made, treading it, and smoothing it, and beating it down with the pressure of his continual feet, from the time when the tufted grass made the sides all uneven, until now, when it was such a pathway as you may see through a wood, or over a field, where many feet pass every day, — to find this track and exemplification of his own secret thoughts and plans and emotions, this writing of his body, impelled by the struggle and movement of his soul, claimed as her own by a strange girl with melancholy eyes and voice, who seemed to have such a sad familiarity with him.

"You are welcome to come here," said he, endeavoring at least to keep such hold on his own property as was implied in making a hospitable surrender of it to another.

"Yes," said the girl, "a person should always be welcome to his own."

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE WATCH OF BOON ISLAND.

THEY crossed the lonely and lamenting sea;
Its moaning seemed but singing. "Wilt thou dare,"
He asked her, "brave the loneliness with me?"
"What loneliness," she said, "if thou art there?"

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
Loomed the tall lighthouse, like a ghostly sign;
They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their home
Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild;
The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.

Aloft the lighthouse sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands, and ships in sight
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
"Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island light!"

And, while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
"Shine far and through the dark, sweet light," they cried;
"Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love, — wife, mother, sister, bride!"

No tempest shook their calm, though many a storm
Tore the vexed ocean into furious spray;
No chill could find them in their Eden warm,
And gently Time lapsed onward day by day.

Said I no chill could find them? There is one
Whose awful footfalls everywhere are known,
With echoing sobs, who chills the summer sun,
And turns the happy heart of youth to stone;

Inexorable Death, a silent guest
At every hearth, before whose footsteps flee
All joys, who rules the earth, and, without rest,
Roams the vast shuddering spaces of the sea;

Death found them; turned his face and passed her by,
But laid a finger on her lover's lips,
And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,
And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships.

Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,
The speechless sorrow, the supreme despair?
Still, like a ghost she trimmed the waning light,
Dragging her slow weight up the winding stair.

With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,
While lashed to madness the wild sea she heard;
She kept her awful vigil with the dead,
And God's sweet pity still she ministered.

O sailors, hailing loud the cheerful beam
Piercing so far the tumult of the dark,
A radiant star of hope, you could not dream
What misery there sat cherishing that spark!

Three times the night, too terrible to bear,
Descended, shrouded in the storm. At last
The sun rose clear and still on her despair,
And all her striving to the winds she cast,

And bowed her head and let the light die out,
For the wide sea lay calm as her dead love.
When evening fell, from the far land, in doubt,
Vainly to find that faithful star men strove.

Sailors and landsmen look, and women's eyes,
For pity ready, search in vain the night,
And wondering neighbor unto neighbor cries,
"Now what, think you, can ail Boon Island light?"

Out from the coast toward her high tower they sailed;
They found her watching, silent, by her dead,
A shadowy woman, who nor wept nor wailed,
But answered what they spake, till all was said.

They bore the dead and living both away.
With anguish time seemed powerless to destroy
She turned, and backward gazed across the bay,—
Lost in the sad sea lay her rose of joy.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

WHEN the sportive tilting with light lances, the reciprocal, good-natured chaffing, in which the members of the Club were wont to indulge on coming together, had subsided, the conversation took the following turn :

ZOÏLUS (*to* THE ANCIENT). I 've been considering what you said the last time, about the prevalent literary taste not being entirely healthy. How far would you apply that verdict to the authors ? Their relative popularity is your only gauge for the character of the readers.

THE ANCIENT. I don't think I had any individual authors in my mind, at the time. But a great deal of all modern literature is ephemeral, created from day to day to supply a certain definite demand, and sinking out of sight, sooner or later. Nine readers out of ten make no distinction between this ephemeral material and the few works which really belong to our literary history ; that is, they confound the transitory with the permanent authors.

ZOÏLUS. So far, I agree with you. Now the inference would be that those nine readers, who lack the finer judgment, and who, of course, represent the prevalent taste, are responsible for the success of the transitory authors. But they do not make the latter ; they do not even dictate the character of their works : hence the school, no matter how temporary it may be, must be founded by the authors, — which obliges us to admit a certain degree of originality and power

THE ANCIENT I see where you are going ; let us have no reasoning in a ring, I pray you ! If you admit the two classes of authors, it is enough. I have already seen one generation forgotten, and I fancy I now see the second slipping the cables of their craft, and making ready to drop down stream with the ebb-tide. I remember, for instance, that in 1840 there were many well-known and tolerably popular names, which are never heard now. Byron and Mrs. Hemans then gave the tone to poetry, and Scott, Bulwer, and Cooper to fiction. Willis was, by all odds, the most popular American author ; Longfellow was not known by the multitude; Emerson was only " that Transcendentalist," and Whittier " that Abolitionist." We young men used to talk of Rufus Dawes, and Charles Fenno Hoffman, and Grenville Mellen, and Brainard, and Sands. Why, we even had a hope that something wonderful would come out of Chivers !

OMNES. Chivers ?

THE ANCIENT. Have you never heard of Chivers ? He is a phenomenon !

THE GANNET. Does n't Poe speak of him somewhere ?

THE ANCIENT. To be sure. Poe finished the ruin of him which Shelley began. Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers, of Georgia, author of " Virginalia," " The Lost Pleiad," " Facets of Diamond," and " Eonchs of Ruby ! "

ZOÏLUS. What ! Come, now, this is only a *ben trovato*.

THE ANCIENT. Also of " Nacoochee, the Beautiful Star " ; and there was still another volume, — six in all ! The British Museum has the only complete set of his works. I speak the sober truth, Zoïlus ; a friend of mine has three of the volumes, and I can show them to you. One of the finest images in modern poetry is in his " Apollo " : —

> " Like cataracts of adamant, uplifted into mountains,
> Making oceans metropolitan, for the splendor of the dawn ! "

ZOÏLUS. Incredible !

THE ANCIENT. I remember also a stanza of his " Rosalie Lee " : —

"Many mellow Cydonian suckets,
Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,
From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets,
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;
Like the sweet golden goblet found growing
On the wild emerald cucumber-tree,
Rich, brilliant, like chrysoprase glowing,
Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee!"

ZOÏLUS. Hold, hold! I can endure no more.

THE ANCIENT. You see what comes of a fashion in literature. There was many a youth in those days who made attempts just as idiotic, in the columns of country papers; and perhaps the most singular circumstance was, that very few readers laughed at them. Why, there are expressions, epithets, images, which run all over the land, and sometimes last for a generation. I once discovered that with both the English and German poets of a hundred years ago, evening is always called *brown*, and morning either *rosy* or *purple*. Just now the fashion runs to jewelry; we have ruby lips, and topaz light, and sapphire seas, and diamond air. Mrs. Browning even says: —

"Her *cheek's pale opal* burnt with a red and restless spark!"

What sort of a cheek must that be? Then we have such a wealth of gorgeous color as never was seen before, — no quiet half-tints, but pure pigments, laid on with a pallet-knife. Really, I sometimes feel a distinct sense of fatigue at the base of the optic nerve, after reading a magazine story. The besetting sin of the popular — not the best — authors is the intense.

ZOÏLUS. Why do you call intensity of expression a sin?

THE ANCIENT. I meant intensity of *epithet*, the strongest expression is generally the briefest and barest. Take the old ballads of any people, and you will find few adjectives. The singer says: "He laughed; she wept." Perhaps the poet of a more civilized age might say: "He laughed in scorn; she turned away and shed tears of disappointment." But nowadays, the ambitious young writer must produce something like this: "A hard, fiendish laugh, scornful and pitiless, forced its passage from his throat through the lips that curled in mockery of her appeal; she covered her despairing face, and a gust and whirlwind of sorrowing agony burst forth in her irresistible tears!"

OMNES (*clapping their hands*). Go on! Go on!

THE ANCIENT. It is enough of the Bowery, for to-night.

GALAHAD. O, you forget the intenser life of our day! I see the exaggeration of which you speak, but I believe something of it comes from the struggle to express more. All our senses have grown keener, our natures respond more delicately, and to a greater range of influences, than those of the generations before us. There is a finer moral development; our aims in life have become spiritualized; we may have less power, less energy of genius, but we move towards higher and purer goals.

ZOÏLUS. The writers of Queen Anne's time might have compared themselves in the same way with their predecessors in Charles II.'s. What if your own poems should be considered coarse and immoral a hundred years hence?

GALAHAD (*bewildered*). What has that to do with the question?

THE ANCIENT. Only this; that there are eternal laws of Art, to which the moral and spiritual aspirations of the author, which are generally relative to his own or the preceding age, must conform, if they would also become eternal.

THE GANNET. Very fine, indeed; but you are all forgetting our business.

ZOÏLUS. Let us first add a fresh supply of names.

THE GANNET. Write them yourself; we shall otherwise repeat.

(ZOÏLUS *writes a dozen or more slips, whereupon they draw.*)

GALAHAD. Dante Rossetti!

ZOÏLUS. I have Barry Cornwall.

THE GANNET. And I — Whittier.

OMNES. Whittier must not be parodied.

GALAHAD (*earnestly*). Draw another name!

THE ANCIENT. Why?

GALAHAD. There is at once an evidence of what I said! Where are your jewelry and colors? On the other side, where will you find an intenser faith, a more ardent aspiration for truth and good? The moral and spiritual element is so predominant in him, — so wedded for time and eternity to his genius as a poet, — that you cannot imitate him without seeming to slight, or in some way offend, what should be as holy to us as to him!

THE ANCIENT (*laying his hand on* GALAHAD'S *shoulder*). My dear boy, Whittier deserves all the love and reverence you are capable of giving him. He is just as fine an illustration of my side of the question: his poetic art has refined and harmonized that moral quality in his nature, which, many years ago, made his poetry seem partisan, and therefore, not unmixed poetry. But the alloy (in a poetic sense, only) has been melted out in the pure and steady flame of his intellect, and the preacher in him has now his rightful authority because he no longer governs the poet. As for those poems which exhale devotion and aspiration as naturally as a violet exhales odor, there is no danger of the Gannet imitating them; he has not the power even if he had the will. But Whittier has also written —

THE GANNET. Don't you see I 'm hard at work? What do you mean by dictating what I may or may not do? I am already well launched, and (*declaiming*) "I seek no change; and, least of all, such change as you would give me!"

THE ANCIENT. I can't help you, Galahad; go on with your own work now. I have drawn one of the youngsters, this time, and mean to turn him over to you when you have slaughtered Rossetti.

GALAHAD. Who is he?

THE ANCIENT. A brother near your throne.

ZOÏLUS (*to* THE ANCIENT). I have done Barry Cornwall; it 's an easy task. He is nearly always very brief. His are not even short swallow-flights of song, but little hops from one twig to another. While Galahad and the Gannet are finishing theirs, repeat to me something more of Chivers!

THE ANCIENT. I can only recall fragments, here and there. The refrain to a poem called "The Poet's Vocation," in the "Eonchs of Ruby," is: —

> "In the music of the morns,
> Blown through the Conchimarian horns,
> Down the dark vistas of the reboantic Norns,
> To the Genius of Eternity,
> Crying: 'Come to me! Come to me!'"

ZOÏLUS. Ye gods! It is amazing. Why can't you write a stanza in his manner?

THE ANCIENT (*smiling*). I think I can even equal him.

(*He takes a pencil and writes rapidly. Just as he finishes,* GALAHAD *and* THE GANNET *lay down their pencils and lean back in their seats.*)

THE CHORUS (*eagerly*). We must first hear the Ancient! He is a medium for the great Chivers.

THE ANCIENT. I have been merciful towards you. One stanza will suffice. (*Reads.*)

> Beloved of the wanderer's father
> That walks 'mid the agates of June,
> The wreaths of remorse that I gather
> Were torn from the turrets of Rune;
> When the star-patterns broidered so brilliant
> Shone forth from the diapered blue,
> And the moon dropped her balsam scintilliant,
> Soul-nectar for me and for you!

THE GANNET. Send for a physician; tie a wet towel around his head! A thousand years hence, when the human race comes back to polytheism, Chivers will be the god of all crack-brained authors.

THE ANCIENT. I recognize a fantastic infection. Come, Zoïlus, give me a tonic!

ZOÏLUS. Wine has become a very fashionable tonic, and that is just what I have put into Barry Cornwall's mouth. (*Reads.*)

SONG.

> Talk of dew on eglantine, —
> Stuff! the poet's drink is wine.
> Black as quaffed by old King Death,
> That which biteth, maddeneth;
> For my readers fain would see
> What effect it has on me.

Nose may redden, head may swim,
Joints be loose in every limb,
And the golden rhymes I chant
Sheer away on wings aslant,
Whale may whistle, porpoise roll,
Yet I 'll drain the gentle bowl !

Pleasure's dolphin gambols near ;
Virtue's mackerel looks austere ;
Duty's hippopotamus
Waddles forward, leaving us ;
Joy, the sturgeon, leaps and soars,
While we coast the Teian shores !

THE ANCIENT. What a fearful Bacchanalian you have made of good and gentle Barry Cornwall ! You must have been possessed by Poe's "Imp of the Perverse," to yoke his manner to such a subject. I was expecting to hear something of spring and clover and cowslips. Faith ! I believe I could improvise an imitation. Wait a second ! Now : —

When spring returneth,
And cowslips blow,
The milkmaid churneth
Her creamy snow,
The mill-wheel spurneth
The stream below ;
The cherry-tree skippeth in earth and air,
The small bird calleth : beware, prepare !
And all is fair !

OMNES. Another stanza !

THE ANCIENT. O, you have but to turn things upside down, and there it is : —

The cold wind bloweth
O'er brake and burn,
The cream o'erfloweth
The tilted churn,
The mill-wheel sloweth,
And fails to turn ;
The cherry-tree sheddeth her leaves in the fall,
The crow and the clamoring raven call,
And that is all !

But, seriously, Galahad, after what Zoïlus has done, I am a little afraid of the Gannet's work. Suppose he should make our beloved Whittier

"Troll a careless tavern-catch
Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences
Unmeet for ladies" ?

GALAHAD (*earnestly*). Then I should withdraw from the Club.

THE GANNET. Prythee, peace, young hotspur ! I 'll agree to start with you for Massachusetts by to-morrow morning's express train, and lay before the poet what I 've written. If he does n't laugh heartily, on reading it, I 'll engage to come all the way back afoot.

THE ANCIENT. We can decide for him : read !

THE GANNET. It is a ballad of New England life which you shall hear. (*Reads.*)

THE BALLAD OF HIRAM HOVER.

Where the Moosatockmaguntic
ours its waters in the Skuntic,
Met, along the forest-side,
Hiram Hover, Huldah Hyde.

She, a maiden fair and dapper,
He, a red-haired, stalwart trapper,
Hunting beaver, mink, and skunk,
In the woodlands of Squeedunk.

She, Pentucket's pensive daughter,
Walked beside the Skuntic water,
Gathering, in her apron wet,
Snakeroot, mint, and bouncing-bet.

"Why," he murmured, loath to leave her,
"Gather yarbs for chills and fever,
When a lovyer, bold and true,
Only waits to gather you ?"

"Go," she answered, "I 'm not hasty ;
I prefer a man more tasty :
Leastways, one to please me well
Should not have a beasty smell."

"Haughty Huldah !" Hiram answered ;
"Mind and heart alike are cancered :
Jest look here ! these peltries give
Cash, wherefrom a pair may live.

"I, you think, am but a vagrant,
Trapping beasts by no means fragrant ;
Yet — I 'm sure it 's worth a thank —
I 've a handsome sum in bank."

Turned and vanished Hiram Hover ;
And, before the year was over,
Huldah, with the yarbs she sold,
Bought a cape, against the cold.

Black and thick the furry cape was ;
Of a stylish cut the shape was ;
And the girls, in all the town,
Envied Huldah up and down.

Then, at last, one winter morning,
Hiram came, without a warning :
"Either," said he, "you are blind,
Huldah, or you 've changed your mind.

"Me you snub for trapping varmints,
Yet you take the skins for garments :
Since you wear the skunk and mink,
There 's no harm in me, I think."

"Well," said she, "we will not quarrel,
Hiram : I accept the moral.
Now the fashion 's so, I guess
I can't hardly do no less."

Thus the trouble all was over
Of the love of Hiram Hover ;
Thus he made sweet Huldah Hyde
Huldah Hover, as his bride.

Love employs, with equal favor,
Things of good and evil savor;
That, which first appeared to part,
Warmed, at last, the maiden's heart.

Under one impartial banner,
Life, the hunter, Love, the tanner,
Draw, from every beast they snare,
Comfort for a wedded pair!

ZOÏLUS. The Gannet distances us all, to-night. Even Galahad is laughing yet, and I saw, when the reading began, that he was resolved not to smile, if he could help it. What does our Ancient think?

THE ANCIENT. It does, certainly, suggest the style of some of Whittier's delightful ballads, only substituting a comical for an earnest motive. Change that motive and a few expressions, and it would become a serious poem. The Gannet was lucky in striking the proper key at the start. And here, perhaps, is one result of our diversions, upon which we had not calculated, over and above the fun. I don't see why poets should not drill themselves in all that is technical, as well as painters, sculptors, opera-singers, or even orators. All the faculties called into play to produce rhythm, harmony of words, richness of the poetical dialect, choice of keys and cadences, may be made nimbler, by even mechanical practice, more active, and more obedient to command. I never rightly believed in the peculiar solemnity of the poet's gift; every singer should have a gay, sportive side to his nature. I am sure the young Shakespeare would have heartily joined in what we are here doing; the young Goethe, we know, did many a similar thing. He was a capital *improvvisatore;* and who knows how much of his mastery over all forms of poetry may not have come from just such gymnastics?

GALAHAD. Might not an aptness in representing the manner of others — like that of an actor who assumes a different character every night — indicate some lack of original force?

THE ANCIENT. The comparison is deceptive. An actor's sole business is to assume other individualities. What we do is no more than every novelist does, in talking as a young girl, an old man, a saint, or a sinner. If anything of yourself is lost in the process, and you can't get it back again, why — let it go!

ZOÏLUS. You have it now, Galahad!

GALAHAD. Well, I 'll cover my confusion by transferring myself into Dante Gabriel Rossetti. (*Reads.*)

CIMABUELLA.

I.

Fair-tinted cheeks, clear eyelids drawn
In crescent curves above the light
Of eyes, whose dim, uncertain dawn
Becomes not day: a forehead white
Beneath long yellow heaps of hair:
She is so strange she must be fair.

II.

Had she sharp, slant-wise wings outspread,
She were an angel; but she stands
With flat dead gold behind her head,
And lilies in her long thin hands:
Her folded mantle, gathered in,
Falls to her feet as it were tin.

III.

Her nose is keen as pointed flame;
Her crimson lips no thing express;
And never dread of saintly blame
Held down her heavy eyelashés:
To guess what she were thinking of,
Precludeth any meaner love.

IV.

An azure carpet, fringed with gold,
Sprinkled with scarlet spots, I laid
Before her straight, cool feet unrolled;
But she nor sound nor movement made
(Albeit I heard a soft, shy smile,
Printing her neck a moment's while);

V.

And I was shamed through all my mind
For that she spake not, neither kissed,
But stared right past me. Lo! behind
Me stood, in pink and amethyst,
Sword-girt and velvet-doubleted,
A tall, gaunt youth, with frowzy head,

VI.

Wide nostrils in the air, dull eyes,
Thick lips that simpered, but, ah me!
I saw, with most forlorn surprise,
He was the Thirteenth Century,
I but the Nineteenth; then despair
Curdled beneath my curling hair.

VII.

O, Love and Fate! How could she choose
My rounded outlines, broader brain,
And my resuscitated Muse?
Some tears she shed, but whether pain
Or joy in him unlocked their source,
I could not fathom which, of course.

VIII.

But I from missals, quaintly bound,
With cither and with clavichord

Will sing her songs of sovran sound :
Belike her pity will afford
Such faint return as suits a saint
So sweetly done in verse and paint.

THE GANNET. O Galahad! Who could have expected this of you?

GALAHAD. You know I like Rossetti's poems, but, really, I could n't help it, after I once got under way.

THE GANNET. Rossetti is picturesque, whatever else he may not be. His poetry has a delicate flavor of its own, and that is much to me, in these days, when so many dishes seem to be cooked with the same sauce. A poet is welcome to go back to the thirteenth century, if he only fetches us pictures. Poetry belongs to luxurious living, as much as painting and music; hence we must value color, rhythmical effect, quaint and unexpected play of fancy, and every other quality that makes verse bright and sparkling. The theme is of less importance. Take, for instance, Victor Hugo's *Orientales*.

ZOÏLUS. Pray, let us not open that discussion again! You know, already, how far I go with you, and just where Galahad and the Ancient stand. We should rather confine ourselves directly to the authors we imitate. Now, I think Rossetti's book on the Early Italian Poets better than his own poems. Perhaps it was the attempt to reproduce those poets in English which has given the mediæval coloring to his verse. We cannot undertake to say how much of the manner is natural, and how much assumed; for a thirteenth or even a second century nature may be born nowadays. But it is none the less out of harmony with our thought and feeling, and the encouragement of such a fashion in literature strikes me as being related to the Pre-Raphaelite hallucination in art. I should like to have the Ancient's opinion on this point.

THE ANCIENT. Here is your other name, Galahad. (*Gives him a slip of paper.*) If there were not so much confusion of taste, Zoïlus, — such an uncertainty in regard to the unchanging standards of excellence, in literature and art, — I could answer you in a few words. We must judge these anachronistic developments (as they seem) by those which provoked them. A movement may be false in itself, yet made necessary by some antecedent illusion or inanity. If you want to leave port, almost any craft will answer. I might carry out the image, and add that we never can foresee what side-winds may come to force the vessel to some other shore than that for which she seems bound. I have carefully read Rossetti's book, as one of the many phenomena of the day. It seems to me that there is a thin little thread of native poetry in him, but so encumbered with the burden of color, sensuous expression, and mediæval imagery and drapery, that it often is quite lost. What I have heard of the author explains to me the existence of the volume; but its immediate popularity is something which I cannot yet comprehend.

GALAHAD. I have written.

THE GANNET. Already? Who was it, then?

GALAHAD. A personal friend, whose poems I know by heart, — Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Therefore, I could n't well avoid violating our rule, for a special little rhyme popped into my head, and imitated myself. If Aldrich were not living in Boston, we should have him here with us to-night, and he would be quite ready to burlesque himself. (*Reads.*)

PALABRAS GRANDIOSAS;

I lay i' the bosom of the sun,
Under the roses dappled and dun.
I thought of the Sultan Gingerbeer,
In his palace beside the Bendemeer,
With his Affghan guards and his eunuchs blind,
And the harem that stretched for a league behind.
The tulips bent i' the summer breeze,
Under the broad chrysanthemum trees,
And the minstrel, playing his culverin,
Made for mine ears a merry din.
If I were the Sultan, and he were I,
Here i' the grass he should loafing lie,
And I should bestride my zebra steed,
And ride to the hunt of the centipede;
While the pet of the harem, Dandeline,
Should fill me a crystal bucket of wine,
And the kislar aga, Up-to-Snuff,
Should wipe my mouth when I sighed "Enough!"
And the gay court-poet, Fearfulbore,
Should sit in the hall when the hunt was o'er,

And chant me songs of silvery tone,
Not from Hafiz, but — mine own!

Ah, wee sweet love, beside me here,
I am not the Sultan Gingerbeer,
Nor you the odalisque Dandeline,
Yet I am yourn, and you are mine!

THE ANCIENT. There 's a delicate, elusive quality about Aldrich's short lyrics, which I should think very difficult to catch. I have an indistinct recollection of poor George Arnold writing something.

ZOÏLUS. It was all about a mistake Aldrich made, years ago, in the color of a crocus. He called it *red*, and there may be red crocuses for aught I know; but yellow or orange is the conventional color. Of course we did n't let the occasion slip; we were all unmerciful towards each other. I remember I wrote something like this:—

I walked in the garden, ruffled with rain,
Through the blossoms of every hue;
And I saw the pink, with its yellow stain,
And the rose, with its bud of blue.

George Arnold's lines were: —

And all about the porphyry plates were strewn
The blue arbutus of the early June,
The crimson lemon and the purple yam,
And dainties brought from Seringapatam!

THE GANNET. They are better than yours. Well, I 'm glad that Galahad has not confused our color, at least. For my part, I like Aldrich; he is faithful to his talent, and gives us nothing that is not daintily polished and rounded. Some of his fragments remind me of Genoese filigree-work, there seems to be so much elaboration in a small compass; yet only sport, not labor, is suggested. He, also, has ceased to sing in the minor key; but I don't think he ever affected it much.

THE ANCIENT (*earnestly*). I 'm glad to hear it! O ye cheerful gods of all great poets, shall we never have an end of weeping and wailing and lamentation! Is the world nothing but a cavern of sorrow, and the individual life a couch of thorns? Must we have always bats, and never skylarks, in the air of poetry?

ZOÏLUS. Hear, hear! I have not seen the Ancient so roused this many a day.

THE ANCIENT. The truth always excites.

GALAHAD. Before you put on your hats, let us have one more "lager." (*The glasses are filled.*) Now, to the health of all our young authors!

THE GANNET. Here 's to them heartily, — for that includes ourselves.

THE ANCIENT. As the youngest, I return thanks. [*Exeunt.*

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

V.

DESPISED LOVE.

AFTER that unexpected meeting with Grimes and Carrol, the ladies drove home, and not a word was spoken by either. The house was not far away, and the drive was not long enough to allow them time to recover from the emotion which this meeting caused them. But over Maud's pale face there came a hot angry flush, and her brows contracted into an indignant frown. She remained in her room longer than was strictly necessary for disrobing herself, and when she joined her sister she had become calmer.

"O Maudie darling," said Mrs. Lovell, "I thought you were never coming. I do *so* want to talk to you. Only think how very odd it was that I should meet him in that way. And he looked so awfully embarrassed. Did n't you notice it?"

"No," said Maud.

"Why, how strange! Well, you know, I never felt so cut up in all my life."

"Did you?"

"Positively. I assure you I believe I 'm growing prematurely old, and rapidly getting into my dotage. But how really magnificent he looked! I 'm so glad I saw him, and I 'm so glad he is n't coming here any more. Do you know, darling, I 'm more afraid of myself than ever. Really, I sometimes think that I 'm weaker than a child. How very fortunate for me it is that he has such real delicacy, and is so very punctilious and all that! Why, if he were different, one really could n't tell what might happen. O dear, how very fortunate it is that I 'm going to Paris! But, Maudie dear, did you notice what a leonine aspect he had?"

"Who?" asked Maud, languidly.

"Who? Why, how stupid! Why, *he*, Mr. Grimes, of course. You can't suppose that I meant Mr. Carrol. He looked anything but leonine. He was as white as a sheet, and as stiff as a statue."

Maud sighed.

"Well, I 'm sure," resumed Mrs. Lovell, "it 's particularly fortunate for me that I 'm going to Paris. I feel that I 'm shamefully weak, and if I were to stay here I really don't know what would become of me. As it is I shall escape from him. Of course he will be here immediately, but I shall evade him. But poor fellow," — and Mrs. Lovell sighed, — "how terribly cut up he will be when he finds that I am gone! And he won't know where in the world I have gone to. He would follow me, of course, to the world's end, but he can never, never think of Paris. Only he might think of it, and, O dear, if he were to find out, and follow me, what would become of me, Maudie? Do you know? I 'm sure I don't, or, rather, I do know, but it 's really too horrible to think of. I 've an immense amount of strength of character, and all that sort of thing, Maudie dearest, but really if I should see him in Paris I 'm afraid I should quite give up, I really do not know what resource I should have, unless I might fly home and take refuge with poor dear papa, and I 'm sure he 's had worry enough with me, and then only think what worry he 'd have if Mr. Grimes should pursue me there and see me again. What could poor dear papa do? He 's so awfully fond of me that he 's quite unreliable. He always lets me do just what I choose. Really, do you know, Maudie, I sometimes think it is quite heart-rending for one's papa to be so very, very weak. I do really."

"Poor fellow!" said Maud, with a sigh.

"Poor *what?*" exclaimed Mrs. Lovell, looking in astonishment at Maud. "Really, Maudie, it strikes me that you have a very funny way of alluding to poor papa."

"Papa?" said Maud, "I did n't mean him. I meant — Mr. Carrol."

"O, Mr. Carrol. Well, Maudie, now that you remind me of him, it seems to me very odd. I thought he had bid you an eternal farewell, and all that. But it 's always the way with men. You don't know how to take them. Really, you can never know when they are in earnest. For my part, I don't believe they know, themselves. I really don't."

"He did n't speak," said Maud, in a voice of indescribable sadness, "he did n't even look at me, and I was so — I thought so much of him. And then you know I really was n't to blame."

"*You*, darling! *you* to blame! You never were to blame in your life, my sweet Maudie. And it breaks my heart to see you so sad. And I hate him. I really do. But that 's the way with men. Fickle, variable, creatures of mere impulse, prone to wander, obeying nothing but mere passion, whimsical, incapable of careful and logical thought. Really, Maudie dear, I have a very, very low opinion of men, and my advice to you is, never, never allow yourself to think too much of any one man. He 'll be sure to give you many a heart-ache. You follow my advice and do as I do."

"He looked so dreadfully pale, and

sad, and careworn. It breaks my heart to think of it."

"Pale? Why, Maudie dear, you need never imagine that his paleness had anything to do with you. Do you know what such a fancy is? Why, it 's morbid."

"He would n't even look at me," said Maud. "And I longed so to catch his eye. I should have spoken to him."

"My dear Maudie, how very silly and unladylike! As to his paleness, that is all assumed. These men, dear, are really all actors. They wear masks, Maudie, they really do. You can't trust one of them. As for his paleness, I have no doubt it was simply indigestion, — or perhaps dissipation."

"Mr. Carrol is not at all dissipated," said Maud, indignantly.

"Well, dear, you need n't take one up so, and really, you know you don't know much about him. I dare say he 's very, very dissipated. At any rate, he 's very, very deceitful."

"Deceitful!"

"Yes; did n't he bid you an eternal farewell, and say he was going away? Well, the first thing you know, you meet him calmly strolling about the streets."

"O," cried Maud, fervently, "if I had only known it, I should have written him at once and explained it all. But, O Georgie! I was so sure that he had gone away, and that thought filled me with despair."

"Really, Maudie, you use such strong language that I feel quite shocked. Despair? What do you know of despair? Wait till you 've had my experience."

And Mrs. Lovell sighed heavily.

"At any rate, Maudie," said she, after a brief silence, "one thing is quite plain to me, and that is, that he is at least very undecided. He really does n't know his own mind. He pretended to want you, and then he gave you up on account of a slight mistake. He wrote you solemnly, announcing his eternal departure, and yet he stayed here and wandered about on purpose to meet you and give you distress. And he does n't know his own mind at this moment."

Maud was silent.

"O yes," resumed Mrs. Lovell, "you 'll find it so, when you gain more experience, Maudie dearest, you 'll learn to think very little of the men. They are all so very undecided. Quite worthless, in fact. Now you 'll find that a man is never really worth anything till he gets a wife. And I suppose that 's one reason why they 're all so eager to be married. Quite unsettled till then. Why, look at Adam," continued Mrs. Lovell, speaking of the father of mankind in the same tone in which she would have alluded to some well-known friend, — "look at Adam. He was quite worthless, O, I assure you, he was really *quite* worthless, till his wife was presented to him. But, Maudie, when you think of it, what a very awkward meeting it must have been! Only themselves, you know, dear, and not a single soul to introduce them. I wonder how they managed it."

And Mrs. Lovell paused, quite overcome by the inscrutable problem which was presented by this one idea.

To all of her sister's somewhat desultory remarks Maud seemed to pay but little attention. She sat with an abstracted look, occupied by her own thoughts; and so after Mrs. Lovell's daring flight of fancy on the subject of Adam, she sighed, and said: "I do wonder what kept him here. If I had only known it!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Lovell, "I 'll tell you what kept him here. He did it to tease you. Men do so love to tease, and worry, and vex, and annoy. Men are always so. Really, when I come to think of it, I wonder why men were created, I do positively, though of course it 's awfully wicked to make a remark of that kind, and seems almost like flying in the face of Providence. But perhaps it is the wisest plan in this life to try to make the best of our evils, instead of fighting against them, and I dare say it would be best for us to act on that principle with regard to men."

Maud took no notice of this. She rose from her chair in an excited way and said, "Georgie, I *must* write him."

"Write him! Why, my precious child!"

"I must, Georgie, I really must write him. It 's been a terrible mistake, and my mistake, and I cannot let another hour pass without an explanation. It may be all too late, yet I must do it. I can never, never have any peace till I have explained it all."

"Well, Maudie, I must say I feel quite shocked at such a very unladylike proposal; but, darling, if you really feel so very disturbed, and agitated, and all that, why, I won't say one word; only do try to calm yourself, dearest, you are so pale and sad, and have been so utterly unlike yourself ever since that horrid letter, that it quite breaks my heart to look at you. So go, Maudie, and do whatever you like, and try to get that wretched man off your mind if you possibly can."

Maud sighed again, and left the room, while Mrs. Lovell leaned her head upon her hand and gave herself up to her own meditations.

After about an hour Maud came back with a letter in her hand.

"Well, darling?" said Mrs. Lovell, in an interrogative tone.

"Well," said Maud, "I 've written him."

"Mind, darling, I don't approve of it at all. I only yielded to you because you were so sad. I believe that he has treated you in a shockingly cruel manner, and is now trying his best to make you miserable. This letter will only draw another one from him worse than the last."

"I cannot help it," said Maud, mournfully. "I had to write. It was my mistake. I owed him an explanation."

"You owed him nothing of the kind, Maudie darling. Women never owe men any explanations of any kind. You are too weak altogether. But that 's always the way with women. They are always too magnanimous; they are never petty and selfish; they are too just; they allow themselves to be influenced too much by reason, and would often be better for a little dash of passion, or temper, or proper pride; and, Maudie dear, I do wish you would n't be so absurd."

"I have my share of proper pride," said Maud, quietly, "and enough to support me in the hour of trial. But I had to write this. I owed it to him. It was my own unfortunate mistake. I must explain this wretched blunder to him. If he will not receive this, why then I feel that my own pride and proper self-respect will sustain me, under all possible circumstances. And, Georgie dear, though I never suspected till now the real strength of my feelings, yet I am sure that if he should prove to be unworthy, I shall be able to overcome them, and succeed in time in casting him from my thoughts."

"You 're too tragic, Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, anxiously; "and I don't like to see you in this mood. But what have you written? Of course, I only ask in a general way."

"Well, I explained the mistake, you know," said Maud.

"It was not at all necessary," said Mrs. Lovell.

"I told him how it happened," said Maud, without noticing her sister's remark, — "the two letters, my own excitement and agitation, and all that."

"Well, did you give him any reason to suppose that he would still be welcome?"

"I certainly did," said Maud. "I wrote him in the same tone which I had used in the first unfortunate letter."

Mrs. Lovell shook her head.

"That was very, very unwise, Maudie dearest," said she, "you should have been more cautious. You should have shown him how cruel he was. You should have written your letter in such a way as to show him that *he* was altogether in the wrong, and then after making him feel proper repentance you might have hinted, merely hinted, you know, that you would not be altogether indisposed to forgive him, if he — if he

showed himself sufficiently sorry for his fault."

"Well," said Maud, "I had to write as my heart prompted. I am incapable of any concealment; I am anxious to explain a mistake. I don't want anything more from him than — than an acknowledgment that he was mistaken in his cruel letter."

At this juncture a caller was announced, and Maud, not feeling equal to the occasion, and being also anxious to send off her letter, took her departure.

When the caller had departed she rejoined her sister.

"O Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, "who do you think it was? Why, Mrs. Anderson. And she told me such a shocking story about Mr. Carrol."

Maud's face turned whiter than ever; she could not speak.

"All the town 's talking about it," said Mrs. Lovell. "I told you he was dissipated, you know."

"What — what was it?" said Maud, in a choked voice.

"Well, you know, it was last night. He had been with a party of his boon companions at some bar-room or other, and they had all been dissipating and carousing, and they all began to fight, and Mr. Carrol was the worst of them all, and he knocked them all down, and behaved like a perfect fiend. O, he must have behaved fearfully; and so you see, Maudie dear, there was very good reason why he should be pale to-day and not dare to look you in the face. He felt thoroughly ashamed of himself, and for my part I wonder how he dared to walk the streets."

"I don't believe it," said Maud, indignantly; "Mrs. Anderson is an odious old gossip."

"Well, all the town believes it," said Mrs. Lovell, in a resigned tone; "and so you see, Maudie, it 's quite true, as I 've always said, that you are very fortunate in getting rid of Mr. Carrol, and the time will come, and very soon I hope, when you will feel very glad that this has happened."

"I don't believe it," said Maud, again, but in a tone that was a little less confident; yet as she said this she thought that it was not unnatural for a disappointed lover to seek solace in dissipation, and outdo his companions in extravagance, and as she thought of this her heart sank within her.

"Well, I believe it," said Mrs. Lovell, "every word of it. For you know, Maudie dearest, that 's the way with the men. They are so weak, so childish, so impetuous, so wayward; and you know they are all so fond of getting intoxicated. Now we women never get intoxicated, do we, Maudie? O, I assure you, if it were not for men the world would be a very different sort of a place, really it would, Maudie darling!"

The profound truth of this last remark was so evident that Maud did not seem inclined to dispute it; she sat in silence, pale, sorrowful, agitated, and wrapt up in her own mournful thoughts.

This explanatory letter was written on the day after Maud had received Carrol's farewell. Before she sent it off, she wrote another to Du Potiron which was intended to make things clear to his mind. Having done this she waited for an answer.

She expected one on the following day, or rather she expected Carrol himself.

But the following day passed, and neither Carrol nor a letter came. Nor did one come from Du Potiron.

Maud felt more despondent than ever.

The next day passed, and no answer came from either.

This deepened Maud's despondency.

Then came the third day. No answer came. Maud began to feel resentful.

The fourth day passed. Still not a word came. By this time Maud's pride rose up in rebellion at such a wrong. She felt sure that Carrol was in the city, that he had received her letter and refused to answer it. So she determined to be as proud as he was. And this task she did not find a difficult one. To a nature like hers pride

was the sure antidote to wounded affection.

On the fifth day she had lost all her despondency and sadness. Her pride sustained her fully, and a bitter mortification took the place of her former melancholy. She deeply regretted having written any explanation whatever.

On the sixth day they left Montreal for New York, to take the steamer for Europe; and as she took her departure, Maud's chief feeling was one of deep self-contempt and profound resentment against her false lover.

I will forget him, she thought to herself, as utterly as though he had never existed.

VI.

A Duel in the Dark.

At length the party reached their destination.

It was past midnight. There was no moon, and overhead the sky was covered with clouds that shut out even the stars. It was intensely dark. Around them there arose a grove of trees, through which the night wind sighed gently in a drear and mournful monotone. Beneath these trees the shadows fell darker, and the old house which stood near them was enveloped in a deeper gloom.

The house stood apart from the road, and from all other habitations. In the distance the city lay still and asleep. No wagons rolled along the highway; no familiar noises greeted their ears. The silence was oppressive.

The seconds had brought out all that might be needed, and among other things a lantern. This Grimes proceeded to light, and then the whole party entered the old house.

The front door was gone, as has been said. Entering this, they found themselves in the hall from which a stairway went up, and on each side of which were rooms. On the left was one large room extending across the house, while on the right there were two apartments. The party entered the large room on the left. Two doorways led into this apartment; the one in the rear was closed and the rusty lock still secured it, but in front the door was hanging by one hinge. There were four windows, two in front, and two in the rear. From all of these the glass was gone, and one of them had no sash at all. This one opened out on the rear of the house. The room was divided by an archway in the middle, in which there was an opening for sliding doors, but these had been taken away. It had a general air of the most forlorn kind. The paper hung loose upon the walls; the floor was damp, and rotten, with fungus growths visible along the surface; plaster had fallen from the ceiling, lying in heaps, and disclosing the laths above; the grates were gone, and in front of each chimney was a pile of soot.

One glance was sufficient to reveal all this and to show this room in its most forbidding aspect, even down to trivial details. Carrol stood with a rigid stare. Du Potiron glanced around with feverish haste, and a tremor passed through his frame. He drew his second off to the back part of the room, and spoke a few words to him in a low voice. While they were speaking Grimes drew Carrol out into the hall.

"Several small details," said Grimes, "have been omitted in this here business, but you know what a devil of a hurry you were in. Besides we could n't bring a doctor, for the first thing requisite is secrecy. Whoever falls will have to put it through, and the other fellow 'll have to run for it 's quick as his darned legs 'll carry him. So now go ahead, my son, and I 'll just shake hands for good by."

"But you won't really leave a fellow," said Carrol, ruefully.

"Leave you? By jingo! I 've got to. Why look at me. Think of the state of my mind, and my trunk. O, I must go, — right straight off, — in a bee line for some place or other. I 'll just take a start, and where I pull up circumstances 'll have to decide. I 'm sorry I 'm not goin' to Californy, or I 'd ask you to drop in if you ever go that

way. But I don't know where I 'll pull up, I don't know where I 'll go, the South Sea Islands p'aps, to civilize the natives, or China to export coolies, or Central Asia to travel; or p'aps up North to hunt up the North Pole. It 's all the same to me anyhow. So now good by, till we meet to part no more."

With these words he seized Carrol's hand, wrung it heartily, and then went back into the room. Carrol followed in silence. On entering it again it looked worse than ever. Du Potiron was still talking, and he gave a hurried start as the others entered.

"You won't have much trouble with that Moosoo," whispered Grimes. "He 's as near dead now as can be."

"Well," said Carrol, in a stifled voice; "make haste."

"All right," said Grimes, and, calling the other second, he offered him one of two pistols.

"You see they did n't bring their tools to America; and as I happened to have a pair, I offered to loan them for the occasion. You need n't be particular, though, about returnin' them. I 've got more."

Du Potiron's second took one of the pistols with a bow, and gave it to his principal. Grimes gave the other to Carrol.

After this Grimes went over to Du Potiron, and held out his hand. The Frenchman took it. Whereupon Grimes made him a speech, brief, but to the point, in French, which, as he himself said with honest and patriotic pride, had a strong Yankee accent. He informed him that he was in a free country, and in the society of free men; he exhorted him to be true to the immortal principles of '76, and visit Californy before his return to France. After which he wrung the Frenchman's hand hard, and left him.

Du Potiron gave a sickly smile, and bowed, but said nothing.

"His hand 's damp as a wet rag, and as cold as a corpse," whispered Grimes. "If it were daylight now he 'd be as venomous as a serpent, but the darkness takes away all his pison. And now, my son, for the last time, farewell forever."

With these words Grimes went out, carrying the lantern. Du Potiron's second followed.

"We will shut the door and call — one — two — three. Then you may blaze away whenever you darn like."

There was no answer.

The fallen door was then raised to its place, and shut, hanging by one hinge, and by the latch of the rusty lock. All was now darkness in the room. Some time was taken in adjusting the door, and much pulling and pushing and hammering and pounding was required before it could be properly fixed. The banging at the door echoed dismally through Carrol's heart, and seemed to shake the whole house. The night air sighed; the loose paper rustled; there seemed footsteps all around him. He thought Du Potiron was stealing toward him so as to be within reach of the place where he was, and thus be able to fire at once. There seemed a stealthy footfall, as of one cautiously advancing.

Carrol hastily retreated from the middle of the room where he had been standing, and moved backwards toward the wall. Once he stumbled and nearly fell over a heap of plaster, but recovered himself. Groping with his hands he found the partition for the sliding doors, and cautiously took up a position in the angle which it formed with the wall of the front room. Here he waited in feverish suspense, with his left hand stretched forward, his right holding forth the pistol, and his body bent in a wary, anxious, vigilant position, while his eyes strained themselves to detect through that gloom the advancing figure of his enemy.

But now the noises ceased, the door was secured, and he heard the voice of Grimes.

"*One!*"

A pause.

"*Two!*"

Another pause.

"THREE!"

After this there came the shuffle and tramp of footsteps; and the footsteps retreated from the house, till their sound died away in the distance.

Then silence remained.

For a time the silence was utter, and the only sound distinguishable by Carrol was the strong throb of his own heart. Other than this there was not a sound, not a breath, not a rustle. Eagerly he listened and anxiously for a renewal of that stealthy footfall which might announce the approach of his lurking foe. In vain. That foe now gave no sign. Evidently he had lost all trace of Carrol's position, and after moving forward he had been baffled by Carrol's retreat.

He stood in the attitude which has been described, not daring to move, rooted to the spot, with every muscle and every sinew and every nerve awake and on the alert to guard against his hidden foe; and stilling even his own breathing, lest it should reveal the secret of his hiding-place. And all the time he watched and waited and listened for some sound that might indicate the approach of his enemy. But the sound came not. Why should it? Would his enemy be rash enough to attempt to move further amid the rubbish that lay on the floor, over which it was not possible to walk without disclosing one's position? His enemy had attempted it only while the door was being secured, and while the noise attendant upon that operation might drown the lesser noise of his own footsteps. In that first attempt he had evidently been baffled. It was not likely that he would try it again.

The silence at length was broken by the gentle sighing of the wind. It came through the open windows; the loose paper on the walls again rustled and rattled as it swayed to and fro; and the solemn sound of the wind without, as it murmured through the trees of the grove, was wafted to his ears. Then the wind grew gradually stronger; and overhead he heard long moans and sighs, as the night blast passed through the halls and chambers of the deserted house. Coming through the windows it seemed to enter as if in search of something; and in that search to pass through every room, moaning in grief because it sought what it could not find; and then wailing out its long lamentation as it passed away in despair. And then there came other sounds; there were loose doors that creaked, and loose window-sashes that rattled, and the combined effect of these was sometimes such that it conveyed the idea of beings wandering overhead, the patter of whose footfalls was audible on the floor. And thus, in that tension of his quickened senses, every sound became exaggerated; and the aggregation of these grew at length to such proportions, that the reverberations of long-continued thunder would not be more manifest to the ordinary man than were these accumulated sounds to him.

To his eyes also, as they stared into the dark, the gloom seemed gradually to lessen, and there arose visible things which appeared and disappeared, the phantoms of night which chased one another across his perturbed vision. First there came the outlines of the windows gradually less indistinct, and growing more defined; while beyond their bars hung the sky, whose former blackness seemed lessening, till on the horizon which was visible to him it changed to a dull gray hue. But it was only through the windows that images of visible things could come to his eyes. Within the room was nothing but thick darkness, and the opposite wall, whose loosened paper-hangings rustled at the night blast, could not be discerned.

Now, out of all this state of things, in which the ears were overwhelmed by the exaggeration of minute sounds, while the eyes were baffled by the impenetrable gloom, there came upon him that feeling of which he had already known a foretaste, a feeling which was the sure result of an imagination quickened by such surroundings as these, a horror of Great Darkness; and at the touch of that horror his

whole being seemed to sink away. Since material images no longer satisfied the craving of his eyes, his excited fancy supplied other forms, fashioned out of the stuff that dreams are made of. The enemy for whom he watched stood before him in thought, with vengeful face, cruel smile, and levelled pistol, ready to deal his doom, while lurking behind the form of his enemy there rose the Shadow of Death. Before that horrid apparition his nerveless hand seemed to lose control of his weapon; he shrank down, and, crouching low to avoid the blow, he fell upon one knee. But the blow did not fall, and the noise which arose from this change of position awakened no response.

Had there been a response, had any answering noise made known to him the neighborhood of his enemy, it would have been a consolation; but the utter silence only bewildered Carrol all the more, adding to his consternation and increasing his horror. His excited imagination was rapidly overpowering every other sense and feeling. He found himself now no longer in possession of that thirst for vengeance which had animated him. Revenge itself, a passion which is usually considered the strongest of all, fainted, and failed, and died out before this new and terrific feeling which had taken possession of him. His baffled and despised love, his wrongs, his insults, all the things which had fed his hate and nourished his revenge, were now swept away into oblivion. High over all these towered up that overmastering horror, to which the darkness and the Shadow of Death had given birth. Over his soul there came a pitiable sense of utter weakness, and in his heart there arose a wild, mad longing for escape, an impulse of flight, a feeling which urged him to seek some refuge from the danger unseen, the strongest and most selfish of all human instincts, — that of self-preservation. But in the midst of this, as his soul thus sank back within itself, and every ordinary passion died out, its terrified retreat was for a moment arrested. By a mighty effort Carrol summoned up all the pride of his manhood. He recalled his thoughts, dispelled his fears, and tried to sweep away the grim phantoms which had almost overpowered him.

For a time the horror passed. He regained some of his self-control and presence of mind. He looked forth into the dark more calmly. He wondered whether the experience of his enemy had been at all like his. He cursed himself for his weakness, and tried to fortify himself against a recurrence of anything of the sort.

He looked forward into the dark. It was as intense as ever, and for the moment was less oppressive because he no longer was a prey to his excited fancy. During that moment he had time to think over his situation.

Where was his enemy? He could not tell. There was not a sound. He could not be near. Doubtless he was in the back room somewhere concealed, like himself, and like himself waiting for some sign. He remembered that he had already given a sufficient sign of his own position, but perhaps his enemy misunderstood it, or perhaps he was waiting to make assurance doubly sure, so as not to throw away his shot and render himself defenceless. One thing was evident, and that was that his enemy must have the advantage over him. That enemy must have some idea of his position, but he himself had no idea whatever of the position of his enemy. He could not imagine in what part of the room he might be. He knew not from what quarter to expect an attack, or where to be on his guard. And how long was this to last?

Already he felt the time to be prolonged to an intolerable degree. Such had been his sufferings, that it seemed to be hours since the footsteps of the departing friends had died away in the night. It might have been only minutes, but if so, it showed him how it was possible for a whole night under these circumstances to lengthen itself out to an infinity. Such a prospect was black indeed. Could he endure

it? The very thought was intolerable.

Although for the moment the horror had passed away, yet Carrol had now no confidence in himself, and no assurance against its return. Could he bear it? Or if he should meet it, and master it once more, how many times could he repeat the process in the course of the night? One more such experience was terrible; many more would be worse than death. Rather than carry on such a struggle, he would meet his enemy, and rush upon his weapon. Better instant death than an unlimited repetition of such shame and anguish. If his enemy were only less wary, there might be some chance, but as it was, that enemy lay concealed, crouching low, watchful, patient, and biding his time. And doubtless that enemy would lie concealed thus, with unremitting vigilance, until he could gain his desires. In comparison with such an enemy, Carrol felt himself to be weak indeed. How much longer could he endure this? Certainly for no great length of time. But his enemy might be prepared or even resolved to maintain his patient watch until the dawn of day, when he might have the game in his own hands. But could he wait till then? He felt that he could not.

Even while meditating thus, Carrol began to feel the pressure of the old horror. It was once more returning. The hour and the occasion; the darkness, and the Shadow of Death all once more became manifest. He struggled against his feelings; he sought to call up his courage, to fortify that courage by pride. The struggle within him became an agony. Over him descended the horror, while he fought with it, and tried by means of reason and manhood and pride, to arrest its descent. In the midst of this dread contest a sound arose. It came from the side of the room immediately opposite. It was a sound of trampling and crushing.

In an instant Carrol's mind had decided what it was and what he should do. At last the moment had come. The enemy had betrayed himself. He pulled the trigger of his outstretched pistol.

The report sounded like a peal of thunder in his sharpened and excited sense of hearing. There was a rush and a fall of something.

Then all was still.

Carrol started up, trembling from head to foot, while the sweat started in great drops to his brow. For a few moments he waited in vague expectation of an answering shot, with his brain reeling in anticipation of his doom. But the doom was delayed, and the response came not, and no lightning flash burst forth again into the darkness, and no thunderous report again broke the stillness of the night.

"Are you hit?" he cried, in a hoarse voice.

There was no reply.

"Du Potiron!" he cried again in a yet hoarser voice.

Still there was no reply.

"O my God!" groaned Carrol. "I 've killed him! He 's dead! I 'm a murderer. O my God!"

For a moment there arose a faint desire to go over to his victim, and examine him. But it was only for a moment. The next instant all desire, all thought of such a thing passed away.

For then, sudden, and sharp, and terrific, and unspeakable, there descended upon him the full power of the horror against which he had been struggling; bringing with it the abhorrent thought that the Dead was here, — the Dead, his own victim. And the thought was intolerable.

Chilled to the very marrow, and with that horror now supreme in his soul, Carrol dropped the pistol from his nerveless hand, and sprang to the door. He tore it down, he burst through into the hall and leaped forth out of the house. He fled like a madman, with a frightful feeling that his victim was following close behind.

Such was the horror that overwhelmed him, that for some time he

fled blindly, not knowing in which direction he was going. Of one thing alone he was conscious, and that was the overmastering feeling that had taken possession of him; a hideous sense of being pursued, and a fear of being overtaken. The nightmare, Life-in-Death, which thickens man's blood with cold, had been revealed to him within that gloomy house, and it was from this that he fled, and it was this that pursued.

At last lights flashed about him. He was in broad streets, whose lamps extended on either side far away before him. The sight of these at once brought relief and dispelled his panic; and the long lines of twinkling lights, together with the commonplace figure of a policeman steadily pacing the sidewalk not far away, brought him down suddenly from the wild flight of morbid fancy to hard prosaic fact. He slackened his pace to a slow walk, and wandered onward, thinking over his situation.

Fancy had departed, and simple Fact alone remained; yet now this simple Fact that confronted him seemed not much less terrible than the wild Vision which had lately pursued him.

And the fact was simply this, he was a murderer!

Under these circumstances one course only remained for him, and that was instant and immediate flight.

James DeMille.

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

OUT of the window she leaned, and laughed,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet, —
Foolish and idle, it dropped like a call,
Into the crowded, noisy street.

Up he glanced at the glancing face,
Who had caught the laugh as it fluttered and fell,
And eye to eye for a moment there
They held each other as if by a spell.

All in a moment passing there, —
And into her idle, empty day,
All in that moment something new
Suddenly seemed to find its way.

And through and through the clamorous hours
That made his clamorous busy day,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet,
Into every bargain found its way.

And through and through the crowd of the streets,
At every window in passing by,
He looked a moment, and seemed to see
A pair of eyes like the morning sky.

Nora Perry.

BABÁ AND BIBÍ:

MAIDEN, WIFE, AND MOTHER, IN HINDOSTAN.

IN France, according to Michelet the sentimental, they have abolished old women; in India, according to Menu the sage, old maids are prohibited. But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; and the same law that ordained the triple state of the Hindoo woman has imparted symmetry to the title of this paper. What would have become of my lucky euphony, if there had chanced to be a Sanskrit or Bengâli word for "old maid"?

Babá Hinda, "the little brown fool" (as some tremendous young puppy will presently style her, in the playfulness of his uxorial fondness), has been betrothed these seven years, being now in her fourteenth season, and ripe for the maw of that Coming Man. She is of honorable caste, and a beauty too, by the Hindoo standard: face a fine oval; profile elegant and rhythmical; brow low and essentially feminine; chin dainty and almost infantile; hair straight and of raven darkness; great black languid eyes, to which the remarkably long lashes impart a quality of tender pensiveness; lips red and pouting, and at once sensuous and weak; complexion safe in the superior fairness of high caste, of rank, wealth, seclusion, and ease, — the complexion of the Brahmins and Rajpoots, of Rama and Siva, "fair as the moon, as the jasmine, as the fibres of the lotos"; form plump, but lithe; outlines plastic and rippling, like fine soft drapery; carriage erect, but undulatory, as of one trained to the balancing of tall water-jars on her head, yet happily falling short of that standard of perfection which the Poorans set, and which calls for "a feminine gait like that of a drunken elephant or a goose." Tried by the negative requirements of the Poorans, the Babá is all their fancy painted her; for she has no beard, nor are her hands hairy, or her ankles thick, nor do her eyebrows meet, or her teeth straggle, or her voice croak. If it had fallen to the luck and honor of a Hindoo artist to perpetuate on wood or ivory the charms of Babá Hinda, he would have made her pale, to signify that she was noble, and fat, to signify that she was beautiful and rich. True, there was once a Hindoo damsel who beguiled the fierce fancy of Surajah Dowlah, and she weighed only sixty-four pounds; but then Surajah Dowlah was eccentric.

The attire of our pretty Babá is simple enough; chapeau and jupon, panier and train and flounce and chignon, Pompadour "bodies" (and souls), Grecian bends and Gerolstein inclinations, are not set down in the Shasters. She drapes herself in one simple piece of tissue, for the fashion of which she is indebted to Rebecca and Rachel and Leah. This is about nine yards long and forty inches wide, and as various in quality and cost as in color; while at either extremity there is a border in some bright dye, strongly contrasting with the otherwise uniform hue of the robe. When Babá or Bibí makes her toilet, no husband swears, nor baby cries, nor visitor groans. But, handily folding the ends of her simple and single garment twice or thrice round her supple body, in a moment she stands in a sort of tight petticoat, falling in front as low as the feet, but not so low behind; for she has naïvely drawn backward the end of the web, with an artless movement, and tucked it up at the waist; and now, from that point of view, she is proper to be contemplated through an opera-glass. In this unconscious costume she is "at home." But a Babá of another caste — and even our own little Hinda when she gads abroad — will contrive, in the arrangement of her drapery, a more decorous

departure from the summer styles in Eden, by reserving one end of the web to be drawn over the shoulders and bosom. Here and there one meets a damsel in a sort of half-jacket which does not cover the arms; but this is a foreign vanity, adopted from the Mohammedans. There are Brahmin women on the coast of Malabar who always appear uncovered to the girdle; and, in the opinion of that curious observer and accurate describer of Hindoo customs, the Abbé Dubois, such was anciently the costume of the women throughout the peninsula; it is still retained among the Rajpoots, who jealously preserve many decaying customs in their pristine purity. In the Tamul country the women of the caste of Malamai throw back the scarf from the head and shoulders, and draw it demurely around the waist, as often as they address a priest or a husband, or any other person to whom peculiar respect is due.

The dress of the women, like that of the men, being of but one entire piece, is most convenient for frequent and modest bathing, — a consideration of no small importance to a people upon whom religion and manners, not less than climate, enjoin the continual practice of ablution.

On the plump brown arms of the Babá Hinda pretty flowers are traced in indelible outlines. That is the artistic exploit of her doting mother, done on the blessed baby, while she squirmed and squealed; the material a dark pigment prepared from the juices of certain plants, the instrument a needle. Many of the darker Brahmin girls — in fact, all coquettish Babás whose complexion is unfashionably swarthy — study to procure an artificial fairness by staining their faces, necks, arms, and ankles with a yellow infusion of bruised saffron; and it is sad to imagine our guileless Hinda illustrating the doctrine of Original Sin by making her finger-tips rosy with henna, and pencilling the edge of her eyelids with black, meretriciously to augment the lustre of those dazzling orbs; and that is indeed an ungraceful superstition which disturbs the sweet serenity of her brow by stamping it with that ugly, stupid juggle, by the priests called *Pottu*, a ring of odoriferous sandal paste mixed with vermilion.

The Babá's hair is soft and fine, and she has enhanced its natural glossiness by unctions of palm-oil. Parted in the middle, disposed in smooth braids above the temples, tucked with a silver buckle behind, and finally gathered in a pert, lop-sided chignon over the left ear, where it is adorned with shells, coins, sweet-scented flowers, and trinkets of gold, it has a captivating jauntiness all its own. But its arrangement is the quick trick of her own nimble fingers; she does not give all her mind to the "doing" of her waterfall; and if her back hair should be down, her spirit is not disquieted within her.

For the additional adornment of her pretty person, Hinda has armlets and bracelets of gold and silver in pleasing variety, some globular and hollow, others flat and broad; some for the wrist, others worn above the elbow. Her tender little "props" are proud of their silver fetters, and her dainty toes are ringed in gold, "to each several toe his ring," narrow beneath, but wide above. For her neck she has chains of gold and silver and strings of pearl and coral. If her father were richer, she would rejoice in a collar of gold an inch broad, studded with rubies, topazes, and emeralds; if he were poorer, she would repine and pout in rings of shellac, and brass and beads of glass. She is at least content.

But ah, that preposterous and abominable nose-ring! How shall I dodge it? What shall I do with it? I have kept it to the last, I have hidden it behind me, I would joyfully drop it through any convenient crack or knot-hole of my reader's ignorance or forgetfulness. But then some critical detective, who has "worked up" this India case, will be sure to ask for it; and what could I say? So there! I punch it through the sensitive, outraged nostril of my poor little Babá. It hangs

in all its pagan deformity across her budding lips, and the nicest mouth in the family is spoiled forever!

Beside the half-jackét I have described, a different style of the same garment is worn by many of the women. This, moulded closely to the form, and short as the vest of the Persian almé, affords a sort of discreet revelation. Around all the edges runs a narrow border, braided or embroidered in bright colors; and the sleeves, which are very tight, descend but halfway to the elbow.

Mr. Kerr (late Principal of the Native College at Calcutta) has remarked, that the orthodox Hindoo dress when Alexander crossed the Indus is the orthodox Hindoo dress of to-day. Nevertheless, notable innovations have been accepted, even by persons of high caste, in communities where Mohammedan influence is paramount. For example, at Delhi and Agra it is not unusual for Hindoo ladies of rank to display the Mohammedan petticoat and bodice; and Buchanan, in his notes on the province of Goruckpore, says that almost all the young women who could afford it wore the petticoat, though they scrupulously dropped it when going to pray or cook. The Shanars of Travancore have, in comparatively large numbers, been converted to Christianity. Now the women of this tribe have always been prohibited, by the superior castes, from wearing any garment above the waist; and, as Kerr expresses it, "this prohibition seems to have crystallized into a caste custom"; so that the efforts of the Shanar converts to emancipate themselves from an oppression so insulting were resented by the other tribes as an infringement of sacred rules. When the story came to the ears of English ladies, it first shocked their sensibilities, and then elicited a forcible and convincing expression of their sympathy and indignation.

One day's shopping through the bazaars of Benares, among the stalls devoted to women's haberdashery and gewgaws, is enough to unsettle the strongest mind in Sorosis, and drive it, "all of a quiver," back to its sex. Cashmere shawls, of an amplitude to swaddle the form of a bayadére, and so fine that they may be drawn through her thumb-ring; those unique and precious tissues of gold and silver brocade known as the famous *Kincob*, the almost supernatural fabric of native looms; Benares sashes and scarfs, of gold and silver stuff, with borders and deep fringes imparting the effect of a network of gems; native *puggrees*, or turbans, of silk inwrought upon velvet to resemble tufts and clusters of precious stones; silver and gold lace, of every quality and pattern; fringes, scalloped trimmings, edgings, and borders; and embroideries that rival, in device and color, the arabesques and mosaics of the Alhambra; chains, charms, necklaces, ear-rings, bangles, the elaborate and *bizarre* workmanship of native goldsmiths; double *joomka* bracelets and rings; necklaces all of gold, but twined in fringes of diminutive drops, suspended from carved chains of exquisite delicacy, and sparkling like dew upon gossamer; pearls as large as pigeon's eggs, and diamonds strung like beads!

Mrs. Colin Mackenzie (in that delightfully fresh, shrewd, and clever book, "Life in the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana) takes inventory of the ornaments of two young Christian converts at the Ahmednagar mission. Sahguná, a "sweet child" about eight years old, daughter of a Brahmin, had gold coins round her neck, gold rings in the top of the ear, and colored bracelets. The other, Changuná, "a great girl" of the low, Mahar caste, wore a nose-ring, a silver ring on her wedding-finger with a broad shield of silver, which she used as a mirror, and a conical one on the corresponding toe.

The Parsee women, at Bombay, in their purple or canary satin *saris*, and with their hair jealously hidden under a white skull-cap, are very interesting. So, too, are the Jewesses, in their tight-fitting, but gayly colored skirts,

open on either side to the knee; their stomachers of muslin, embroidèred in silk and gold; their silk or satin trousers; their short-sleeved jackets of scarlet merino or green velvet, seamed with gold-lace; their false hair, in front, of bright auburn, cut straight on the forehead and looped up in plaits at the side, while their own dark tresses, also plaited, hang down the back, with silver tassels and coins at the end; their red Turkish caps, with blue tassels, their small muslin turbans embroidered in colors on a white ground, and their kerchiefs, to match the turban, folded over the head and crossed under the chin; and, over all, bands of gold and pearls and jewels, crossing the head in every direction, with strings of pearls passing under the chin from one ear to the other; and, lastly, their rows of anklets, jingling and tinkling with silver tassels.

But what do the tender hands of our Hinda find to do at home?

Praise the Purohita! she does not practise on the piano; and glory be to the Gooroo! she does not write for the magazines.* Nor does she sew; for the wardrobe of the family being composed strictly of the uncut products of the loom, they enjoy a blessed dispensation from the fret of stitching, and the "Song of the Shirt" is not their song of home. Nor does she knit or darn, for they wear no stockings; nor cry because her brother swears, for she never saw a button off; nor net, nor crochet, nor "tat"; nor make baby-caps and bibs, for every Hindoo infant is born in its own clothes; nor wash, nor iron, nor clear-starch, for in all the tongues of Hindostan, "washerwoman" is masculine. And heavens! to think of at least one hundred millions of women to whom no revelation has been granted of pins or hair-pins, or hooks and eyes! No wonder they are hard to convert; their minds are too easy, their temper too unruffled, their Jordan too smooth. Let the missionaries consider this, and wrap every tract round a paper of pins, and much tribulation.

But the Babá minds the baby, bouncing it on the flat roof in the evening, and crooning to it rhymes of much virtue to avert the Evil Eye, as it claps its fat little hands, and crows to the fire-flies flitting by. Likewise, she pounds the rice, and takes kitchen instruction from her mother; and every morning, before the sun is fairly up, she brings water from the tank, balancing the tall jar on her head, — a labor in which she delights, because it improves one's figure and style, you know, and gives one a chance to see the world. And the Babá spins much cotton-thread, her wheel being a bit of wire with a ball of clay at the end of it. Even before she has made her early trip to the tank, you may see the glimmer of her taper and hear her spinning-song. But the sweeping and the scrubbing she leaves to her Pariah "help"; for she is to be brought up a lady.

As for the education of this passive damsel, she has no mind of her own; and so, like a house that one rents from another man, it is neither her interest nor her obligation to improve it. She has no use for the Globes, for her circumnavigation of the planet has begun and ended when she has got round one man; and she has completed the circle of the Mathematics when she has demonstrated to the census that one and one make two, or three. She would scorn to vote, run a paper, preach the gospel, or dance the cancan. Do you take her for a nautch-girl, — that trained and trick-taught Lola Montez of the pagodas, whose "mission" is perdition, and whose "rights" take hold on hell? No; rather will she seek wool and flax, and work willingly with her hands. She will lay her hands to the spindle, and her hands shall hold the distaff. She will rise while it is yet night, and give meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens; her candle shall not go out. So shall her children rise up and call her blessed; and the heart of her husband shall safely trust

* A Purohita is a master of ceremonies, and a Gooroo a spiritual teacher.

in her, for she shall have no need of — a vote. Her idea of a "sphere" is that it is round and smooth, as the mystic circle on her brow; not angular and aggressive like Dr. Mary Walker's elbow. So Babá leaves reading and writing, singing and dancing, where she leaves perfumes and spells, to those shameless things, neither Babá nor Bibí, who make a trade of them; and stays at home, and pounds the rice, and bounces the baby, and twirls her simple spindle, content to dwell in vacant decencies forever. As for her religion she has none, that is all there is to say about it.

There was a time when pretty Babás were put to more intellectual and picturesque uses. In the imperial palace of one of Akbar's queens, at Agra, is a court where the khan and his vizier used to play at *pachisi*, on a board in the shape of a cross, with twenty-four squares in each limb. The counters were sixteen girls of the harem, dressed in four different colors. The squares still remain in the pavement.

The amusements of the Babá are neither many nor various; but they present the advantage of contrast, — they are either very tame or very intoxicating. She has the native partiality for pets, and her avadavat is the prettiest, her hill-minah the most accomplished and loquacious, and her mongooz the spriest, pluckiest, and most entertaining, in all her circle of acquaintance. The cage of the avadavat, or *lall*, as she calls it, was made at Patua, and is unique; the frame being inlaid with ivory, and the wires strung with colored beads. For gossip, she has the scandalous babble of certain abominable old women, who shuffle from house to house, peddling tales neither fragrant nor wholesome, for perquisites of betel-nut and rose-water. But this species of depravity has but feeble charms for our Hinda; for "what is the news of the day to a frog in a well?"

But, once a year, as often as the poetic *fête* of the *Bhearer* comes round, she goes forth by night, all swaddled and veiled, in a rumbling *rhut*, with great, creaking, wooden wheels, more or less round as luck may turn them, to be jolted and jammed toward the river-bank or the ghauts, where she plays her pretty part in the embalming of a graceful and sentimental tradition. Among the lanterns and the lamps, the torches and the rockets, where even the sky lends its shooting stars, and the clouds their summer lightning, and the groves their fire-flies, she thrills and trembles with wonder and delight. She sees the floating palace of the story, with all its miniature towers, arches, and pagodas traced by the luminous enchantment of a miracle of colored lamps, sweep slowly by on its raft of boughs and garlands; and as she launches her tiny cocoa-nut craft, laden with flowers, and lighted with a taper, to join the innumerable flotilla, that ten thousand merry maidens like herself have in a moment committed to the stream, her heart leaps up in its freedom and its gladness, and flutters her low laugh and the clapping of her hands.

Then, too, the illumination of the *Duwallee* is a prospect full of charm for her, when every ledge of every house and hut is defined by the sharp white light of *chiraugs*;* and palace, temple, tower, and ghaut are as the instantaneous work of the Genii of Fire, when the long black stretches of bazaar blaze up in vistas and arcades of flame, and the groves burst at a touch into fiery flower.

But in the screaming carnival of the *Hoolee* she is as a bird let loose, in her revel of wild fooling. With indiscriminate giddiness and glee she pelts to right and left the awful turban of the Brahmin and the polluting breech-cloth of the Pariah, with the crimson powder of the *mhindee*, and laughs delightfully at her own streaked and spotted plight. For one day in the year, her eye sparkles, and her cheek is flushed, and her bosom pants, with the free tipsiness of fun.

And yet, on each of these holiday

* Earthen lamps.

occasions, through all the promiscuous and boisterous license of the crowd, our little Babá carries her modesty unguarded and unalarmed. She knows there will be no coxcomb's dodging compliment to snub, no *roué's* ruffian insult to resent. The invisible veil of custom hangs between her blush and the leer of the libertine; and just as the nautch-girls, the licensed courtezans of the country, are irreproachable observers of decorum in their public deportment and attire, so the Hindoo who should stop to stare at any woman on the street, or madly venture to accost her, would be branded as a constitutional Pariah, whom every citizen of the high caste of decency must thenceforth *walk round.*

And so, considering her lights and influences, our Babá is a good little girl. She loves and imitates her mother, solemnly venerates her father, and waits for the Coming Man with superstitious awe. But the answer to the mystic enigma of her life is known only to the baby, and the baby never tells.

As I have said, at the beginning of this screed, the Babá Hinda is a child-bride. She was betrothed early. The native almanacs prescribe the eighth, ninth, or at latest the tenth year, as proper in good husbandry for the grafting of the young slips of caste. If our Hinda had been left ungrafted till her eleventh year, her parents would have been reproached as careless of her thriving, and unconcerned for the vigor and productiveness of the family tree. Even in the provinces north of Bengal, where betrothal is later, Buchanan found that "all persons, male or female, were wedded before the age of fifteen; and, so far as he could discover, an unmarried person of the age of twenty was a phenomenon of which no one had ever heard."

The sealing of the Babá to the apathetic Brigham Young of her destiny was a "square" business transaction, competent, by the simplicity of its regulations, to reflect credit upon the hymeneal altar at Salt Lake, or a divorce court in Indiana; an affair of *convenance*, pedigree, horoscopes, match-makers, hocus-pocus, and rupees; by no means a romance of palpitations, pickles, cruel parients, or "cold pizen." While the old folks wrestled with the preliminaries, splitting hairs of etiquette, divination, doctrine, dowry, and decoration, their serene victim pursued the even tenor of her rice-pounding, and her spindle-twirling, and her baby-jumping, and wondered what all the fuss was about; and when at last she woke up one morning and found herself Engaged, she merely turned over in sleepy-headed apathy, and yawned, "Well, what of that?"

Nevertheless, there is rousing exhilaration in the extravagant and fantastic hubbub of the inevitable ceremonies of espousal; and howsoever listless until then, our Hinda had been the very corpse of a Babá if she had not responded with vivacity to their galvanic inspiration; for in the blank desert of every Hindoo woman's life there are two enchanting though illusory oases, all her own, of "perfectly splendid fun," — her betrothal and her wedding. True, it may be financial death to that infatuated frog, her father; but what is a lac of rupees, more or less, compared with the triumphant ostentation and the "real nice time"? Do we not know what is due to our family? And would we not rather hear that "they say" of us, "They have seen better times," than that we were "too mean to have a frolic when the little brown fool was married"? Remember, Mrs. Grundy was first a Brahmin, then a Pharisee, and then a Snob, and now all three at once; but *first, a Brahmin!*

Why, once there was a Rajah (and he must have been enormously fat and a perfect gentleman!) who spent a lac and a half on the marriage of a pair of monkeys; and a Soodra of my acquaintance (the Soodras are the arch pagans of appearances), who is only a sircar in the Salt Office, with twenty rupees a month, borrowed two thousand to buy peacock fans, veils, and

attar, and hire nautch-girls and other puppets, and yellow banners and palanquins, when his unlucky daughter was married to a Kooleen. True, he mortgaged his very soul to a black Shitan in the bazaar, who foreclosed on him within the year; but everybody said the wedding was perfectly splendid.

To glorify Hinda's betrothal there were seven nights of promiscuous and satiating profusion, seven revels of luxurious disorder, without graceful significance or artistic suggestiveness, seven indiscriminate sprees, of brocades and velvet, satin robes and scarfs of Kincob, cashmere shawls and Greek embroidered caps, veils of gold and turbans of silver tissue, unique feathers and miracles of flowers, blazing aigrettes, and brooches, and ropes of linked and plaited gold, knots and tufts of jewels, and unimaginable devices in rings and bracelets and anklets and bangles, peacock fans and humming-bird breast-knots, vials of attar and vases of rose-water, and gold and silver staves and maces and pillars; the whole culminating in a grand spectacular procession, and tableau of transformation and transport, regardless of expense, — of palanquins and tonjons, and bullock-carts with orange hangings; and white horses with their legs and tails and shoulders streaked and splashed with the blood-like dye of the henna, led by party-colored grooms armed with chowries * made of the tail of the Thibet ox; and elephants, with their broad, benign faces absurdly painted, bearing gilded and curtained howdahs, and caparisoned in scarlet, yellow, and green; and camels mounted with swivel-cannon, which imparted to the "ospidgis okashn" the sublimity of their small roar; and an insane banging and jangling and tooting and squeaking and blare of drums and gongs and cymbals and pipes and fiddles and horns; and moving pavilions, and jostling banners, and great stages with dancing girls, and smaller stages with puppets, and huge trays of dolls and toys; and in the midst of all, that crowned and spangled Doll and Toy whom presently we must cease to style Babá; and after her the Coming Man; and after him the Deluge, — submission, passiveness, and nonentity, to which there is no Ararat but the grave.

* Fly-flappers.

The Babá is gone, and the Bibí is here. The imposing procession that put the crowning glory to her betrothal conducted her back to the baby and her dream, and, departing, left her there to serve her mother seven years; or until, having ripened to the physical possibilities of womanhood, she should be found qualified to serve her husband. It is usual, in Bengal, for the maiden to be taken from the bewildering revelations of her espousal directly to the abode of her bridegroom, there to dwell with his family until her wedding-day. But the rule is not absolute, and our Hinda and all her house follow the more honored custom of the northern provinces. Nevertheless, whether she wait under the dominion of her tender mother or her terrible mother-in-law, the Man of her destiny has Come. They have marked her with his cross, and made her his chattel; and, soft little sister though she be, should he die in that probationary interval, she must succeed to all the disgraces and disabilities of widowhood. Immemorial custom is inexorable, and even the gluttony of Brahmins may not be euchred out of a special dispensation by any lavishment of funeral baked meats.

But he is the son of a Brahmin, and has inherited the orthodox constitution. So he has not died, and in due time the Babá is Bibí-ed. All the omens have been happy from the first. She was betrothed on the 1st of April, a lucky day of a lucky month, when the signs of the zodiac, the cow-dung, and the moonshine combined to furnish the favorable circumstances. No cat nor fox nor serpent crossed the path of the Coming Man that day; no dog howled, nor hen crowed, nor crow sat on the ridge-pole; a white cow lowed on the right as her mother came

from the tank, and her father sneezed three times in the direction of the baby; the soothsayers found seven male barley-seeds in the craw of the old red rooster, and Bunsby, the Wise Lizard, thrice delivered cheerfully "an opinion as is an opinion" from the wall behind the Babá's cot; last, and luckiest of all, when the Happy Man's messenger came to the door with his gift of salaam, Vighneswara, the hideous god of Obstacles, grinned like a boozy ghoul under the *pandal*,* and everything was lovely.

At last came the thrilling consummation. The wedding was a five days' agony. Bride and bridegroom sat together on a low mound of earth under the gayly decorated pandal, and turned their faces toward the east. First came the married women (but no widows, for their presence is unlucky) to inaugurate the ceremony with the familiar rites of *Arati*. On a plate of copper they set a lamp made of a paste of rice-flour, and they fed it with oil, and lighted it. Then lifting these with both hands, very solemnly, they described certain mystic circles — the charm of the lamp — around the heads of the nuptial pair. This is a common conjuration in the household, to avert the *drishti-dosham*, — the evil eye and the jealous thought: —

"Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos."

Next, all the gods and their *ancestors* were cordially invited to the feast, to "bring their knitting and stay a week"; and all the dead grandfathers of the company were entreated to introduce those more remote progenitors, "whom your respectful offspring were not in time to see." Especially was the god of Obstacles pressed with peculiar compliments and attentions, although by reason of his ugliness and crossness he could never get a wife; but, jealous and spiteful as he is, to have slighted him would have spoiled all.

It is essential to the thriving of the alliance that the bridegroom should be pure from sin and exempt from punishment; to which end the happy man offered, on the second day, to the most supercilious of the officiating Brahmins, a free gift of fourteen flags, in expiation of any possible peccadillo he may have inadvertently committed since his investiture with the Triple Cord, nine years before.

Then came an interlude of solemn nonsense, the puerility of its plot only surpassed by the gravity of the performance. The adolescent Blue-beard conceives a sudden longing — which, of course, is all a playful sham — to bathe in the Ganges at Benares. So he equips himself as a pilgrim, with staff and scrip and wallet, and departs, horns and flutes and drums preceding him, and friends attending him; and as far as corporation bounds he trudges, the horns tooting, and the flutes squeaking, and the drums thumping, and the Gooroo canting, and the friends amening, and everybody taking up a collection. But just as he reaches the last row of huts that fringe the ragged skirts of the municipality, behold his impending father-in-law! — so unexpected and so embarrassing! — who, learning the object of the eccentric excursion, induces him to forego his devout purpose by an unconditional offer of the pretty Babá in marriage. Astonished and enraptured, the youth has on the instant a convenient new vision of duty. The accommodating Gooroo absolves him from his vow; a wink from a Brahmin explains the situation satisfactorily to the gods, and the amens swear to everything; the impulsive pilgrim retraces his steps in gladness to pandal, and all is gay again; but the money is not returned.

This fanciful digression concluded, the order of ceremonies was resumed by the Purohita, who attached to the left wrist of the Babá and the right wrist of her betrothed the *kankanam*, or charm of saffron; after which, the bridegroom being seated with his face to the east, his father-in-law gazed with a long and searching look into his eyes, until he beheld there the double eidolon of Vishnu, the Preserver and Lord

* An alcove of twelve pillars, erected in front of the main entrance, and covered with green boughs.

of the Beautiful Then immediately he offered a sacrifice before the comely lad, and, placing both his feet in a new dish filled with cow-dung, washed them thrice, first with water, next with milk, and lastly with water again, reciting the while appropriate mantras, or charms, and invoking, by name, the gods of all degrees, the seven beatified penitents, the five immaculate virgins, and the ancestor gods ; also the seven mountains, the eight cardinal points, the fourteen worlds, the woods and the seas, the year, the season, the month, the day, the hour, and the minute. This done, he took the hand of his darling Babá, and, laying it in the hand of the lad, poured water over the clasped palms in the name of Vishnu, so giving her away ; and with her three other gifts, — a cow, a piece of land, and a *salagrama* of amulet stones for a talisman. And he tied together their hands and the skirts of their robes with blades of the sweet-scented cusa grass, in remembrance of "duty, fortune, and love" ; while the bridegroom, turning to our trembling Hinda, said, "May that heart which is thine become my heart, and this heart which is mine become thy heart!" Then slowly, solemnly, hand in hand, they step successively into seven fatal circles drawn on the floor, "the seven steps to which there is no *backward*," — One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven ! — and the Babá is a Bibí, doomed. In the "Mahabharat" there is a young Sochinvar who thus intrenches himself in the law of the circle : "The marriage is not complete until the seventh step is taken, and this step had not been taken when I seized the damsel."

Nothing now remains but to deck the neck of the passive chattel with the owner's badge of the *Tahli*, — light, as a token of compliment, and heavy, as the yoke of oppression. This is a small, unique ornament of gold, engraved with a figure of Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu, or Saraswati, the spouse of Brahma, and suspended by a short string, dyed in saffron, and composed of one hundred and eight threads of exceeding fineness. On the throat of the Hindoo woman it is the ever-present symbol of a living husband ; and when she becomes a widow it is cut and removed, with forms of peculiar solemnity and sorrow, by her less unhappy sisters. The investiture of the Bibí Hinda with the *tahli* was in some respects the most impressive of her nuptial rites. She was led to a seat beside her husband, and ten Brahmins, having spread a screen of silk between themselves and the bridal pair, recited mantras, and invoked "the three divine couples," Brahma with Saraswati, Vishnu with Lakshmi, Siva with Paravati. Then married women brought the tahli on a salver, prettily garnished with sweet-smelling flowers. Incense was offered to it, and one by one the ten Brahmins, touching it reverently, in low tones invoked a blessing upon it. At last the Bibí turned her toward the east, and the young *Brahmacari*, by this marriage become a full-blown Brahmin, took the tahli, and, reciting a mantra aloud, tied it fast about her neck. Thenceforth that and the nose-ring have had a superstitious value for the Bibí. Should either escape from its place, unimaginable calamities will befall her ; widowhood, at least, and loss of caste.

Immediately fire was brought, into which the bridegroom cast incense as for the sacrifice of the *homam ;* and taking his Bibí by the hand, he led her thrice round the flame while the incense was blazing. After this, two bamboo baskets were placed close together in the centre of the pandal, and the couple, stepping each into a basket, stood erect, and, receiving from the attendants smaller baskets filled with ground rice, they poured the grain with both hands over each other's head, until the Brahmins cried Enough. This act has a significance at once religious and poetical, denoting the abundance of temporal blessings which each implores for the other. It is still practised, or rather suggested, at the weddings of Oriental Jews ; and the Abbé Dubois relates that for the marriage of

princely personages pearls were sometimes used, instead of rice or corn.

On the fourth day, the assembled guests being at dinner, Bibí and her Brahmin lord ate together from the same leaf. "Well," says the veracious and sentimental missionary, "may the woman henceforth continue to eat what her husband leaves, and that only after he has done; for they will never again sit down to a meal together." That is never permitted but at the wedding-feast. So also, on the last day of the ceremonies, when the bridegroom, in the sacrifice of the *homam*, cast into the flame the boiled rice sprinkled with liquid butter, and the Bibí, at his side, cast in the rice that was parched, she took part for the only time in her life in a rite hardly less solemn than the *Yajna*.

To end all, another fantastic nocturnal procession, with torches and fire-works, and miniature illuminations of trinkets and jewels, — and *sic transit Babá!* But mark what the kindly and upright Abbé says: "Among the almost infinite variety of ceremonies on the occasion of marriage, there is not one that borders on indecency, or conveys the slightest allusion to an immodest thought."

We owe it to the Bibí to deal honestly with the question of polygamy, and the little there is to say about it may as well be said now as later. The facts are few and plain. The custom is not common. It is always lawful, but seldom agreeable, to a Hindoo to have more wives than one. He is prudent, and the custom is perilous; he is calculating, and the custom is costly; he is studious of repose, and the custom is distracting; in the multitude of mothers-in-law there is not safety. It is the ostentation of the opulent and sensual few, not the ambition of the thrifty and moderate multitude. Besides, the census imposes a practical restriction, in the interest of fair play and a just distribution of blessings; it is not true that in tropical climes the annual supply of female babies is largely in excess of the demands of a monogamic system. Nor does the code of Menu countenance a capricious or licentious polygamy. Even a barren wife may not, by a strict construction, be "superseded" sooner than the eighth year; though it is noticeable that a railing one may be superseded at any time. To be sure, the privileged order of Kooleen Brahmins enjoys a special dispensation to indulge in an indefinite plurality of wives; but this is clearly a wise device to provide for the absorption of imminent or possible old maids. One ragged Kooleen may inoculate fifty rich Soodra babás against the social leprosy of spinsterhood. He receives fifty dowries from fifty fathers-in-law, who proudly continue to "feed" his fifty bibís. Can too much be done for the man who has saved a pre-Babelic vocabulary from a term of reproach? But the Brahminical stripling who has just deprived us of our Babá is not a Kooleen; so the Bibí Hinda will exercise in exclusive Caudle-ries her inalienable right to that last word.

As to the diversified and difficult arts of pleasing her husband, the Hindoo helpmeet enjoys an enviable advantage over the Yankee Bibí. She does it by rule, from the *Padma Purana* (a sort of "How to Tickle the Bear"), a work of high authority, commended by the Abbé Dubois as an authentic model of Hindoo diction. This is Hinda's *vade mecum*, and she turns to it for fresh devices of cajolement as practically as Huldy consults her cook-book for new receipts for doughnuts. Here are the directions; but, O American wife of the period! when will the doughnuts be ready?

"A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all the good works she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience and devotion.

"She has no true enjoyment but through her husband. From him she has children; and he provides her with fine apparel, decorates her with jewels, with sandal and saffron, and all her heart's desire.

"Her husband may be crooked, old,

infirm, offensive in his manners, choleric, dissipated, a sot, a gambler, and a debauchee, reckless of his domestic affairs and restless as a demon, destitute of honor, deaf and blind; his crimes and his infirmities may crush him; yet shall his wife regard him as her god, serve him in all things, detect no defect in him, nor cause him disquiet.

"Should a stranger break in and woo her with impetuous passion, should he offer her costly raiment and jewels above price, by the gods! she shall spurn him from the soles of her feet.

"Should a passer-by direct a glance toward her, she shall shun him with downcast and averted looks, and retire, meditating only on her husband.

"She shall never observe if another man be young or old, comely or deformed.

"Diligent shall she be in her domestic avocations, wary of her temper, avoiding dispute, her mind and her deportment serene.

"Let her not yield to envy, nor bear malice, nor meddle, nor listen to gossips' tales; but with prudent speech converse with gurus, saniyasis, strangers, friends, and servants in a manner becoming and agreeable.

"The money she receives from her husband she shall expend with thrift, reserving no portion for herself or her friends, nor even for alms, without his permission.

"Though she behold beautiful things she would be charmed to possess, she shall not seek to acquire them but by his gift.

"She shall remind him of whatsoever may be lacking at home, and the supplies she shall dispense with economy and good judgment.

"What prudent woman will eat before her husband has had his fill, or not fast if he abstain? If he be sad, shall she not weep; and if he be gay, shall she not leap for joy? When he sings, shall she not fall into ecstasy; if he dance, shall she not clap her hands? And when he discourses of science, shall she not be filled with wonder?

"She shall scrupulously perform her daily ablutions, and elegantly color her skin with saffron. She shall likewise array herself in choice attire, and tinge her eyelids with black, and her brows with henna. Her hair, too, shall be dressed, and beauteously braided.

"But when he is gone from home, there shall be no bathing nor anointing with oil; she shall recline on no couch, nor wear her new attire, nor deck her head; but her raiment shall be mean. And so long as he is absent she shall sleep never alone, but with one of her relations. She shall often inquire after his health, and long for his speedy return, and continually invoke for him the protection of the gods.

"Should her kinsfolk invite her to any festival, such as a wedding, or the ceremony of the Cord, she shall not go without his leave, nor unaccompanied by some elderly woman. She shall not be long away, and on her return she shall faithfully recount to her husband all she has seen and heard, — the costumes and the scandal; and then cheerfully apply herself again to her housekeeping.

"Though at any time her husband rage against her, assail her with bitter language, threaten her with blows, nay, beat her outright, still, patiently shall she confront him with meek and soothing words, and, laying hold of his hands, shall entreat his forgiveness; but no exclamations of resentment, no thought of abandonment. What! to retort upon her husband! to say, 'You have insulted me, you have beaten me; I shall speak to you no more; I will meddle no more with your affairs, and do you let mine alone!' Such taunting tirades shall never fall from her lips."

So much for the receipt, which is supposed to have been invented by the Five Immaculate Virgins, — a reasonable hypothesis.

The same *purana* ordains that if a man keep two wives, the one shall in no wise meddle with the other, or speak of her, either good or bad, or of the graces or deformities of her children; nor shall either wake a tempest about

any other woman the husband may harbor. "To leave his house for reasons such as these would render them all ridiculous."

But the skeleton in the Bibí's closet is her mother-in-law. If she were of the caste of Vaishnava Brahmins she would be prohibited from addressing that conventional bugbear, and required to express her acquiescence and obedience only by signs. But the glorious privilege of gesture and grimace would still remain to her, and with these she might hope in time to drive the "horrid old thing" mad, — a contrivance but imperfectly adapted to secure domestic tranquillity. Though a score of concubines fail to demoralize the Bibí, one mother-in-law may dislodge her, single-handed, and drive her in disorder back to her own mother. And such flights for such cause are shamefully common.

When the question, "Is it lawful for a man to marry his wife's sister?" came up in the ecclesiastical courts of England, a profane, but shrewd bachelor argued in favor of the dispensation, on the ground that it would tend to lighten the mother-in-law encumbrance; and in Hindostan a form of imprecation very popular among scolds is expressed in these words, "May you live with three mothers-in-law, and die without a son!"

The Bibí is flattered by the austere patronage of her lord, and mortified by the slightest manifestation of uxorious weakness. "I have seen a wife," says Dubois, "in a rage with her husband for talking with her in an easy strain. 'His behavior covers me with shame,' quoth she, 'and I dare no longer show my face. Such conduct, among us, was never seen till now. Is he become a Paranquay (European), and does he take me for a woman of that caste?'"

The Bibí's housewifery is a routine of small observances, whereby she finds expression, more or less clear, for her crude and shapeless notions of religion. An element of superstition is ever present in it; and, after her poor pagan fashion, her chamber and kitchen ways are so many motions of worship. At the festival of Gauri, when the mason offers to his rule and trowel, the carpenter to his adze and plane, the tiller to his plough and hoe, the barber to his razor and tweezers, the weaver to his loom, the butcher to his cleaver, the tailor to his needle, and the moonshee to his style, prostration and adoration, with incense and sacrifice of fruit and grain, and the Bibí heaping together on her kitchen floor the basket and the rice-mill, the water-jar and the spindle, falls down before them with closed eyes, and waits, trembling, in her soul's deep darkness, what spiritual analogies and symbols might not the metaphysical eye of old George Herbert, seeking downward as well as upward for God, have discovered in the make-believe deity of her broom? *Laborare est orare.*

> "A *pagan* with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine:
> Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine."

Our Bibí's culinary functions constitute a priestly office, in the mysteries of which she has been initiated betimes by her mother. "Who cooks for a Brahmin entertains a god; let her look to the purity of her thoughts and her utensils." Flesh of kids and mutton, with curried fish and rice and liquid butter, and sweetmeats of cocoa-nut and curds, form a sufficiently plain repast; but being for a Brahmin, one must give all her mind to it. Absolute cleanliness is the condition from which there is no exemption. The Bibí's garments must be fresh and fragrant, and her vessels newly scoured. The kitchen must be free from dust, and guarded from the polluting glance of the stranger. The vicegerent of Brahma orders dinner about midday, and while it is preparing, he first bathes, and afterward salaams the household gods with an oblation of fruit and flowers, and some morsels from the dishes of which he is about to partake. Then he seats himself on the ground, and his wife serves him, presenting the viands on a plantain-leaf sprinkled with water. He touches the various articles, one by one; he

sprinkles some drops of water round the leaf for a libation; he separates a portion of the flesh or fish and rice, and lays it on the ground, as an offering to his ancestors; and then he feeds, while the Bibí, crouching mutely, with folded hands, watches, that she may learn to prefer what he has purified by his approval, and to abhor what he has poisoned by his disdain.

The Bibí's privileges are few and humble. She may chew the pungent, stimulating *pawn*, of betel leaf and nut, mixed with powdered lime made from burnt shells, — "a curious knot," as an old author describes it, "made up of delicate leaves and some other things, with a little chalk of sea-cockles, which maketh the mouth and lips of a vermilion color, and the breath sweet and pleasing." This is one of the Bibí's small vices.

Another is the hubble-bubble, by which she inhales the fragrant fumes of the world's own weed, cooled and perfumed by being drawn through rose-water contained in a cocoa-shell; sitting alone and silent on the flat roof by night, she puffs and puffs in pensive resignation. If some bibís I wot of had the hubble-bubble, they would not fret for the ballot-box.

Occasionally she has a truly feminine treat in the critical, not to say captious, inspection of the wardrobes and ornaments of her intimate enemies, — that sort of affectionate spite, which is of all races but only one sex, and which, as it turns over the perfectly lovely "things" of its sweetest friend, makes notes of admiration upon them with one hand, while it "picks them to pieces" with the other. Behold two Mohammedan bibís and a British bibí in harem together. "We looked at each other's dress; and they examined my rings, and my fingers, seeming surprised that they were not stained. At last, each gently took hold of the skirt of my gown, pulled it up a little way, and seemed to marvel at the corded petticoat. *That* they then raised a very little, and seeing my under-garments, cried approvingly, 'Ah!'" There was the touch of nature which is the masonic grip of babá and bibí from Chicago to Chandernagore.

To die — simply to finish, to get done, to leave off, to make an end — is a privilege unqualified unto all womankind, save the Hindoo Bibí. For her it is a question fraught with hazards of glory or disgrace, and all turning upon the "die" of her husband, — for she has set her life upon his caste. Departing a Brahmin's wife, her consummation is renown; a Brahmin's childless widow, her report is failure and scorn.

The event of the Bibí's life transcending in importance even her birth or her death — the event upon which hang the issues of her happiness in the body and in the spirit — is impending. Not in vain has she worn upon her arm that indescribable image in gold, — the strange symbol of a bold but solemn idea of instinct and absolute nature, emancipated from the checks of conventional decorum, and free to imagine and to long. It is time that her mother should come for her, and take her away to the dear old home, that the eyes of the child may open first on the scenes of its mother's innocence and its grandmother's anxious love. "Henceforth," says the *pooran*, "she shall shun the company of impure women, and of those whose children have all died. She shall not ruminate on dismal thoughts, nor gaze on frightful objects. She shall turn away from tales of distress and food not easy to digest. So shall she bring forth a child of beauty."

The midwife is coming with her mouth full of gossip, and her head full of mantras against the evil eye, the malign conjunction of planets, and the calamity of an unlucky day. Already has the careful *pooran* provided for the health and happiness of both mother and child, by an institution which might be wisely incorporated in our common law. "She, and not another, shall give suck to the child of her love; nor shall aught less than illness or death exempt her from a duty so sacred and so dear."

And now her agony of fear is past,

and her time of triumph is come, — love and service be to Lakshmi, *not a girl!* With tossing head and sparkling eyes, she runs from one friend to another, in the restless exultation of the true Hindoo mother, a noble boy-baby astride upon her hip.

And the boy will love the Bibí; for with all its defects of arrogance and selfishness, the native character displays in an exemplary degree the atoning virtue of filial love; and the mother holds the highest place in the affections of her son. "I have often," says Kerr, "heard the missionaries say (of some young Hindoo who was about to embrace Christianity) that when the entreaties and remonstrances of all other friends had failed to shake his resolution, his mother appeared, bathed in tears, or even threatening to put an end to her life. Then the son, dismayed and overpowered, could hold out no longer."

J. W. Palmer.

MILKING-TIME.

A FLORIDA PASTORAL.

THE sun is low and the sky is red;
Over meadows in rick and mow,
And out of the lush grass overfed,
The cattle are winding slow;
A milky fragrance about them breathes
As they loiter one by one,
Over the fallow and out of the sheaths
Of the lake-grass in the sun.
And hark, in the distance, the cattle-bells, how musically they steal, —
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Browny, and Barleymeal!

From standing in shadowy pools at noon
With the water udder deep,
In the sleepy rivers of easy June,
With the skies above asleep, —
Just a leaf astir on orange or oak,
And the palm-flower thirsting in halves, —
They wait for the signs of the falling smoke,
And the evening bleat of the calves.
And hark, in the distance, the cattle-bells, how musically they steal, —
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Browny, and Barleymeal!

O wife, whose wish still lingers and grieves
In the chimes that go and come,
For peace and rest in the twilight eves
When the cattle are loitering home,
How little we knew, in the deepening shades,
How far our ways would lie, —
My own alone in the everglades
And your home there in the sky;
Nor how I would listen alone to the old familiar peal, —
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Browny, and Barleymeal!

Will Wallace Harney.

OUR CONSULAR SERVICE.

A CONSUL is a public officer who resides in a foreign country, principally at sea-ports and in commercial centres, to represent there the interests of his government and his fellow-countrymen. His duties are partly administrative and partly judicial. He is charged with a supervision of such ships of his nationality as arrive at the district of his consulate, receiving the ship's papers, settling the disputes between the officers and men, especially guarding the rights of seamen, supervising the enlistment and discharging of sailors, and securing their pay; performing also such notarial functions as may be necessary on the entrance, refitting, and departure of a vessel. In maintaining their authority over captains and seamen, our consuls in most countries have the right to demand the assistance of the local police; thus being armed with full power to execute their duties. Consuls are also empowered to issue and *visa* passports of United States citizens, proved so to be to their satisfaction; but they may not *issue* passports, if residing in a country where there is a resident minister of the United States. Among their duties are those of registering births, marriages, and deaths of American citizens; arbitrating between Americans and settling disputes; serving as administrators of estates; watching over the commercial interests of the United States, seeing to it that commercial treaties are not violated, gathering and reporting commercial facts and statistics. The principal commercial function of a consul residing in an inland town is to examine and verify invoices of goods destined to be entered at the United States custom-houses. He must familiarize himself with the various grades of values of goods thus exported, and may require samples to be furnished to him with the invoices; so that, having become an expert judge, he may determine whether they are undervalued, and whether an attempt is thus made to defraud the revenue. Being satisfied that the invoice is just and fair, he certifies as much, forwarding to the custom-house a triplicate copy of the invoice for comparison and verification. In certain far-distant countries, such as China and Japan, the consular duties become much more important; for there consuls act as judges in all controversies between citizens of the United States, and exercise a criminal as well as a civil jurisdiction. It will thus be seen that a consul, in whatever foreign country he may reside, is intrusted with highly responsible and often delicate and intricate duties. His responsibility is a heavy one, and much must be confided to his sound judgment and discretion. He is the protector of Americans abroad, of the national revenue, of our seamen, and of our commercial and treaty rights. He must be always on guard to protest against and report any violation or intended violation of either. At the same time he must so act as not to embroil the two countries, or to do things which will produce misunderstandings. He is, probably, at a great distance from his official chief, the Secretary of State, and must often act solely from the promptings of self-counsel. It is true that a sort of authority is exercised over the consuls in a country by the minister or consul-general there resident; but this authority is very ill-defined and vague, so much so as to render it in practice almost useless. If a consul resorts for advice or instruction to the minister or consul-general, the usual reply is that he must apply to the State Department, or that he must act on the spot on his own discretion. So that really the consul enjoys considerable independence of action; and this renders it of the utmost importance that men of intelli-

gence, integrity, and zeal alone should be appointed to this office.

Discipline over subordinates is easily enough maintained in the Washington departments ; but it is manifestly impossible to enforce rules in detail over a body of several hundred officers, scattered to the four corners of the world. The only approximate remedies to this necessary evil are : first, to appoint capable and honest consuls ; secondly, such consuls obtained, to retain and not capriciously recall them ; thirdly (what has not yet been done), to strengthen the hands of envoys and consuls-general with sufficient authority to positively instruct, and to keep in strict obedience to the prescribed regulations, the consuls residing in the country to which they are accredited.

But a consul has other duties besides those formally and officially imposed upon him. He is not merely a commercial agent and notary of his government, with the occasionally added functions of a State policeman : he is, or should be, in a broader sense, the representative of the country in a foreign city. His official position gives him high social privileges. He is admitted to the official society of the locality. A place of honor is accorded to him on public occasions. He appears everywhere as the principal representative American. The United States is one of the " Great Powers " ; the United States consul, in a provincial town, holds a social position similar to that occupied by a United States minister at a royal or imperial court ; he is the official equal of the British, French, Prussian, and Russian consul. Whether with discrimination or not, society looks to him to typify the best phase of American education and refinement ; because the consuls of other powers are, from the tests to which they are subjected before appointment, men of culture, selected partly because of their culture. In proportion as he is respected, his official influence has weight, and his country is honored.

The qualifications which a consul should possess, in order properly to represent the country abroad, — his responsibilities being as above described, — would seem to be plain. He should possess the rudiments of a good English education. He should be not only acquainted, but familiar, with maritime, commercial, and international law, and especially with their details. He should speak, read, and write the language of the country in which he will reside, and French, in whatever country he may reside. He should be a person of prudence and sound judgment, able to conduct a discussion with temper and pith. He should have firmness and nerve to execute an often disagreeable duty without fear or favor ; to resort to force, if necessary, in carrying out the regulations relating to shipmasters and seamen ; and to allow no consideration to deter him from exposing an attempt to defraud the revenue in the undervaluation of invoiced goods. He should be of approved honesty and personal responsibility, so that the emoluments of his consulate — often considerable — should be accurately turned over to the treasury, and no temptation should influence him either to defraud himself, or to wink at the intended frauds of others. He should have the bearing and manners of a well-bred gentleman, accustomed to the discipline of good society, and able to sustain a good social reputation in the eyes of the foreign world. I believe it no exaggeration to say that every European government, Turkey and Greece as well as France and England, requires each and all of these qualifications to be proved as a condition precedent to a consular appointment. No one who has met any of the consuls of European nations abroad will doubt that the selections are made with minute care, and are justified by the subsequent bearing and capability of the appointees. I should not point to European examples, were it not that the qualifications which foreign nations require, and which have been indicated, are self-evidently just and necessary. The strictness of the tests which they exact

are fully justified by the results. The consular services of the European powers are performed well and economically; there is a well-defined and strict organization, especially in the English and Austrian services, by which consuls are the subordinates of the ambassadors, ministers, or consuls-general, subject to their orders, relying upon their instructions, and acting constantly under their scrutiny. An inefficient consul is soon found out, and either dismissed from the service or transferred to an inferior post; while a competent and faithful consul is as readily recognized, and his name set down for certain promotion. An incident quite unknown to the British or Austrian services is the removal of an able and honest consular officer. Senator Patterson of New Hampshire, who is more familiar, perhaps, with our consular service than any other of our public men, proved in a recent speech that our system was the most extravagant as well as the worst regulated in the world. Comparing our trade with Holland and Prussia (as examples), and the expense of maintaining our legations and consuls in those countries, with the trade and diplomatic expenses of England in them, he found that relatively our officials were far more costly than those of England.

Few will be found to deny the necessity of requiring from consular candidates proofs that they possess such qualifications as have been enumerated. Are such proofs, in fact, required by the American government? Ostensibly they are required; practically they are not required.

The Department of State, which supervises and governs the consular as well as the diplomatic service, issues an octavo volume entitled "United States Consular Regulations," elegantly bound, printed in large type and on tinted paper. A copy of this manual is presented to each consul after his appointment and before he departs for his post. In the chapter on "Applicants for the Office of Consul" occurs the following paragraph: —

"No candidate will be appointed until he has been examined and found qualified by a board consisting of three examiners, selected by the head of the department."

What the qualifications examined into by the "board" here alluded to are may be gathered from these subsequent paragraphs:—

"Candidates must be able to write a good hand, must be thoroughly acquainted with arithmetic, geography, English grammar, and book-keeping, and must possess a good knowledge of history, especially that of the United States.

"They will be required to pass an examination, in addition to the studies above mentioned, in the Consular Manual, Kent's Commentaries, Story on the Constitution of the United States, and the text of Wheaton's Elements of International Law. Candidates should also be able to read and write with facility the French or some other modern language besides the English; and those who possess, in addition, the ability to speak the language of the country where they are to be employed, will be preferred."

Elsewhere it is laid down, that if the candidate is in a foreign country he may be examined in writing by the American minister in that country.

These regulations sound well, and seem to give evidence of a regular system, requiring at least some degree of competency in the candidates. But an attentive reading of them will discover that, even if they were strictly and literally enforced, they would afford a very imperfect standard of consular competency. The candidates are not required to be familiar with maritime or commercial law; and they are only very mildly advised to know "the French," or, at least, the language of the country in which they are to be employed. No examination, according to the text, takes place under either of these heads. If he knows "the French" or the language of his destined place of residence, well and good; it is not, clearly, essential.

But the serious objection to these regulations is, not so much that they would not, if enforced, provide the government with competent consuls: it is that they are really not enforced at all. This is true as far as the personal experience of the writer is concerned, and as far as the experience of all consuls with whom he has ever conversed upon the subject is concerned. Speaking with this limitation, such a board "of three examiners, selected by the head of the department," has no existence whatever. It would be difficult to find any American consul appointed within twenty years, who had ever seen this board, or who had ever heard of it outside of the manual. Neither was any such examination as that described proposed to the writer, before or after his appointment; nor has he ever found a consul who had passed through any such ordeal. It is possible to assert positively that, in one instance at least, the department officials did not see even the handwriting (the first and simplest of the alleged tests) of the candidate until after he had been nominated, confirmed, and had received his formal appointment. The Secretary of State had never seen him nor had he ever heard of him until within a week before his nomination was sent to the Senate.

The truth is that very little attention is paid by President or State Department to the qualifications of the consular appointees. The appointments are not determined, and apparently are not professed to be determined, by the test of competency. The selections are made from other motives, with other views, and certainly with other results, than would emanate from a pure intention to establish an efficient corps of officers, who are to perform important functions at a distance from departmental control. The great bane of our political life, the corrupting consequences of an irresponsible executive patronage, naturally adopting the base maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils," enter into and work great evils in the consular system. Consuls are appointed just as the more familiar home officials are appointed; just as judges and collectors, postmasters and clerks, are appointed. There is as little scrutiny into qualifications, as little reference to personal character, even less method in enforcing the regulations laid down to guide official conduct. Consuls are the nominees of Congressmen, the personal pets or political managers of Presidents and Secretaries; consulships are the rewards of "party services" and persistent flattery, and are among the pieces of good fortune due to a happy consanguinity with men in power. Sometimes consuls are senators or representatives with whose services their constituents have dispensed, and who must be provided with a reward for past devotion; oftener they are the obscurer lobbyists of State legislatures, or persons, of whatever profession and status in life, who either have promoted a Congressional election, or whom it is necessary to propitiate and get rid of. Wealth and family influence secure to some the "consular dignity"; sometimes scholarship and real fitness, literary merit and social eminence, when well backed by political influence, attain consular offices. But it must be confessed that the large majority of consuls are appointed simply and purely for party reasons, and with little regard to their individual qualifications for their official or social duties.

The men so selected are submitted to no examination worthy of the name, and are not even required to prove as much "moral character" as a college freshman, a school teacher, or a new domestic servant.

What actually occurs, on the appointment of a consul, may not be without interest to the great majority who have not been consuls, and may be briefly stated.

According to the manual already quoted, the appointee is required "to report in person at this department for further instructions"; as a matter of fact, this turns out to be not absolutely necessary. "Instructions" are not

seldom sent to the new consul at his residence. Following the manual again, the favored servant of the government learns that he will, when duly arrived at the department, "be employed in the consular bureau and at the Treasury Department during the usual business hours, in such employment as will best acquaint him with the nature of the consular service." This process, he is informed, will consume two weeks. He goes to Washington, picturing to himself the grave ordeal of the examination "by a board of three," and the equally awe-inspiring prospect of toiling daily under the vigilant eyes of the Secretaries of State and of the Treasury. Tremblingly he mounts the steps of the State Department. He is about to enter the presence of his august chief, to be by him handed over to his inquisitors. All things at the State Department are quiet and dignified and proper. There is a lull in the corridors and anterooms; primly white-cravatted men are talking softly to each other; the negro messenger has a decorous, gloomily stately air. At least six typical Tite Barnacles are encountered gliding to and fro on the first floor. The echoes of your steps are painfully loud and jarring in this solemn place. An irreverent man would say that place and clerks had an air of indolence. A new-fledged consul is simply awe-struck; this is the repository of great state secrets, the temple which encloses the original parchment of the Constitution.

Mounting to the Secretary's anteroom, he asks to see that dignitary; of course he, a consul, will be admitted at once. The messenger coldly murmurs that the Secretary will see no one. The new official observes, with surprise, that no line of the messenger's visage changes when he announces himself as the new Consul to X. That makes no difference. The Secretary can't waste his time on *consuls*. If the visitor is a consul he must go to the consular bureau, the last door on the left, graciously imparts the messenger, who is putting enormous wax seals on an enormous white package at a little table.

A pleasant gentleman awaits him in the decorous apartment designated as the "consular bureau." He is rather pleasant than respectful; he has, indeed, manifestly no awe for the consular title. He chats with the new-comer about his consulship, dilates on the climate, the wines, the people, the theatres of the new-comer's destined residence. Asked about the examination and instructions, he laughs a subdued, amiable laugh, and, ignoring the former topic, says that here are the late consul's despatches, you may look through them if you like; and here is the manual, which you had better run your eye over at the hotel in the course of to-night or to-morrow; and here are the consular forms, but you 'll find all those in the manual; and generally, the instructions usually given are — well, the manual covers the whole ground, and you 'll get them all out of that. Is that all? Well, yes, about all. And the being employed in the bureau and the Treasury Department? O, of course, there 's no need of *your* doing that, you know! That is meant for inexperienced persons. *You* won't have to do that. And about staying here two weeks? Well, if you *want* to stay two weeks — O no. Well then, just look over the manual; and if you want to ask any questions about anything, drop in to-morrow, at 'leven or twelve o'clock, and I 'll post you; and then you can be off. The consular *vade mecum* is perused with avidity, and, although often turgid in expression and vague in precepts, affords a general view of the consular duties. The new consul, finding his presence at the department not encouraged by the officials, makes haste to depart, and sails for his post. He has duly deposited his bond, with sureties, to the amount of three or four thousand dollars, as security that he will not embezzle the funds or make way with the "consular property" of the government. The consular property he finds, on arriving at his post, to consist of

various articles in various stages of dilapidation. There is a great bookcase, a chair or two, a very forlorn coat of arms with the eagle's head obscured by accumulated dirt and long exposure, a national "tattered ensign" and flag-pole; the "Statutes of the United States"; a plethora of Patent Office Reports, diplomatic correspondence, and other eminently entertaining and practical official literature; a few seals, a few sheets of paper and envelopes, a few printed forms, and sundry heavy volumes of record.

He goes to work as best he can with the materials at hand. He resolves to justify the confidence and win the further approbation of his government. Perhaps he will thereby win promotion; at least, by a faithful discharge of duty, he may retain his place, indifferent, behind his barrier of a good official reputation, to the accession or retirement of Presidents. So he requires the captains to pay the sailors' three months' extra wages to the uttermost farthing; studies and administers the law in ship matters with unflinching justice; posts himself on the values of merchandise, and laboriously scrutinizes every sample which he exacts from exporting natives; spends hours in delving among reports of ministers of commerce and superintendents of ports, and burns the midnight oil in drawing up elaborate commercial statistics and essays addressed to the Secretary of State; follows anxiously the minutest instructions of the manual as to the manner and form of doing things, measuring the margins on his despatches to the hundredth of an inch, using exactly the right sort of paper and no other, and observing in his language the closest possible conformity to the official communications which, at rare intervals, he receives from his chief; burrowing away steadfastly at the language; sedulously attending all the official receptions and on all public occasions; performing, as far as he can know, all the duties of his position.

This, however, is in the verdant spring-time of his consular career. He learns as he advances. A perplexing matter arises, which he cannot himself decide, and concerning which the oracular voice of the manual for once affords him no illumination. He applies to the consul-general for counsel; that dignitary, distracted by the vagueness of his powers, answers in effect, that he really cannot undertake to advise or instruct, and that the consul had better apply at the department. Accordingly he addresses the Secretary. His despatch lies in the department pigeon-holes till it is dust-laden; goes slowly the rounds of three or four clerks; finally reaches the assistant secretary; and in the course of two or three months a neat despatch in reply is forwarded to the consul, so ambiguous in explanation and so pompously vague in expression, that, in his despair, he is tempted to toss up a cent to decide in which way he shall interpret it. Gradually the fact dawns upon him that all his vigilance and care does not advance him a step in the estimation of his superiors. He sees consuls who have been cited to him as examples of efficiency and official diligence suddenly removed, without notice or excuse; sees men assuming their places who cannot read or write correct English, who are, in their own localities, bankrupt in name and fortune, whose manners betray a familiarity with bar-rooms and frontier towns, who are looked upon with wonder and disgust in the places to which they are accredited. He finds that a consul, be he ever so excellent, who has no "political influence," is in constant danger of being ordered home as if he were a boy in disgrace; and that a consul, be he ever so incompetent, be his manners ever so gross, be his accounts ever so behindhand, be he ever so often a truant from his post, — a consul who *has* "political influence" may go on indefinitely bringing odium upon the American name, and converting the consular fees "to his own use," with his political head untouched and his security unmolested.

Is it wonderful that this fact, im-

pressed again and again upon the mind of the earnestly striving officer, should discourage him; that he should lose his ambition to do his duty faithfully; that he should determine to make the best of his place while he has it, squeezing as much money out of it as he might, escaping from duty and going off on pleasure tours when he thought the way was clear, and leaving the business in the hands of French or German clerks? Is it strange that he found his predecessor's accounts and records a mass of confusion and a monument of deliberate neglect, and that he leaves his own equally awry to his successor? Is it strange that he gets careless about sailors' pay and invoices, that captains get off without disgorging the dues of their men, and that Continental Jews slip their goods in at our custom-houses on false valuations and to the detriment both of the revenue and of honest merchants?

This is, indeed, one, and only one, of the evils worked in the consular service by our world-wide famous system of rotation in office. To be an American consul is not, if it ever was, held to be an honor in Europe. A consul who arrives at his post often finds himself an object rather of curiosity than of respect. I have often heard it remarked by Europeans, that American consuls were a very different sort of men from the consuls of other nations. Europeans, with their notions of system, gradation, permanency of efficient service, and promotion for merit, are at a loss to comprehend the sudden changes made by our government. For this reason, the removal of a consul who has tried to do and consciously succeeded in doing his duty, is painful to him for other reasons than the mere loss of salary and position. To a man of sensitive honor, these are but secondary considerations. Even the affront — for it is nothing less — which is offered to him by a removal, not only without explanation, but without the least notice, — a removal effected simply by the appearance at his desk of his successor demanding his chair, — is not the most serious feature of his position. He has resided long enough at his post to make official and social acquaintances, and to form ties of friendship; he has won, perhaps, the esteem, confidence, and respect of the community. How can this community regard his sudden dismissal? Even those who are his friends and have esteemed him are constrained (arguing from their own official system) to suspect him of having forfeited the confidence of his government. Is he inefficient, has he embezzled, what can be his fault? Only a very few, abroad, understand the "rotation-in-office" system; and the effect is that the removed consul's reputation is in jeopardy when so curtly dismissed, without a reason.

The only possible way to make our consular service efficient and honorable is to insure permanency, if not to hold out a prospect of promotion, to those who prove themselves to be good officers.

One instance may be stated, of the apparent indifference of our political authorities to the good of the public service, and the consequent detriment it receives. It is that of Mr. Abbot, the late consul at Sheffield. This officer, after serving for many years in the State Department, some of the time as the head of the consular bureau, was appointed to Sheffield on the ground of his great familiarity with the consular duties and rules, the laws bearing upon the office, and his ability and uprightness as long exhibited in the department. His conduct of the Sheffield consulate was such as to call out repeated commendatory despatches from successive Secretaries. He was known, both at the department and in the service, as the most indefatigable, exact, diligent, painstaking, and efficient consul in the corps. He was regarded as the best authority on consular matters, and was often consulted by the department and members of Congressional committees on subjects relating to this service. He had edited the manual. He never shrank from any controversy with the Sheffield mer-

chants, but, on the contrary, had a long and bitter conflict with them in relation to the valuation of the cutlery imported by them into the United States. His object in this was to insure our government the just and exact revenue due. His action was approved by the department. He received a despatch, not only of approval, but couched in terms of high and cordial commendation of his performance of the duties. A few months afterward, no incident affecting the case intervening, he was summarily removed, curtly and without explanation. The President had visited Connecticut; and a week or two after the visit a Connecticut man was named for consul at Sheffield. Mr. Abbot doubtless saved our revenue many thousands, besides maintaining a consulate which was a model to all others; and this was his reward.

Of the many things in which our consular service needs a thorough and vigorous reform, I have space to designate but a few. The first of these would doubtless be, to ascertain, by pertinent tests, the ability and character of the candidates, excluding all from office who were evidently unfit, or rather who were not evidently fit. If the regulations already quoted were vigorously enforced, something would be gained. But the gain would be greater if a competitive examination, free to all comers, were established; for this, faithfully carried out, would exclude Presidential pets and Congressional favorites, unless these prevailed on the test of competency. The board of examiners should be both experts, and wholly independent of the appointing power and of all other political influence. The next rule would seem to follow naturally from such a mode of selection. Let the term of office depend on the competency of the officer, and on that alone; put it out of the power of political hands to disturb a *faithful* servant. Then give ample, distinct, and responsible powers to consuls-general, to exercise control over the consuls of the country where they reside. As it is, consuls-general are in a thick mist as to their powers, which has rather a worse effect than if they had no powers at all.

A reform of the consular service embracing these points would go far towards elevating its character and improving its efficiency; but it would not be yet complete. A reorganization as regards the consulates themselves, and the salaries attached to them, is perceived to be necessary by those who are familiar with the subject. Secretary Seward probably did more for the reformation of the consular system than any other occupant of that office. Something like method and order, though of an imperfect kind, grew out of his efforts. The judiciousness of his appointments was often remarked, and is one of the conspicuous features of his administration. He rarely appointed a consul who proved unfit, and he appointed many of eminent fitness. He found the system costly to the government, and left it more than self-sustaining. This he did by recommending the abolition of some consulates, the cutting down of fees and salaries in others. Probably he went as far, in consular reform, as he could do in the troublous era of his secretaryship, and under the pressure of influential politicians. At all events, although he showed zeal in reorganizing the service, he left the work incomplete. There are still many consulates which might properly be abolished altogether; others whose emoluments to the consul might be diminished; others which might easily be reduced to consular agencies under the supervision of a neighboring consulate. At Moscow, we are told, the fees collected amount annually to $ 9, while the salaries paid are $ 2,228; at Brindisi, fees collected $ 2.50, salaries about $ 2,000; at Boulogne-sur-mer the fees are next to nothing, and the consul's salary is $ 1,500. These are only three out of many instances. Each might be abolished or made consular agencies without injury to the government. But the more the offices, the more hungry mouths are filled; and thereby hangs the mystery

of many of these things. On the other hand, consular agencies might be named, yielding good incomes to foreign agents, which could be raised to the rank of consulates and filled by responsible American citizens.

Consular agents are officers, subordinate to full consuls, exercising duties within the limits of the consulates at places different from those at which the full consul resides. These are usually nominated by the consul, and are native merchants, lawyers, or notaries. The seats of consular agencies are places which have some, but not a very extensive trade with this country; and where, therefore, it would not pay to accredit a full-salaried consul. In such cases it is well enough, if there be no resident American willing to accept the agency, to appoint natives. But there are two offices to which it will be generally thought it is improper and injurious to appoint foreigners; these are the full consulships and the vice-consulships.

It is probably not widely known that a considerable number of our consuls abroad are persons of foreign birth. Many of them are natives of the countries in which their consulates are situated; some of them are natives of countries which are on ill terms with the countries where their consulates are situated. An Irishman, until recently, was consul at Southampton; and several of the English, Scotch, and Irish consulates are held by natives of those countries. The same is true of nearly every nation; especially of Germany, where the large minority of American consuls are Germans. The proportion is still greater in the vice-consular offices. The vice-consuls are the deputies of the consuls, acting with their full power when they are absent, and, in the larger consulates, performing at all times the substantial, every-day work of the offices.

This is certainly an evil. The interests of American citizens are thus committed to foreign hands in a foreign country. In cases of misunderstanding or conflict of opinion between the consul and the native authorities, the former, being himself a native of that country, must often decide between the instinct of patriotism, the sympathy with the land of his birth, and his official duty to the land of his perhaps recent adoption. No one would expect an American consul, who is a German, residing in Germany, retaining the old affection for Germany, to be the judicial, prompt, and energetic officer, when a contested matter arises, which it is imperative that our consuls should be. The zeal necessary adequately to perform these functions should be, if not prompted, at least encouraged, by patriotic feeling. I have no intention of protesting against the appointment of naturalized citizens to office. There are reasons why intelligent and capable naturalized citizens should share in the gifts of the public service; and such examples as Schurz, Sigel, and Meagher show that our Senate and army may be honored by the advancement of such men. But in our foreign appointments, the reasons would seem to be clear, why, unless the case is extraordinary, foreigners should not be selected. Under a well-ordered, firmly established system of equal competitive examination (not a mere formal examination, but one sufficiently simple and practical to effect a real test of qualifications), the only valid argument for appointing foreigners to positions abroad would disappear; for they would not then be the only persons capable of comprehending the language of the consular locality. This policy is only one more of those evils brought into our public administration by the greed of party and the exigencies of politicians. The "foreign element" must be courted. There are so many thousand German or Irish votes in a Congressional district. These must be conciliated, at any cost. Fit or unfit, their leaders must be "provided for." And so, whether the service is well performed or not, Germans and Irishmen must be sent to be American representatives at Dublin and Berlin.

Every consideration which refers to

the abuses and corruptions of the consular service, or to the remedies to be applied thereto, — as every consideration regarding all our offices, — leads us to one conclusion. No matter what the point of view from which we look at this subject, — whether we regard the method of nomination and of appointment, the position of the officer at his post, the scope and application of the rules by which he is guided, the supervision exercised over his conduct, the organization of the consulates themselves, the apportionment of salaries, the status of the vice-consuls and consular agents, — we are always coming in contact with the one prevailing disease which impairs the usefulness and soils the good name of the American civil service.

This is irresponsible, interested, and partial political patronage, which impedes necessary reforms, compels the appointment of incompetent persons, dictates arbitrary removals, denies the rewards of approbation and promotion to the worthy, and shields the delinquencies, and often the guilt, of the unworthy; which corrupts not only subordinates, but the heads of departments, and the Presidential office itself; which favors, not loyalty to the nation, but loyalty to party and persons only; which breeds extravagance in the disposal of the public moneys, carelessness and peculation in the official who knows that his time is short, and a disregard of the public weal in successful aspirants to power.

George M. Towle.

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.

AFTER THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTER.

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and gray stones of the Horg,
In its little Christian city stands the church of Vordingborg,
In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful of his power,
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his tower.

Then spake the King to Henrik, his young and faithful squire:
"Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy desire?"
"Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only me:
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee."

Loud laughed the king: "To-morrow shall bring another day,*
When I myself will test her; she will not say me nay."
Thereat the lords and gallants, that round about him stood,
Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as courtiers should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and on the ancient town
From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden Goose looks down:
The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind of morn,
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and spins,
And, singing with the early birds, her daily task begins.
Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her garden-bower,
But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than the flower.

* A common saying of Valdemar; hence his sobriquet *Alterday*.

About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly, and, white
As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small, round wrists in sight;
Below the modest petticoat can only half conceal
The motion of the fairest foot that ever turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sunshine warm;
But, look! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades it with her arm.
And, hark! a train of horsemen, with sound of dog and horn,
Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling down the corn!

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume streamed gay,
As fast beside her father's gate the riders held their way;
And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden spur on heel,
And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden checked her wheel.

"All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to me!
For weary months in secret my heart has longed for thee!'
What noble knight was this? What words for modest maiden's ear?
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel; she fain would seek the door,
Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes crimsoned o'er.
"Nay, fear me not," the rider said, "I offer heart and hand,
Bear witness these good Danish knights who round about me stand.

"I grant you time to think of this, to answer as you may,
For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another day."
He spake the old phrase slyly as, glancing round his train,
He saw his merry followers seek to hide their smiles in vain.

"The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your curls of golden hair,
I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you wear;
All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in a chariot gay
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds of gray.

"And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and brazen lamps shall glow;
On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances to and fro.
At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall shine,
While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and drink the blood-red wine."

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face to face;
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip found place.
Back from her low white forehead the curls of gold she threw,
And lifted up her eyes to his steady and clear and blue.

"I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight;
I will not trust a love that soon may cool and turn to slight.
If you would wed me henceforth be a peasant, not a lord;
I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty sword."

"To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel away,
And in its place will swing the scythe and mow your father's hay."
"Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can never bear;
A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all that you must wear."

"Well, Vadmal will I wear for you," the rider gayly spoke,
"And on the Lord's high altar I 'll lay my scarlet cloak."
"But mark," she said, "no stately horse my peasant love must ride,
A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he must guide."

The knight looked down upon his steed: "Well, let him wander free:
No other man must ride the horse that has been backed by me.
Henceforth I 'll tread the furrow and to my oxen talk,
If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk."

"You must take from out your cellar cask of wine and flask and can;
The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant-man."
"Most willingly, fair Elsie, I 'll drink that mead of thine,
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to drain my generous wine."

"Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign and boss,
Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly knee across.
And pull me down your castle from top to basement wall,
And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of your hall!"

Then smiled he with a lofty pride; right well at last he knew
The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her troth-plight true.
"Ah, roguish little Elsie! you act your part full well:
You know that I must bear my shield and in my castle dwell!

"The lions ramping on that shield between the hearts aflame
Keep watch o'er Denmark's honor, and guard her ancient name.
For know that I am Volmer; I dwell in yonder towers,
Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this goodly home of ours!

"I tempt no more, fair Elsie! your heart I know is true;
Would God that all our maidens were good and pure as you!
Well have you pleased your monarch, and he shall well repay;
God's peace! Farewell! To-morrow will bring another day!"

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good steed then,
And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his gallant men.
The steel hoofs beat the rocky path; again on winds of morn
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful!" the listening Henrik cried;
And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he stood by Elsie's side.
None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from afar,
The Golden Goose that watched them from the tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark! of all the flowers that throng
Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for you my song.
No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's skill;
Thank God! of maids like Elsie the land has plenty still!

John G. Whittier.

THOMAS JEFFERSON A VIRGINIA LAWYER.

HE was admitted to the bar at a fortunate time for a profession that thrives most when the community has ceased to thrive.

During the flush period, when Virginia seemed to be so flourishing because she was living on her capital, — the virgin soil of the river valleys, — the people indulged to the full that antipathy to lawyers which appears natural to the rustic mind. Far back in Charles I.'s reign, in 1642, the Assembly had passed a law that "all mercenary attorneys be wholly expelled" from the courts of Virginia; meaning by "mercenary attorneys," *paid* attorneys. The reason assigned for this act was, that "many troublesome suits are multiplied by the unskilfulness and covetousness of attorneys, who have more intended their own profit and their inordinate lucre than the good and benefit of their clients." The very tautologies of this law seem to betray the trembling eagerness of the honest burgess who drew it.

For nearly eleven years not a lawyer in Virginia could lawfully take a fee for serving a client in court. But, of course, the rogues evaded the act; and this the Assembly tried to prevent by enacting a supplement, to the effect that no attorney should "take *any* recompense, directly or indirectly," for *any* legal service; but in case a judge should perceive that a man was likely to lose his cause merely by his inability to plead it, he was "to appoint some fitt man out of the people" to plead it for him, who was to be paid such a fee as the court should deem just. The plan was plausible, but it did not answer. The act was repealed; and such attorneys as were licensed were bound by a stringent oath not to oppress clients nor foment suits. But no sooner were the lawyers in the courts again, than they behaved in such a way as to become more odious than ever. Then the House of Burgesses — in 1657, his Highness, Oliver Cromwell, being Lord Protector — took up the subject anew, and debated this question: Shall we attempt "a regulation or totall ejection of lawyers"? The House decided for "totall ejection," and framed a law which they thought would be too much even for a lawyer's cunning to evade: "Noe person or persons within this collony, either lawyers or any other," shall plead for pay in a court, nor give counsel in any cause or controversy, for any kind of compensation, under a penalty of five thousand pounds of tobacco for every offence; "and because the breakers thereof through their subtillity cannot easily be discerned," every man pleading for another must take an oath that he is not "a breaker of the act."

But the governor and council had a veto on the acts of the Assembly. It reveals to us the intensity of the odium in which lawyers were held, that the governor and council did not directly veto so preposterous a law, but attempted to parry it by sending this message: "The governor and council will consent to this proposition so farr as it shall be agreeable to Magna Charta." The Assembly made "humble reply," that they had considered Magna Charta, but found nothing therein applicable to the case; and as lawyers had been kept out of the courts for more than ten years by the act of a former House, "wee humbly conceive that wee have no less power" to eject them again. The humble reply seems to have convinced the governor and council; for the law appears in the statutes, and remained in force for twenty-three years!

But our complicated modern world cannot do without lawyers, not even simple, rustic old Virginia. And ac-

cordingly, in 1680, thirty-second of Charles II., we find a House of Burgesses — farmers to a man — enacting the lawyers back again, and giving good reasons therefor: "Whereas all courts in this country are many tymes hindred and troubled in their judiciall proceedings by the impertinent discourses of many busy and ignorant men who will pretend to assist their friend in his busines and to cleare the matter more plainly to the court, although never desired or requested thereunto by the person whome they pretended to assist, and many tymes to the destruction of his cause, and the greate trouble and hindrance of the court; for prevention whereof to the future, Bee it enacted," that no one shall in future presume to plead in any court of this Colony without license "first obtained and had," under penalties of six hundred or of two thousand pounds of tobacco, according to the dignity of the court in which the offence shall have been committed.

This act terminated a controversy which had lasted thirty-eight years; and the Assembly, having admitted lawyers, fixed their compensation at rates which were meant to be liberal. For conducting a cause in the chief court of the Colony an attorney was allowed to charge five hundred pounds of tobacco, and in the county courts, one hundred and fifty pounds, — splendid compensation if tobacco could only have been kept up to a shilling a pound.

When John Rolfe, not yet husband of Pocahontas, planted the first tobacco seed in Jamestown in 1612, good tobacco sold in London docks at five shillings a pound, or two hundred and fifty pounds sterling for a hogshead of a thousand pounds' weight. Fatal facility of money-making! It was this that diverted all labor, capital, and enterprise into one channel, and caused that first ship-load of negroes in the James River to be so welcome. The planter could have had but one object, — to get more slaves in order to raise more tobacco. Hence, the price was ever on the decline, drooping first from shillings to pence, and then going down the scale of pence, until it remained for some years at an average of about two pence a pound in Virginia, and three pence in London. In Virginia, it often fell below two pence; as, during brief periods of scarcity, it would rise to six pence and seven pence. A fee of five hundred pounds of tobacco, from 1680 to 1750 might average about three guineas; and a fee of one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco, something less than one guinea. These sums, small as they seem to us, sufficed to create the profession of the law in Virginia, and to draw into it a few of the younger sons of great planters, and the eldest sons of western yeomen.

But these fees were the highest that could be charged. It is evident from Jefferson's own books, that his usual compensation was somewhat less; for he records, that during his first year at the bar, 1767, he was employed in sixty-eight cases before the General Court, — business that must have brought with it many cases in county courts; but his entire emolument for the year was a little more than two hundred pounds sterling; or, in the currency of Virginia, as set down by himself, with Jeffersonian exactness, £293 4*s* 5¾*d*. From the accounts of later years, I should conclude that his cases, one with another, yielded him about one pound sterling profit; for the number of his cases and the number of pounds of his law income are never far from equal, in the busier years of his practice. Translating the pounds of that period into the dollars of this, it was as though a lawyer of the present day should receive fifty dollars for arguing a cause before the Supreme Court of the United States, ten dollars for a cause before a local court, two dollars for a verbal opinion, and five for a written one. As late as 1792, when lawyers' fees were again fixed by law in Virginia, the most eminent lawyer in the State could not legally charge, for the most elaborate written opinion

on the most abstruse question relating to real estate, more than sixteen dollars and sixty-six cents; and when lawyers attended at a distance from their homes, they could charge for their time not more than three dollars and fifty-eight cents per day. Well might Mr. Webster say, that in that age lawyers "worked hard, lived well, and died poor."

Nevertheless, it was a good time for a lawyer when Jefferson began to practise; for he could make up for the smallness of his fees by the number of his cases. Everybody almost was in law. After a hundred years of profusion, pay-day, postponed by mortgage and other devices, was at hand, and the shadow of coming ruin darkened many a stately house.

Old Virginia is a pathetic chapter in Political Economy. *Old* Virginia, indeed! She reached decrepitude while contemporary communities were enjoying the first vigor of youth; while New York was executing the task which Virginia's George Washington had suggested and foretold, that of connecting the waters of the great West with the ocean; while New England was careering gayly over the sea, following the whale to his most distant retreat, and feeding belligerent nations with her superabundance. One little century of seeming prosperity, — three generations of spendthrifts, — then the lawyer and the sheriff! Nothing was invested, nothing was saved for the future. There were no manufactures, no commerce, no towns, no internal trade, no great middle class. As fast as that virgin richness of soil could be converted into tobacco, and sold in London docks, the proceeds were expended in vast, ugly mansions, heavy furniture, costly apparel, Madeira wine, fine horses, huge coaches, and more slaves. The planters lived as though virgin soil were revenue, not capital. They tried to maintain in Virginia the lordly style of English grandees, *without* any Birmingham, Staffordshire, Sheffield, or London docks to pay for it. Their short-lived prosperity consisted of three elements, — virgin soil, low-priced slaves, high-priced tobacco. The virgin soil was rapidly exhausted; the price of negroes was always on the increase; and the price of tobacco was always tending downward. Their sole chance of founding a stable commonwealth was to invest the proceeds of their tobacco in something that would absorb their labor, and yield them profit, when the soil would no longer produce tobacco.

But their laborers were ignorant slaves, the possession of whom destroyed their energy, swelled their pride, and dulled their understandings. Virginia's case was hopeless from the day on which that Dutch ship landed the first twenty slaves; and when the time of reckoning came, the people had nothing to show for their long occupation of one of the finest estates in the world, except great hordes of negroes, breeding with the rapidity of rabbits; upon whose annual increase Virginia subsisted until the most glorious and beneficial of all wars set the white race free, and gave Virginia her second opportunity.

All this was nobody's fault. It was a combination of circumstances against which the unenlightened human nature of that period could not possibly have made head. No man saw anything wrong in slavery. No man knew much about the laws that control the prosperity of states. No man understood the science of agriculture. Every one with whom those proud and thoughtless planters dealt plundered them, and the mother country discouraged every attempt of the colonists to manufacture their own supplies. There were so many charges upon tobacco in its course from the planter's packing-house to the consumer's pipe, that it was no very uncommon thing, in dull years, for the planter to receive from his agent in London, in return for his hogsheads of tobacco, not a pleasant sum of money, nor even a box of clothes, but a bill of charges which the price of the tobacco had not covered. One of the hardships of which the

clergy complained was, that they did not "dare" to send their tobacco to London, for fear of being brought in debt by it; but had to sell it on the spot to speculators much below the London price. The old Virginia laws and records so abound in tobacco information, that we can follow a hogshead of tobacco from its native plantation on the James, to the shop of the tobacconist in London.

In the absence of farm vehicles, — many planters who kept a coach had no wagons, — each hogshead was attached to a pair of shafts with a horse between them, and "rolled" to a shed on the bank of the stream. When a ship arrived in the river from London, it anchored opposite each plantation which it served, and set ashore the portion of the cargo belonging to it; continuing its upward course until the hold was empty. Then, descending the river, it stopped at the different plantations, taking in from each its hogsheads of tobacco; and the captain receiving long lists of articles to be bought in London with the proceeds of the tobacco. The rivers of Virginia, particularly the Potomac and the James, are wide and shallow, with a deep channel far from either shore; so that the transfer of the tobacco from the shore to the ship, in the general absence of landings, was troublesome and costly. To this day, as readers remember, the piers on the James present to the wondering passenger from the North a stretch of pine planks, from an eighth to half a mile long. The ship is full, at length; drops down past Newport News, salutes the fort upon Old Point Comfort, and glides out between the capes into the ocean.

Suppose her now safe in London docks, say about the year 1735, the middle of the prosperous period, when the great houses were building in Virginia, with stabling for "a hundred horses," and pretext of work for "a hundred servants." By the time she is fast at her berth the vultures have alighted upon her deck. Two "land-waiters" represent the authorities of the custom-house, and are sworn to see that the king gets his own. A personage called the "ship's husband" is not long behind them. He, representing the merchant to whom the tobacco is consigned, would naturally be the antagonist of the land-waiters, but he is only too glad to establish an understanding with them; and behind each of these two powers there is a train of hangers-on, hungry for a morsel of the prey. There is already a charge of two pounds for freight upon each hogshead. As soon as the ship is reported at the custom-house, the king demands his "old subsidy" of three farthings upon every pound of tobacco on board, — more than three pounds sterling on a hogshead of a thousand pounds weight. The "duty" of five and one third pence per pound has next to be calculated, and a bond given for its payment when the tobacco is sold for home consumption. The purchaser, it is true, pays these duties, but the planter is responsible and bound for the payment.

Then there is a continuous fire of petty charges at each unfortunate hogshead, some of which it is difficult now to explain. I copy the following items from an agent's bill of 1733: "primage, 6 *d.*"; "wharfage and lighterage, 6 *d.*"; "Mr Perry, 3 *d.*"; "husbanding the ship, 4 *d.*"; "watching and drink, 3 *d.*"; "entry inwards and bonds, 6 *d.*"; "land-waiters' fees, 3 *d.*"; "dinners, breakfasts to the husband and officers while landing the ship, with other incident expenses, 9 *d.*"; "entry outwards and searchers, 8 *d.*"; "cocket * money, etc., 3 *d.*"; "debentures one with another, 13 *d.*"; "cooperage on board, 2 *d.*"; "ditto, landing, 1 *s.*"; "ditto, outwards, 9 *d.*"; "refusing and hoops, 1 *d.*"; "porterage, rehousing, and extraordinary rummaging, 6 *d.*"; "weighing and shipping, 6 *d.*"; "wharfage and lighterage outwards, 6 *d.*"; "cartage, 1 *s.*"; "warehouse rent for three

* Cocket. A scroll of parchment, sealed and delivered, by the officers of the custom-house to merchants, as a warrant that their merchandise is entered. — Webster.

months, 1 *s.* 6 *d.*"; "brokerage, 2 *s.*"; "postage, as charged by the post-office"; "agent's commission, 2½ per cent." In other bills I observe such words as "suttle," * and the old familiar "tare" and "tret."

Besides these vexatious charges, each of which could be a pretext for fraud, the London agent had other modes of despoiling the planter who was quaffing his Madeira or chasing the fox three thousand miles away. Two pounds of tobacco were allowed to be taken from each hogshead for a sample; but a cooper who knew what was due to a British merchant and to himself could draw eight pounds as well as two; and a weigher who had been previously "seen" could mark down the weight of a hogshead two hundred pounds or ten pounds, according to the size of the hogshead; leaving the planter to decide whether *his* scales or those of the London Custom-House were untrustworthy. In a word, all those fraudulent devices complained of by honest merchants in the bad days of the New York Custom-House were familiar in the custom-house of London in 1733; and the frauds were concealed by precisely the same means. Upon the arrival of a ship, the merchant to whom the tobacco was consigned would apply for the services of certain land-waiters, "*whose friendship he could rely upon*," to superintend the landing of his tobacco. Perhaps they were engaged at the time. Then he delayed landing his tobacco till they were at leisure. The rest can be imagined. The weighers, the coopers, and the "ship's husband" understand one another, and "if," as an old Remonstrance has it, "any two of them agree in their account, the third alters his book to make it agree with theirs." † We read, besides, of British merchants sweeping the refuse of their warehouses into casks, putting a little good tobacco at the top and bottom; and, after getting a drawback of duty from their own government, sending this mass of dust and stalks to defraud a foreign country. In 1750, when tobacco yielded the British government one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling per annum, it gave the planter an average profit of one pound sterling per hogshead.

The same factors who sold the Virginia tobacco were usually charged to purchase the merchandise which the planters required. Doubtless, many of them performed both duties with sufficient correctness; but, down to the Revolution, it was a standing complaint with the planters, that their tobacco brought them less and their merchandise cost them more than they had expected. Readers remember the emphatic expostulations of General Washington on both these points. The very ships that carried the tobacco and brought back the merchandise were nearly all owned in London. When a Yankee merchant had a prosperous year or made a lucky voyage, he built another schooner; so that when Jefferson made his first bow to a jury in 1767, New England owned seven eighths of the shipping that frequented New England ports. But of all the great fleet trading with Virginia,—about three hundred vessels in 1767,—seven eighths belonged to British merchants. The Yankee's new schooner proved a better investment than the Virginian's "likely negro wenches," whom the Yankee's schooner brought for him from the coast of Guinea; and the Virginian's pipes of Madeira consumed his acres, while the Yankee with his New England rum added acres to his estate.

How little the planters foresaw the desolation of their Province is affectingly attested by many of the relics of their brief affluence. They built their parish churches to last centuries, like the churches to which they were accustomed "at home." In neighborhoods where now a congregation of fifty persons could not be collected there are

* SUTTLE. Suttle-weight, in commerce, is the weight when the tare has been deducted, and tret is yet to be allowed. — WEBSTER.

† Case of the Tobacco-Planters of Virginia as represented by themselves: signed by the President of the Council and Speaker of the House of Burgesses. London. 1733.

the ruins of churches that were evidently built for the accommodation of numerous and wealthy communities; a forest, in some instances, has grown up all around them, making it difficult to get near the imperishable walls. Sometimes the wooden roof has fallen in, and one huge tree, rooted among the monumental slabs of the middle aisle, has filled all the interior. Other old churches long stood solitary in old fields, the roof sound, but the door standing open, in which the beasts found nightly shelter; and into which the passing horseman rode and sat on his horse before the altar till the storm passed. Others have been used by farmers as wagon-houses, by fishermen to hang their seines in, by gatherers of turpentine as storehouses. One was a distillery, and another was a barn. A poor drunken wretch reeled for shelter into an abandoned church of Chesterfield County, — the county of the first Jeffersons, — and he died in a drunken sleep at the foot of the reading-desk, where he lay undiscovered until his face was devoured by rats. An ancient font was found doing duty as a tavern punch-bowl; and a tombstone, which served as the floor of an oven, used to print memorial words upon loaves of bread. Fragments of richly colored altar-pieces, fine pulpit-cloths, and pieces of old carving used to be preserved in farm-houses, and shown to visitors. When the late Bishop Meade began his rounds, forty years ago, elderly people would bring to him sets of communion plate and single vessels, which had once belonged to the parish church, long deserted, and beg him to take charge of them.

Those pretty girls of the Apollo who turned young Jefferson's head in 1762, and most of the other bright spirits of that generation, — where does their dust repose? In cemeteries so densely covered with trees and tangled shrubbery, that no traces of their tombstones can be discovered; in cemeteries, over which the plough and the harrow pass; in cemeteries, through the walls of which some stream has broken, and where the bones and skulls of the dead may be seen afloat upon the slime.

The suddenness of the collapse was most remarkable. Westmoreland County, the birthplace of Washington, Madison, Monroe, and Marshall, called absurdly enough "the Athens of Virginia," was still the most polite and wealthy region of Virginia when Thomas Jefferson was a young lawyer. In thirty years it became waste and desolate. A picket-guard, in 1813, posted on the Potomac to watch for the expected British fleet, were seeking one day a place to encamp, when they came upon an old church the condition of which revealed at once the completeness and the recentness of the ruin. It stood in a lonely dell, where the silence was broken only by the breeze whispering through the pines and cedars and dense shrubbery that closed the entrance. Huge oaks standing near the walls enveloped the roof with their long, interlacing branches. The doors all stood wide open; the windows were broken; the roof was rotten and had partly fallen in; and a giant pine, uprooted by a tempest, was lying against the front, choking up the principal door. The churchyard, which was extensive, and enclosed by a high brick wall of costly structure, was densely covered all over with tombstones and monuments, many of which, though they bore names once held in honor throughout Virginia, were broken to pieces or prostrate, with brambles and weeds growing thick and tangled between them everywhere. The parish had been important enough to have a separate building for a vestry just outside the churchyard wall. This had rotted away from its chimney, which stood erect in a mass of ruin.

With some difficulty the soldiers forced their way through the fine old porch between massive doors into the church. What a picture of desolation was disclosed! The roof, rotted away at the corners, had let in for years the snow and rain, staining and spoiling the interior. The galleries, where, in

the olden time, the grandees of the parish sat, in their square, high pews, were sloping and leaning down upon the pews on the floor, and, on one side, had quite fallen out. The remains of the great Bible still lay open on the desk, and the tattered canvas that hung from the walls showed traces of the Creed and Commandments which had once been written upon it. The marble font was gone ; it was a punch-bowl, the commander of the picket was told. The communion-table, which had been a superb piece of work, of antique pattern, with a heavy walnut top, was in its place, but roughened and stained by exposure. It was afterwards used as a chopping-block. The brick aisles showed that the church was the resort of animals, and the wooden ceiling was alive with squirrels and snakes. The few inhabitants of the vicinity — white trash — held the old church and its wilderness of graves in dread, and scarcely dared enter the tangled dell in which they were. It was only the runaway slave, overcome by a greater terror, flying from a being more awful than any ghost, — savage man, — that ventured to go into the church itself, and crouch among the broken pews.

Such is the ruin that befalls a community which subsists upon its capital. We have seen the end of it. Mr. Jefferson, admitted to the bar in 1767, saw the beginning of it, and doubled his estate by it in seven years' practice. He was present as a spectator in the House of Burgesses in 1765, when an attempt was made to bolster the falling fortunes of leading members by loans of public money. Patrick Henry exploded the scheme by an epigram. The Speaker of the House, who was also the treasurer of the Province, had been in the habit for years of lending sums of the public money to distressed members and others, becoming himself responsible to the government for the repayment. But those planters were doomed never to be again in a paying condition. Many of them borrowed, few repaid, until his deficit was a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. A Ring was formed in the Assembly for the double purpose of relieving the Speaker's estate from this menacing obligation, and of enabling him to accommodate others of the Ring with further loans of public money. A public loan office was proposed, a sort of Bank of Virginia, authorized to lend the public money on good security. It was the intention of this Ring to make the scheme work backward, and include the loans already effected. Mr. Speaker Robinson, in fact, intended to slip his shoulders out from under his burden and leave it saddled upon Virginia. The bill being introduced, the borrowing gentlemen supported it by the usual argument. Many men in the Colony of large property had been obliged to contract debts, the immediate exaction of which would cause their ruin ; but, with a little time and a little seasonable assistance, they could pay everything they owed with ease. Patrick Henry was not the most solvent of men, but he saw the fallacy of this argument as applied to the lavish aristocrats of Eastern Virginia.

"What, sir," he cried, condensing his speech into a sentence, "is it proposed, then, to reclaim the spendthrift from his dissipation and extravagance by filling his pockets with money?"

There was an end of the scheme of a loan office. That rending sentence penetrated the understandings of Western yeomen, the solvent class of Virginia, and they were too numerous for the insolvent aristocrats to carry a measure against them. The Speaker died next year ; the deficit could no longer be concealed ; the real object of the scheme became apparent ; and the Speaker's estate had to make good the loss.

All this sank deeply into the mind of the young man who stood listening to the debate at the door of the chamber. That epigram of his guest stuck in his memory, and remained fixed there while memory held her seat. In scenes widely different from these, at a time many years distant, this debate and the impressive commentary

upon it disclosed by the Speaker's death may have influenced him too much, may have made him too distrustful of institutions which enable men of business to apply the superabundance of next month to the insufficiency of this.

For the present, behold him a busy, thriving young lawyer, in the midst of the general embarrassment of the great planters. Sixty-eight cases before the chief court of the Province the first year of his practice; the second year, one hundred and fifteen; the third, one hundred and ninety-eight; the fourth, one hundred and twenty-one; the fifth, one hundred and thirty-seven; the sixth, one hundred and fifty-four; the seventh, one hundred and twenty-seven; the eighth, — which was 1774, — only twenty-nine, for by that time Virginia had other work for him. This account, which Mr. Randall copied from Jefferson's own books, shows a falling off from the year 1769. But it was a falling off only from his practice in that one court. As the new party lines were formed and party feeling waxed hot, he lost some practice in the General Court, but more than made up for the loss by an increase of office business and county-court cases. In 1771 he was engaged in a hundred and thirty-seven causes before the General Court; but the whole number of his cases that year was four hundred and thirty; since the politics that may have repelled the tobacco lords of Lower Virginia attracted clients in the mountain counties. To the income of four hundred pounds a year, derived from his farm, a professional revenue was now added that averaged more than five hundred pounds a year; which made him, with his excellent habits, a prosperous young gentleman indeed, able to add a few hundred acres to his estate, from time to time, until his home farm of nineteen hundred acres had become in 1774 a number of farms and tracts, five thousand acres in all, and "all paid for." There was nothing in which a thriving Virginian of that day could invest his surplus income except land and slaves. Every one had the mania for possessing vast tracts of land, hoping one day to have negroes enough to clear and work them. Jefferson, however, appears never to have bought slaves as an investment. The thirty slaves inherited from his father in 1757 had become but fifty-four in 1774; and his further increase in this kind of property came to him by other ways than purchase.

It is not clear to us what he could have done with his stores of legal knowledge, practising before such courts as they had then in Virginia. The General Court, of which we read so much, what was it? It was not a bench of learned judges, raised from the bar by their superior ability and judicial cast of mind. It was composed of the governor and a quorum (five) of the council; the council being a dozen or so of the great planters, appointed by the king, and selected, as we are told, for their "wealth, station, and loyalty." This council was a little House of Lords to the Province; and, like the British House of Lords, it was the Supreme Court as well, without a learned chancellor on the woolsack. Governor Fauquier, one would think, was better fitted to decide a card-table dispute, a point of drawing-room etiquette, or the scanning of a line in Horace, than knotty questions of law; but he was the legal head of this court as long as he filled the place of governor. Nor is it to be supposed that the wealthy planters of the council had either inclination or ability to make up judgments from the reasoning of the Wythes and the Jeffersons that conducted causes in their hearing. But the English have had ways of neutralizing the errors of their system. They know how, among a crowd of pleasure-loving, unlearned peers, to get a few "law lords"; and how, into a committee or a commission of five or seven illustrious incapables, to insert *one* real person, who is appointed for the purpose of doing the work! So, in Virginia, there appears to have usually been in the body of councillors

one learned and able man, who performed the duty of listening, weighing, and deciding.

Jefferson had most of the requisites of a great lawyer: industry, so quiet, methodical, and sustained, that it amounted to a gift; learning, multifarious and exact; skill and rapidity in handling books; the instinct of research, that leads him who has it to the fact he wants, as surely as the hound scents the game; a serenity of temper which neither the inaptitude of witnesses nor the badgering of counsel could ever disturb; a habit of getting everything upon paper, in such a way that all his stores of knowledge could be marshalled and brought into action; a ready sympathy with a client's mind; an intuitive sense of what is due to the opinions, prejudices, and errors of others; a knowledge of the few avenues by which alone unwelcome truth can find access to a human mind; and the power to state a case with the clearness and brevity that often make argument superfluous. And surely it ought to be reckoned among the qualifications of a lawyer — a trained servant of justice — that he is himself just and a lover of whatever is right, fair, and equal between a man and his brother. A grandson of Mr. Jefferson once asked an old man who, in his youth, had often heard him plead causes, how he ranked as a speaker. "Well," said the old man, "it is hard to tell, because he always took the right side." *

He was no orator. He knew too much, and *was* too much, to be eloquent. He once defined a lawyer as a person whose trade it is to contest everything, concede nothing, and talk by the hour. He could not talk by the hour. Besides the mental impediment, there was a physical impediment to his addressing a large company. If he spoke in a tone much above that of conversation, his voice soon became husky and inarticulate. But Madison, to whom we owe the preservation of this fact, used also to say, that when he was a student, he heard his friend Jefferson plead a cause before a court, and he acquitted himself well, speaking with fluency as well as force. He could not have been wanting in such speech as was oftenest required before a jury, because we find his practice always increasing in the county courts. If he had lived in these times, Patrick Henry and himself would have formed a law partnership, perhaps; Jefferson getting up the cases, and Henry pleading such as gave scope and opportunity to his magnificent talent. It takes two men to make a man. What a power would have been wielded by a firm, one member of which was possessed of an unequalled gift of uttering the truth which the other was singularly gifted to investigate! The two talents have never been possessed in an eminent degree by one individual.

This young lawyer loved his work, and took an interest in it, apart from the exigencies of the moment. He was one of the first of his countrymen to form historical collections, — a taste since developed into mania. As Virginia was late in becoming familiar with the printing-press, the early laws had been supplied to the counties in manuscript at public expense, and without any adequate provision for their preservation. He found extreme difficulty in procuring copies of some of them; some appeared to have perished; others existed in one copy so rotten with age that a leaf would fall into powder on being touched. "I set myself, therefore, to work," he says, "to collect all which were then existing, in order that when the day should come in which the public should advert to the magnitude of their loss in these precious monuments of our property and our history, a part of their regret might be spared by information that a portion had been saved from the wreck, which is worthy of their attention and preservation. In searching after these remains, I spared neither time, trouble, nor expense." The more ancient manuscripts he preserved in oiled silk, some of them being so far gone, that

* Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson, p. 40.

having been laid open for copying, they could never be gathered up again, but perished of the operation. Others he had bound into volumes. If the reader will turn over the volumes of Hening's Statutes at Large, a publication suggested by Jefferson, and the most important work relating to the early history of Virginia which now exists, he will discover that a very large number of the most curious documents and earliest laws are credited by the editor to Mr. Jefferson's collection.

It belonged to his position in Albemarle to represent that county in the House of Burgesses; but in imitation of the British Parliament, the little parliament of Virginia usually lasted seven years, and consequently there had been no general election since he came of age. In 1767 Governor Fauquier died, aged sixty-five, and there was an interregnum of a year, during which the duties of governor devolved upon the President of the Council, John Blair. But there was no pause in the course of political events. The king held to his purpose of raising a revenue in the Colonies; and an obliging Ministry having, as they supposed, learned wisdom from the failure of their predecessors to enforce the Stamp Act, endeavored next "to raise a revenue from the Colonies *without giving them any offence.*" These words of Charles Townsend give us the key to the policy of the Ministry. The Colonies were to be flattered and conciliated. They had objected to an internal tax; very well, they should be accommodated with external duties, collected at the custom-houses, — trifling duties on glass, tea, paper, and painters' materials. Anything to oblige Colonies so loyal, so willing to assist a gracious young king. In the spring of 1768 an express came riding into Williamsburg, bearing a despatch from Massachusetts to the House of Burgesses, announcing the firm resolve of Massachusetts to resist these duties by all constitutional means, and asking the concurrence and co-operation of Virginia. The messenger, having delivered his despatch, rode southward to deliver copies of the same to the Carolinas and Georgia.

The Virginians, in the absence of a royal governor, could give full play to their opposition; for John Blair was in accord with the popular feeling. Another remonstrance was addressed to Great Britain, asserting strongly, but with dignity and moderation, the old principle: "No power on earth has a right to impose taxes on the people, or take the smallest portion of their property, without their consent given by their representatives." It is remarkable with what clearness this truth was perceived by every creature in America who had capacity to perceive any truth. Nearly everybody seems, at first, to have understood that this principle was, as our loyal Virginians said on this occasion, "the chief pillar of the Constitution," without which "no man could be said to have the least shadow of liberty"; since no man could be truly said to possess anything, if other men could lawfully take any portion of it.

A royal governor of amplest dignity was coming over the sea. In accordance with the new imbecility of flattering the Colonies, it was determined that in future the governor-in-chief should reside in Virginia, instead of governing his Province by a lieutenant. Virginia was thrilled by the announcement that a personage of no less note than the Right Honorable Norborne Baron de Botecourt was coming in person to govern them. In October, 1768, he arrived with a prodigious train of servants and baggage, and a gorgeous state-coach, the gift of the king, and milk-white steeds to draw it, which some historians say were eight in number, others six. Virginia, no less loyal to the king than to Magna Charta, rose to the occasion, and gave the Right Honorable Norborne Baron de Botecourt a reception worthy of his name. One relic of this ceremonial is an "Ode" published in the "Virginia Gazette," which swells with the importance of the occasion. If this "Ode" was actually sung in the presence of Lord

Botecourt, he must have been hard put to it to preserve the gravity of his countenance.

RECITATIVE.

VIRGINIA, see, thy GOVERNOR appears!
The peaceful olive on his brow he wears!
Sound the shrill trumpets, beat the rattling drums;
From GREAT BRITANNIA'S isle his LORDSHIP comes.
Bid Echo from the waving woods arise,
And joyful acclamations reach the skies;
Let the loud organs join their tuneful roar,
And bellowing *cannons* rend the pebbled shore:
Bid smooth James River catch the cheerful sound,
And roll it to Virginia's utmost bound;
While Rappahannock and York's-gliding stream
Swift shall convey the sweetly pleasing theme
To distant plains, where pond'rous mountains rise,
Whose cloud-capp'd verges meet the bending skies,
The LORDLY PRIZE the Atlantic waves resign,
And now, Virginia, now the BLESSING 's thine:
His listening ears will to your trust attend,
And be your Guardian, Governor, and Friend.

AIR

He comes: his Excellency comes,
To cheer Virginian plains!
Fill your brisk bowls, ye loyal sons,
And sing your loftiest strains.
Be this your glory, this your boast,
LORD BOTECOURT 's the favorite toast:
Triumphant wreaths entwine;
Fill full your bumpers swiftly round,
And make your spacious rooms resound
With music, joy, and wine.

RECITATIVE.

Search every garden, strip the shrubby bowers,
And strew his path with sweet autumnal flowers!
Ye virgins, haste, prepare the fragrant rose,
And with triumphant laurels crown his brows.

DUET.

(*Enter Virgins, with flowers, laurels, etc.*)

See, we 've stript each flowery bed;
Here 's laurels for his LORDLY HEAD;
And while Virginia is his care,
May he protect the virtuous fair.

AIR

Long may he live in health and peace,
And every hour his joys increase.
To this let every swain and lass
Take the sparkling, flowing glass;
Then join the sprightly dance, and sing,
Health to our GOVERNOR, and GOD *save* the KING.

VIRGINS.

Health to our GOVERNOR.

BASS SOLO.

Health to our GOVERNOR.

CHORUS.

Health to our GOVERNOR, and GOD SAVE THE KING!

It is difficult to conceive of such an outburst as this coming from the community that sent forth a series of such manly and able papers on the rights of men and citizens. But they were all still under the illusion of royalty. Jefferson himself, perhaps, in 1768, could have accompanied this performance on his violin without violent grimaces.

To business. As when a new king comes to the throne Parliament is dissolved, so, on the arrival of a new governor, the House of Burgesses was dismissed, and a general election ordered. Thomas Jefferson announced himself a candidate for the county of Albemarle; and during the winter of 1768–69 he canvassed his county for votes, — visiting each voter, asking him for his vote and influence, getting his promise, if possible; keeping open house and full punch-bowl as long as the canvass lasted. Every voter was rightly *compelled* to vote at every election, under penalty of a hundred pounds of tobacco. During the three election days the candidates supplied unlimited punch and lunch, attended personally at the polls, and made a low bow as often as they heard themselves voted for. No candidate was so strong that he could omit the treating or the canvassing. James Madison was the first who tried it in Virginia, in 1777, and he lost his election by it. The withdrawal of the punch-bowl was ascribed to parsimony, and the omission of the canvassing to pride.

Jefferson's election was a matter of course. Nevertheless, he accepted the honorable trust with seriousness, and formed a resolution, the wisdom of which every year of the existence of free government has only the more clearly shown. We owe the record of this resolution to his own pen. At a later stage of his public life, a friend having invited him to share in some enterprise that promised profit, he made this reply: —

"When I first entered on the stage of public life (now twenty-four years ago), I came to a resolution never to engage, while in public office, in any kind of enterprise for the improvement of my fortune, nor to wear any other character than that of a farmer. I have never departed from it in a single in-

stance; and I have in multiplied instances found myself happy in being able to decide and to act as a public servant, clear of all interest, in the multiform questions that have arisen, wherein I have seen others embarrassed and biassed by having got themselves in a more interested situation. Thus I have thought myself richer in contentment than I should have been with any increase of fortune. Certainly, I should have been much wealthier had I remained in that private condition which renders it lawful and even laudable to use proper efforts to better it."

It was in this spirit that he began his public life of forty years. At the same time, he was very desirous of distinguishing himself. He desired most ardently the approval of his countrymen. He avowed to Madison, long after that, in the earlier years of his public service, "the esteem of the world was, perhaps, of higher value in his eyes than everything in it."

The Assembly convened on the 11th of May, 1769, nearly a hundred members in attendance, Colonel George Washington among them. It must have been a great day for the children and negroes of Williamsburg, for Lord Botecourt was to ride, for the first time, in his splendid state-coach, a king's gift, from the palace to the Capitol, to open the provincial parliament in person. Posterity will, perhaps, never know with certainty whether his Lordship was drawn on this occasion by six milk-white steeds, or by eight, because historians differ on the point, and Mr. Burk says eight on one page of his history, and six on another. The yeomen of the western counties, and indeed the members generally, though much conciliated by the frank and friendly manner of the governor, eyed this grand coach with disfavor, regarding it as a college youth might the present of a large humming-top sent by a relative on the other side of the globe. He is past humming-tops. "Poor old uncle," says the lad, as he feels his nascent mustache, "he still thinks of me as the boy I *was*." We can well believe, however, that as the milk-white steeds, covered with the showy trappings of the time, slowly drew the gaudy coach between lines of faces, black and white, the spectacle was greeted with acclamations. Upon reaching the Capitol, at the other end of the avenue, the governor alighted, and ascended, with stately steps and slow, to the Council Chamber, the Council being the Senate or House of Lords of Virginia.

How amusingly formal the opening of the little parliament! Young Jefferson might well be surprised at the free-and-easy ways of the Maryland Legislature; for at Williamsburg all the etiquette of legislation was observed with rigor. Imagine the members, new and old, strolling into the chamber toward ten in the morning, Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry, perhaps, going up together from their lodging-house. When the bell rings, Jefferson need not now withdraw to the lobby door. Two members of the Council are in attendance, at the governor's command, to administer the oath to the Burgesses, standing and uncovered: —

"You and every one of you shall swear upon the Holy Evangelists, and in the sight of God, to deliver your opinion faithfully, justly, and honestly, according to your best understanding and conscience, for the general good and prosperity of this country, and every particular member thereof. And to do your utmost endeavor to prosecute that without mingling with it any particular interest of any person or persons whatever. So help you God, and the contents of this book."

The members having taken their seats and resumed their hats, the Clerk of the General Assembly appears, and pronounces these words: "Gentlemen, the governor commands this House to attend his Excellency immediately, in the Council Chamber." The Burgesses obey this command, and being gathered about his Excellency, seated on his viceregal throne, are thus ad-

dressed by him: "Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, you must return to your House, and immediately proceed to the choice of a Speaker." This command also the House obeys; and when they are once more in their seats and silent, the Clerk being at his desk, a member rises and says, "Mr. Clerk." The Clerk then stands up, points to the member without speaking, and sits down again. The member speaks: "I move that Peyton Randolph, Esquire, take the chair of this House as Speaker, which office he has before filled with such distinguished abilities, steadiness, and impartiality, as have given entire satisfaction to the public." Mr. Randolph is unanimously elected. Two members attend him, one on each side, from his seat to the uppermost step of the platform, which having ascended, and being left there alone, he turns and addresses the House, thanking them for their unanimous vote, and asking their indulgence for the future. As soon as he has taken his seat in the Speaker's chair, the mace, which until that moment has lain under the table, is placed upon it.

Is the House now ready to transact business? By no means. It is next ordered that two members bear a message to the governor, informing him that, in obedience to his commands, they have elected a Speaker, and desire to know his Excellency's pleasure when they shall wait upon him to present their Speaker to him. To this message the governor replies that he will send an answer by a messenger of his own. Accordingly, the Clerk of the General Assembly soon reappears in the House and delivers the governor's answer: "The governor commands this House to attend his Excellency immediately in the Council Chamber." Once more, the Burgesses march to the apartment, but this time with a Speaker at their head; and when the Speaker has been presented to the governor, his Excellency is pleased to say that he approves their choice. Then the Speaker, on behalf of the House, lays claim to all its ancient rights and privileges, — freedom of speech, untrammelled debate, exemption from arrest, and protection of their estates from attachment. Finally, he asks the governor not to impute to the House any errors their Speaker may commit. The governor answers that he shall take care to defend them in all their rights and privileges. Then the governor reads his speech, conceived on the plan of a king's speech, addressing first the Council and the Burgesses, then the Burgesses alone, and finally both houses once more.

The speech being finished, the Speaker asks a copy for the guidance of the House of Burgesses; which is furnished him, and the Burgesses return to their own chamber. The Speaker ascends to his chair, whence he makes a formal *report* of what they had just witnessed. He informs them that the governor had made a speech to the Council and Burgesses, of which, "to prevent mistakes," he had obtained a copy; which he proceeds to read to the House. Not till this formality is over is the House ready to perform an act of its own.

To such a point of decorum had the House been brought since the time, 1664, when it was necessary to impose a fine of twenty pounds of tobacco upon "every member that shall pipe it" after the roll had begun to be called, unless, in an interval of business, he obtained "public license from the major part of the House." The same code was stringent with regard to all breaches of decorum. Any member adjudged by the majority to be "disguised with drink" was fined, for the first offence, one hundred pounds of tobacco; for the second, three hundred pounds; and for the third, a thousand. To interrupt a member cost the offender a thousand pounds of tobacco; and to speak of a member with disrespect, five hundred. As the pay of members was a hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco per day, with a further allowance for travelling expenses and servants, these fines were severe;

and doubtless they had their share in making this Virginian parliament the dignified and decorous body we know it to have been. Its influence lives to-day in every legislative hall in the country, transmitted by Jefferson's Manual.

One of its kindly and courteous customs brought to the new member from Albemarle a cutting mortification on the first day of the session. It was usual to assign some formal duty to young members by way of introducing them to public business and giving them an opportunity to air their talents. As soon as the Speaker had finished reading the governor's speech, it was in order to appoint a committee to make the draught of a reply; and, to assist this committee, the House was accustomed to pass resolutions, the substance of which was to be incorporated in the draught. Jefferson, in compliance with the request of Mr. Pendleton, a leading member, wrote these resolutions; which the House accepted; and he was named one of the committee to prepare the address. His elders, Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Nicholas, assigned him this duty also. He wrote the draught, on the too obvious plan of sticking close to the resolutions, employing much of their very language. Upon reading his draught to the committee, — pluming himself, as he confesses, upon the neatness and finish of his performance, — the elder members were totally dissatisfied with it. It would not do at all. The resolutions, they said, should be regarded only as hints, to be amplified into a flowing and original discourse. Jefferson's draught was set aside, and Mr. Nicholas, his chief critic, the head of the bar of Virginia, was appointed to produce a more suitable composition. The old hand could not be at a loss in expanding and rewording the compact resolutions of the tyro; and his draught was accepted both by the committee and the House. "Being a young man," wrote Jefferson, long after, "as well as a young member, it made on me an impression proportioned to the sensibility of that time of life." Thus the man who was destined to gain by his pen the parliamentary distinction usually won only by the tongue, began his career, as so many illustrious orators have done, by a failure.

These lofty civilities between the governor and the Legislature consumed, as it seems, two days. What next? Lord Botecourt in his speech had made no particular suggestions; and in the minds of members there was but one thought, — to resist the lawless taxation of the Colonies by Parliament, and the reckless outrage of sending persons accused of treason to be tried on the other side of the ocean. The spirited behavior of Massachusetts in inviting the concurrence of the other Colonies in constitutional opposition to these measures had been severely commented upon in England; and this was a new cause of irritation. The milk-white steeds, too, and the gaudy coach, had increased suspicion in some minds. Indeed, at just this stage of the controversy there was a near approach to unanimity of feeling along the whole line of the Thirteen Colonies, and in none of them a nearer than in loyal Virginia. And they were all equally mistaken in attributing the false policy of the mother country to Parliament and ministers, instead of the king and his Scotch tutors.

On the third day were introduced the Four Resolutions, which a precipitate governor was to stamp with the seal of his reprobation, and so send them ringing round the world: 1. No taxation without representation; 2. The Colonies *may* concur and co-operate in seeking redress of grievances; 3. Sending accused persons away from their country for trial is an inexpressible complexity of wrong; 4. We will send an address on these topics to the "father of all his people," beseeching his "royal interposition." The resolutions being passed almost unanimously, the Speaker was ordered to send a copy of the same to every legislative Assembly "on this continent." After such a day's work, the House ad-

journed. *That*, for your milk-white steeds! The next day the address to the king was reported, revised, agreed to, and ordered to be forwarded to the king's most excellent Majesty, through the Colony's London agent, and afterwards published in the English newspapers On the day following, at noon, Lord Botecourt's secretary entered the chamber. He pronounced the formula: "The governor commands this House to attend his Excellency in the Council Chamber." The members tramped to the other end of the building, and ranged themselves expectant about the throne. No one, I think (though tradition has it otherwise), anticipated the governor's extreme course, and all appear to have been astounded to hear the "ominous and alarming words," as Burk styles them, which fell from his lips: —

"Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House of Burgesses: I have heard of your resolves, and augur ill of their effects. You have made it my duty to dissolve you, and you are dissolved accordingly."

Thomas Jefferson and his colleagues were by these words changed, in an instant, from a legislative Assembly into a hundred and eight private gentlemen. Such was the law of the British Empire. The new member from Albemarle, after all his canvassing and treating, enjoyed the honor of representing his native county five days, during one of which he had received a snub. But now the whole House, Virginia, Magna Charta, the rights and dignity of man, had been mocked and made of no account.

What an afternoon and evening Williamsburg must have experienced after that abrupt dismissal of the House! It is strange that, among so many writers, no one should have left a more minute record than has yet come to light. How did Colonel Washington take it? By birth and feeling he was a yeoman; and he had narrowly escaped going to sea before the mast to work his way, if he could, up to the command of a merchant-ship. But his brilliant gallantry in the field and a rich widow's hand and fortune had placed him among the aristocrats. No man can quite avoid the reigning foible of his class and time. Washington's sense of justice, however, was sure and keen, and he had been, from the first rumor of the Stamp Act, on the right side of this great controversy. He was no milksop. There was a fund — a whole volcano — of suppressed fire in him; and being still a young man, all unschooled to the prudential reticence of the statesman, he doubtless favored the company with his sentiments. I suppose he dined that afternoon at the old Raleigh tavern, with many other members, and amid the roar of talk his voice was occasionally heard, uttering those hearty exclamations with which the Virginians of that day used to relieve their minds. We can fancy Patrick Henry, too, surrounded as he must have been at such a time, holding high discourse in the evening on the piazza; and all Williamsburg standing in groups, discussing the great event of the day, and the greater events expected to-morrow. Jefferson, probably, and other writing members, were closeted somewhere in the town, preparing for the next day's work. A hundred gentlemen may not be a House of Burgesses, but they can hold a meeting; and a meeting they mean to hold to-morrow in the Apollo, the great room of the Raleigh tavern, where so many of them have danced the minuet.

They met accordingly. We only know what they did on the occasion, not how they did it. Following the example set by Massachusetts the year before, they agreed to recommend their constituents to try and *starve* a little good sense into the minds of British manufacturers and merchants. It was America that gave Great Britain the deadly wealth — ill-distributed wealth is always deadly — with which she is now struggling for life. These Virginians, acting upon Franklin's hint, and Massachusetts's example, agreed: 1. To be a great deal more saving and industrious than they ever were before; 2. Never again, as long as time should

endure, to buy an article taxed by Parliament for the sake of raising a revenue in America, excepting alone low qualities of paper, without which the business of life could not go on; 3. Never, until the repeal of the recent act, to import *any* article from Britain, or in British ships, which it was possible to do without; 4. They would save all their lambs for wool. And lest any weak brother should choose to misunderstand the terms of the compact, they enumerated the forbidden articles, — an interesting catalogue, because it shows how dependent Virginia then was upon Europe for everything except some of the coarser staples of food and raiment. The list was: —

Spirits, wine, cider, perry, beer, ale, malt, barley, pease, beef, pork, fish, butter, cheese, tallow, candles, oil, fruit, sugar, pickles, confectionery, pewter, hoes, axes, watches, clocks, tables, chairs, looking-glasses, carriages, joiners' and cabinet work, upholstery, trinkets, jewelry, plate and gold, silverware, ribbons, millinery, lace, India goods except spices, silks except sewing-silk, cambric, lawn, muslin, gauze, except bolting-cloths, calico, cotton or linen stuffs above 2 *s.* per yard, woollens above 1 *s.* 6 *d.*, broadcloths above 8 *s.*, narrow cloths above 3 *s.*, hats, stockings, shoes, boots, saddles, and all leather-work.

Eighty-eight members of the House of Burgesses signed this agreement. As it was seldom that more than ninety-five members were in attendance on the same day, this was a near approach to unanimity. Virginia accepted the compact made by her representatives. Every man who signed the agreement was re-elected. Every man who refused lost his election.

The respectful tone of the document, the perfect decency of the proceedings in the Apollo, the dignified character of the men who led the movement, made the deepest impression upon the mind of Lord Botecourt. He had been told in London — I need not say what. We all know how England has misinterpreted America always. America has generally loved that step-mother too much; England has never loved America at all. What Lord Botecourt found in Virginia we know, and he had understanding enough to discern the truth. He wrote home to the Ministry that these Virginians were *not* rebellious, nor factious, nor indifferent to the needs of the empire, but loyal subjects, contending for the birthright of Englishmen with intelligence and dignity. There was vacillation in the counsels of the king, and the party opposed to the taxation of the Colonies gained a brief ascendency.

Lord Botecourt, therefore, before many months had gone by, had the pleasure of summoning the Assembly; and again there passed between them those elaborate formalities described above. When, at length, he had reached the point of delivering his speech, what a joyful announcement it was his privilege to make!

"I have been assured by the Earl of Hillsborough, that his Majesty's present administration have at no time entertained a design to propose to Parliament to lay any further taxes upon America for the purpose of raising a revenue, and that it is their intention to propose in the next session of Parliament to take off the duties upon glass, paper, and colors, upon consideration of such duties having been laid contrary to the true principles of commerce."

These words thrilled every heart. Joy glistened in every eye. No one seems to have noticed the omission of the word *tea* from the list. The governor, now in the fullest sympathy with the people of his Province, could not be content without adding some assurances for the remoter future; and he proceeded to utter words that, in all probability, cost him his life. He was a gentleman of the nicest sense of honor, in whose mind a promise of his own unfulfilled might rankle mortally. A Ministry, he observed, is not immortal; what then of their successors? Upon this point, he said, he could give only a personal assurance.

"It is my firm opinion, that the plan I have stated to you will certainly take place, and that it will never be departed from; and so determined am I ever to abide by it, that I will be content to be declared infamous if I do not, to the last hour of my life, at all times, in all places, and upon all occasions, exert every power with which I am or shall be legally invested, in order to obtain and maintain for the continent of America that satisfaction which I have been *authorized to promise* this day by the confidential servants of our gracious sovereign, who, to my certain knowledge, rates his honor so high, that he would rather part with his crown than preserve it by deceit."

Almost while he uttered these words, which seemed to pledge the honor of the king, the Ministry, and himself, Lord North came into power, and renewed the strife. Lord Botecourt with indignation demanded his recall; but before he obtained it, he died, as is supposed, of mortification at his inability to make good his emphatic assurances. Virginia did justice to his character, and placed his statue in the public square of Williamsburg.

For the present, however, all minds were content, and the parliament of Virginia proceeded with alacrity to business. The member from Albemarle received, during his second session, a rebuff more decided and more public than when his draught was so summarily set aside in his first.

What an absurd creature is man! This sanguine young burgess, now that all danger seemed past of his white countrymen being, as they termed it, "reduced to slavery," thought it a good time to endeavor to mitigate the oppression of his black countrymen, who were reduced to slavery already. He soon had the hornets about his ears. At that time, no man could free his slave without sending him out of Virginia. Jefferson desired the repeal of this law. He wished to throw around the slaves what he calls "certain moderate extensions of the protection of the laws." With the proper modesty of a young member, he called the attention of Colonel Bland to this subject, secured his co-operation, and induced him to introduce the bill. "I seconded his motion," records Jefferson, "and, as a younger member, was more spared in the debate; but he was denounced as an enemy to his country, and was treated with the greatest indecorum"! And this, too, although Colonel Bland was "one of the oldest, ablest, and most respected members"! Jefferson attributes this conduct to the habitual subservience of members to the interests of the mother country. "During the regal government," he says, "nothing liberal could expect success." Under no government has an assembly of slaveholders ever been otherwise than restive under attempts to limit their power over their slaves.

This year, 1769, so fruitful of public events, was a busy and interesting one to the member from Albemarle in his private capacity. He was now in the fullest tide of practice at the bar, — one hundred and ninety-eight cases before the General Court, the greatest number he ever reached in a year. Already he had chosen Monticello as the site of his future home. He had had men chopping and clearing on the summit for some time, and, in the spring of this year, he had an orchard planted on one of its slopes. Between the two sessions he superintended the construction of a brick wing of the coming mansion, one pretty large room with a chamber or two over it, under the roof. The General Court sat in April. During December and January, he was preparing for the court, making briefs, taking notes, collecting precedents; getting everything, according to his custom, upon paper, and then dismissing it from his mind. On the 1st of February, 1770, his mother and himself went from home to visit a neighbor. While they were at the neighbor's house, a slave came to them, breathless, to say that their house and all its contents were burned. After the man had finished his account of the catastrophe, the master asked,

"But were none of my books saved?" A grin of exultation overspread the sable countenance. "No, master," said the negro, "but we saved the fiddle!"

Two hundred pounds' worth of books gone, besides all his law-papers, and notes of cases coming on in April for trial! Nothing saved but a few old volumes of his father's library, and some unimportant manuscript books of his own. His mother and the children found temporary shelter in the house of an overseer, and he repaired to his unfinished nest on the mountain-top, where he vainly strove to reconstruct his cases for the coming term. It was an iron rule of that primitive court, never to grant an adjournment of a case to another term. How he made it up with his clients and the court, no one has told us.

That nest which he was constructing on Monticello was strangely in his thoughts during the next year or two. When he was far away from home he brooded over it, and he used to solace the tedium of country inns by elaborately recording dreams of its coming fitness and beauty. It was his resolve that there should be *one* mansion in Virginia, for the design of which the genius of architecture should, at least, be invoked. He meant that there should be one home in Virginia worthy the occupation of perfectly civilized beings; in which art, taste, and utility should unite to produce an admirable result. What a piece of work it was to place such an abode on the summit of that little mountain, with no architect but himself, few workmen but slaves, no landscape-gardener within three thousand miles, no models to copy, no grounds to imitate, no tincture of high gardening in the Province. The bricks had to be made, the trees felled, the timber hewn, the nails wrought, the vehicles constructed, the laborers trained, on the scene of operations. No fine commodities could be bought nearer than Williamsburg, a hundred and fifty miles distant, nor many nearer than Europe. He had to send even for his sashes to London, where one lot was detained a month to let the putty harden! Nothing but the coarsest, roughest work could go on in his absence; and often the business stood still for weeks, for months, for years, while he was in public service. But he kept on with an indomitable pertinacity for a quarter of a century, at the expiration of which he had the most agreeable and refined abode in Virginia, filled with objects of taste and the means of instruction, and surrounded by beautiful lawns, groves, and gardens.

At present all this existed only in his thoughts. He used to write, in one of his numerous blank-books, minute plans for various parts of the grounds, still rough with the primeval stumps. A most unlawyerlike tone breathes through these written musings. What spell was upon him when, in dreaming of a future cemetery, he could begin his entry with a sentence like this? "Choose out for a burial-place some unfrequented vale in the park, where is 'no sound to break the stillness but a brook, that bubbling winds among the weeds; no mark of any human shape that had been there, unless the skeleton of some poor wretch who sought that place out to despair and die in.'" The rest of the description is in a similar taste. The park in general was to be a grassy expanse, adorned with every fragrant shrub, with trees and groves, and it was to be the haunt of every animal and bird pleasing to man. "Court them to it by laying food for them in proper places. Procure a buck-elk to be, as it were, monarch of the wood; but keep him shy, that his appearance may not lose its effect by too much familiarity. A buffalo might be confined also. Inscriptions in various places, on the bark of trees or metal plates, suited to the character and expression of the particular spot." Whence these broodings over the mountain nest that was forming under his eye? Could it be love? Seven years before, he had solemnly assured his friend, John Page, that if Belinda

would not accept his service, it should never be offered to another.

But the mightiest capacity which this man possessed was the capacity to love. In every other quality and grace of human nature he has been often equalled, sometimes excelled; but where has there ever been a *lover* so tender, so warm, so constant as he? Love was his life. Few men have had so many sources of pleasure, so many agreeable tastes and pursuits; but he knew no satisfying joy, at any period of his life, except through his affections. And there *is* none other for any of us. There is only one thing that makes it worth while to live: it is love. Not the wild passion that plagues us in our youth, but the tranquil happiness, the solid peace, to which that is but the tumultuous prelude, — the joy of living with people whose mere presence rests, cheers, improves, and satisfies us. He who achieves that needs no catechism to tell him what is the chief end of man. *That* is the chief end of man. Nothing else is of any account, except so far as it ministers to that. Jefferson was making this beautiful mountain nest for a mate whom he meant to ask to come and share it with him.

Among his associates at the Williamsburg bar was John Wayles, a lawyer in great practice, who had an estate near by, upon which he lived, called The Forest. He, too, had thriven upon the decline of Virginia; and he had invested his fees in lands and slaves, until, in 1771, he had a dozen farms and tracts in various parts of the Province, and four hundred slaves. At his home (which was not so far from Williamsburg that a young barrister could not ride to it occasionally with a violin under his arm) there lived with him his widowed daughter, Martha Skelton, childless, a beauty, fond of music, and twenty-two. We all know how delightfully the piano and the violin go together when both are nicely touched. It was the same with the spinet and the violin. Jefferson had improved in person and in position since he had danced with Belinda in the Apollo, seven years before. It was observed of him that he constantly grew better looking as he advanced in life, — plain in youth, good-looking in his prime, handsome as an old man. And he had now advanced from the bashful student to the condition of a remarkably successful lawyer and member of the Assembly. The wooing appears to have been long. She was a widow in 1768, and there are slight indications of a new love in one of his letters of 1770; but they were not married till New-Year's day, 1772.

How fixed his habit was of recording every item of expense is shown by the page of his pocket-diary for his wedding-day. The fees of the two clergymen in attendance, the sums given to musicians and servants, all are set down in order, quite as usual. On one of the early days of January, 1772, the newly married pair started from The Forest, where the ceremony had been performed, for Monticello, their future abode, more than a hundred miles distant, in a two-horse chaise.

As the day lengthens the cold strengthens. In Virginia there is often no serious winter till after New-Year's, when all at once it comes rushing down from the North in a tempest of wind and snow. There was some snow on the ground when they left the bride's home, and it grew deeper as they went toward the mountains, until it was too deep for their vehicle. They were obliged, at last, to leave the carriage, and mount the horses. At sunset on the last day of their journey, when they were still eight miles from Monticello, the snow was nearly two feet deep. A friend's house gave them rest for a while, but they would plod on, and get home that night. They reached the foot of the mountain, ploughed up the long ascent, and stood, at length, late at night, cold and tired, before their door.

In old Virginia, servants seldom lodged in their master's house, but in cabins of their own, to which they returned after their work was done. No light saluted the arriving pair. No

voice welcomed them. No door opened to receive them. The servants had given them up long before, and gone home to bed. Worst of all, the fires were out, and the house was cold, dark, and dismal. What a welcome to a bride on a cold night in January! They burst into the house, and flooded it with the warmth and light of their own unquenchable good-humor! Who could wish a better place for a honey-moon than a snug brick cottage, lifted five hundred and eighty feet above the world, with half a dozen counties in sight, and three feet of snow blocking out all intruders? What readings of Ossian there must have been! I hope she enjoyed them as well as he. For his part, the poems of that ancient bard — if he was ancient — were curiously associated in his mind with the tender feelings; and now, shut in with his love in his mountain home, he grew so enamored of the poet, that nothing would content him but studying him in the original Gaelic.

He wrote to his acquaintance, Charles Macpherson, cousin of the translator, that "merely for the pleasure of reading Ossian's works, he was desirous to learn the language in which he sung." He begs Macpherson to send him from Scotland, not only a grammar, a dictionary, a catalogue of Gaelic works, and whatever other apparatus might be necessary, but copies of all the Ossianic poems in the original Gaelic. If they had been printed, he would have them in print. If not, "my petition is, that you would be so good as to use your interest with Mr. Macpherson to obtain leave to take a manuscript copy of them, and to procure it to be done. I would choose it in a fair, round hand, with a good margin, bound in parchments as elegantly as possible, lettered on the back, and marbled or gilt on the edges of the leaves. I would not regard expense in doing this." He tells him, that if there are any other Gaelic manuscript poems accessible, it would at any time give him "the greatest happiness" to receive them; for "the glow of one warm thought is to me worth more than money."

Public events prevented the execution of this scheme. It is remarkable that, here in the woods of America, a young man, inspired by love, should have hit upon the *method*, very simple and obvious, it is true, which, a hundred years after, has apparently cleared up the Ossianic mystery, by showing that Macpherson's Ossian is a poor, slurring translation of poems really existing in the Gaelic language.* Among a thousand babblers, it is the man who goes out of his way and looks at the thing with his own eyes who is likely to understand it first.

Next year, the death of his wife's father brought them forty thousand acres of land and one hundred and thirty-five slaves. When their share of the debts upon Mr. Wayles's estate had been paid, the fortunes of the wife and of the husband were about equal. The Natural Bridge, eighty miles from Monticello, was upon one of the tracts now added to their property.

James Parton.

* The Poems of Ossian in the original Gaelic, with a literal Translation into English, and a Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems. By the Rev. Archibald Clerk, Minister of Kilmallie. Two vols. Edinburgh. 1871.

THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE.

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine
Has left his château in the Pyrenees;
And sailed across the western seas.
When he went away from his fair demesne
The birds were building, the woods were green,
And now the winds of winter blow
Round the turrets of the old château,
The birds are silent and unseen,
The leaves lie dead in the ravine,
And the Pyrenees are white with snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray,
Sits by the fireside day by day,
Thinking ever one thought of care;
Through the southern windows, narrow and tall,
The sun shines into the ancient hall,
And makes a glory round his hair.
The house-dog, stretched beneath his chair,
Groans in his sleep as if in pain,
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps again,
So silent is it everywhere;
So silent you can hear the mouse
Run and rummage along the beams
Behind the wainscot of the wall;
And the old man rouses from his dreams,
And wanders restless through the house,
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor
Of a distant passage, and pause awhile;
He is standing by an open door
Looking long, with a sad, sweet smile,
Into the room of his absent son.
There is the bed on which he lay,
There are the pictures bright and gay,
Horses and hounds and sun-lit seas;
There are his powder-flask and gun,
And his hunting-knives in shape of a fan;
The chair by the window where he sat,
With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat,
Looking out on the Pyrenees,
Looking out on Mount Marboré
And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan.
Ah me! he turns away and sighs;
There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,
Wind or rain or starry heaven,
Just as the clock is striking seven,
Those who look from the windows see

The village Curate, with lantern and maid,
Come through the gateway from the park
And cross the court-yard damp and dark, —
A ring of light in a ring of shade.
And now at the old man's side he stands,
His voice is cheery, his heart expands,
He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze
Of the fire of fagots, about old days,
And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde,
And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond,
And what they did, and what they said,
When they heard his Eminence was dead.

And after a pause the old man says,
His mind still coming back again
To the one sad thought that haunts his brain,
"Are there any tidings from over sea?
Ah, why has that wild boy gone from me?"
And the Curate answers, looking down,
Harmless and docile as a lamb,
"Young blood! young blood! It must so be!"
And draws from the pocket of his gown
A handkerchief like an oriflamb,
And wipes his spectacles, and they play
Their little game of lansquenet
In silence for an hour or so,
Till the clock at nine strikes loud and clear
From the village lying asleep below,
And across the court-yard, into the dark
Of the winding pathway in the park
Curate and lantern disappear,
And darkness reigns in the old château.

The ship has come back from over sea,
She has been signalled from below,
And into the harbor of Bordeaux
She sails with her gallant company.
But among them is nowhere seen
The brave young Baron of St. Castine;
He hath tarried behind, I ween,
In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father paces to and fro
Through the chambers of the old château,
Waiting, waiting to hear the hum
Of wheels on the road that runs below,
Of servants hurrying here and there,
The voice in the court-yard, the step on the stair,
Waiting for some one who doth not come!
But letters there are, which the old man reads
To the Curate, when he comes at night,
Word by word, as an acolyte
Repeats his prayers and tells his beads;

Letters full of the rolling sea,
Full of a young man's joy to be
Abroad in the world, alone and free;
Full of adventures and wonderful scenes
Of hunting the deer through forests vast
In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast;
Of nights in the tents of the Tarratines;
Of Madocawando the Indian chief,
And his daughters, glorious as queens,
And beautiful beyond belief;
And so soft the tones of their native tongue,
The words are not spoken, they are sung!

And the Curate listens, and smiling says:
"Ah yes, dear friend! in our young days
We should have liked to hunt the deer
All day amid those forest scenes,
And to sleep in the tents of the Tarratines;
But now it is better sitting here
Within four walls, and without the fear
Of losing our hearts to Indian queens;
For man is fire and woman is tow,
And the Somebody comes and begins to blow."
Then a gleam of distrust and vague surmise
Shines in the father's gentle eyes,
As firelight on a window-pane
Glimmers and vanishes again;
But naught he answers; he only sighs,
And for a moment bows his head;
Then, as their custom is, they play
Their little game of lansquenet,
And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day
And many a week and month depart,
When a fatal letter wings its way
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,
And strikes and tears the old man's heart.
Lo! the young Baron of St. Castine,
Swift as the wind is, and as wild,
Has married a dusky Tarratine,
Has married Madocawando's child!
The letter drops from the father's hand;
Though the sinews of his heart are wrung,
He utters no cry, he breathes no prayer,
No malediction falls from his tongue;
But his stately figure, erect and grand,
Bends and sinks like a column of sand
In the whirlwind of his great despair.
Dying, yes, dying! His latest breath
Of parley at the door of death
Is a blessing on his wayward son.
Lower and lower on his breast

Sinks his gray head; he is at rest;
No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château
Lies tenantless and desolate;
Rank grasses in the court-yard grow,
About its gables caws the crow;
Only the porter at the gate
Is left to guard it, and to wait
The coming of the rightful heir;
No other life or sound is there;
No more the Curate comes at night,
No more is seen the unsteady light,
Threading the alleys of the park;
The windows of the hall are dark,
The chambers dreary, cold, and bare!

At length, at last, when the winter is past,
And birds are building, and woods are green,
With flying skirts is the Curate seen
Speeding along the woodland way,
Humming gayly, "No day is so long
But it comes at last to vesper-song."
He stops at the porter's lodge to say
That at last the Baron of St. Castine
Is coming home with his Indian queen,
Is coming without a week's delay;
And all the house must be swept and clean,
And all things set in good array!
And the solemn porter shakes his head;
And the answer he makes is: "Lackaday!
We will see, as the blind man said!"

Alert since first the day began,
The cock upon the village church
Looks northward from his airy perch,
As if beyond the ken of man
To see the ships come sailing on,
And pass the Isle of Oleron,
And pass the Tower of Cordouan.
In the church below is cold in clay
The heart that would have leaped for joy,—
O tender heart of truth and trust!—
To see the coming of that day.
In the church below the lips are dust,
Dust are the hands, and dust the feet,
That would have been so swift to meet
The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old château
Is a blaze of light above and below;
There 's a sound of wheels and hoofs in the street,
A cracking of whips, and scamper of feet,
Voices are shouting, and horns are blown,
The Baron hath come again to his own.

The Curate is waiting in the hall,
Most eager and alive of all
To welcome the Baron and Baroness;
But his mind is full of vague distress,
For he hath read in Jesuit books
Of those children of the wilderness,
And now, good, simple man! he looks
To see a painted savage stride
Into the room, with shoulders bare,
And eagle feathers in her hair,
And around her a robe of panther's hide.
Instead, he beholds with secret shame
A form of beauty undefined,
A loveliness without a name,
Not of degree, but more of kind;
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,
But a new mingling of them all.
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,
Transfigured and transfused, he sees
The lady of the Pyrenees,
The daughter of the Indian chief.

Beneath the shadow of her hair
The gold-bronze color of the skin
Seems lighted by a fire within,
As when a burst of sunlight shines
Beneath a sombre grove of pines,—
A dusky splendor in the air.
The two small hands, that now are pressed
In his, seem made to be caressed,
They lie so warm and soft and still,
Like birds half hidden in a nest,
Trustful, and innocent of ill.
And ah! he cannot believe his ears
When her melodious voice he hears
Speaking his native Gascon tongue;
The words she utters seem to be
Part of some poem of Goudouli,
They are not spoken, they are sung!
And the Baron smiles, and says, "You see,
I told you but the simple truth;
Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth!"

Down in the village day by day
The people gossip in their way,
And stare to see the Baroness pass
On Sunday morning to early Mass;
And when she kneeleth down to pray,
They wonder, and whisper together, and say,
"Surely this is no heathen lass!"
And in course of time they learn to bless
The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate learns
A secret so dreadful, that by turns
He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.
The Baron at confession hath said,
That though this woman be his wife,
He hath wed her as the Indians wed,
He hath bought her for a gun and a knife!
And the Curate replies: "O profligate,
O Prodigal Son! return once more
To the open arms and the open door
Of the Church, or ever it be too late.
Thank God, thy father did not live
To see what he could not forgive;
On thee, so reckless and perverse,
He left his blessing, not his curse.
But the nearer the dawn, the darker the night,
And by going wrong all things come right;
Things have been mended that were worse,
And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.
For the sake of the living and the dead,
Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed,
And all things come to a happy end."

O sun, that followest the night,
In yon blue sky, serene and pure,
And pourest thine impartial light
Alike on mountain and on moor,
Pause for a moment in thy course,
And bless the bridegroom and the bride!
O Gave, that from thy hidden source
In yon mysterious mountain-side,
Pursuest thy wandering way alone,
And leaping down its steps of stone,
Along the meadow lands demure
Stealest away to the Adour,
Pause for a moment in thy course
To bless the bridegroom and the bride!

The choir is singing the matin song,
The doors of the church are opened wide,
The people crowd, and press, and throng
To see the bridegroom and the bride.
They enter and pass along the nave;
They stand upon the father's grave;
The bells are ringing soft and slow;
The living above and the dead below
Give their blessing on one and twain;
The warm wind blows from the hills of Spain,
The birds are building, the leaves are green,
And Baron Castine of St. Castine
Hath come at last to his own again.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

III.

THE old Master was talking about a concert he had been to hear.

— I don't like your chopped music any way. That woman — she had more sense in her little finger than forty medical societies — Florence Nightingale — says that the music you *pour* out is good for sick folks, and the music you *pound* out is n't. Not that exactly, but something like it. I have been to hear some music-pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a twirl or two and fluffed down on to it like a whirl of soap-suds in a hand-basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the key-board, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop, — so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils — don't talk to me, I know the difference between a bullfrog and a woodthrush and —

Pop! went a small piece of artillery such as is made of a stick of elder and carries a pellet of very moderate consistency. That Boy was in his seat and looking demure enough, but there could be no question that he was the artillery-man who had discharged the missile. The aim was not a bad one, for it took the Master full in the forehead, and had the effect of checking the flow of his eloquence. How the little monkey had learned to time his interruptions I do not know, but I have observed more than once before this that the popgun would go off just at the moment when some one of the company was getting too energetic or prolix. The boy is n't old enough to judge for himself when to intervene to change the order of conversation; no, of course he is n't. Somebody must give him a hint. Somebody — Who is it? I suspect Dr. B. Franklin. He looks too knowing. There is certainly a trick somewhere. Why, a day or two ago I was myself discoursing, with considerable effect, as I thought, on some of the new aspects of humanity, when I was struck full on the cheek by one of these little pellets, and there was such a confounded laugh that I had to wind up and leave off with a preposition instead of a good mouthful of polysyllables. I have watched our young Doctor, however, and have been entirely unable to detect any signs of communication between him and this audacious child, who is like to become a power among us, for that popgun is fatal to any talker who is hit by its pellet. I have suspected a foot under the table as the prompter, but I have been unable to detect the slightest movement or look as if he were making one on the part of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. I cannot help thinking of the *flappers* in Swift's Laputa, only they gave one a hint when to speak and another a hint to listen, whereas the popgun says unmistakably, "Shut up!"

— I should be sorry to lose my confidence in Dr. B. Franklin, who seems very much devoted to his business, and whom I mean to consult about some small symptoms I have had lately. Perhaps it is coming to a new boarding-house. The young people who come into Paris from the provinces are very apt — so I have been told by one that knows — to have an attack of typhoid fever a few weeks or months after their arrival. I have not been long enough at this table to get well acclimated; perhaps that is it. Boarding-House Fever. Something like horse-ail, very likely, — horses get it, you know, when they are brought to city stables. A little "off my feed," as Hiram Woodruff would say. A queer discoloration about my forehead. Query, a bump? Cannot remember any. Might have got it against bedpost or something while asleep. Very unpleasant to look so. I wonder how my portrait would look, if anybody should take it now! I hope not quite so badly as one I saw the other day, which I took for the end man of the Ethiopian Serenaders, or some traveller who had been exploring the sources of the Niger, until I read the name at the bottom and found it was a face I knew as well as my own.

I must consult somebody, and it is nothing more than fair to give our young Doctor a chance. Here goes for Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

The young Doctor has a very small office and a very large sign, with a transparency at night big enough for an oyster-shop. These young doctors are particularly strong, as I understand, on what they call *diagnosis*, — an excellent branch of the healing art, full of satisfaction to the curious practitioner, who likes to give the right Latin name to one's complaint; not quite so satisfactory to the patient, as it is not so very much pleasanter to be bitten by a dog with a collar round his neck telling you that he is called *Snap* or *Teaser*, than by a dog without a collar. Sometimes, in fact, one would a little rather not know the exact name of his complaint, as if he does he is pretty sure to look it out in a medical dictionary, and then if he reads, *This terrible disease is attended with vast suffering and is inevitably mortal*, or any such statement, it is apt to affect him unpleasantly.

I confess to a little shakiness when I knocked at Dr. Benjamin's office door. "Come in!" exclaimed Dr. B. F. in tones that sounded ominous and sepulchral. And I went in.

I don't believe the chambers of the Inquisition ever presented a more alarming array of implements for extracting a confession, than our young Doctor's office did of instruments to make nature tell what was the matter with a poor body.

There were Ophthalmoscopes and Rhinoscopes and Otoscopes and Laryngoscopes and Stethoscopes; and Thermometers and Spirometers and Dynamometers and Sphygmometers and Pleximeters; and Probes and Probangs and all sorts of frightful inquisitive exploring contrivances; and scales to weigh you in, and tests and balances and pumps and electro-magnets and magneto-electric machines; in short, apparatus for doing everything but turn you inside out.

Dr. Benjamin set me down before his one window and began looking at me with such a superhuman air of sagacity, that I felt like one of those open-breasted clocks which make no secret of their inside arrangements, and almost thought he could see through me as one sees through a shrimp or a jelly-fish. First he looked at the place inculpated, which had a sort of greenish-brown color, with his naked eyes, with much corrugation of forehead and fearful concentration of attention; then through a pocket-glass which he carried. Then he drew back a space, for a perspective view. Then he made me put out my tongue and laid a slip of blue paper on it, which turned red and scared me a little. Next he took my wrist; but instead of counting my pulse in the old-fashioned way, he fastened a machine to it that marked all the beats

on a sheet of paper, — for all the world like a scale of the heights of mountains, say from Mount Tom up to Chimborazo and then down again, and up again, and so on. In the mean time he asked me all sorts of questions about myself and all my relatives, whether we had been subject to this and that malady, until I felt as if we must some of us have had more or less of them and could not feel quite sure whether Elephantiasis and Beriberi and Progressive Locomotor Ataxy did not run in the family.

After all this overhauling of myself and my history, he paused and looked puzzled. Something was suggested about what he called an "exploratory puncture." This I at once declined, with thanks. Suddenly a thought struck him. He looked still more closely at the discoloration I have spoken of.

— Looks like — I declare it reminds me of — very rare! very curious! It would be strange if my first case — of this kind — should be one of our boarders!

What kind of a case do you call it? — I said, with a sort of feeling that he could inflict a severe or a light malady on me, as if he were a judge passing sentence.

— The color reminds me, — said Dr. B. Franklin, — of what I have seen in a case of Addison's Disease, *Morbus Addisonii.*

— But my habits are quite regular, — I said; for I remembered that the distinguished essayist was too fond of his brandy and water, and I confess that the thought was not pleasant to me of following Dr. Johnson's advice, with the slight variation of giving my days and my nights to trying on the favorite maladies of Addison.

—Temperance people are subject to it! — exclaimed Dr. Benjamin, almost exultingly, I thought.

— But I had the impression that the author of the Spectator was afflicted with a dropsy, or some such inflated malady, to which persons of sedentary and bibacious habits are liable. (A literary swell, — I thought to myself, but I did not say it. I felt too serious.)

— The author of the Spectator! — cried out Dr. Benjamin, — I mean the celebrated Dr. Addison, inventor, I would say discoverer, of the wonderful new disease called after him.

— And what may this valuable invention or discovery consist in? — I asked, for I was curious to know the nature of the gift which this benefactor of the race had bestowed upon us.

— A most interesting affection, and rare, too. Allow me to look closely at that discoloration once more for a moment. *Cutis ænea*, bronze skin, they call it sometimes — extraordinary pigmentation — a little more to the light if you please — ah! now I get the bronze coloring admirably, beautifully! Would you have any objection to showing your case to the Societies of Medical Improvement and Medical Observation?

(— My case! O dear!) May I ask if any vital organ is commonly involved in this interesting complaint? — I said, faintly.

— Well, sir, — the young Doctor replied, — there is an organ which is — sometimes — a little — touched, I may say; a very curious and — ingenious little organ or pair of organs. Did you ever hear of the *Capsulæ Suprarenales?*

— No, — said I, — is it a mortal complaint? — I ought to have known better than to ask such a question, but I was getting nervous and thinking about all sorts of horrid maladies people are liable to, with horrid names to match.

— It is n't a complaint, — I mean they are not a complaint, — they are two small organs, as I said, inside of you, and nobody knows what is the use of them. The most curious thing is that when anything is the matter with them you turn of the color of bronze. After all, I did n't mean to say I believed it was *Morbus Addisonii;* I only thought of that when I saw the discoloration.

So he gave me a recipe, which I took

care to put where it could do no hurt to anybody, and I paid him his fee (which he took with the air of a man in the receipt of a great income) and said Good morning.

— What in the name of a thousand diablos is the reason these confounded doctors will mention their guesses about "a case," as they call it, and all its conceivable possibilities, out loud before their patients? I don't suppose there is anything in all this nonsense about "Addison's Disease," but I wish he had n't spoken of that very interesting ailment, and I should feel a little easier if that discoloration would leave my forehead. I will ask the Landlady about it, — these old women often know more than the young doctors just come home with long names for everything they don't know how to cure. But the name of this complaint sets me thinking. Bronzed skin! What an odd idea! Wonder if it spreads all over one. That would be picturesque and pleasant, now, would n't it? To be made a living statue of, — nothing to do but strike an attitude. Arm up — so — like the one in the Garden. John of Bologna's Mercury — thus — on one foot. Needy knife-grinder in the Tribune at Florence. No, not "needy," come to think of it. Marcus Aurelius on horseback. Query. Are horses subject to the *Morbus Addisonii?* Advertise for a bronzed living horse. — Lyceum invitations and engagements — bronze *versus* brass. — What 's the use in being frightened? Bet it was a bump. Pretty certain I bumped my forehead against something. Never heard of a bronzed man before. Have seen white men, black men, red men, yellow men, two or three blue men, stained with doctor's stuff; some green ones, — from the country; but never a bronzed man. Poh, poh! Sure it was a bump. Ask Landlady to look at it.

— Landlady did look at it. Said it was a bump, and no mistake. Recommended a piece of brown paper dipped in vinegar. Made the house smell as if it was in quarantine for the plague from Smyrna, but discoloration soon disappeared, — so I did not become a bronzed man after all, — hope I never shall while I am alive. Should n't mind being done in bronze after I was dead. On second thoughts not so clear about it, remembering how some of them look that we have got stuck up in public; think I had rather go down to posterity in an Ethiopian Minstrel portrait, like our friend's the other day.

— You were kind enough to say, I remarked to the Master, that you read my poems and liked them. Perhaps you would be good enough to tell me what it is you like about them?

The Master harpooned a breakfast-roll and held it up before me. — Will you tell me, — he said, — why you like that breakfast-roll? — I suppose he thought that would stop my mouth in two senses. But he was mistaken.

— To be sure I will, — said I. — First, I like its mechanical consistency; brittle externally, — that is for the teeth, which want resistance to be overcome; soft, spongy, well tempered and flavored internally, — that is for the organ of taste; wholesome, nutritious, — that is for the internal surfaces and the system generally.

— Good! — said the Master, and laughed a hearty terrestrial laugh.

I hope he will carry that faculty of an honest laugh with him wherever he goes, — why should n't he? The "order of things," as he calls it, from which hilarity was excluded, would be crippled and one-sided enough. I don't believe the human gamut will be cheated of a single note after men have done breathing this fatal atmospheric mixture and die into the ether of immortality!

I did n't *say* all that; if I had said it, it would have brought a pellet from the popgun, I feel quite certain.

— The Master went on after he had had out his laugh. There is one thing I am His Imperial Majesty about, and that is my likes and dislikes. What if

I do like your verses, — you can't help yourself. I don't doubt somebody or other hates 'em and hates you and everything you do, or ever did, or ever can do. He is all right; there is nothing you or I like that somebody does n't hate. Was there ever anything wholesome that was not poison to somebody? If you hate honey or cheese, or the products of the dairy, — I know a family a good many of whose members can't touch milk, butter, cheese, and the like, — why, say so, but don't find fault with the bees and the cows. Some are afraid of roses, and I have known those that thought a pond-lily a disagreeable neighbor. That Boy will give you the metaphysics of likes and dislikes. Look here, — you young philosopher over there, — do you like candy?

That Boy. — You bet! Give me a stick and see if I don't.

And can you tell me why you like candy?

That Boy. — Because I do.

— There, now, that is the whole matter in a nutshell. Why do your teeth like crackling crust, and your organs of taste like spongy crumb, and your digestive contrivances take kindly to bread rather than toadstools —

That Boy (thinking he was still being catechised). — Because they do.

Whereupon the Landlady said, Sh! and the Young Girl laughed, and the Lady smiled; and Dr. Ben. Franklin kicked him, moderately, under the table, and the Astronomer looked up at the ceiling to see what had happened, and the member of the Haouse cried, Order! Order! and the Salesman said, Shut up, cash-boy! and the rest of the boarders kept on feeding; except the Master, who looked very hard but half approvingly at the small intruder, who had come about as nearly right as most professors would have done.

— You poets, — the Master said after this excitement had calmed down, — you poets have one thing about you that is odd. You talk about everything as if you knew more about it than the people whose business it is to know *all* about it. I suppose you do a little of what we teachers used to call "cramming" now and then?

— If you like your breakfast you must n't ask the cook too many questions, — I answered.

— O, come now, don't be afraid of letting out your secrets. I have a notion I can tell a poet that gets himself up just as I can tell a make-believe old man on the stage by the line where the gray skull-cap joins the smooth forehead of the young fellow of seventy. You 'll confess to a rhyming dictionary anyhow, won't you?

— I would as lief use that as any other dictionary, but I don't want it. When a word comes up fit to end a line with I can *feel* all the rhymes in the language that are fit to go with it without naming them. I have tried them all so many times, I know all the polygamous words and all the monogamous ones, and all the unmarrying ones, — the whole lot that have no mates, — as soon as I hear their names called. Sometimes I run over a string of rhymes, but generally speaking it is strange what a short list it is of those that are good for anything. That is the pitiful side of all rhymed verse. Take two such words as *home* and *world*. What can you do with *chrome* or *loam* or *gnome* or *tome?* You have *dome*, *foam*, and *roam*, and not much more to use in your *pome*, as some of our fellow-countrymen call it. As for *world*, you know that in all human probability somebody or something will be *hurled* into it or out of it; its clouds may be *furled* or its grass *impearled;* possibly something may be *whirled*, or *curled*, or even *swirled*, — one of Leigh Hunt's words, which with *lush*, one of Keats's, is an important part of the stock in trade of some dealers in rhyme.

— And how much do you versifiers know of all those arts and sciences you refer to as if you were as familiar with them as a cobbler is with his wax and lapstone?

Enough not to make too many mis-

takes. The best way is to ask some expert before one risks himself very far in illustrations from a branch he does not know much about. Suppose, for instance, I wanted to use the *double star* to illustrate anything, say the relation of two human souls to each other, what would I do? Why, I would ask our young friend there to let me look at one of those loving celestial pairs through his telescope, and I don't doubt he 'd let me do so, and tell me their names and all I wanted to know about them.

— I should be most happy to show any of the double stars or whatever else there might be to see in the heavens to any of our friends at this table, — the young man said, so cordially and kindly that it was a real invitation.

— Show us the man in the moon, — said That Boy.

— I should so like to see a double star! — said Scheherazade with a very pretty air of smiling modesty.

— Will you go, if we make up a party? — I asked the Master.

— A cold in the head lasts me from three to five days, — answered the Master. — I am not so very fond of being out in the dew like Nebuchadnezzar: that will do for you young folks.

— I suppose I must be one of the young folks, — not so young as our Scheherazade, nor so old as the Capitalist, — young enough at any rate to want to be of the party. So we agreed that on some fair night when the Astronomer should tell us that there was to be a fine show in the skies, we would make up a party and go to the Observatory. I asked the Scarabee whether he would not like to make one of us.

— Out of the question, sir, out of the question. I am altogether too much occupied with an important scientific investigation to devote any considerable part of an evening to star-gazing.

— O, indeed, — said I, — and may I venture to ask on what particular point you are engaged just at present?

— Certainly, sir, you may. It is, I suppose, as difficult and important a matter to be investigated as often comes before a student of natural history. I wish to settle the point once for all whether the *Pediculus Melittæ* is or is not the larva of *Meloe*.

(— Now is n't this the drollest world to live in that one could imagine short of being in a fit of *delirium tremens?* Here is a fellow-creature of mine and yours who is asked to see all the glories of the firmament brought close to him, and he is too busy with a little unmentionable parasite that infests the bristly surface of a bee to spare an hour or two of a single evening for the splendors of the universe! I must get a peep through that microscope of his and see the *pediculus* which occupies a larger space in his mental vision than the midnight march of the solar systems.— The creature, the human one, I mean, interests me.)

— I am very curious, — I said, — about that *pediculus melittæ*, — (just as if I knew a good deal about the little wretch and wanted to know more, whereas I had never heard him spoken of before, to my knowledge,) — could you let me have a sight of him in your microscope?

— You ought to have seen the way in which the poor dried-up little Scarabee turned towards me. His eyes took on a really human look, and I almost thought those antennæ-like arms of his would have stretched themselves out and embraced me. I don't believe any of the boarders had ever shown any interest in him, except the little monkey of a Boy, since he had been in the house. It is not strange; he had not seemed to me much like a human being, until all at once I touched the one point where his vitality had concentrated itself, and he stood revealed a man and a brother.

— Come in, — said he, — come in, right after breakfast, and you shall see the animal that has convulsed the entomological world with questions as to his nature and origin.

— So I went into the Scarabee's parlor, lodging-room, study, laboratory, and museum, — a single apartment ap-

plied to these various uses, you understand.

— I wish I had time to have you show me all your treasures, — I said, — but I am afraid I shall hardly be able to do more than look at the bee-parasite. But what a superb butterfly you have in that case!

O, yes, yes, well enough, — came from South America with the beetle there; look at *him!* These *lepidoptera* are for children to play with, pretty to look at, so some think. Give me the *Coleoptera*, and the kings of the *Coleoptera* are the beetles! *Lepidoptera* and *Neuroptera* for little folks; *Coleoptera* for men, sir!

— The particular beetle he showed me in the case with the magnificent butterfly was an odious black wretch that one would say, Ugh! at, and kick out of his path, if he did not serve him worse than that. But he looked at it as a coin-collector would look at a Pescennius Niger, if the coins of that Emperor are as scarce as they used to be when I was collecting half-penny tokens and pine-tree shillings and battered bits of Roman brass with the head of Gallienus or some such old fellow on them.

— A beauty! — he exclaimed, — and the only specimen of the kind in this country, to the best of my belief. A unique, sir, and there is a pleasure in exclusive possession. Not another beetle like that short of South America, sir.

— I was glad to hear that there were no more like it in this neighborhood, the present supply of cockroaches answering every purpose so far as I am concerned, that such an animal as this would be like to serve.

— Here are my bee-parasites, — said the Scarabee, shewing me a box full of glass slides, each with a specimen ready mounted for the microscope. I was most struck with one little beast flattened out like a turtle, semi-transparent, six-legged, as I remember him, and every leg terminated by a single claw hooked like a lion's and as formidable for the size of the creature as that of the royal beast.

— Lives on a bumblebee, does he? — I said. — That 's the way I call it. Bumblebee or bumblybee and huckleberry. Humblebee and whortleberry for people that say Woos-ses-ter and Norwich.

— The Scarabee did not smile; he took no interest in trivial matters like this.

— (Lives on a bumblebee. When you come to think of it, he must lead a pleasant kind of life. Sails through the air without the trouble of flying. Free pass everywhere that the bee goes. No fear of being dislodged; look at those six grappling-hooks. Helps himself to such juices of the bee as he likes best; the bee feeds on the choicest vegetable nectars, and he feeds on the bee. Lives either in the air or in the perfumed pavilion of the fairest and sweetest flowers. Think what tents the hollyhocks and the great lilies spread for him! And wherever he travels a band of music goes with him, for this hum which wanders by us is doubtless to him a vast and inspiring strain of melody.)— I thought all this, while the Scarabee supposed I was studying the minute characters of the enigmatical specimen.

— I know what I consider your *pediculus melittæ*, I said at length.

Do you think it really the larva of *meloe?*

— O, I don't know much about that, but I think he is the best cared for, on the whole, of any animal that I know of; and if I was n't a man I believe I had rather be that little sybarite than anything that feasts at the board of nature.

— The question is, whether he is the larva of *meloe*, — the Scarabee said, as if he had not heard a word of what I had just been saying. — If I live a few years longer it shall be settled, sir; and if my epitaph can say honestly that I settled it, I shall be willing to trust my posthumous fame to that achievement.

I said good morning to the specialist, and went off feeling not only kindly, but respectfully towards him. He is an enthusiast, at any rate, as "earnest"

a man as any philanthropic reformer who, having passed his life in worrying people out of their misdoings into good behavior, comes at last to a state in which he is never contented except when he is making somebody uncomfortable. He does certainly know one thing well, very likely better than anybody in the world.

I find myself somewhat singularly placed at our table between a minute philosopher who has concentrated all his faculties on a single subject, and my friend who finds the present universe too restricted for his intelligence. I would not give much to hear what the Scarabee says about the old Master, for he does not pretend to form a judgment of anything but beetles, but I should like to hear what the Master has to say about the Scarabee. I waited after breakfast until he had gone, and then asked the Master what he could make of our dried-up friend.

— Well, — he said, — I am hospitable enough in my feelings to him and all his tribe. These specialists are the coral-insects that build up a reef. By and by it will be an island, and for aught we know may grow into a continent. But I don't want to be a coral-insect myself. I had rather be a voyager that visits all the reefs and islands the creatures build, and sails over the seas where they have as yet built up nothing. I am a little afraid that science is breeding us down too fast into coral-insects. A man like Newton or Leibnitz or Haller used to paint a picture of outward or inward nature with a free hand, and stand back and look at it as a whole and feel like an archangel; but nowadays you have a Society, and they come together and make a great mosaic, each man bringing his little bit and sticking it in its place, but so taken up with his petty fragment that he never thinks of looking at the picture the little bits make when they are put together. You can't get any talk out of these specialists away from their own subjects, any more than you can get help from a policeman outside of his own beat.

— Yes, — said I, — but why should n't we always set a man talking about the thing he knows best?

— No doubt, no doubt, if you meet him once; but what are you going to do with him if you meet him every day? I travel with a man, and we want to make change very often in paying bills. But every time I ask him to change a pistareen, or give me two fo'pencehappennies for a ninepence, or help me to make out two and thrippence (mark the old Master's archaisms about the currency), what does the fellow do but put his hand in his pocket and pull out an old Roman coin; I have no change, says he, but this assarion of Diocletian. Mighty deal of good that 'll do me!

— It is n't quite so handy as a few specimens of the modern currency would be, but you can pump him on numismatics.

— To be sure, to be sure. I 've pumped a thousand men of all they could teach me, or at least all I could learn from 'em; and if it comes to that, I never saw the man that could n't teach me something. I can get along with everybody in his place, though I think the place of some of my friends is over there among the feeble-minded pupils, and I don't believe there 's one of *them* I could n't go to school to for half an hour and be the wiser for it. But people you talk with every day have got to have feeders for their minds, as much as the stream that turns a mill-wheel has. It is n't one little rill that 's going to keep the float-boards going round. Take a dozen of the brightest men you can find in the brightest city, wherever that may be, — perhaps you and I think we know, — and let 'em come together once a month, and you 'll find out in the course of a year or two the ones that have feeders from all the hillsides. Your common talkers, that exchange the gossip of the day, have no wheel in particular to turn, and the wash of the rain as it runs down the street is enough for them.

— Do you mean you can always see

the sources from which a man fills his mind, — his feeders, as you call them?

— I don't go quite so far as that, — the master said. — I 've seen men whose minds were always overflowing, and yet they did n't read much nor go much into the world. Sometimes you 'll find a bit of a pond-hole in a pasture, and you 'll plunge your walking-stick into it and think you are going to touch bottom. But you find you are mistaken. Some of these little stagnant pond-holes are a good deal deeper than you think; you may tie a stone to a bed-cord and not get soundings in some of 'em. The country boys will tell you they have no bottom, but that only means that they 're mighty deep; and so a good many stagnant, stupid-seeming people are a great deal deeper than the length of your intellectual walking-stick, I can tell you. There are hidden springs that keep the little pond-holes full when the mountain brooks are all dried up. You poets ought to know that.

— I can't help thinking you are more tolerant towards the specialists than I thought at first, by the way you seemed to look at our dried-up neighbor and his small pursuits.

— I don't like the word *tolerant*, — the Master said. — As long as the Lord can tolerate me I think I can stand my fellow-creatures. Philosophically, I love 'em all; empirically, I don't think I am very fond of all of 'em. It depends on how you look at a man or a woman. Come here, Youngster, will you? — he said to That Boy.

The Boy was trying to catch a blue-bottle to add to his collection, and was indisposed to give up the chase; but he presently saw that the Master had taken out a small coin and laid it on the table, and felt himself drawn in that direction.

Read that, — said the Master.

U-n-i-ni — United States of America 5 cents.

The Master turned the coin over. Now read that.

In God is our t-r-u-s-t — trust. 1869.

— Is that the same piece of money as the other one?

— There ain't any other one, — said the Boy, — there ain't but one, but it 's got two sides to it with different reading.

— That 's it, that 's it, — said the Master, — two sides to everybody, as there are to that piece of money. I 've seen an old woman that would n't fetch five cents if you should put her up for sale at public auction; and yet come to read the other side of her, she had a trust in God Almighty, that was like the bow anchor of a three-decker. It 's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at. I don't think your ant-eating specialist, with his sharp nose and pin-head eyes, is the best every-day companion; but any man who knows one thing well is worth listening to for once; and if you are of the large-brained variety of the race, and want to fill out your programme of the order of things in a systematic and exhaustive way, and get all the half-notes and flats and sharps of humanity into your scale, you 'd a great deal better shut your front door and open your two side ones when you come across a fellow that has made a real business of doing anything.

— That Boy stood all this time looking hard at the five-cent piece.

— Take it, — said the Master, with a good-natured smile.

— The Boy made a snatch at it and was off for the purpose of investing it.

— A child naturally snaps at a thing as a dog does at his meat, — said the Master. — If you think of it, we 've all been quadrupeds. A child that can only crawl has all the instincts of a four-footed beast. It carries things in its mouth just as cats and dogs do. I 've seen the little brutes do it over and over again. I suppose a good many children would stay quadrupeds all their lives, if they did n't learn the trick of walking on their hind legs from seeing all the grown people walking in that way.

— Do you accept Mr. Darwin's notions about the origin of the race? — said I.

The Master looked at me with that twinkle in his eye which means that he is going to parry a question.

— Better stick to Blair's Chronology; that settles it. Adam and Eve, created Friday, October 28th, B. C. 4004. You 've been in a ship for a good while, and here comes Mr. Darwin on deck with an armful of sticks and says, "Let 's build a raft, and trust ourselves to that."

If your ship springs aleak, what *would* you do?

He looked me straight in the eyes for about half a minute. — If I heard the pumps going, I 'd look and see whether they were gaining on the leak or not. If they were gaining I 'd stay where I was. — Go and find out what 's the matter with that young woman.

I had noticed that the Young Girl — the story-writer, our Scheherazade, as I called her — looked as if she had been crying or lying awake half the night. I found on asking her — for she is an honest little body and is disposed to be confidential with me for some reason or other — that she had been doing both.

— And what was the matter now, I questioned her in a semi-paternal kind of way as soon as I got a chance for a few quiet words with her.

She was engaged to write a serial story, it seems, and had only got as far as the second number, and some critic had been jumping upon it, she said, and grinding his heel into it, till she could n't bear to look at it. He said she did not write half so well as half a dozen other young women. She did n't write half so well as she used to write herself. She had n't any characters and she had n't any incidents. Then he went to work to show how her story was coming out, — trying to anticipate everything she could make of it, so that her readers should have nothing to look forward to, and he should have credit for his sagacity in guessing, which was nothing so very wonderful, she seemed to think. Things she had merely hinted and left the reader to infer, he told right out in the bluntest and coarsest way. It had taken all the life out of her, she said. It was just as if at a dinner-party one of the guests should take a spoonful of soup and get up and say to the company, "Poor stuff, poor stuff; you won't get anything better; let 's go somewhere else where things are fit to eat."

What do you read such things for, my dear? — said I.

The film glistened in her eyes at the strange sound of those two soft words; she had not heard such very often, I am afraid.

— I know I am a foolish creature to read them, — she answered, — but I can't help it; somebody always sends me everything that will make me wretched to read, and so I sit down and read it, and ache all over for my pains, and lie awake all night.

— She smiled faintly as she said this, for she saw the subridiculous side of it, but the film glittered still in her eyes. There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples. "Somebody always sends her everything that will make her wretched." Who can those creatures be who cut out the offensive paragraph and send it anonymously to us, who mail the newspaper which has the article we had much better not have seen, who take care that we shall know everything which can, by any possibility, help to make us discontented with ourselves and a little less light-hearted than we were before we had been fools enough to open their incendiary packages? I don't like to say it to myself, but I cannot help suspecting, in this instance, the doubtful-looking personage who sits on my left, beyond the Scarabee. I have some reason to think that he has made advances to the young girl which were not favorably received, to state the case in moderate terms, and it may be that he is taking his revenge in cutting up the poor girl's story. I know this very well, that some personal pique or favoritism is at the bottom of half the

praise and dispraise which pretend to be so very ingenuous and discriminating. (Of course I have been thinking all this time and telling you what I thought.)

— What you want is encouragement, my dear, — said I, — I know that as well as you. I don't think the fellows that write such criticisms as you tell me of want to correct your faults. I don't mean to say that you can learn nothing from them, because they are not all fools by any means, and they will often pick out your weak points with a malignant sagacity, as a pettifogging lawyer will frequently find a real flaw in trying to get at everything he can quibble about. But is there nobody who will praise you generously when you do well, — nobody that will lend you a hand now while you want it, — or must they all wait until you have made yourself a name among strangers, and then all at once find out that you have something in you?

O, — said the girl, and the bright film gathered too fast for her young eyes to hold much longer, — I ought not to be ungrateful! I have found the kindest friend in the world. Have you ever heard the Lady — the one that I sit next to at the table — say anything about me?

I have not really made her acquaintance, I said. She seems to me a little distant in her manners, and I have respected her pretty evident liking for keeping mostly to herself.

— O, but when you once do know her! I don't believe I could write stories all the time as I do, if she did n't ask me up to her chamber, and let me read them to her. Do you know, I can make her laugh and cry, reading my poor stories? And sometimes, when I feel as if I had written out all there is in me, and want to lie down and go to sleep and never wake up except in a world where there are no weekly papers, — when everything goes wrong, like a car off the track, — she takes hold and sets me on the rails again all right.

— How does she go to work to help you?

— Why, she *listens* to my stories, to begin with, as if she really liked to hear them. And then you know I am dreadfully troubled now and then with some of my characters, and can't think how to get rid of them. And she 'll say, perhaps, Don't shoot your villain this time, you 've shot three or four already in the last six weeks; let his mare stumble and throw him and break his neck. Or she 'll give me a hint about some new way for my lover to make a declaration. She must have had a good many offers, it 's my belief, for she has told me a dozen different ways for me to use in my stories. And whenever I read a story to her, she always laughs and cries in the right places; and that 's such a comfort, for there are some people that think everything pitiable is so funny, and will burst out laughing when poor Rip Van Winkle — you 've seen Mr. Jefferson, have n't you? — is breaking your heart for you if you have one. Sometimes she takes a poem I have written and reads it to me so beautifully, that I fall in love with it, and sometimes she sets my verses to music and sings them to me.

— You have a laugh together sometimes, do you?

— Indeed we do. I write for what they call the "Comic Department" of the paper now and then. If I did not get so tired of story-telling, I suppose I should be gayer than I am; but as it is, we two get a little fun out of my comic pieces. I begin them half crying sometimes, but after they are done they amuse me. I don't suppose my comic pieces are very laughable; at any rate the man who makes a business of writing me down says the last one I wrote is very melancholy reading, and that if it was only a little better perhaps some bereaved person might pick out a line or two that would do to put on a gravestone.

— Well, that is hard, I must confess. Do let me see those lines which excite such sad emotions.

— Will you read them very good-naturedly? If you will, I will get the

paper that has "Aunt Tabitha." That is the one the fault-finder said produced such deep depression of feeling. It was written for the "Comic Department." Perhaps it will make you cry, but it was n't meant to.

— I will finish my report this time with our Scheherazade's poem, hoping that any critic who deals with it will treat it with the courtesy due to all a young lady's literary efforts.

AUNT TABITHA.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that is n't the way ;
When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt ! If I only would take her advice !
But I like my own way, and I find it *so* nice !
And besides, I forget half the things I am told ;
But they all will come back to me — when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out ;
She would never endure an impertinent stare, —
It is *horrid*, she says, and I must n't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it is n't quite safe to be walking alone ;
So I take a lad's arm, — just for safety, you know, —
But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* did n't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then !
They kept at arm's length those detestable men ;
What an era of virtue she lived in ! — But stay —
Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day ?

If the men *were* so wicked, I 'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma ;
Was he like the rest of them ? Goodness ! Who knows ?
And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should propose ?

I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been !
And her grand-aunt — it scares me — how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad !

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can ;
Let *me* perish — to rescue some wretched young man !
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me *she* never did so !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR.

IT had been raining in the valley of the Sacramento. The North Fork had overflowed its banks and Rattlesnake Creek was impassable. The few boulders that had marked the summer ford at Simpson's Crossing were obliterated by a vast sheet of water stretching to the foothills. The up stage was stopped at Grangers ; the last mail had been abandoned in the *tules*, the rider swimming for his life. "An area," remarked the "Sierra Avalanche," with pensive local pride, "as large as the State of Massachusetts is now under water."

Nor was the weather any better in the foothills. The mud lay deep on the mountain road ; wagons that neither physical force nor moral objurgation could move from the evil ways into which they had fallen, encumbered the track, and the way to Simpson's Bar was indicated by broken-down teams and hard swearing. And farther on, cut-off and inaccessible, rained upon and bedraggled, smitten by high winds and threatened by high water, Simpson's Bar on the eve of Christmas day, 1862, clung like a swallow's nest to the rocky entablature and splintered capi-

tals of Table Mountain, and shook in the blast.

As night shut down on the settlement, a few lights gleamed through the mist from the windows of cabins on either side of the highway now crossed and gullied by lawless streams and swept by marauding winds. Happily most of the population were gathered at Thompson's store, clustered around a red-hot stove, at which they silently spat in some accepted sense of social communion that perhaps rendered conversation unnecessary. Indeed, most methods of diversion had long since been exhausted on Simpson's Bar; high water had suspended the regular occupations on gulch and on river, and a consequent lack of money and whiskey had taken the zest from most illegitimate recreation. Even Mr. Hamlin was fain to leave the Bar with fifty dollars in his pocket, — the only amount actually realized of the large sums won by him in the successful exercise of his arduous profession. "Ef I was asked," he remarked somewhat later, — "ef I was asked to pint out a purty little village where a retired sport as did n't care for money could exercise hisself, frequent and lively, I 'd say Simpson's Bar; but for a young man with a large family depending on his exertions, it don't pay." As Mr. Hamlin's family consisted mainly of female adults, this remark is quoted rather to show the breadth of his humor than the exact extent of his responsibilities.

Howbeit, the unconscious objects of this satire sat that evening in the listless apathy begotten of idleness and lack of excitement. Even the sudden splashing of hoofs before the door did not arouse them. Dick Bullen alone paused in the act of scraping out his pipe, and lifted his head, but no other one of the group indicated any interest in, or recognition of, the man who entered.

It was a figure familiar enough to the company, and known in Simpson's Bar as "The Old Man." A man of perhaps fifty years; grizzled and scant of hair, but still fresh and youthful of complexion. A face full of ready, but not very powerful sympathy, with a chameleon-like aptitude for taking on the shade and color of contiguous moods and feelings. He had evidently just left some hilarious companions, and did not at first notice the gravity of the group, but clapped the shoulder of the nearest man jocularly, and threw himself into a vacant chair.

"Jest heard the best thing out, boys! Ye know Smiley, over yar, — Jim Smiley, — funniest man in the Bar? Well, Jim was jest telling the richest yarn about — "

"Smiley 's a —— fool," interrupted a gloomy voice.

"A particular —— skunk," added another in sepulchral accents.

A silence followed these positive statements. The Old Man glanced quickly around the group. Then his face slowly changed. "That 's so," he said reflectively, after a pause, "certingly a sort of a skunk and suthin of a fool. In course." He was silent for a moment as in painful contemplation of the unsavoriness and folly of the unpopular Smiley. "Dismal weather, ain't it?" he added, now fully embarked on the current of prevailing sentiment. "Mighty rough papers on the boys, and no show for money this season. And to-morrow 's Christmas."

There was a movement among the men at this announcement, but whether of satisfaction or disgust was not plain. "Yes," continued the Old Man in the lugubrious tone he had, within the last few moments, unconsciously adopted, — "yes, Christmas, and to-night 's Christmas eve. Ye see, boys, I kinder thought — that is, I sorter had an idee, jest passin like you know — that may be ye 'd all like to come over to my house to-night and have a sort of tear round. But I suppose, now, you would n't? Don't feel like it, may be?" he added with anxious sympathy, peering into the faces of his companions.

"Well, I don't know," responded Tom Flynn with some cheerfulness. "P'r'aps we may. But how about your wife, Old Man? What does *she* say to it?"

The Old Man hesitated. His conjugal experience had not been a happy one, and the fact was known to Simpson's Bar. His first wife, a delicate, pretty little woman, had suffered keenly and secretly from the jealous suspicions of her husband, until one day he invited the whole Bar to his house to expose her infidelity. On arriving, the party found the shy, *petite* creature quietly engaged in her household duties, and retired abashed and discomfited. But the sensitive woman did not easily recover from the shock of this extraordinary outrage. It was with difficulty she regained her equanimity sufficiently to release her lover from the closet in which he was concealed and escape with him. She left a boy of three years to comfort her bereaved husband. The Old Man's present wife had been his cook. She was large, loyal, and aggressive.

Before he could reply, Joe Dimmick suggested with great directness that it was the "Old Man's house," and that, invoking the Divine Power, if the case were his own, he would invite who he pleased, even if in so doing he imperilled his salvation. The Powers of Evil, he further remarked, should contend against him vainly. All this delivered with a terseness and vigor lost in this necessary translation.

"In course. Certainly. Thet 's it," said the Old Man with a sympathetic frown. "Thar 's no trouble about *thet*. It 's my own house, built every stick on it myself. Don't you be afeard o' her, boys. She *may* cut up a trifle rough, — ez wimmin do, — but she 'll come round." Secretly the Old Man trusted to the exaltation of liquor and the power of courageous example to sustain him in such an emergency.

As yet, Dick Bullen, the oracle and leader of Simpson's Bar, had not spoken. He now took his pipe from his lips. "Old Man, how 's that yer Johnny gettin' on? Seems to me he did n't look so peart last time I seed him on the bluff heavin' rocks at Chinamen. Did n't seem to take much interest in it. Thar was a gang of 'em by yar yesterday, — drownded out up the river, — and I kinder thought o' Johnny, and how he 'd miss 'em! May be now, we 'd be in the way ef he wus sick?"

The father, evidently touched not only by this pathetic picture of Johnny's deprivation, but by the considerate delicacy of the speaker, hastened to assure him that Johnny was better and that a "little fun might 'liven him up." Whereupon Dick arose, shook himself, and saying, "I 'm ready. Lead the way, Old Man: here goes," himself led the way with a leap, a characteristic howl, and darted out into the night. As he passed through the outer room he caught up a blazing brand from the hearth. The action was repeated by the rest of the party, closely following and elbowing each other, and before the astonished proprietor of Thompson's grocery was aware of the intention of his guests, the room was deserted.

The night was pitchy dark. In the first gust of wind their temporary torches were extinguished, and only the red brands dancing and flitting in the gloom like drunken will-o'-the-wisps indicated their whereabouts. Their way led up Pine-Tree Cañon, at the head of which a broad, low, bark-thatched cabin burrowed in the mountain-side. It was the home of the Old Man, and the entrance to the tunnel in which he worked when he worked at all. Here the crowd paused for a moment, out of delicate deference to their host, who came up panting in the rear.

"P'r'aps ye 'd better hold on a second out yer, whilst I go in and see thet things is all right," said the Old Man, with an indifference he was far from feeling. The suggestion was graciously accepted, the door opened and closed on the host, and the crowd, leaning their backs against the wall and cowering under the eaves, waited and listened.

For a few moments there was no sound but the dripping of water from the eaves, and the stir and rustle of wrestling boughs above them. Then

the men became uneasy, and whispered suggestion and suspicion passed from the one to the other. "Reckon she 's caved in his head the first lick!" "Decoyed him inter the tunnel and barred him up, likely." "Got him down and sittin' on him." "Prob'ly bilin suthin to heave on us: stand clear the door, boys!" For just then the latch clicked, the door slowly opened and a voice said, "Come in out o' the wet."

The voice was neither that of the Old Man nor of his wife. It was the voice of a small boy, its weak treble broken by that preternatural hoarseness which only vagabondage and the habit of premature self-assertion can give. It was the face of a small boy that looked up at theirs, — a face that might have been pretty and even refined but that it was darkened by evil knowledge from within, and dirt and hard experience from without. He had a blanket around his shoulders and had evidently just risen from his bed. "Come in," he repeated, "and don't make no noise. The Old Man 's in there talking to mar," he continued, pointing to an adjacent room which seemed to be a kitchen from which the Old Man's voice came in deprecating accents. "Let me be," he added, querulously to Dick Bullen who had caught him up, blanket and all, and was affecting to toss him into the fire, "let go o' me, you d—d old fool, d' ye hear?"

Thus adjured, Dick Bullen lowered Johnny to the ground with a smothered laugh, while the men, entering quietly, ranged themselves around a long table of rough boards which occupied the centre of the room. Johnny then gravely proceeded to a cupboard and brought out several articles which he deposited on the table. "Thar 's whiskey. And crackers. And red herons. And cheese." He took a bite of the latter on his way to the table. "And sugar." He scooped up a mouthful *en route* with a small and very dirty hand. "And terbacker. Thar 's dried appils too on the shelf, but I don't admire 'em. Appils is swellin'. Thar," he concluded, "now wade in, and don't be afeard. *I* don't mind the old woman. She don't b'long to *me*. S'long."

He had stepped to the threshold of a small room, scarcely larger than a closet, partitioned off from the main apartment, and holding in its dim recess a small bed. He stood there a moment looking at the company, his bare feet peeping from the blanket, and nodded.

"Hello, Johnny! You ain't goin' to turn in agin, are ye?" said Dick.

"Yes, I are," responded Johnny, decidedly.

"Why, wot 's up, old fellow?"

"I 'm sick."

"How sick?"

"I 've got a fevier. And childblains. And roomatiz," returned Johnny, and vanished within. After a moment's pause, he added in the dark, apparently from under the bedclothes, — "And biles!"

There was an embarrassing silence. The men looked at each other, and at the fire. Even with the appetizing banquet before them, it seemed as if they might again fall into the despondency of Thompson's grocery, when the voice of the Old Man, incautiously lifted, came deprecatingly from the kitchen.

"Certainly! Thet 's so. In course they is. A gang o' lazy drunken loafers, and that ar Dick Bullen 's the ornariest of all. Did n't hev no more *sabe* than to come round yar with sickness in the house and no provision. Thet 's what I said: 'Bullen,' sez I, 'it 's crazy drunk you are, or a fool,' sez I, 'to think o' such a thing.' 'Staples,' I sez, 'be you a man, Staples, and 'spect to raise h—ll under my roof and invalids lyin' round?' But they would come, — they would. Thet 's wot you must 'spect o' such trash as lays round the Bar."

A burst of laughter from the men followed this unfortunate exposure. Whether it was overheard in the kitchen, or whether the Old Man's irate companion had just then exhausted all other modes of expressing her contemptuous indignation, I cannot say,

but a back door was suddenly slammed with great violence. A moment later and the Old Man reappeared, haply unconscious of the cause of the late hilarious outburst, and smiled blandly.

"The old woman thought she 'd jest run over to Mrs. McFadden's for a sociable call," he explained, with jaunty indifference, as he took a seat at the board.

Oddly enough it needed this untoward incident to relieve the embarrassment that was beginning to be felt by the party, and their natural audacity returned with their host. I do not propose to record the convivialities of that evening. The inquisitive reader will accept the statement that the conversation was characterized by the same intellectual exaltation, the same cautious reverence, the same fastidious delicacy, the same rhetorical precision, and the same logical and coherent discourse somewhat later in the evening, which distinguish similar gatherings of the masculine sex in more civilized localities and under more favorable auspices. No glasses were broken in the absence of any; no liquor was uselessly spilt on floor or table in the scarcity of that article.

It was nearly midnight when the festivities were interrupted. "Hush," said Dick Bullen, holding up his hand. It was the querulous voice of Johnny from his adjacent closet: "O dad!"

The Old Man arose hurriedly and disappeared in the closet. Presently he reappeared. "His rheumatiz is coming on agin bad," he explained, "and he wants rubbin'." He lifted the demijohn of whiskey from the table and shook it. It was empty. Dick Bullen put down his tin cup with an embarrassed laugh. So did the others. The Old Man examined their contents and said hopefully, "I reckon that 's enough; he don't need much. You hold on all o' you for a spell, and I 'll be back"; and vanished in the closet with an old flannel shirt and the whiskey. The door closed but imperfectly, and the following dialogue was distinctly audible: —

"Now, sonny, whar does she ache worst?"

"Sometimes over yar and sometimes under yer; but it 's most powerful from yer to yer. Rub yer, dad."

A silence seemed to indicate a brisk rubbing. Then Johnny:

"Hevin' a good time out yer, dad?"

"Yes, sonny."

"To-morrer 's Chrismiss, — ain't it?"

"Yes, sonny. How does she feel now?"

"Better. Rub a little furder down. Wot 's Chrismiss, anyway? Wot 's it all about?"

"O, it 's a day."

This exhaustive definition was apparently satisfactory, for there was a silent interval of rubbing. Presently Johnny again:

"Mar sez that everywhere else but yer everybody gives things to everybody Chrismiss, and then she jist waded inter you. She sez thar 's a man they call Sandy Claws, not a white man, you know, but a kind o' Chinemin, comes down the chimbley night afore Chrismiss and gives things to chillern, — boys like me. Put 's 'em in their butes! Thet 's what she tried to play upon me. Easy now, pop, whar are you rubbin' to, — thet 's a mile from the place. She jest made that up, did n't she, jest to aggrewate me and you? Don't rub thar. . . . . Why, dad?"

In the great quiet that seemed to have fallen upon the house the sigh of the near pines and the drip of leaves without was very distinct. Johnny's voice, too, was lowered as he went on, "Don't you take on now, fur I 'm gettin' all right fast. Wot 's the boys doin' out thar?"

The Old Man partly opened the door and peered through. His guests were sitting there sociably enough, and there were a few silver coins and a lean buckskin purse on the table. "Bettin' on suthin, — some little game or 'nother. They 're all right," he replied to Johnny, and recommenced his rubbing.

"I 'd like to take a hand and win

some money," said Johnny, reflectively, after a pause.

The Old Man glibly repeated what was evidently a familiar formula, that if Johnny would wait until he struck it rich in the tunnel he 'd have lots of money, etc., etc.

"Yes," said Johnny, "but you don't. And whether you strike it or I win it, it 's about the same. It 's all luck. But it 's mighty cur'o's about Chrismiss, — ain't it? Why do they call it Chrismiss?"

Perhaps from some instinctive deference to the overhearing of his guests, or from some vague sense of incongruity, the Old Man's reply was so low as to be inaudible beyond the room.

"Yes," said Johnny, with some slight abatement of interest, "I 've heerd o' *him* before. Thar, that 'll do, dad. I don't ache near so bad as I did. Now wrap me tight in this yer blanket. So. Now," he added in a muffled whisper, "sit down yer by me till I go asleep." To assure himself of obedience, he disengaged one hand from the blanket and grasping his father's sleeve, again composed himself to rest.

For some moments the Old Man waited patiently. Then the unwonted stillness of the house excited his curiosity, and without moving from the bed, he cautiously opened the door with his disengaged hand, and looked into the main room. To his infinite surprise it was dark and deserted. But even then a smouldering log on the hearth broke, and by the upspringing blaze he saw the figure of Dick Bullen sitting by the dying embers.

"Hello!"

Dick started, rose, and came somewhat unsteadily toward him.

"Whar 's the boys?" said the Old Man.

"Gone up the cañon on a little *pas-ear*. They 're coming back for me in a minit. I 'm waitin' round for 'em. What are you starin' at, Old Man," he added with a forced laugh; "do you think I 'm drunk?"

The Old Man might have been pardoned the supposition, for Dick's eyes were humid and his face flushed. He loitered and lounged back to the chimney, yawned, shook himself, buttoned up his coat and laughed. "Liquor ain't so plenty as that, Old Man. Now don't you git up," he continued as the Old Man made a movement to release his sleeve from Johnny's hand. "Don't you mind manners. Sit jest whar you be; I 'm goin' in a jiffy. Thar, that 's them now."

There was a low tap at the door. Dick Bullen opened it quickly, nodded "Good night" to his host and disappeared. The Old Man would have followed him but for the hand that still unconsciously grasped his sleeve. He could have easily disengaged it: it was small, weak, and emaciated. But perhaps because it *was* small, weak, and emaciated he changed his mind, and, drawing his chair closer to the bed, rested his head upon it. In this defenceless attitude the potency of his earlier potations surprised him. The room flickered and faded before his eyes, reappeared, faded again, went out, and left him — asleep.

Meantime Dick Bullen, closing the door, confronted his companions. "Are you ready?" said Staples. "Ready," said Dick; "what 's the time?" "Past twelve," was the reply; "can you make it? — it 's nigh on fifty miles, the round trip hither and yon." "I reckon," returned Dick, shortly. "Whar 's the mare?" "Bill and Jack 's holdin' her at the crossin'." "Let 'em hold on a minit longer," said Dick.

He turned and re-entered the house softly. By the light of the guttering candle and dying fire he saw that the door of the little room was open. He stepped toward it on tiptoe and looked in. The Old Man had fallen back in his chair, snoring, his helpless feet thrust out in a line with his collapsed shoulders, and his hat pulled over his eyes. Beside him, on a narrow wooden bedstead, lay Johnny, muffled tightly in a blanket that hid all save a strip of forehead and a few curls damp with perspiration. Dick Bullen made a step forward, hesitated, and glanced over

his shoulder into the deserted room. Everything was quiet. With a sudden resolution he parted his huge mustaches with both hands and stooped over the sleeping boy. But even as he did so a mischievous blast, lying in wait, swooped down the chimney, rekindled the hearth, and lit up the room with a shameless glow from which Dick fled in bashful terror.

His companions were already waiting for him at the crossing. Two of them were struggling in the darkness with some strange misshapen bulk, which as Dick came nearer took the semblance of a great yellow horse.

It was the mare. She was not a pretty picture. From her Roman nose to her rising haunches, from her arched spine hidden by the stiff *machillas* of a Mexican saddle, to her thick, straight, bony legs, there was not a line of equine grace. In her half-blind but wholly vicious white eyes, in her protruding under lip, in her monstrous color, there was nothing but ugliness and vice.

"Now then," said Staples, "stand cl'ar of her heels, boys, and up with you. Don't miss your first holt of her mane, and mind ye get your off stirrup *quick*. Ready!"

There was a leap, a scrambling struggle, a bound, a wild retreat of the crowd, a circle of flying hoofs, two springless leaps that jarred the earth, a rapid play and jingle of spurs, a plunge, and then the voice of Dick somewhere in the darkness, "All right!"

"Don't take the lower road back onless you're hard pushed for time! Don't hold her in down hill! We'll be at the ford at five. G'lang! Hoopa! Mula! GO!"

A splash, a spark struck from the ledge in the road, a clatter in the rocky cut beyond, and Dick was gone.

. . . . .

Sing, O Muse, the ride of Richard Bullen! Sing, O Muse of chivalrous men! the sacred quest, the doughty deeds, the battery of low churls, the fearsome ride and grewsome perils of the Flower of Simpson's Bar! Alack! she is dainty, this Muse! She will have none of this bucking brute and swaggering, ragged rider, and I must fain follow him in prose, afoot!

It was one o'clock, and yet he had only gained Rattlesnake Hill. For in that time Jovita had rehearsed to him all her imperfections and practised all her vices. Thrice had she stumbled. Twice had she thrown up her Roman nose in a straight line with the reins, and, resisting bit and spur, struck out madly across country. Twice had she reared, and, rearing, fallen backward; and twice had the agile Dick, unharmed, regained his seat before she found her vicious legs again. And a mile beyond them, at the foot of a long hill, was Rattlesnake Creek. Dick knew that here was the crucial test of his ability to perform his enterprise, set his teeth grimly, put his knees well into her flanks, and changed his defensive tactics to brisk aggression. Bullied and maddened, Jovita began the descent of the hill. Here the artful Richard pretended to hold her in with ostentatious objurgation and well-feigned cries of alarm. It is unnecessary to add that Jovita instantly ran away. Nor need I state the time made in the descent; it is written in the chronicles of Simpson's Bar. Enough that in another moment, as it seemed to Dick, she was splashing on the overflowed banks of Rattlesnake Creek. As Dick expected, the momentum she had acquired carried her beyond the point of balking, and holding her well together for a mighty leap, they dashed into the middle of the swiftly flowing current. A few moments of kicking, wading, and swimming, and Dick drew a long breath on the opposite bank.

The road from Rattlesnake Creek to Red Mountain was tolerably level. Either the plunge in Rattlesnake Creek had dampened her baleful fire, or the art which led to it had shown her the superior wickedness of her rider, for Jovita no longer wasted her surplus energy in wanton conceits. Once she bucked, but it was from force of habit; once she shied, but it was from a new freshly painted meeting-

house at the crossing of the county road. Hollows, ditches, gravelly deposits, patches of freshly springing grasses flew from beneath her rattling hoofs. She began to smell unpleasantly, once or twice she coughed slightly, but there was no abatement of her strength or speed. By two o'clock he had passed Red Mountain and begun the descent to the plain. Ten minutes later the driver of the fast Pioneer coach was overtaken and passed by a "man on a Pinto hoss," — an event sufficiently notable for remark. At half past two Dick rose in his stirrups with a great shout. Stars were glittering through the rifted clouds, and beyond him, out of the plain, rose two spires, a flagstaff and a straggling line of black objects. Dick jingled his spurs and swung his *riata*, Jovita bounded forward, and in another moment they swept into Tuttleville and drew up before the wooden piazza of "The Hotel of All Nations."

What transpired that night at Tuttleville is not strictly a part of this record. Briefly I may state, however, that after Jovita had been handed over to a sleepy ostler, whom she at once kicked into unpleasant consciousness, Dick sallied out with the bar-keeper for a tour of the sleeping town. Lights still gleamed from a few saloons and gambling-houses ; but, avoiding these, they stopped before several closed shops, and by persistent tapping and judicious outcry roused the proprietors from their beds, and made them unbar the doors of their magazines and expose their wares. Sometimes they were met by curses, but oftener by interest and some concern in their needs, and the interview was invariably concluded by a drink. It was three o'clock before this pleasantry was given over, and with a small waterproof bag of india-rubber strapped on his shoulders Dick returned to the hotel. But here he was waylaid by Beauty,— Beauty opulent in charms, affluent in dress, persuasive in speech, and Spanish in accent! In vain she repeated the invitation in "Excelsior," happily scorned by all Alpine-climbing youth, and rejected by this child of the Sierras, — a rejection softened in this instance by a laugh and his last gold coin. And then he sprang to the saddle and dashed down the lonely street and out into the lonelier plain, where presently the lights, the black line of houses, the spires, and the flagstaff sank into the earth behind him again and were lost in the distance.

The storm had cleared away, the air was brisk and cold, the outlines of adjacent landmarks were distinct, but it was half past four before Dick reached the meeting-house and the crossing of the county road. To avoid the rising grade he had taken a longer and more circuitous road, in whose viscid mud Jovita sank fetlock deep at every bound. It was a poor preparation for a steady ascent of five miles more ; but Jovita, gathering her legs under her, took it with her usual blind, unreasoning fury, and a half-hour later reached the long level that led to Rattlesnake Creek. Another half-hour would bring him to the creek. He threw the reins lightly upon the neck of the mare, chirruped to her, and began to sing.

Suddenly Jovita shied with a bound that would have unseated a less practised rider. Hanging to her rein was a figure that had leaped from the bank, and at the same time from the road before her arose a shadowy horse and rider. "Throw up your hands," commanded this second apparition, with an oath.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver, and apparently sink under him. He knew what it meant and was prepared.

"Stand aside, Jack Simpson, I know you, you d—d thief. Let me pass or — "

He did not finish the sentence. Jovita rose straight in the air with a terrific bound, throwing the figure from her bit with a single shake of her vicious head, and charged with deadly malevolence down on the impediment before her. An oath, a pistol-shot, horse and highwayman rolled over in the road, and the next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away. But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped helplessly at his side.

Without slackening his speed he shifted the reins to his left hand. But a few moments later he was obliged to halt and tighten the saddle-girths that had slipped in the onset. This in his crippled condition took some time. He had no fear of pursuit, but looking up he saw that the eastern stars were already paling, and that the distant peaks had lost their ghostly whiteness, and now stood out blackly against a lighter sky. Day was upon him. Then completely absorbed in a single idea, he forgot the pain of his wound, and mounting again dashed on toward Rattlesnake Creek. But now Jovita's breath came broken by gasps, Dick reeled in his saddle, and brighter and brighter grew the sky.

Ride, Richard; run, Jovita; linger, O day!

For the last few rods there was a roaring in his ears. Was it exhaustion from loss of blood, or what? He was dazed and giddy as he swept down the hill, and did not recognize his surroundings. Had he taken the wrong road, or was this Rattlesnake Creek?

It was. But the brawling creek he had swam a few hours before had risen, more than doubled its volume, and now rolled a swift and resistless river between him and Rattlesnake Hill. For the first time that night Richard's heart sank within him. The river, the mountain, the quickening east swam before his eyes. He shut them to recover his self-control. In that brief interval, by some fantastic mental process the little room at Simpson's Bar and the figures of the sleeping father and son rose upon him. He opened his eyes wildly, cast off his coat, pistol, boots, and saddle, bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and with a shout dashed into the yellow water. A cry rose from the opposite bank as the head of a man and horse struggled for a few moments against the battling current, and then were swept away amidst uprooted trees and whirling drift-wood.

. . . . . .

The Old Man started and woke. The fire on the hearth was dead, the candle in the outer room flickering in its socket, and somebody was rapping at the door. He opened it, but fell back with a cry before the dripping, half-naked figure that reeled against the doorpost.

"Dick?"

"Hush! Is he awake yet?"

"No, — but Dick? —"

"Dry up, you old fool! Get me some whiskey *quick!*" The Old Man flew and returned with — an empty bottle! Dick would have sworn, but his strength was not equal to the occasion. He staggered, caught at the handle of the door, and motioned to the Old Man.

"Thar's suthin' in my pack yer for Johnny. Take it off. I can't."

The Old Man unstrapped the pack and laid it before the exhausted man.

"Open it, quick!"

He did so with trembling fingers. It contained only a few poor toys,— cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel. One of them was broken; another, I fear, was irretrievably ruined by water; and on the third — ah me! there was a cruel spot.

"It don't look like much, that's a fact," said Dick, ruefully. . . . . "But it's the best we could do. . . . . Take 'em, Old Man, and put 'em in his stocking, and tell him — tell him, you know — hold me, Old Man —" The Old Man caught at his sinking figure. "Tell him," said Dick, with a weak little laugh, — "tell him Sandy Claus has come."

And even so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven, and unshorn, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love. And it looked so tenderly on Simpson's Bar that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies.

Bret Harte.

SPIRITUALISM NEW AND OLD.

IT is a pleasure to read Mr. Owen's books, the evidences of his kindly nature, and of his intelligent interest in all the questions of the hour, so abound in them; and I doubt not, therefore, that his present work * will attract many readers outside the pale of the spiritualistic faith. It is, in fact, addressed to such, being an attempt to persuade them that Spiritualism inherits of Romanism and Protestantism in the maintenance of the Christian doctrine of immortality. He thinks that "religion, such as Christ taught, though sure to prevail in the end, is yet for the time hard pressed; on one hand by the hosts enlisted under the banner of infallibility, on the other by the vigorous pioneers of science: and that in this strait experimental evidence of modern spiritual phenomena, if it can be had, would assist her beyond measure."

Nearly a third of the work consists of an appeal to the Protestant clergy, designed to persuade them that what with the numerous accessions to Romanism out of the Protestant communion on the one hand, and what with the advances of scientific incredulity on the other, they have little ground for supposing the Protestant Church to be a finality of the Divine administration, and ought to be willing, therefore, to look about them for signs of an improved providential presence in the earth. Grant Mr. Owen his premises, and he reasons out his case very well. But the trouble is to understand how he reconciles himself to his premises. Within the past year the Pope has lost the *political* support of four great kingdoms, France, Italy, Spain, Austria; and by claiming to be dogmatically infallible, has so outraged the common sense and the sense of decency of his own clergy, as to have excited a schism of threatening dimensions in the bosom of the hitherto stagnant church. In a word, the Pope himself has become a heretic to the traditions of Catholicism; and this certainly does not look as if the church were thriving. I think, too, that we are apt to deceive ourselves as to the force lent the church by the accessions to it from the Protestant communion. It seems to me, that this force better deserves the name of weakness. I have known and heard of some dozens of Romish converts within the last twenty years; but I have found them generally more servile in their allegiance to the church than if they had been born in it. Now clearly what the church wants, in order to strengthen it, is the access of new intelligence, an intelligence quickened by that new and more intimate life of God in man, whose advent has been assiduously announcing itself, now for a century past, in the growing secularization of the religious conscience, and the growing democratization of the political conscience. If I could hear, for example, that the church had been augmented by a considerable number of Protestant tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, and masons, men who are in contact with the realities of existence, and carry the world along on their own shoulders, I should say the church was reviving. Or, if I could see any considerable body of Methodists, Baptists, or Presbyterians, as such, going over to the old church, and bent upon reanimating it with their own more modern spirit, I should say the remaining days of Protestantism were few and evil. As it is, no such cheering sight meets the eye; but what I see instead is a palpable augmentation by all these converts of the church's apparently inveterate imbecility.

Then again it is hardly fair to as-

* The Debatable Land between this World and the Next, with Illustrative Narrations, by Robert Dale Owen. New York: Carleton. 1872.

sume that science herself is hostile to religion; though undoubtedly there are many men of scientific name who evince a *personal* hostility to it, grounded as I suppose upon some ignorance or misconception of its spiritual aims. Religion, as to its spirit, restricts itself exclusively to the sphere of the individual conscience, which is the field of every man's filial or spontaneous commerce with God; although its letter no doubt has long been, and still too often is, stretched beyond these limitations, and so made to provoke the salutary resentment and reaction of the human mind. Science, on the contrary, limits itself to the sphere of man's outward or organic experience, and leaves that of his inward life completely untouched. It drops out of sight those strictly inorganic wants or individual aptitudes by which he feels himself spiritually constituted or related to God; and confines its attention exclusively to what he possesses in common, more or less, with all other existence; that is, what relates him to nature and his fellow-man. There is thus no conflict possible between religion and science but what arises from a misconception of the functions proper to each, and is inflamed by some petty personal ambition or factional jealousy, on the part of the adherents to one or the other cause.

Mr. Owen, however, devotes the bulk of his book to a series of lively, anecdotical, and varied narratives of spiritual manifestations, gathered up from history, biography, contemporary testimony, and his own personal experience and observation. This part of his work is very entertaining, and will well repay the curiosity of those who are interested in the marvellous at second-hand. I am free to say, moreover, that I do not see how the facts reported by Mr. Owen on his own private authority are to be disposed of in candor, without conceding their truth. The rationale of the facts of course is one thing, and the facts themselves another and very inferior thing. Whether the "Spiritualists" have got any insight into the former may reasonably be questioned; but no one who knows Mr. Owen, and his perfect title to men's respect, can wantonly slight his deliberate testimony to the facts of experience he recounts. For my part, they claim my implicit confidence. And I may say, indeed, that the entire spirit of the book is eminently fair and honest and charitable, however much I may differ from the author as to the degree of intellectual importance attaching to the phenomena he depicts. On this point I should like to sketch out a little platform of disagreement with him, not unfairly conceived I hope.

In the first place, it is extremely prejudicial to the Christian dogma to represent the life and immortality it brings to light as the mere extension of our personal consciousness beyond the grave. That sort of immortality ought indeed, as it seems to me, to be held philosophically indisputable, for the simple reason that the human mind is incapable of conceiving *non-existence;* and what cannot be conceived by human thought assuredly transcends human belief. Besides, the instinctive hopes and fears of mankind in all time and place so clearly affirm immortality in this lower point of view, that scepticism will always be impotent to discredit it. But this is not the Christian idea of immortality. The life and immortality brought to light in the gospel pivots for its rationality exclusively upon the alleged resurrection of Christ from death *in his own flesh and bones.* This is the cardinal fact of revelation, without which the apostles felt that they would have no sufficing argument of the Divine love, and would be of all men most miserable. Now manifestly the human interest which this great fact represents is not that of any man's or of all men's personal resuscitation from death — because we have none of us either the desire or the expectation to rise from death in these corruptible bodies — but that exclusively of the race's regeneration, or the rehabilitation of human nature itself in every

lineament of the Divine perfection. Upon the hypothesis of his exceptional birth, and his subsequent unprecedented personal history, Christ was an altogether extraordinary person, and it would be absurd, therefore, to reason *directly* from his personal chances to my own, or those of any other ordinary person. But I am none the less entitled to do so *indirectly;* for by the hypothesis of his mission, Christ was exclusively a representative person, identified carnally with the interests and aspirations of the Jewish Church, and bound, therefore, to expiate in his own flesh the sturdy inhumanity with which that church was spiritually fraught in the Divine sight. If then he abased himself to this representative function with such unflinching zeal as spontaneously to separate himself from his own nation, and give up his life a ready sacrifice to the infinite love, the love of universal man, I see not how he could well escape personal glorification at the hands of that love. In other words, I do not see how "the flesh and bones," which were the vehicle of his majestic and triumphant patience, could themselves help becoming transfigured with spiritual divine substance, and constituting thenceforth the true Shekinah, or spotless holy of holies, in which alone the inscrutable name becomes revealed without a cloud.

But the flesh and bones Christ wore were identical with your and my flesh and bones; for there is no personality in mere flesh and bones, save what we ourselves voluntarily concede to them. They were, moreover, derived in his case from as low and carnal a source as was ever opened upon earth; and covered doubtless as ugly an inheritance of pride, avarice, and all uncleanness, as consists with the sanity of the human bosom. It is by this community of flesh and bones alone that he and we alike are forever identified with our kind, and consequently forever individualized from God. If then he was confessedly so strong — where you and I are confessedly so feeble — as to withstand his carnal inheritance to the last gasp of its malignity, and outwardly disavow his Jewish cupidities till the sympathies of his inward soul had expanded to the dimensions of universal love, and the very flesh and bones he partook in common with you and me and all mankind became inwardly deluged and informed by the tides of that infinitude, he inevitably wrought a work for humanity no less signal than that which he wrought for himself; for he thus linked, not himself primarily, but you and me and every most abject partaker of the human form, in natural and therefore eternal espousals with God.

This is the only "spiritualism" on the whole which I am capable of understanding, a spiritualism which has primarily nothing whatever to do with persons, but means the sheer recreation of human nature. And, *pace* Mr. Owen and the cause he advocates, this is the only immortality worthy to be divinely championed, — an immortality divorced from the wretched rags of personality that now constitute our spiritual inheritance, and leaving us no consciousness but that of our equality or fellowship with every man of woman born. I do not mean to deny of course that it is of extreme personal moment to me to believe that my *post mortem* well-being is placed beyond the reach of adverse chances. All I mean to say is, that I should have the greatest difficulty to maintain my convictions on this point, if they were left for support to the ordinary light of nature, or if the course of history had nowhere received a supernatural illumination, showing me the Divine love and wisdom intent above all things upon the consecration of our *natural* life, or the building up of the *race-consciousness itself* in the fellowship of his essential purity. What men need in order to the cleansing of their personal conscience from all defilement is some authentic knowledge of God's spiritual perfection, showing it to be in harmony, not with their vain and foolish selves to be sure, but exclusively with their own great race or nature. In the fulfilment of history

doubtless this knowledge will *directly* avouch itself in the disclosures incident to the social evolution of humanity. But meanwhile and in the absence of such direct knowledge, the Christian revelation offers itself to men's faith and hope as the sole and all-sufficient pledge of God's final and unstinted mercy to mankind. I could not for my own part give a feather's weight of belief to Christianity as a Divine revelation, if its irresistible influence were not to divorce me from the natural tendency I feel to be interested in myself supremely, and to value my race only as a sounding-board to my own vanity. Indeed, the special claim which it puts forth to my regard, in my best moments, is the sheer and pointed rebuke it ministers to my unclean craving after *personal* holiness; to the sneaking hope I cherish, that however morally undistinguishable I may be from the publican and harlot in the Divine sight, I may yet find in my religious righteousness a cloak wide enough to conceal my real iniquity.

But even if we should allow this new gospel of spiritualism all the validity it claims, it would be a fatal day for human sanity, when men should consent to receive truth from others, instead of any longer perceiving it for themselves; in other words, when our memory or passive mental stomach should supersede our active brain. The condition of man's distinctive life is, that his affection and thought control his sense, or that what is private and individual in him take precedence of what is public and common. But Spiritualism exalts sense to the primacy of intellect and affection; and, by providing its followers with a direct revelation addressed to their bodily organs, saps the very foundation of their human worth, and reduces such worth to an animal value. No pretended revelation of spiritual verities is worth a jot, which practically disqualifies the heart and mind of man for the pursuit of Divine truth, or leaves his faith and hope towards God contingent upon the fallacious and demoralizing testimony of sense. Sense is an excellent because most obedient mirror of Divine truth; but it would be worthless, even as a mirror, unless it imaged such truth in an inverse form to that which it bears to the intellect and affections. Christianity itself would have perished in its cradle if it had professed directly to satisfy man's endless intellectual want towards God, and not simply to stimulate and educate it. This, indeed, constitutes its infinite superiority to all the ethnic religions, that it avouches itself no literal or direct, but an exclusively mystical and living witness of the ineffable Divine name.

Thus I reject the claim of the spiritualist to succeed the apostolic gospel, because it inflames our natural egotism in place of mortifying it. The primal curse of man is personal consciousness, — the sense of a reality in himself greater than God's reality, and waging implacable war with it. Every one of us feels himself to be "like God"; that is, an all-sufficient arbiter of good and evil; and the way we make our self-conscious divinity felt by those whose worship of us is at all lukewarm needs not to be here recounted. And what our modern gospel does is simply to ratify this curse, by proving the grave itself purely ministerial to our wretched natural personality. No man feels more keenly than I do the intoxication there is in our finite ties; how parent and child, how friend and lover, lap you in sweetness while yet you are deaf to the voice of any deeper life. I know what blessedness these ties have wrought for the race in all the past; how they have engendered all the miracles of our specious civilization; and how they still foster the hollow peace and order which constitute our existing social inequality. But I know also that when the hour of one's intellectual emancipation strikes, and he feels himself divinely summoned to renounce all conventional jargon for the voice of unadulterate justice alone, he will none the less truly feel these same ties "to bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder." What down-

right fatuity it is, then, to attempt projecting them beyond the grave, as if to drown out forever the hope of a Divine redemption! I love my father and mother, my wife and child, my friend and neighbor, with all the love I am capable of yielding to any persons, and I shall take extreme good care therefore that no more pretentious persons shall ever swindle these out of my fixed regard. But some day, to my great awe and amazement, I discern the dawn of a holier love than this in my soul; a wholly *impersonal* love, being the love of infinite goodness and truth. And then, upon the instant, the love which I before felt to be life gladly confesses itself to be death. Nothing outwardly results. No sensible change takes place. Father and mother, wife and child, friend and neighbor, are just as dear to me as ever, perhaps more dear. But they have ceased to be supremely dear. This is all the difference, and it is an exclusively inward one. Their love has silently moulded me to manlier issues than either they or I ever dreamed of. The lion is born lion, and the horse is born horse. But no man was ever born man; only and at most he *becomes* man. So these near and dear persons surround my spiritual cradle, nursing and educating me out of my otherwise inveterate self-ish instincts into *future* social possibilities, by binding me in tender, grateful homage to their provisional superiority.

I do not know whether the reader has duly considered it or not, but the law of our immortal destiny formulates itself thus: *If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.* Hard law it may be, but still law. Its hardness lies in its making one's real foes to be those of his own household, whom yet one is naturally prone to love for what is of one's self in them, if for nothing else. If this law bade me hate my neighbor's family, yea, my neighbor's life even, on occasion, it would be easy enough to fulfil it. For under our existing civic *régime* my neighbors' interests and my own are in more or less direct conflict with each other. But to hate what is one's own is monstrously unnatural; and if therefore the law is valid, it only proves that nothing I can properly call my own, or even myself, enters as an appreciable element into my essential happiness. That is to say, whatsoever is of the person in us is illusory and perishes; only what belongs to impersonal goodness and truth is real and immortal.

Henry James.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

IN three works of fiction lately published we have some very faithful studies of American life in the principal phases which it once showed, and which the events of

* *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.* A Novel. By EDWARD EGGLESTON. With Twenty-nine Illustrations. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1872.

Kate Beaumont. By J. W. DEFOREST. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Oldtown Fireside Stories. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Richard Vandermarck. A Novel. By MRS. SIDNEY S. HARRIS. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1871.

Ought We to Visit Her? A Novel. By MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1872.

Muskingum Legends; with other Sketches and Papers descriptive of the Young Men of Germany and the Old Boys of America. By STEPHEN POWERS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

Poems by CELIA THAXTER. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1872.

Landmarks and other Poems. By JOHN JAMES PIATT. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1872.

Chronicle of a Border Town. History of Rye, Westchester County, New York, 1660–1680; including Harrison and White Plains till 1788. By CHARLES W. BAIRD. Illustrated by ABRAM HOSIER. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1871. 8vo. pp. 570.

not many years have put quite out of sight if not out of being. In the Oldtown stories the Yankee world of tradition is revived; in Mr. DeForest's "Kate Beaumont" the high-tone Southern society of the times before the war, as it was with slavery and chivalry, with hard drinking and easy shooting, appears again; and in Mr. Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster" we are made acquainted with the rudeness and ugliness of the intermediate West, after the days of pioneering, and before the days of civilization, — the West of horse-thief gangs and of mobs, of protracted meetings and of extended sprees, of ignorance drawn slowly through religious fervors towards the desire of knowledge and decency in this world. The scene of the story is in Hoopole County, Indiana, a locality which we hope the traveller would now have some difficulty in finding, and in a neighborhood settled, apparently, by poor whites from Virginia and Kentucky, sordid Pennsylvania Dutchmen, and a sprinkling of 'cute dishonest Yankees. The plot is very simple and of easy prevision from the first, being the struggles of Ralph Hartsook with the young idea in the district school on Flat Creek, where the twig was early bent to thrash the schoolmaster. He boards round among the farmers, starting with "old Jack Means," the school trustee, whose son Bud, the most formidable bully among his pupils, he wins over to his own side, and whose daughter, with her mother's connivance, falls in love with him and resolves to marry him. But the schoolmaster loves their bound girl Hannah, and makes enemies of the mother and daughter; and they are not slow to aid in the persecution which rises against him, and ends in his arrest for a burglary committed by the gang of the neighborhood, including some of the principal citizens of Flat Creek. Of course it comes out all right, though the reader is none the less eager because he foresees the fortunate end. The story is very well told in a plain fashion, without finely studied points. It is chiefly noticeable, however, as a picture of manners hitherto strange to literature, and the characters are interesting as part of the picture of manners, rather than as persons whose fate greatly concerns us; yet they all have a movement of their own, too, and are easily known from each other, — which is much for characters. One of the best is old Mrs. Means, who is also one of the worst in another sense. Her talk is the talk of all Flat Creek; and we cannot suggest the dialect in which the conversation of the story is chiefly written better than by giving a speech of hers: —

"Here Mrs. Means stopped to rake a live coal out of the fire with her skinny finger, and then to carry it in her skinny palm to the bowl — or to the *hole* — of her cob-pipe. When she got the smoke agoing she proceeded:

"'You see this ere bottom land was all Congress land in them there days, and it sold for a dollar and a quarter, and I says to my ole man, "Jack," says I, "Jack, do you git a plenty while you 're a gittin'. Git a plenty while you 're a gittin'," says I, "fer 't won't never be no cheaper 'n 't is now," and it ha' n't been, I knowed 't would n't,' and Mrs. Means took the pipe from her mouth to indulge in a good chuckle at the thought of her financial shrewdness. '"Git a plenty while you 're a gittin'," says I. I could see, you know, they was a powerful sight of money in Congress land. That 's what made me say, "Git a plenty while you 're a gittin'." And Jack, he 's wuth lots and gobs of money, all made out of Congress land. Jack did n't git rich by hard work. Bless you, no! Not him. That a'n't his way. Hard work a'n't, you know. 'T was that air six hundred dollars he got along of me, all salted down into Flat Crick bottoms at a dollar and a quarter a'acre, and 't was my sayin', "Git a plenty while you 're a gittin'," as done it.' And here the old ogre laughed, or grinned horribly, at Ralph, showing her few straggling, discolored teeth.

"Then she got up and knocked the ashes out of her pipe, and laid the pipe away and walked round in front of Ralph. After adjusting the 'chunks' so that the fire would burn, she turned her yellow face toward Ralph, and scanning him closely came out with the climax of her speech in the remark, 'You see as how, Mr. Hartsook, the man what gits my Mirandy 'll do well. Flat Crick land 's worth nigh upon a hundred a acre.'"

We should say the weak side of Mr. Eggleston's story was the pathos that gets into it through some of Little Shocky's talk, and the piety that gets into it through Bud Means; and we mean merely that these are not so well managed as the unregeneracy, and not at all that they are not good things to have in a story. The facts about Shocky are touching enough, and the facts about Bud most respectable.

Mr. Eggleston is the first to touch in fiction the kind of life he has represented,

and we imagine that future observers will hardly touch it in more points. Its traits seem to be all here, both the good and the bad; but that it is a past or passing state of things is sufficiently testified by the fact, to which Mr. Eggleston alludes in his Preface, that the story, as it appeared serially, was nowhere more popular than in Southern Indiana. Flat Creek, Hoopole County, would not, we imagine, have been so well pleased thirty years ago with a portrait which, at any rate, is not flattered.

Some of the worst characteristics of the West have been inherited from the slave-holding South, — from Virginia and North Carolina and Maryland, — out of which the poor whites emigrated with their vicious squalor to the new Territories; and there is no very great difference between some of the persons depicted in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and low-down people who figure in some chapters of "Kate Beaumont," except that the Western type, escaped from the social domination of the great planters, is full of a rude independence lacking in its ancestry. The Flat-Creekers of Hoopole County, Indiana, are of the same race and lineage as the poor whites of Saxonburg, South Carolina, and the same system is responsible for both. But in spite of their bad instincts and their inherited vices, the Flat-Creekers take to the protracted meeting and the spelling-school for amusement, and the Saxonburgers to the fierce carouse which Mr. DeForest has so strongly painted; after fifty years Saxonburg shall perhaps attain the level which Flat Creek reached twenty-five years ago. There is at least now an opportunity of change for the better in that which could hardly have changed for the worse, the conditions on which Mr. DeForest founds his story having vanished with slavery.

Those who followed the fortunes of Kate Beaumont from month to month in these pages will agree with us that the author did not present Southern people in an entirely odious light, whatever may have been his treatment of Southern life. On the contrary, there are few of his persons who have not some fascination that makes us almost forget their frailties, from Colonel Kershaw to General Johnson. Hitherto Southern character has been treated almost always in direct reference to slavery, and Mr. DeForest gains an immense advantage in refusing to deal with slavery except as a social fact. In this way we are brought nearer to his Southerners as men and women, and enabled to like or dislike them for purely personal reasons; though any one who supposed him indifferent to the question in abeyance would singularly mistake him, and would lose half his meaning. The whole effect of his story is so lifelike, that we are persuaded to believe it the first full and perfect picture of Southern society of the times before the war; certainly it is the most satisfactory; and if the duels and informal combats and debauches and difficulties of all kinds seem too frequent for the truth, we must not forget that our author is working artistically, with a right to assemble the dramatic points of his material, and we must remember also what the truth was about that bygone state of things. As we read Mr. DeForest we might fancy ourselves in the midst of such genteel Irish life as Thackeray touches in "The Luck of Barry Lyndon," or among Florentine or Veronese gentlemen of the Middle Ages. The structure of that old South Carolinian society is none the less feudal because the supremacy of its aristocrats is a matter of personal quality and of sentiment rather than of legal force; and one of the nicest and most amusing points of Mr. DeForest's study is that the young Beaumonts, educated in Paris and Berlin, come back to their native barbarism with an almost unshaken devotion. Frank McAlister, to be sure, returns from Europe with a profound contempt for this barbarism, and a particular scorn for the family feud of the Beaumonts and McAlisters: he means to develop the mineral resources of South Carolina and civilize her; but even he loves her above all other lands, and once happily married to Kate Beaumont he can do nothing but acquiesce in the local conditions, and become a model country gentleman after the best Carolinian fashion. The other McAlisters, with all their seriousness and coolness, are as ready for the duel and the rencounter as the Beaumonts, and in none of the many particulars touched do the proprieties of South Carolina seem to be violated. The elders — passionate, homicidal, affectionate old Peyton Beaumont, and his lifelong enemy Judge McAlister, urbane and canny and cold — are equally stiff-necked and besotted in their contempt of all the world outside of their native State, and in their love of her political and social traits.

The personage who rises above all in a peculiar beauty and nobility of character

is old Colonel Kershaw, whose virtues are presented to us with a clearness and force worthy of them. It is so like a study from some actual character known to Mr. DeForest, that we hesitate to credit him with its invention. Serene, brave, peaceful, that good old man, the type of such Southern manhood as flowered into the tranquil and simple greatness of Washington, is one of most realistic figures in a novel abounding in diversely marked characters.

As we said in speaking of "Overland," Mr. DeForest has an uncommon success in the presentation of his personages. There is not one in this book that is feebly treated, and the range is great. Vincent Beaumont, somewhat cynical, Parisianized, quick-tempered, yet not bad-hearted; Poinsett, fat, easy, *persifleur*, yet a Beaumont through and through when it comes to the family honor; Tom, the young drunkard, with his blackguard self-respect, and his boyish desire to excel in devotion to the family feud; — how distinctly they are set before us in contrast to the McAlisters! Among these, Bruce appears only subordinately, yet we know almost as from our own senses his tall, consumptive person, his winning manner, his husky voice; as we do Bent Armitage with his game foot and his slangy talk. Those two ancients, Colonel Lawson and General Johnson, so opposite in their flatteries and their purposes, with a broad likeness in their eloquent habits, good as they are, are no better drawn than all the loafers and politicians of Hartland, or the wild low-downers of Saxonburg. Of the women, Nelly Armitage, as a character, is the best, and her courageous patience with her drunken husband is one of the best passages in the book; it is quite conceivable of her that she should first favor Frank McAlister's love for Kate, then want him killed because he tied her brother Tom, and then again espouse his cause because he is so magnanimous and so miserable. It is not, we suppose, one of the least truthful strokes in the general portrayal of South Carolinianism, that both the Beaumonts and McAlisters are agreed that Frank might have killed Tom without giving just cause of complaint, but having tied him he has afforded him ground for a challenge.

Kate and Frank are interesting as the centre around which the rapid events move; and for lovers they are very well indeed: she lovable and worshipful, he loving and worshipping her with a large, ceaseless, desperate, unquenchable devotion that is itself full of character. Yet we doubt if the old coquette, Mrs. Chester, and the drunken Randolph Armitage, are not more entertaining to middle-life. Mrs. Chester is made too much of, however, for a woman so simply selfish and disagreeable.

We say nothing of the plot of this excellent novel, for all our readers know it, and we feel that we have but scantly indicated its merits, which besides those of character-painting are humor, dramatic faculty, and a vigorous and agreeable style. With "Miss Ravenel's Conversion" and "Overland," "Kate Beaumont" forms, to our mind, strong proof that we are not so much lacking in an American novelist as in a public to recognize him.

A curious contrast to the kind of talk we have quoted from Mr. Eggleston's story might be found on almost any page of "Oldtown Fireside Stories." Uncouth as the Yankee talk is, it is always glib and easy, and suggests the life of an old provincialized community, with its settled order and its intimacy and familiarity: it suggests the occupation of a new country by large companies of men of the same stock, creed, and education; while the Hoosier talk, loath, languid, awkward, with its want of fixed character, hints a people of various origin, silenced, each man, by his solitary battle with the wilderness, and carrying his aguish stiff-jointedness into a dialect which shows upon a ground of Southern phrase the rusticities of nearly every part of the country. In everything the life of one book is a contrast to that of the other, though in both it is rural life. Sam Lawson, who tells these stories, is doubtless the most worthless person in Oldtown; but compare his amusing streaks of God-fearing piety, his reverence for magistracies and dignities, his law-abidingness, his shrewdness, his readiness, with the stolid wickedness, the indifference and contempt of those backwoods ruffians for every one else, and you will have some conception of the variety of the brood that the bird of freedom has gathered under her wings. To be sure, the backwoods have long been turned into railroad-ties and cord-wood, and Oldtown is no more, but this only adds to the interest and value of true pictures of them. Mrs. Stowe, we think, has hardly done better work than in these tales, which have lured us to read them again and again by their racy quaintness and the charm of the shiftless Lawson's character and manner. The material is slight and common enough,

ghosts, Indians, British, and ministers lending their threadbare interest to most of them; but round these familiar protagonists moves a whole Yankee village-world, the least important figure of which savors of the soil and "breathes full East." The virtues of fifty years and more ago, the little local narrowness and intolerance, the lurking pathos, the hidden tenderness of a rapidly obsolescent life, are all here, with the charm of romance in their transitory aspects, — which, we wonder, will the Hibernian Massachusetts of future times appreciate? At least this American generation can, keenly, profoundly, and for ourselves, we have a pleasure in the mere talk of Sam Lawson which can only come from the naturalness of first-rate art.

Among other recent fictions is "Richard Vandermarck," by the author of "Rutledge," a book that made more talk in other days than we hope a novel of the same force would now. Yet it had prepared us to expect from Mrs. Harris's writing not the highest intellectual joy, but a certain temperate amusement, which would be as innocent as agreeable. In this novel, however, which is clearly meant to be powerful, we have various crimes and casualties introduced, an extremely unpleasant plot, an unsatisfactory end, and all this without any charm in the telling of the tale or intelligence in the analysis of the persons of the story. There is an absurd disproportion between the heroine's character and fate. As represented in the novel, she is the most ordinary, unripe school-girl that we remember having met in fiction; she falls madly in love with a mysterious foreigner who has a wife in obscurity. That is natural enough; the loves of school-girls are seldom wise; in fact, a story of wise love would not be lively reading. But here we have this poor girl's infatuation and mad determination to "sin" exalted as a glorious proof of love's power; and the morality of the story is only preserved by the foreigner's drowning himself. To the reader, however, the story is rather a proof of the silliness of ill-trained girls than of the majesty of love. The only excuse for her viciousness is her ignorance. Instead of being moved to say, "Poor girl, there may be times when conventional morality is too austere. Fly with the foreigner to a lonely isle in the Mediterranean and be happy!" we only think, "Poor little girl! What a pity it is you act in this way. What a greater pity that any one should be found to write about it. How ashamed you will be when you are grown up! A strict governess would be the best person for you." The reputation of the authoress will certainly bring her many readers, and especially inexperienced ones, and we regret to see her employed in fostering the frivolities of the ignorant young. It is a book which will only do harm.

One of the best novels which has appeared in a long time is Mrs. Edwards's "Ought We to Visit Her?" — that is, Jane, wife of Mr. Theobald, who before her marriage was a dancer, or about to be, and at any rate of origin and associations altogether Bohemian. The people who will not visit her are the relations of Mr. Theobald, and all the respectable people in Chalkshire, among whom he takes her to live after a free, happy, hap-hazard life on the Continent. It would be a pity to tell the story, further than to say that the pretty, good-hearted, witty, charming little victim, shunned for no reason by these good people, and deserted by her worthless husband, who takes up an old flirtation with an old reprobate fine lady to beguile the dulness of Chalkshire, comes near being driven into wickedness, but is saved on the way to elopement by one of those sudden fevers which lie in wait in novels, and is reconciled to her husband, and joyfully leaves Chalkshire with him and goes back to their free life on the Continent. Dull respectability and convention are too much for them, and they must fly or be crushed; yet she has done no wrong. The merit of the story is in the clearness with which Jane's character is portrayed as of that strength and simple goodness and fidelity which perhaps as often go with a fair face as with a plain one; and in the evident reality of the pictures of society. Since Thackeray we do not know of better studies of social meanness and feebleness; and all is done with a temperance and self-restraint wonderful in a woman.

The "Muskingum Legends" are, to our thinking, by no means the best work the author could now show the public, and we speak of the book because we wish to recognize a real talent in him rather than because we find his excellence here. The "Legends" themselves seem a fruit of earlier years, and are few in number, the greater part of the volume being made up of sketches of Germany, — a very interesting account, among the rest, of the leading German newspaper, the Allgemeine Zeitung. In

"Some German Characteristics" Mr. Powers mentions that curious fancy for denationalizing themselves which the Austrian Germans have, and becoming in name and language Magyars in Hungary and Italians in the Tyrol; and otherwise he shows a good feeling for facts and an unusual tendency to philosophize them. "Student Rambles in Prussia" reveals a clear eye and quick thought, and will be found entertaining even after so much spiked helmet as the whole world has lately had. "California Saved" and "The Freedman's Bureau" indicate what the author can do in observing our own affairs and generalizing upon them, and reveal more and more a temperate, solid, and unprejudiced disposition. It is not that he is always right, but that he always desires to be so, which makes us hope for much valuable work from him. In some Californian papers which he has printed in the "Atlantic," we suppose all our readers noticed a freshness and force of description, and a style that was very pleasant and quite Mr. Powers's own.

We trust, also, since we respect our readers very much, and desire to think well of their perceptions and opinions, that they have felt the original quality of Mrs. Thaxter's poems, which are now collected and given the general public in a very pretty volume. It seems a pity that all should not know how truly out of the sea is this verse, so full of the sea's beauty and terribleness; but we must not ask the poet to say more than she has chosen, and the wild shores, the lighthouse in calm and storm, the wrecks, and the graves of the shipwrecked men, must go without locality save to those who can read between the lines. A seriousness, almost a sadness, broods over the most peaceful pictures in the book, as if the poet were too deeply sensible of all the unrest and trouble held in abeyance in the scene to be gay; and the course of nearly every poem is to seek relief from the peace, or tempest, or mystery in a religious aspiration or reassurance. This gives a monotony to the meditative poems, and the other pieces have an advantage that might not appear if both kinds were read singly. Still we believe that "The Spaniards' Graves" is the best of all the poems, because having moved the reader's heart with a just emotion, it leaves him to think his own thought. We do not mean, however, that "The Wreck of the Pocahontas" is not very fine, nor that any of the poems is less than good. They are singularly equal in their goodness, and there is none of them but has lines that distinctly picture what the writer has seen and felt. Notable for such lines are "Rock Weeds," "The Wreck of the Pocahontas," "Land-locked," "Off Shore," "Twilight,"—nay, all, including the "Poems for Children," which we are loath to give up to them.

We do not know that we can promise the reader of Mr. Piatt's new volume any pleasure different in kind from that he must have felt in other books of the same poet; but we can assure him of the renewal of the charm they had. No one else has so well expressed one of the most characteristic sentiments of Western life, — that tenderness for the past, which, like the homesickness of the emigrant made perpetual in the new land, attends all its rapid changes with sad regret, and clings pensively to the "landmarks" of its near antiquity. The first poem in the book is full of this pathos, for it tells how, in the sudden Western city, a fond heart dreams of the paternal farm lost under its streets and houses; and four or five poems that follow are in the same mood, with the same mournful and pleasing music. The other pieces are of a sort which Mr. Piatt has taught us to expect from him; the thought sometimes as fugitive and tricksy as faces seen by firelight on a window-pane, with here and there also strenuous lines that take the sense mightily, and always original feeling, grace, admirable skill in verse.

The town of Rye, situated within territory long under dispute, by Connecticut and New York, numbers among its citizens and ministers the Rev. Charles W. Baird, one of those diligent, painstaking, and inquisitive historical students, to whom, as a class, our towns, counties, and States are indebted for so much unrequited labor in searching out and presenting in an interesting and authentic way the annals of the past. The labor of six years of research on Mr. Baird's part has resulted in the admirably told story of his native town as gathered from the fortunes of the community and the successive generations of its members. Mr. Baird makes, indeed, an exhaustive study of his subject. He relates the early settlement of the region whose scenery and natural features he describes: he searches out the names, character, and personal history of the first adventurers, and portrays for us the hard circumstances, some of them peculiar to the experience of

that company, under which they had to struggle for life subsistence and the institutions essential to a municipal organization. He revives for us the old household life, the means of intercourse by old Indian trails, and hard, winding roads, and the embarrassments attending communication with other settlements; he tells us of the Indians, the old physicians and lawyers, the slaves, and the schoolmasters and ministers, and the notable men and women of the early days. Very pleasant are his pictures of the peaceful times in that locality. But his pen has to be largely occupied with relations of times and occasions and scenes of strife. For each generation of its inhabitants Rye had matter of exciting and alarming experience. King Philip's war, the war of the Revolution, in which Rye occupied the unenviable position of so-called neutral ground, and the war of the Rebellion, come in with their intenser panics to vary the long and vexatious course of controversy as to pre-emptory rights, territorial altercations, shifting allegiance between two States, and resistance to arbitrary measures on the part of New York governors. We do indeed miss from these pages those quaint passages in the delineation of domestic, municipal, and ecclesiastical affairs, and in the description of individuals of marked character with their romantic experiences, which are the charm of many histories of the old towns of a strictly New England planting and discipline. But this lack in the book before us is offset by some peculiar incidents in the annals of Rye connected with its position as a border town, the jurisdiction of which was contested.

Rye was first settled by the English, while the Dutch were still holding New York as the Province of New Netherlands. It embraced the territory called by its aboriginal occupants, the Mohegan Indians, Peningo, lying on the shore of Long Island Sound, with the small neighboring island, about a mile long, separated from it by a narrow channel, called Manussing. The settlers were a company of New England men, going from Greenwich in 1660. Three original purchasers, under the lead of Peter Disbrow, obtained a deed of the territory from the Indians. The company was afterwards extended to a body called "The Eighteen Proprietors." They considered themselves as owners of the land as far back to the unknown jumping-off place at which nature furnished a boundary. The company held the lands in common. Enough of it was immediately portioned off to its actual occupants for tillage, pasturage, and woodland, while the little band of partners were held to be owners with a right to sell, transfer, or bequeath their respective shares in the great undivided remainder, as the expansion of the settlement or the needs of the people should open the reserved wilderness. That word "wilderness," however, which we use to designate the soil occupied here by the original European colonists, was hardly applicable to very many of the patches of which our imported civilization availed itself. Wherever they could do so, the early settlers took possession of meadow lands covered only with a rank grass which yielded an arable field or a grazing pasturage after the fire had passed over it. Other patches, like those first improved by the proprietors of Peningo, had been cleared and tilled by the Indians. Had Rye remained undisturbed under the jurisdiction of Connecticut, it would have had, like the other New England settlements, a comparatively tranquil development, under like civil and religious institutions. But as it was claimed by New York even when it was not actually under that government, the proprietary rights of the settlers were always in peril. Both the Dutch and the English governors of New York were in the habit of giving away land most lavishly to their favorites. They thus bestowed unmeasured tracts of the size of dukedoms, and even gave the same regions to different parties, and had no regard to Indian deeds, squatter rights of possession, or the claims of those who had given lands nearly their whole value by improving them. In this way a certain John Harrison received, in 1695, a grant which included a great part of Rye. By the same arbitrary prerogative English governors of New York introduced and made compulsory the support of the English Church in that settlement, though the large body of the people had no sympathy with it.

Up to the year 1683 Rye had annually sent its deputies to the Court at Hartford, and the journey was not by any means one of ease or pleasure. Connecticut, after its fashion in those days, considered its authority available, and even under stringent obligation, for providing and insisting that every settlement under its control should be supplied with a learned, able, and devoted minister, — of course of the true faith, — and that the people should unite in his

support, and maintain religious observances. The Court was greatly exercised by the seeming neglect and indifference of Rye about these essential matters appertaining to godliness. Repeated reminders and rebukes were administered to the people, and finally the Court declared that if they did not at once meet the requirements of the case, compulsory measures should be taken, and a fit preacher and pastor should be selected and set over them. Though it does not appear that Rye was a godless place, or that the people were in any way alienated from religion, it must be owned that they did not make such efforts and sacrifices in its cause as did neighboring settlements that were even sparser and poorer. It is evident that the zeal of the Puritan Court at Hartford was somewhat sharpened by the rumor that the actual wants of the people of Rye were fully satisfied by certain irregular ministrations of the Word without "ordinances," provided by a class of strolling or local volunteers, gifted brethren, or Quakers from Long Island. Such substitutes only aggravated the difficulty. But Rye was soon put upon a regular footing, in this respect, with the other settlements. The Court at Hartford afterwards proved its friendliness by granting a brief of solicitations for help, by which in all the churches of the jurisdiction valuable contributions were made to Rye to help its people, oppressed by the support of the Church of England, to build a meeting-house for the Puritan worship.

Though Rye was ceded to New York in 1683, it "revolted" back again to Connecticut in 1697. When a New York sheriff came to the place at that time to serve a writ, "up comes Major Selliek of Stamford, with fifty Dragones, whom he called his life guard, with their arms presented" in behalf of Connecticut. But the resistance was ineffectual. By command of the king, Rye was remanded to the Province of New York in 1700.

Rye, like all the other old New England towns, had just enough concern with negro slavery to realize its evils, and to make comparatively easy the work of abolition. The Duke of York, who held the Province of New York, was himself at the head of an English company chartered with peculiar privileges for carrying on the slave-trade. An extract from the Rye records, a hundred and thirty years after its settlement, is worth quoting, alike as recognizing the existence of chattel slavery and as a free experiment in the art of spelling. James Mott alienates to Humphrey Underhill "A Sartain neger named Jack aged about fortene yeres or thareabouts." To all the other evils of shiftlessness and wastefulness attending the tolerance of negro slavery, New York and the towns under the jurisdiction of that Province were subject to all the harassing panics arising from apprehended negro insurrections. When a supposed plot for burning the city was detected in 1712, nineteen negroes were hung, on the charge of being concerned in it.

The sorest experiences of the people of this place were incident to its position during nearly the whole period of the Revolutionary struggle. Neutral territory it was, indeed, but the inhabitants and others in a wide neighborhood — such of them at least as did not belong successively to both sides of the combatants — were forced to an all the more intense espousal of the foreign or native interests which were under contest. Direful sufferings from lawlessness, treachery, and all the brutalities, havoc, and fierce passions of war were the lot of the people of Rye. But the place has its roll of heroes of either sex.

A town history, marked by such varieties of incident and experience as are recorded in this large and elegant volume, is a rich contribution towards what will prove to be the complex annals of our whole country.

French and German.*

In his *Réforme Intellectuelle et Morale* M. Renan has chosen no simple subject, although it is one that will recommend the book to every reader. He has a good right to speak, because, to a certain extent, he foresaw the danger into which France was running; and even when the country was apparently at the height of its prosperity, he was able to detect the ignorance

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

La Réforme Intellectuelle et Morale. Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1872.

Notes sur l'Angleterre. Par H. Taine. Paris, 1872.

Tableaux de Siége. Par Théophile Gautier. Paris, 1871.

Le Drame du Vésuve. Par M. Beulé, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1872.

Die grossen Piano-forten Virtuosen unserer Zeit. Von W. Von Lenz. Berlin, 1872.

Zehn Ausgewählte Essays zur Einführung in das Studium der modernen Kunst von Herman Grimm. Berlin, 1871.

and corruption that were preparing the government, and with it the country, for their defeat. What France has more especially needed is a healthy opposition ; the weakness of that which existed was clearly shown in the failure of the government of the 4th of September ; and M. Renan, in the plan that he suggests for the remoulding of the country, shows often too much of the visionary enthusiasm of the scholar, and too little of a practical comprehension of affairs. Then, too, he is an aristocrat, and we are very far from the time when scholars and aristocrats shall arrange the method of government without the interference of the grimy-handed workman. What stands most in the way of his plan is democracy, and democracy is as selfish as despotism. Universal suffrage he would so far modify as to make two chambers, one of which should consist of members to be chosen by electors directly appointed by the people, and the other formed in such a way that every *force* in the state should have one or more representatives in proportion to its importance. Thus there would be a body consisting of professors, merchants, manufacturers, officers of the army and navy, members of the clergy, etc. The large cities, too, should have representatives. In regard to a question which is attracting more or less interest in the rest of the world, he thus expresses his opinion : —

" I confess that I should prefer a system still more representative, in which women and children should be counted. In the primary elections I would have the husband vote for his wife (in other words, have his vote count for two), the father vote for his children under age ; I should likewise imagine that the mother and sister might intrust their power to a son or brother who should be of age."

But, whatever may be thought of the practicability of M. Renan's design, the wisdom of his views upon the urgent need in France of a sounder and wider system of education cannot be denied. Often before he has earnestly appealed in behalf of this. He would imitate the German universities, and, as far as possible, throw aside all the official formalities that have so hampered the educational advance of France. We have not space for a full discussion of the reforms he proposes ; his opinions are well worth reading, however. In addition, the volume contains some articles that had already appeared in the *Revue*, and two letters to M. Strauss upon the war. Both of these are good, but the second is a model of elegant, courteous ridicule. It has lines in it that must make M. Strauss blush in darkest midnights, in densest Theban solitudes. The best thing about the book is its seriousness. The author keenly feels, as every Frenchman must, the troubles of his country, and is earnest in his hopes for reform, and reform for its own sake, not for the purpose of revenge. He says, " With serious efforts a rebirth might be possible, and I am convinced that, if France were to walk for ten years in the way we have tried to sketch, the esteem and good wishes of the world would absolve it from the need of revenge. Yes, it would be possible that one day this terrible war might be blessed and regarded as the commencement of a regeneration. It is not the only time that a war would have been more profitable to the conquered than to the conqueror. If the stupidity, negligence, sloth, and improvidence of countries did not necessarily entail their defeat, it would be hard to say to what degree of degradation the human race might not descend. War is one of the conditions of progress, the lash that prevents a country from falling asleep, by means of forcing self-satisfied mediocrity to awake from its apathy. . . . . The day when humanity shall have become a great pacified Roman empire without outside enemies will be the day when intelligence and morality will run the greatest risks." Here, M. Renan speaks of human nature rather as it is than as we are told it is going to be in the improved future.

M. Taine's *Notes sur l'Angleterre*, a translation of which is about to appear in England, is very entertaining, and, more than that, very good. For, however we may be affected by his philosophizing, no one can deny that he is a keen observer and lively narrator. In this volume he gives us only notes, made from day to day, on everything he saw, and the result is a picturesque representation of various sides of life in England. He follows the Englishman from his nurse's arms to school, to the university, to his club, home, church, everywhere in fact, and jots down everything he sees. If he were a trained detective he could not be sharper eyed. Nor does he come with any prejudices to color what he sees. In fact, this book only adds to the proof given by his other works that M. Taine is not the most French of Frenchmen.

He is rather a clever man, with admirably trained powers of observation, a cosmopolitan with a French education underlying all that he has done for himself in later years, and which has given him his tendency to arrange all the world in labelled compartments, so that the Englishman represents to him so much beef, a damp climate, Puritanism, a home, and insularity; the Frenchman, theatres, the *café*, the boulevards, *esprit*, elegance, etc. But, while he draws these distinctions very sharply, he does not by any means hate and despise the Englishman for differing from the Frenchman. He notes the points of dissimilarity and tries to explain it; if his explanations are often insufficient and superficial, they are always entertaining. Towards the end of the book he gives us the general impression that his observation had made upon him, and some lines of this may be quoted: "In general, the Frenchman comprehends by means of classification and deduction, the Englishman by induction, by dint of attention and memory, thanks to the lucid and persistent representation of a quantity of individual facts, by the indefinite accumulation of documents brought from far and near. . . . . In France there is nothing established that the young man can adopt; the Constitution, perpetually altered, has no authority; the religion belongs to the Middle Ages; old forms are discredited, the new ones are only sketched. From the time he is sixteen years old, doubt seizes him; he wavers; if he is at all intelligent, his most urgent need is to establish his own convictions, or at least his opinions. In England he finds established forms, the religion is almost reasonable, and the Constitution almost excellent; the awakening intelligence finds beforehand the broad line of its future beliefs. It does not need to build for itself a complete habitation; at most it conceives the enlargement of a Gothic window, the cleaning up of a cellar, the mending of a staircase." If this is not profound philosophy, the descriptive parts are well done.

Théophile Gautier has published a volume of delightful sketches of Paris during the siege called *Tableaux de Siége*. We do not find here any bursts of patriotism nor serious propositions of reform. M. Gautier never shone as a sturdy moralist, and the war he has simply observed with the eye of an artist, watching the changes that it made in his beloved Paris. Unable to visit foreign parts, he makes the longest journey he can in one of the Seine boats, another day he strolls upon the ramparts, after the siege was ended he revisited his villa, which he found untouched, and everything he describes in his really inimitable style. The book is well worth getting, and may be particularly recommended to those who languished during the war for new French works, and since have grown tired of nothing but reports of campaigns and diaries of the siege. One page of his description is worth large numbers of such histories of the siege as we have received. It is an artist who writes, and not a book-compiler.

In *Le Drame du Vésuve*, M. Beulé has collected a series of papers that appeared in the *Revue* just before the war upon the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the results of recent excavations. He suggests that probably beneath the ashes and lava may still be found the ruins and remains of other cities of still older civilization than those we know about from history.

It is "with all reserves" that we venture to recommend here a book that perhaps belongs properly to another department, but we hope to be pardoned by those who may be persuaded to read it. It is Lenz's *Grossen Piano-forten Virtuosen unserer Zeit.* Those he has chosen are Liszt, Chopin, Tausig, and Henselt. He speaks of them all from his personal acquaintance, mentions many valuable reminiscences, and, in general, his book will be found of interest to such of our readers as play the piano, if any such there be. As bits of biography they are invaluable. Indeed, in our opinion, the book might well be translated by some music-loving German scholar.

Herman Grimm has collected and published ten of his essays as an introduction to the study of modern art. Many of them will be found to be old acquaintances, others again will probably be new to most of his readers.

ART.

BOSTON.

THE excellent custom of exhibitions of an artist's collected works seems to be coming into favor. It is a fashion by which a sincere and honest painter, of however modest merit, can hardly fail to profit. There is sure to be something interesting in any full presentation of a talent. Certain frank weaknesses legitimate themselves and are accepted as the inevitable condition of its exercise, and scattered merit joins forces to demand proper credit. Mr. Foxcroft Cole has, during the last month, placed on exhibition at Messrs. Doll and Richards's a very interesting series of landscapes. Hung in the presence of a masterly foreign work, of which more anon, they bravely hold their own. They are indeed themselves foreign works; and if we had not been otherwise informed, we should have taken them all for the produce of a French studio. It is French nature, in Mr. Cole's case, as well as French treatment. His subjects have an indefinable air of being meant, or at least of being used, to be painted, which has not as yet come to be a feature of American landscape. Theme and manner, however, are evidently so thoroughly congenial to the artist's talent, and his look at nature is so direct and attentive, that he strikes us in no degree as one of those ineffectively imitative spirits who bloom feebly on the outskirts of genuine schools. Mr. Cole deals with the common facts of French scenery, that homely range of rural feature which gives at once so much of its poetry and its prose to French landscape art. His pictures speak for themselves as direct out-of-door work, in which the aim has been the general and immediate effect, unmodified by fancy or reflection. Taken together, they produce a singularly grateful impression of honesty and sensibility. The painter gives us, in some cases, rather less than we would desire, but he gives us nothing that we would wish away. We remember in none of his pictures the hint of an artificial or arbitrary effect. They have rather less of a motive — an imaginative or reflective germ — than we ourselves like to find in a picture, — that lingering relish for something in objects over and above their literal facts, which occasionally plays so happy a part in some of the smaller works of Mr. William Hunt. It seems a great pity that a painter should ever reproduce a thing without suggesting its associations, its human uses, its general sentimental value. Mr. Cole lingers little in this mood; but, thanks to his modest veracity, his studies are little the less pleasing and wholesome. He sees Nature rather more in dense green and grays than seems to us altogether fair to certain delectable reds and violets and browns, of which she drops a not infrequent hint. It speaks well, however, for his accuracy, that a little American subject is pitched in a different key from that of its French companions. Mr. Cole's art hovers, we think, rather too fondly just below the line which separates a study from a picture, and it decidedly gains when it shows a tendency to rise higher; as, for instance, in the charming scene representing the outer edge of a wood, with the breezy, cloudy sky and the sheep and shepherd wandering amid the high grass. Here and in the sketch of the green down, stretching toward a seaport, with the wall at the left and foliage massed above it, there is a commendable suggestion of composition. We confess that for a touch of intelligent composition we are heartily thankful. "Arrangement" in art has been much abused, but it is surely the soul of the matter; the point is of course to make it include the fullest measure of truth. Is it for lack of arrangement, of composition, of invention, that Mr. Cole's two large cattle-pieces — the feeding of the sheep in those odd-looking farmstead vaults — are not interesting in proportion to their obvious merits of vigor and care? The sheep are excellent, — lively, various, and expressive, and yet without that pedantry of texture so inaptly lavished upon these modest animals by many modern cattle-painters; but the two scenes are, in general, somewhat vacant. We must not, however, ask complex effects of a thoroughly simple painter, — one who has the merits as well as the defects of simplicity. Mr. Cole's work, as far as it goes, is altogether sound and successful.

There has been surely no finer landscape and no rarer piece of painting seen in America than the large Daubigny just

mentioned. It is one of those remarkable works which not only provoke questions, but commandingly answer them, and have a general intellectual value as well as a special artistic one. Upon the much-vexed question of the importance of the subject in art, it offers the most interesting testimony. The work is really a great picture, and yet the subject is inordinately plain and meagre. We may fancy it indeed to have been chosen for its aridity, so that the painter might reasonably propose to wring from it every latent particle of truth and beauty. His success has been extraordinary, and the spectator has the rare satisfaction of standing before a complete work. The subject is an autumn twilight; the scene a country road, which divides the canvas in the middle and slopes upward from the foreground to the high line of the near horizon. To the right, by the wayside, stands a line of meagre and stunted apple-trees, one of them, slightly detached, close to the front. Beyond these rolls a brown furrowed field, with a few tree-tops peeping over its edge, against the sky. To the left of the road the brown earth swells nakedly back in short perspective from a thin line of bushes; the top of a hayrick protrudes above the dark embankment. On the same side, in the middle distance, is a scanty group of smaller trees — hardly more than big bushes. Down the road comes a peasant-woman leading a child, with a small flock of sheep and a couple of cows. These figures are small and obscure. The sun has just disappeared behind the trees, below the crest of the hill, leaving evening on the rugged earth and in the sober-glowing sky. The elements of the picture are simple to baldness; its beauty lies in their having been made to yield their utmost. M. Daubigny has forbidden himself even the most customary aids to effect that are not of the very substance of his subject. His road wanders away in the light dusk with nothing to emphasize or relieve its perspective, and yet with a spacious reach and length which is the perfection of truth. Nothing in the picture betrays that vulgar wooing of immediate illusion with which so many clever painters overstep the modesty of nature; illusion comes, but it comes slowly, gradually, and leaves you not cheated, but persuaded. The painter has chosen Nature in a low-voiced mood, but he has won her secret without forcing her tone. The modelling of the clodded and furrowed surface of road and field is singularly rich and powerful, and may stand as a signal example of the possible beauty of treatment as treatment. It is not often, we fancy, that the eye finds rarer entertainment in a picture than it may enjoy in a leisurely perusal of this deep interpretation of a homely fact of nature. M. Daubigny's sky corresponds admirably well with his earth, — a sunset without color or cloud or non-essential incident of any sort; a composition of pure light and atmosphere. The stages and gradations, the fine tremor and evanescence of this tranquil glow, are rendered with a masterly certainty and temperance of touch. The painter has "indulged" himself, as we may say, only in his line of forlorn little trees which bristle against the sky. The mellow concentration of light about their meagre foliage is one of the few "picturesque" passages in the work. Their unfruitful scrubbiness, as the level light penetrates and exposes it, is one of the most powerful notes in the picture. The figures in the foreground are vague in the gathering dusk, but they complete the spectator's impression of the close of a day of arid rustic toil. Along many such a stretch of naked road, beneath just such a common sunset flush, in the history of human weariness, must heavy *sabots* have trudged to hovel doors. The whole aspect of the scene is one of unrelieved gravity and penetrating sadness.

These remarks may fairly suggest the great merit of the picture, — its almost mystifying union of the common and the rare, its rich and comprehensive simplicity. Its great charm, to our taste, is not that of its parts, but that of its spirit, — we had almost said of its moral. In every strong work there lurks some passionate conviction; and the lingering observer feels that he has done but half justice to M. Daubigny, unless he has risked a guess at his artistic creed. That art is thoroughness and intelligent choice, that beauty is sincerity, that Nature is so infinitely rich and mysterious and elusive that the artist who would not be superficial must deal with her simplest and most familiar phases, that this same superficiality is the only vulgarity and the only immorality, and that to be broadly *real*, in any case, is to be interesting, — some such lesson as this seems vaguely to syllable itself in M. Daubigny's masterpiece. And yet to the out-and-out realists it affords but partial countenance; for it is to our sense an eminently sentimental

work. Its strong point is neither the scraggy and wind-nipped apple-trees, nor the luminous sky nor the heavy soil, but the indefinable dignity and solemnity of its total character. In the old-fashioned sense of the word, it is not a composition. Pictorial tradition is violated; the parts are not distributed; the centre is full and the circumference empty. But the pathos of natural poverty and the poetry of an evening hour find supreme expression. The menace of unillumined night and of the morrow's toil, the sense of autumn chilling toward winter, the sadness of the lowly hill-crest and its bleak exposure, — these are the true subject of the picture, and along this scale the composition ranges. Art, too, is philosophy; M. Daubigny has fixed and proved something.

It is not without profit to pass from this work to the large view of the "Grindelwald Valley," by Mr. J. Appleton Brown, lately exhibited in Boston, and now placed in the Athenæum, — a forcible example of the school of art which holds that a "rough likeness" is better than none at all. Mr. Appleton Brown's picture is a capital specimen of what the French call *à peu près* treatment. He has chosen his subject with an audacity which nearly approaches temerity, and he is in the nature of the case, as it were, pledged to be superficial. His philosophy is evidently not that of M. Daubigny, nor even that of Mr. Cole. His scene is the long vista of the Grindelwald valley, on a morning, we should suppose, of early spring; in the near distance rises from base to summit a broad section of the Oberland chain. The composition of the picture is simple, if anything in such a subject can be called simple; the long green hollow of the valley with its narrow flats and its concave acres of forest, and across it the great ice-wall of the Jungfrau and her sisters. No one who has gazed at leisure on Alpine snow-fields and summits, and been charmed, perplexed, and oppressed by the vision, but will sympathize with a clever painter's impulse to attempt a sketch of the matter. A sketch, however, in this case, is vain; the theme is a problem and to be treated as a problem. A mountain, we take it, is the most difficult object in nature to paint. Mr. Appleton Brown's work is a huge sketch, which would be decidedly pleasing but for its incongruous air of pretention to being a picture. The incongruity lies in the absence of the look of study. The Jungfrau — is it the Jungfrau? — rises with a certain superficial effectiveness, but its divine and dazzling mass is altogether unmodelled. Those stupendous reaches of snow, of glacier, of pinnacle and chasm, have the unpardonable defect of being thinly painted. The same reproach holds good of the sky that lends them its light; it is shallow and vapid. Reverting to M. Daubigny's solemn treatment of his wayside earth-bank, we cannot but fancy that it is better to do a small thing richly than to do a large thing meagrely. We speak the more frankly because, very properly, the author of the "Grindelwald Valley" is sure of a number of admirers. By a large class of observers refined artistic work will always be unheeded; they are satisfied with broad hints. Such observers will derive a great deal of innocent pleasure from the belief that Mr. Appleton Brown has done justice to the great sweep of an Alpine valley and the light-bathed majesty of an Alpine peak.

NEW YORK.

THERE was a time, and but a few years back, when the Annual Exhibitions of the National Academy of Design in New York were representative of the art of the city and State. The younger artists looked forward for months with interest, often with eagerness, to the Exhibition rooms, as many young ladies look forward to the first ball of the season. To get their pictures admitted, to have them well hung, was something of an event for that year. "Varnishing-day" was a reunion of brother-brushes from far and near. It was on a good hanging that much of their reputation depended. It was from the Academy walls that they hoped to sell their works to rich amateurs. The art-critics of the newspapers reserved their thunder or their sunshine for that occasion above all others. That time has gone by. The Academy Exhibition is no longer one bright particular star, but one among several luminaries.

And yet the Academy of Design, in its standard of excellence, in the character of the works exhibited, in the thoroughness of art-tuition in its schools, and facilities afforded to pupils, is far in advance of what it was twenty or thirty years ago. Neither is there any diminution, but rather an increase, in the number of visitors attending the Exhibition. What is the reason of this decline of centrality? We know of none that proves anything against vitality and progress in the institution itself.

Perhaps the chief reason why our artists neglect to send their best works is the obvious one, that there are other exhibition-rooms in the city, such as Goupil's, Snedecor's, Schaus's, Bogardus's, and others (to say nothing of galleries in other cities), where they think they have a better chance of disposing of them. Then the custom among the artists of having receptions on regular days through the winter, at their studios, may be another reason.

It is certain that the Academy does not succeed as it once did in getting together thoroughly representative collections of painting or sculpture, and this notwithstanding the efforts of the council to obtain the best within reach.

Until within a year or two there was but one exhibition a year, — in the spring. Now they endeavor to keep open a nearly continuous exhibition through the year, but still making the spring occasion the strongest. To this only fresh pictures of living artists, or those not before publicly exposed, are admitted. But to the fall and winter exhibitions, works old or new, fresh or well known, are sent, and can be withdrawn at the pleasure of the artist.

In the gallery this winter there are not many works of much interest. Mr. Bierstadt sends one picture, among the best, which would be a large picture for any but Bierstadt. For him it is small. It is called "In the Rocky Mountains"; probably no particular spot in the Rocky Mountains, or he would have specified. For it is known that Mr. Bierstadt, even in his largest and most popular views of that region, is not over-scrupulous in adhering to exact literalness, but aims to give the *characteristics* of such scenery, — a great error, in which Mr. Church preceded him in his "Heart of the Andes." One would think that when artists go so far, and into unexplored regions, for their material, they would take pains to bring back the exact reality, as nearly as possible, and be careful not to indulge too much in composition. This picture represents a lofty, precipitous mountain region in the upper and background, partly hidden by cold gray storm-clouds, which cover one quarter of the whole canvas. Below the clouds, the sunlight breaks on a portion of the craggy mountain-sides, and on a lake, which extends, very still and clear, to the foreground. In the middle distance are forests of lofty trees, above which, on the left, rise a few bald cliffs, painted in muddy opaque gray. In the foreground are a few deer on the brink of the lake. Like many of Bierstadt's less extensive canvases, the picture is cold and inharmonious in color, and wanting in transparent and luminous quality. There is an appearance of unreality, — of being too much *composed;* a striving after effect, without the power in color to produce it. In artistic skill it is inferior to another large but by no means remarkable picture by Sortel, a Frenchman, which hangs in the same room. The subject is similar (Alpine), and though colder in tone than Mr. Bierstadt's, yet, we think, is superior in harmony and in truthfulness of drawing.

Mr. De Haas, who has some reputation as a marine painter, exhibits two large canvases. The larger of the two represents "Farragut's Fleet passing the Forts below New Orleans." It is a night scene, calm, with a smooth sea, which is crowded with large ships, steamers, and monitors. A good deal of firing is going on, and there is a fire blazing up from the shore. The scene is picturesque, but suggestive somewhat of scene-painting.

The other is a far better picture, in many respects, — "The Ruins of Grosner Castle." A high rocky promontory juts out on the right, with an old castle on its summit; the rocks and the ruin bathed in the red light of the sinking sun. The sea rolls in with tremendous waves. A sloop is dashed, a wreck, upon the rocks. The sun nears the horizon, and glares beneath heavy masses of ruddy clouds, and tinges the distant waves with a fiery glow. The conception is admirable. The spectator *feels* the awful dash and roll of the heavy billows, which are admirably painted. But the sky is harsh and violent, as Mr. De Haas's skies too often are; and this injures the picture, which otherwise would be very fine.

Mr. Shattuck's "White Hills in October" is another large picture of a good deal of artistic merit. The sky is soft and delicate, the clouds tinted with the sunset. The distant snow-clad mountains are dreamy and tender. A mountain stream, with breaks of waterfalls, come down toward the spectator. On either side are hills, forests, and rocks. A portion of the woods is clothed in the crimson and vermilion tints of October. The lower half of the view is in shadow. The light across the hills in the middle distance is not managed with sufficient force and clearness. A bit of rainbow on the left hardly harmonizes

with the gay autumn hues, and cannot well be accounted for just there; for one sees no rain-clouds. Nor do the red tints of the trees quite harmonize with the cool shadows in the lower half. The foreground lacks strength of handling. But on the whole it is a very agreeable picture, and carefully painted.

Mr. Kensett, though always good, is never so good as in his out-of-door studies. Especially in his larger pictures he fails to reproduce the spirit and truth of his studies. The "Mountain Gorge" here exhibited shows that he conceives and feels his subject, — for Kensett never paints without feeling, — but it lacks something of the mystery he would convey in the gloom of the gorge itself. On each side of the chasm rise steep mountain-sides, broken with rocks and trees, just touched with autumnal variegation, gradually disappearing in the gloom below. There is a glimpse of a waterfall far up the ravine, also in shadow. Above the shadows rise distant aerial mountain-peaks, one behind another (the best part of the picture). The composition is very simple. We miss the strength of handling, especially in the foreground, that is so notable in the French school. This has a tendency to flatness and thinness.

Mr. Hall wearies us with his endless repetition of his one face, in his Spanish girls. He himself is not conscious of this sameness. Can it be that the Spanish peasants all resemble one another so strikingly? It is a pity that so genuine an artist should hurt his well-earned reputation by lapsing into his present style. He is becoming extremely mannered, and has fallen into a hard waxy style of flesh color, far less agreeable than his earlier manner. Mr. Hall's forests and flowers maintain their reputation, and we always greet them with pleasure.

There are two female heads that are noteworthy. One by Mr. Greene, a profile of a young girl, is extremely delicate and refined and charming in color, though somewhat conventional: the other is a strange head by Mr. Vedder, which certainly is wholly unconventional; a wide-eyed sibylline-looking creature, such as one might have met in a dream. It is remarkable, too, for a very skilful artistic treatment, in which there is no shadow, and just such a dubious light as one sees in dream-land.

The Annual Exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society was opened to the public at the Summerville gallery on the 22d of January. This society was organized in 1859, and its objects are the accumulation of a fund for the aid of its members and their families, in case of sickness and distress. Each member is required to contribute on entrance a picture as initiation fee; and after that a picture annually, valued at not less than $75. The pictures are exhibited and sold at auction for the benefit of the fund. All pictures selling for over $100 return the surplus to the artist. The society numbers at present, I think, something over fifty members. The fund arising from these sales has accumulated to at least $60,000. At the death of any member, the interest of $2,500 is paid to his widow or heirs.

The exhibitions are always respectable; but most of the pictures are small, and, as a general thing, not the very best efforts of the artists. The present collection is of about average excellence. Among the best are those by Kensett, Whittredge, Loop, Pope, Bristol, Casilear, Cranch, Guy, J. G. Brown, and others.

The Fifth Annual Collection of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors opened to the public on the 26th January in the rooms of the Academy. The exhibition strikes us as one of their very best. It comprises about three hundred and forty pictures, few of which are positively bad, while one might set down at least three fourths of the collection as positively good, and well worth seeing frequently.

We must confess to a feeling of cheerful exhilaration in stepping out of the room devoted to oil-paintings, into the water-color department. It is like a change to a brighter key and an airier and lighter movement in music.

The establishment of this young water-color society has had one wholesome effect in art-development; it has offered to the painters this very change of key, and has proved that some of them can do better in water-colors than in oils. It has brought them out of the old ruts in which they were running. It seems to have opened a field for color and effect, and a free brush, in a department where they are less fettered than in oil-processes and oil-subjects; and are better able, by clear washes of tint, to express their more evanescent and rapid passages of thought. At least so we incline to think. Yet water-color is more limited in power than oil-painting. It is less favorable to larger paintings or (unless by great

labor and skill) to great force of actual representation of life and nature.

Among so many clever pictures, and charming "bits" of painting, Mr. S. Colman's are of the best. Besides a number of admirable *morceaux* from the East and from the West, there is a larger and more elaborate picture, which arrests the attention, representing a "Spanish Bull-fight in the Seventeenth Century." In a wide arena, whose seats are filled with gay crowds and surrounded by magnificent architectural piles, rising in warm rosy light, is what purports to be a bull-fight. The fight, however, is not the point of interest here, as perhaps it should be. Mr. Colman has made it accessory to the elaborate architecture, the gorgeous color, the effect of warm sunlight and shadow of a Spanish afternoon. The dominating idea is in the surroundings. The bull-fight is only thrown in for the sake of the figures; which, however, are not much better than landscape-painters' figures generally are. But the *ensemble* of the scene is striking.

There is a charming picture, of good size, by George H. Smillie, "Under the Pines of the Yosemite." Two large brown pine-trunks rise about thirty or forty feet to the top of the picture. Indians are encamping beneath. The twilight is stealing over the scene, and in the distance tower the crags of the Yosemite, picturesque and grand, and bathed in the last rays of the setting sun. The work is full of artistic skill and of poetical feeling, and gives us delightful associations with this romantic and unexplored region.

Several small pictures by Mrs. S. T. Darrah impressed us as exceedingly artistic in treatment and feeling. One is a rough but very suggestive bit of brown autumnal landscape, with leafless trees, — an old deserted hut, and the sea beyond. Another, "By the Sea," is admirable for the impression it conveys to the imagination by the very simplest means. There seems to be little more than blots and washes of color, rough and sketchy, and yet so suggestive, so effective! Nothing but a bit of sandy sea-coast, dotted with tufts of brown dry grass; a dash of dark color representing a stranded boat, "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" beyond, and over all a dull gray melancholy sky. Here is little to describe, yet how much that little expresses!

Among the oil-painters who do better in water than in oils may be mentioned Mr. Kruseman Van Elter, who exhibits two excellent works,—"Evening on Lake Henderson"; a simple lake scene, with rocks, and tall, overhanging beeches, and distant hills in an autumnal sunset: and "Home Scene in Holland," composed of old low-roofed cottages shadowed by trees, and flanked by hedges, with well-arranged figures of old women weeding, or hanging clothes.

Mr. R. S. Gifford contributes some interesting studies of Arabs, and Eastern boats; and Mr. L. C. Tiffany, who was his companion in his Eastern voyage, has some picturesque architectural pieces, and one very vigorous study of an old monk.

Miss Eddy exhibits an admirable study of "Nasturtiums," and another of "Trailing Arbutus," and other flower-pieces, which are admirable in color and in artistic effect. Mr. W. T. Richards has two or three sea-coast views of high finish and truthfulness, in a very low gray tone. Mr. J. W. Hill has never done better than in two of his landscapes, "On the Nyack Turnpike," and "View from Gallows Hill, Connecticut."

Among the water-colorists here represented, but whose works we have no space to notice, may be named as worthy of honorable mention Mr. H. Fenn, Mr. Gilbert Berling, Mr. A. F. Bellows, Mr. Charles C. Ward, Mr. G. A. Gilbert, Miss F. Bridges, and Mr. D. Fowler. This last artist (a new name to us) contributes a large number of studies of flowers, game, etc., which are very bold and striking for color and effect.

MUSIC.

AS Mr. Carl Gaertner's "Art of Singing" * does not purport to be a condensed translation of an important French work on the same subject, it would perhaps be impertinent to say the translation is very badly done; yet there is so much in the book that, although disguised by a clumsy and ungraceful diction, evidently owes its origin to Manuel Garcia's *Art du Chant*, that we can hardly treat it as an original work. Mr. Gaertner has transcribed page upon page of the *Art du Chant* and given it to the world as his own. Nearly all that relates to the technical part of the cultivation of the voice, all the exercises with the exception of six *vocalises*, are taken bodily from Garcia's work. But much that is important is left out. The exercises which Garcia has explained in the most careful manner are in Mr. Gaertner's work put before the pupil almost without explanation. Of that part of the book which is original with Mr. Gaertner it is difficult to speak except in the vaguest terms. He flounders about in a curiously indefinite and aimless way among such truisms as "the power of song is, in its noblest, highest senses, marvellous, irresistible!" and other expressions equally ecstatic and from the point. At times the spirit of partisanship lashes him into something distantly approaching definite expression, and he belabors the advocates of ideas opposed to his own with great candor and considerable show of temper. Against the employment of the Italian *portamento* he is particularly violent. "Those vocal theoreticians and teachers," he says, "who consider the *portamento* as something mysterious, believe that, with the disappearance of 'giants and heroes,' the mystery has ceased to be comprehensible to us, unless we contrive wholly to appropriate their method of instruction. I differ from them, and can express my views through the following assertion: The German, who can boast of possessing the greatest musical master-works of the world, and who has been cultivated in the same, requires neither *castratos* nor Italian schools of Pistocchis, Berlochis, Berlachis, etc., in order to learn about the binding or tying together of notes. And is it then necessary to go to Bologna to find out what this binding or tying together of notes is? These excellent professors who pamper themselves so greatly in their own folly, and strew sand in the eyes of the public, that they may fix their price of tuition as high as possible, and make a stir and excitement, are often unable to teach rightly the A B C. If these gentlemen and ladies took pains to impart to their pupils the foundations of a good school, we should have singers enough who could understand how to study the *solfeggio*, and voices would then cease to be ruined by ignorant teachers, as is now too often the case."

However little Mr. Gaertner and his countrymen may require Italian schooling (concerning which statement we must confess to some grave doubts), he most assuredly stands in need of an Italian or Latin dictionary to teach him that *portare* does not signify *to tie*, as he says "every musician of any degree of cultivation knows," but *to carry*. Some of his other statements in opposition to the French and Italian schools are more plausible because put more coölly and dispassionately. He says: "Duprez goes too far in the very beginning of his school, by directing his exercises (*solfeggios*) to be sung with religious character (*religioso*), with resignation, passionately, with transport, etc., etc. One ought to aim at making the sense and import of a composition clearly perceptible; and whilst *we* do so by rendering it correctly as it is written, *there* the idea is forced upon the composition. With us, the expression is a natural consequence of the understanding; there, it is introduced at pleasure as an imaginary supposition." Now this idea, namely, that expression in singing and playing is the natural consequence of the understanding or of sentiment, is one that always has been and still is received with great favor by a certain class of persons, especially by *dilettanti* and critics who know nothing of the ways and means of attaining to a correct and artistic interpretation of a composition, however well they may be qualified either by their general musical education or natural musical instincts to judge of the excellence or imperfections of

* *The Art of Singing.* By CARL GAERTNER. Philadelphia: Published by the Author; and Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

such interpretation. Everybody who has had practical experience in the dramatic part of music,— that is, in making others feel what he himself feels,— knows that perception, feeling, or appreciation are vastly different things from expression. Every actor knows that if he expressed sorrow, joy, anguish, on the stage as he would in real life, the impression upon the audience would be either to put them to sleep — that is, no impression at all — or to make them laugh. Those persons who advocate with so much earnestness the naturalistic school of acting, forget that the whole atmosphere of the stage is artificial. Hysterical sobbing, the contortions of the body and countenance in an epileptic fit or after poisoning, red and swollen eyes, appeal to the heart very keenly, when we know that there is a terrible reality behind them. If we could but see Juliet just awakened from her trance and Romeo dying from poison, we should no doubt be deeply affected. But when we see Mr. A as Romeo and Mrs. or Miss B as Juliet in that scene, the probability of Romeo's smoking his cigar and of Juliet's going home to a comfortable mutton-chop and glass of stout as soon as the curtain falls, acts as a fearful disenchanter, unless A and B know how to *express to us* the feelings of the real Romeo and Juliet, and *make us feel* what we should feel were we witnessing the real catastrophe. It is just the same with expression in singing or playing. Let the singer feel the sentiment of his song ever so keenly, let him identify himself with the composer as he may, he may yet make no impression upon his hearers. If he allows himself to be too much affected by what he is singing, he loses control over his voice, his *fortissimo* grows to a bellow and his *pianissimo* degenerates into a whine. No, no! Let him go about all day in a musical ecstasy, let him lose sight of all sublunary affairs while alone, but when he comes to sing to us he must bear in mind that we do not come together to see *him* transfigured, but to be transfigured ourselves. He must now play the part of a reflector and turn back upon us all the luminous and thermic rays that fall upon him from that sun, the composer, that *we* may be illumined and glorified. Many, very many singers are most excellent absorbing agents of musical light, but it is only the few great artists who have learnt to be good reflectors.

Mr. Gaertner's style is often obscure, and he affects the use of such disagreeable Teutonic agglutinations as "mouth-opening," "voice-culture," "tone-instrument," and the like. In fine, we see no good and sufficient cause for Mr. Gaertner's book appearing at all. All that is valuable in it is taken directly out of Garcia's work, and what Mr. Gaertner has written himself resolves itself into an attempt to prove the inferiority of the French and Italian schools of singing to what he calls the German school (every German with any ideas whatever on art, religion, or politics calls his opinions "national"), the fact being that a German school of singing, as such, does not exist, and whatever reputation many German singers may have, they almost without exception belong to the French or Italian schools. There is hardly a home-taught singer in Germany whose reputation is more than local.

Of recently published songs* Frederic Clay's "She wandered down the Mountain-side" is particularly attractive. It is already well known as Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's *cheval de bataille* of ballads. It is very effective and can be ranked with the best songs of the Blumenthal type. It begins quietly, but not tamely, and steadily grows in intensity to the end, the climax being well led up to both in the melody and the accompaniment. In this respect it is far better than many of Millard's concert songs. The song is published in two different keys and with different accompaniments. In the edition in C the accompaniment strikes us as the better, though the first part of it sits rather awkwardly upon the piano. The edition in E♭ is better in this respect, but the nervous, restless syncopation that adds so much to the effect of the song in the latter half is here introduced too soon, and we prefer the smooth flow of the accompaniment in C for the quieter passages. Charles Santley's "Only to Love" is a

* *She wandered down the Mountain-side.* Ballad by FREDERIC CLAY. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Only to Love, Ballad, and *Nelly Darling*. By CHARLES SANTLEY. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

The Snapped Thread. Spinning Song, by HERMANN EISOLDT. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Non So. Romanza, by ENRICO BEVIGNANI. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The Sailor's Story. By HENRY SMART. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

O sing unto the Lord. By J. R. THOMAS. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Queen of the Beautiful. By C. A. WHITE. Boston: White, Smith, and Perry.

good, vigorous song of the same school. It is, perhaps, one of those songs which, when not well sung, have no particular interest, but in the hands of a fine singer may be made wonderfully effective. "Nelly Darling," by the same composer, is thoroughly charming in its quaint, English spontaneity and directness of melody. H. Eisoldt's "The Snapped Thread" has many good points, but the last few bars are weak and bring the whole to an unsatisfactory conclusion. The best part of the song is from the change to F Major to the return to the original key of C. "*Non So*," by Enrico Bevignani is rather a commonplace song of the Italian school, though the last few measures of the second verse have a certain *élan* that shows it to be the composition of a singer who knows how to use his voice well. The accompaniment is in many places badly written for the piano-forte, as is the case in many Italian songs, but on the whole supports the voice well enough. Henry Smart's "The Sailor's Story" reminds one forcibly of songs of the old English school, — those hearty, vigorous bits of melody and harmony with which singers like Incledon and Braham used to delight their audiences. The melody is pleasing, if not distinctly original, and the harmony uncommonly well written, full of energy and vitality. J. R. Thomas's "O sing unto the Lord," for quartette of mixed voices, and C. A. White's "Queen of the Beautiful," are not wholly without merit, though commonplace and uninteresting in their respective styles.

In piano-forte music* we notice several pieces by William Mason. Some years ago this young composer published, among other things, a piece called "Silver Spring," which has since had considerable vogue as a concert and exhibition piece. Though otherwise not a remarkable composition, it showed, in the way in which it was written for the instrument, that the composer had at his command all the various resources of modern piano-forte playing and knew how to use them to good effect. The pieces by him that we notice to-day give like evidence of having been written by an accomplished pianist. In them he seems to have based his style upon the Modern Romantic German school. The *Scherzo* and *Novelette* are very pleasing, though the former strains perhaps too much after quaintness and oddity in some of its harmonic progressions. The *Valse Impromptu* in A♭ seems to have been written more spontaneously, and on that account pleases us better. It is full of easy, natural grace, and is most beautifully put upon the instrument. The Prelude in A Minor strikes us as less good than the preceding and as rather forced, at times almost ugly. Goldbeck's "Supplication" is beautiful from beginning to end, the *serioso* movements in the middle showing much real sentiment and beauty of expression. Stephen A. Emery's "Impromptu" is written with great refinement of style, and shows a thorough acquaintance with the piano-forte. It is one of the most praiseworthy pieces of piano-forte writing that we know of by an American. Ernst Perabo's arrangement of the Schubert Variations is an interesting addition to the piano-forte literature of the day, and serves well to recall to the mind the effect of the variations in their original form. Sidney Smith's "*Jeunesse Dorée*" is a brilliant, taking galop, worked up with great spirit at the end with a *crescendo* in Rossini fashion.

* *Scherzo and Novelette.* Two Caprices, by William Mason. Boston: Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co.

Valse Impromptu and *Prelude in A Minor.* By William Mason. Boston: Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co.

Supplication. Romance, by R. Goldbeck. Boston: Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co.

Impromptu Op. 18. By Stephen A. Emery. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Andante with Variations, from Schubert's Quartette in D Minor. Arranged by Ernst Perabo. Boston: Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co.

Jeunesse Dorée. Galop by Sidney Smith. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

SCIENCE.

IN a recent admirable little essay, entitled "Wear and Tear; or, Hints for the Overworked," Dr. Weir Mitchell calls attention to sundry interesting facts which seem to indicate that hard work is carried on in this country under peculiarly unfavorable conditions. Not only does it appear, from the testimony of numerous *savants*, that foreigners can support protracted brain-work better than Americans, but the evidence further goes to show that foreign students who come to this country find it harder to work here than at home; while conversely, American students who spend some time in Europe find their work less exhausting than at home. Between mental labor and the use of alcohol and tobacco, the connection may not at first seem obvious; yet when we remember that narcotic stimulants work their effects chiefly upon the brain and nervous system, there seems to be some significance in the facts that a quantity of wine which would produce certain intoxication in America may be drunk with impunity in England, and that a like relation holds in the case of tobacco.

Facts of this sort are difficult to establish with precision, and it does not come within our province to inquire into the evidence upon which they are based. Personally, we are inclined to accept them, and even to agree with Dr. Mitchell in ascribing them partly to climatic differences, not yet well understood, between our own country and Western Europe. Indeed, since we are really Englishmen, who have lived for only a couple of centuries in a climate very widely different from that of our mother-country, there is *a priori* very little reason for doubting that we may be as yet quite ill-adapted to the physical conditions of our new habitat, so that our strength cannot for the present be so favorably exerted as if we were still living in the mother-country. This may readily be granted without implying any necessary degeneracy of the English race in America, about which so much nonsense has been written, though not by Dr. Mitchell. We must remember that the English are not indigenous to England, but to Central Asia, and that a race which has not only survived but improved under one such transplanting may equally survive and after a while improve under another.

Putting aside such speculations about climate, we may assert, without fear of contradiction, that one respect in which social life in America contrasts unfavorably with social life in England (and still more unfavorably with European life in general) is the *feverishness* of its activity. As a general rule, the American is more jaded than the European. Where the latter takes two months of vacation, the former takes two weeks; and where the latter goes home at three in the afternoon, and dismisses business from his mind, the former goes home at six, and carries business home with him. The cause is perhaps to be sought in the excessive stimulus toward "getting on in life" which our social conditions afford. The effects are to be seen in our hot-bed system of education, in our prematurely care-worn faces, and in the steady increase of nervous diseases in our large towns. Though we are not a nation of scholars or abstract thinkers, there is no doubt that we work our brains more violently than any other people. To carry on a large business often involves more wear and tear of the higher nervous centres than to sit quietly in one's room and solve abstruse scientific problems. As Dr. Mitchell shows, the people who break down oftenest are not scholars or clergymen, but merchants and manufacturers who undertake large business operations early in life, and not seldom with borrowed capital. Lawyers and doctors, who necessarily begin with a small practice and slowly grow up to the requirements of a large business, rarely shouldering a heavy load until they are past the age of thirty, are much less subject to nervous diseases. And doctors, in spite of their very irregular habits of life, their midnight watchings and their hurried meals, withstand the wear and tear of brain-work better than any other class of people, owing no doubt to the large proportion of time which they spend in the open air.

And this leads to other kindred considerations. One chief respect in which our severe climate and our over-stimulating social conditions harass us, is the excessive preponderance of in-door activity which

they involve. Now man is not yet an indoor animal, though he seems to be in a fair way to become one ultimately. The intense pleasure and the renewed vigor which we feel in summer picnickings may serve to indicate the extent to which our old barbaric needs still assert themselves in our mental and physical constitution. We cannot, however, again become out-door barbarians; nor is it urged that barbaric life is more conducive to health than civilized life. We may nevertheless learn from the savage one all-important hygienic lesson. In innumerable ways the savage violates the laws of health; but he at least breathes pure air, and his blood is rapidly oxygenated. Now one of the worst features, perhaps the very worst, of our indoor activity is the way in which it interferes with the due aeration of our blood. And this is a feature of in-door life which we can and must obviate. Partly due to imperfect science, but still more to unpardonable carelessness of the plainest rules of hygiene, is the unquestioned fact that our houses, our school-rooms, our theatres, and our public conveyances are, as far as the atmosphere is concerned, foul dens of corruption. He who will read, for example, the two interesting papers on "Rebreathed Air," and on "Experiments with Air-Furnaces," in Dr. Nichols's just-published "Fireside Science," will not fail to appreciate the justice of our emphatic epithet. In these days of prohibitory liquor laws and anti-tobacco agitation, we may profitably bear in mind that the Indian weed (if practically a poison at all, which may be doubted) is far less poisonous than the carbonic oxide which burning anthracite invariably generates; and that where whiskey has slain its tens of thousands, rebreathed air has slain its tens of thousands. Indeed, it may be seriously questioned whether the latter demon is not a secret but powerful ally of the former, producing as it does that anæmia, or deficiency of red blood disks, which may well be supposed capable of urging the jaded system to solace itself by alcoholic stimulation. From the moral point of view our more just and enlightened posterity will probably regard the Pennsylvania coal monopolists of our time very much as we regard the Rhenish barons of the twelfth century, who used to levy blackmail on every innocent traveller; and from the scientific point of view they will probably look back upon us in our over-heated and foul-aired houses with the same sort of pity with which we look back upon our ancestors in their unchimneyed, undrained, and plague-producing hovels. However this may be, it is incumbent on us, as our chief hygienic duty, on the one hand, to devise some efficient method of carrying rebreathed air out of our houses, and, on the other hand, either to cease using anthracite for domestic purposes, or to invent (if it be possible) some kind of stove or furnace which will not cause our faces to flush and our temples to throb under the influence of Stygian blasts of carbonic oxide.

In passing, we may observe that Dr. Nichols's little book above mentioned, under the title of "Fireside Science," contains a number of short essays, all of which are well worth reading, and many of which are of considerable practical value.

The age of crude and inaccurate scientific text-books, prepared by half-educated compilers, seems at last to be passing away. To say nothing of the admirable manuals by Lockyer, Williamson, Balfour Stewart, Huxley, and others, published by Macmillan & Co., and which contain what is needed by beginners in science, aided by ordinarily competent teachers, we now seem likely to get a series of works equally well executed upon a somewhat higher plane. Dr. Edward L. Youmans, of New York, — whose time seems to be wholly devoted to the disinterested service of science and of his fellow-men, — has conceived and partly carried into execution a project which cannot fail to be of the highest value in more ways than one. The leading thinkers and scientific inquirers of Germany, France, England, and America are to unite in producing a series of scientific monographs, to be called the "International Scientific Series." These works, to cite the English prospectus, "are not designed to instruct beginners, but for the information of the more cultivated classes, who may be assumed to know something of the rudiments of science, and to appreciate some closeness of exposition. Yet, as they are intended to address the non-scientific public, they will require to be thoroughly explanatory in character, and as free from technicalities as is compatible with entire truthfulness of representation. Among other aims of the series will be that of presenting scientific thought and information in a model form, combining simplicity with accuracy; and it is believed that writers, hav-

ing the consciousness that they are addressing the reading public of the chief civilized nations, will give earnest attention to the art of clear and attractive statement." These works are to be crown octavos, containing not more than 350 pages, and are to cost not more than two dollars each. As specimens of the high character of the projected series, we may mention that it will include monographs by Professor Huxley, on "Bodily Motion and Consciousness"; by Sir John Lubbock, on "The Antiquity of Man"; by Professor Virchow, on "Morbid Physiological Action"; by Professor Odling, on "The New Chemistry"; by Professor Ramsay, on "Earth-Sculpture"; by Professor Wurtz, on "The Atomic Theory"; by Professor Tyndall, on "Ice and Glaciers"; by Herbert Spencer, on "The Study of Sociology"; and so on. Many other works are already announced, but these will serve our purposes of illustration.

Regarded as a conscious and systematic organization of scientific effort for the instruction of the community in matters respecting which it is highly desirable that the community should be soundly instructed, this project — conceived by Dr. Youmans, and successfully carried into the first stages of execution by his nobly unselfish labor — is well worthy of the age in which we live. But there is yet another feature in it which must command our heartiest praise. While our legislators are still groping in the dark as to the justice and expediency of allowing authors to be paid for their hard labor, private enterprise has here secured to a large number of authors the certainty of remuneration for works published simultaneously in four countries. The authors engaged in preparing works for this series are to be paid a royalty or fixed sum per copy by the publishers in each country, the royalty on the first thousand being prepaid by the publishers in England and America.

It need only be added that this series of works, having been organized by authors, will be controlled by authors. "At the late meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh, a committee of eminent scientific men was formed, who will decide on the works to be introduced into the series in England and the United States, upon the order of their publication, and upon all questions which may arise affecting the character of the enterprise, and the interests of the authors who take part in it."

Among the many philanthropic enterprises of our time, a project like this, which cannot fail to result in unalloyed benefit to every one, deserves especially honorable mention. And we do not fear contradiction when we call the news of its successful inauguration the most important scientific news of the month.

POLITICS.

THE change which has taken place in the character of congressional debate since the days of Webster and Hayne — the change, as some one has called it, of a house of debate into a printing house — receives so many illustrations at each session, that it is difficult to know which to select as most apt. Perhaps the reply of Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania to Mr. Brooks of New York, during the debate which took place on the 16th of January on the decline of American ship-building, may serve as well as another. Mr. Brooks having in his rhetorical and old-fashioned manner exclaimed, "Remove the duties on iron, copper, cordage, glass, and everything that enters into the construction of ships, and forthwith the American flag, on ships built in New England, will be floating on all seas," Mr. Kelley made this business-like and orderly reply: "A letter from Mr. Cramp of Philadelphia, ship-builder, and which I will have printed in the 'Globe,' will be an effective answer to the gentleman"; and Mr. Kelley then made a brief abstract of Mr. Cramp's statements.

The rhetoric of the printing-press is emphatically a modern invention. Washington is now not the field where the battles of party are lost or won, so much as a fulminating centre of Republicanism, Democracy, Free-Trade, or Labor Reform. A

modern congressman, when he makes a great speech, does not debate; he addresses his constituents either through the columns of their daily newspaper or those of the 'Globe.' It may perhaps be doubted whether in the latter they are read. But they are actually printed by the public printer on the public press, — not as they were originally delivered, but with such emendations as the author sees fit to introduce.

But Congress is by no means the only governmental body which has called in the press to its aid. In almost every one of the Southern States, and in many of the Northern, there are indications that the executive finds its assistance necessary; official and "semi-official" organs begin to make their appearance in all quarters; where there are none of these, there are newspapers which are known "to be in sympathy with" the local administration. During the rule of Tammany in New York, the Ring made it their first business to secure the co-operation of the newspapers, and it was their want of success in this which caused their final overthrow. The advantage to an executive — naturally a silent branch of the government — of having a zealous and outspoken journal perpetually defending its acts, and waging war upon its enemies, can hardly be overestimated. It gives the executive, what under our system it would never otherwise have, a voice. It secures an object which in most European countries is gained by the presence of the ministry in the lower house of Parliament; but it secures it without the ensuing responsibility which that system entails. An administration speaking through the columns of a daily newspaper can never be held to any responsibility for its words. It may admit to-day, deny to-morrow, and reiterate the day after, without violating its legal duties. Its words, if fortunate, are its own; if unfortunate, the blame rests upon editorial shoulders.

It is not surprising, then, that the present administration finds a great convenience in the existence of a close sympathy between itself and one of the most prominent journals in New York. The instance is not likely to be a sporadic one. Administration organs are likely to become more rather than less common, and this probability suggests some interesting questions both with regard to journalism and to politics.

At the first blush it would seem as if the appearance in America of government organs were but one downward step in that easy descent to the *avernus* of centralization which the enemies of free institutions have so long been prophesying. If this assumption were correct, there would seem no obvious way of preventing the lamentable conclusion. No law or constitution could prevent the existence of political ties between an administration and a newspaper. Nothing could prevent it except the extinction of newspapers. What, then, is likely to be the effect of such alliances?

Their political effect is, undoubtedly, to strengthen the power of the administration, by increasing the opportunities, already quite numerous, for a mysterious, tentative, and indirect policy. With editorial assistance it sounds the public mind as to its own measures; as the result shows an inclination of the public mind one way or the other, the measures are abandoned or are prosecuted with vigor. In this condition of affairs, to know what the intentions of the government really are, a mean must be struck between the irresponsible declarations of a newspaper and the authorized declarations of the executive; and this mean is quite as likely to be wrong as to be right. The intentions of the government are rendered far more secret than they would be if the government organ did not exist. The newspaper serves as a sort of dark lantern, lighting the political road, but completely screening the face of the political traveller.

The recent history of the civil-service question well illustrates this. The President had three times declared himself in favor of civil-service reform. The administration organ in New York declared itself also in favor of civil-service reform. Yet at the very moment when all that was necessary to carry the reform into active operation was congressional action, and when Congress had appointed a committee to inquire into the actual condition of the civil service, and the investigations of the committee reveals the most shocking abuses, the same newspaper declared the abuses of no importance, and made every effort to belittle the discoveries of the committee. Under such circumstances how were Congress and the country at large to know the real intentions of the President?

But however much we may disapprove of this tortuous policy, we can hardly regret the increased power which a connec-

tion with a newspaper must bring to the administration. The tendency of late years has been to weaken the executive to such an extent that this increase can hardly cause any serious anxiety. Of course the case is quite different where, as in some of the Southern States, the official organ is made official by means of money stolen from the treasury of the State. That can hardly be called a political question. But in most of the State governments the executive has been shorn of his original authority: his appointing power has been taken from him; and his other functions have been vested in commissions of all kinds; he has at length been left with little more than the right of an annual address to the Legislature. The Federal executive, it is true, has retained more of its early prerogative, but still has so little, that of late years no President, except Johnson, has attempted to pursue a definite and individual policy; while Johnson's fate was such that none of his immediate successors are likely to repeat the experiment. Pierce and Buchanan were simply the standard-bearers of their party. Lincoln studiously avoided even the appearance of guiding his. General Grant declared at the outset that he intended to do nothing except to execute the laws. The system of partisan appointments, too, has at length reached its logical conclusion, as Mr. Trumbull said the other day, by effecting the transformation of the President into a confidential clerk of the congressional delegations. Under these circumstances, it hardly seems likely that any increase of power which an administration may acquire through the co-operation of journals in sympathy with it will seriously interfere with the natural operation of the so-called system of checks and balances which the Constitution introduced.

The effect of such co-operation upon the newspaper itself is very different. What the administration gains the paper loses. As soon as it becomes known that any journal is pledged, or is even suspected of being pledged, to the partisan support of the measures of a particular man, the reputation of the journal for independence is gone. Of course, it may continue to succeed as a commercial undertaking; that depends upon other conditions, but as an independent newspaper, as a moulder of public opinion, it cannot long maintain an existence. But the life of journalism in America is independence. The policy of the country is far more truly directed in the long run by its press than by any other agency. The day when the newspaper was the mouthpiece of this or that eminent senator or congressman has gone by. It is the newspapers now that create senators, congressmen, and Presidents. If America can be said in any true sense to be governed at all, it is governed by its press. The enactments of the legislature and the policy of the executive are alike in the long run dictated by it. Whenever the press allies itself with either one or the other, it abdicates its natural authority. The most powerful newspapers have always been those which, however avowedly partisan, have in reality guided their party. It was not the journals which were in sympathy with the administration, but journals which the administration respected and feared, that secured the removal of McClellan, the employment of negroes as troops, and even the abolition of slavery itself.

In short, a journal which establishes cordial relations with an administration, publishes its personal explanations, and defends it through thick and thin, is so sure to feel the effect of its alliance upon its reputation, that the matter rapidly ceases to have any interest except for the high contracting parties themselves.

WHEN the House of Representatives impeached Andrew Johnson it was anticipated by a good many people that his trial would not be the last in the United States which the present generation would witness. Impeachment once used as a political device for attempting to rid the country of an unpopular administration, it was predicted that the process would rapidly lose its judicial character, and take its place among the parliamentary weapons with which the majority is from time to time engaged in stocking the legislative arsenal. Those were the days — they seem long ago now — when the Previous Question flourished at the Capitol in all its rank luxuriance; and had not the previous question — formerly a harmless legislative device for cutting short unnecessary debate — latterly become the majority gag? So would impeachment, originally a solemn legal process, become in course of time a solemn legal farce. There would certainly be nothing strange in such a matter. The law of parliamentary bodies, like other law, is continually undergoing changes which affect

its substance and results without at all affecting its forms. Dilatory motions were not originally devised for delay; committees on elections were originally designed as courts of investigation. When the fathers established the district system, they did not dream that district lines would breed the Gerrymander.

Those who thus predicted the future of impeachment thought, however, that the National Capitol was the place where the change in the character of the process was most likely to show itself. It was at Washington that impeachments were to become the order of the day. It has not happened so. There have been a half a dozen impeachment proceedings since the trial of Johnson, and they have all concerned officers of State governments. There have been impeachment proceedings against Governor Harrison Reed of Florida, and against Governor Clayton of Arkansas; Governor Bullock fled the State of Georgia to avoid impeachment; in North Carolina Governor Holden was impeached and expelled from office, and Governor Scott of South Carolina is now being impeached by Mr. Bowen. But the most interesting impeachment proceedings of all are those which have been lately taking place in Louisiana. As impeachment in Louisiana differs in many essential respects from the process as known to constitutional lawyers, it may be worth while to give a few of its features in detail.

A quarrel has been going on for a long time in Louisiana between Governor Warmoth and what is known as the custom-house faction, headed by the collector of the port, Mr. Casey. The quarrel, as might be inferred from the character of most of those engaged in it, has no merits. It is a simple struggle for the spoils, carried on with all the fury of Southern politics. Dunn, the Lieutenant-Governor, a negro, having died, the election of his successor devolved upon the Senate, and the governor succeeded in securing the election of one Pinchback. The masterly strategy of the Warmoth party in this movement revealed their weakness to the Casey faction, and when an extra session was afterwards called, it was evident to the latter that decisive measures must be taken. It was accordingly resolved to impeach Governor Warmoth of high crimes and misdemeanors, remove him from office, and elect an upright man in his stead. And now the impeachment proceedings began. The first step consisted of an arrest of the governor and his confederates under the Ku-Klux Act; the second was a break-up of both branches of the Legislature, and the formation of a new Senate and House. In order that there might be no doubt about the legality of any subsequent proceedings, an organization of the Senate was effected on board the United States revenue-cutter under the collector's orders, which with a couple of Gatling guns went cruising up and down the river. The high court of impeachment being now ready for the trial of the case, and the only difficulty being the impossibility of establishing a permanent communication between the court and the impeaching house, the time had evidently come for the governor to appear and answer. This he at once did, taking the third step in the case by getting an injunction issued, enjoining all the proceedings of his enemies, and having the sergeant-at-arms sent out to bring back the fugitive members of the Legislature. At this point in the trial so many novel legal questions had arisen, that it was felt necessary for all parties to telegraph to Washington for advice. This having produced little effect, both the high court and the accused fell back upon the local law. At last the government telegraphed from Washington that the cruise of the revenue-cutter must come to an end, and a large mob having collected, and found its way to the head-quarters of General Emory, stationed near the city, demanding that martial law might be proclaimed, and General Emory having promised that he would give them not only martial law, but grape and canister with it, if they did not disperse in five minutes, the trial came to a sudden end, the high court collapsed; the Ku-Klux prosecutions vanished into thin air; and the governor, who a few short weeks since stood in danger of being forever incapacitated from holding office under the Constitution and laws of Louisiana, will now probably control the next State delegation to the National Convention at Philadelphia.

Such is impeachment in Louisiana. It differs rather in degree than in kind from impeachment in the other Southern States. In the Arkansas case, one of the steps in the trial was the boarding in and nailing up of the governor within the executive chamber by the impeachers.

The prevalence of proceedings of this sort may be explained by the assumption of an extraordinary degree of corruption on

the part of the various administrations impeached. But the difficulty with this explanation is, that, in most of the States in which the proceedings have been begun, the whole State government is so hopelessly corrupt, that there is very little difference between one part and another. An effort on the part of the Legislature of any Southern State to reform the government out of pure love of virtue, is not a probable political movement. There is little to choose between the impeacher and the impeached. An impeachment trial in the Southern States is what it was predicted such trials would become, — nothing but a parliamentary device for getting rid of a political enemy.

If the absurdity and wickedness of these mock trials at length convince people of the absurdity of high courts of impeachment, the result will be a fortunate one. Impeachment was an English process in vogue at the period when England was governed not only nominally, but really, by King, Lords, and Commons, — a period, too, when a public office was not a trust, but private property. The courts were servants of the crown, and of course in political sympathy with the power to which they owed their existence. In such a state of society, the trial of an official for high crimes and misdemeanors was not simply a trial, it was a grave political event, and there was great propriety in bringing the accused before a large and powerful court. And it should be remembered also that the House of Lords in England, unlike the Senate in the various States and the United States, has always been a judicial body, with legal traditions. All these considerations made in favor of the English system for England at the time of its introduction here. In America, on the other hand, high courts of impeachment are as out of place as trials for treason. The feeling that the government is a body apart from the people, with proceedings of its own, responsibilities of its own, standards of its own, has no place in the modern order of society. With us, an office is in theory, and should be in fact, a trust, and there is no more reason that public trustees who have violated their trusts should be prosecuted in a high court of impeachment, than that such a court should be organized for the trial of men like Fisk and Gould. Impeachment is frequently spoken of as if it were intended for the trial of a peculiar class of crimes. School-boys are taught that impeachments are applied "not altogether to strictly legal offences, but to those of a political nature and extraordinary character, and to misdemeanors in office and violations of public trust which can scarcely be provided for beforehand, or defined by positive law, or judged by technical rules." For impeachers this is certainly a very convenient explanation, inasmuch as it obviates all difficulty of definition by declaring at the outset the impossibility of any definition at all. But a tribunal which tries crimes neither legal nor political has too vague a jurisdiction for our day. Political mysteries belong to the past. Crimes of such an extraordinary character that they cannot be provided for beforehand or defined by positive law may safely be left to be dealt with as they arise.

Impeachment, then, is a failure, and the question is, What is to take its place? We live in an age of which one of the prominent features is the continued commission of high crimes and misdemeanors by officials; and since the only process devised by our ancestors for bringing them to justice has become obsolete, or rather has been entirely twisted from its original design, some new method must take its place. Greater responsibility to the courts, not high courts, but those low courts with which we are all so familiar, is the way most obvious. The plan of some of the New York reformers is, that officials who are suspected of tampering with the public funds shall be amenable to legal process upon the motion of a certain proportion of the taxpayers. Such a provision as this would do a great deal to make political robbery difficult; and it would replace an obsolete and cumbrous method by one that is simple and familiar. The chief objection against it would be, that without a pure judiciary the new condition would be no better than the old, that it would place extraordinary political temptations in the way of judges, — temptations which they could not be expected to resist. But the temptations against which they would have to struggle cannot be harder to resist than those to which they have already succumbed. And to judge from the experience of the past, it does not seem that it is political so much as pecuniary corruption that threatens the judiciary.

THERE has never been a better opportunity for securing international copyright between England and America than the present moment offers. The renewal of cordial relations between the two governments renders a great many acts of justice practicable

which have heretofore seemed visionary. And international copyright is a measure, too, no longer suggested by motives of justice only. The rapid increase in the value and importance of American books brings prudence to the aid of morality. Letters of marque, as long as we had no commercial marine ourselves, were very good credentials on the high seas of literature. But now that rich freights put out from American as well as English ports, the case becomes different. On every ground it is important that the barbarous system of pillage should cease. If the movement now on foot to secure a copyright convention succeeds, it will be quite as much a cause of satisfaction here as it can be in England.

The movement is threatened, however, with a grave danger, — a danger which has before now done the copyright cause serious damage, — and that is, that, amid the conflicting claims of those engaged in the manufacture of books, the authors' rights may be lost sight of. Already we hear that the various trades remotely connected with the manufacture of books are appointing committees to represent their interests in the approaching struggle and to obtain their due share of protection. But if the contest for an international copyright is to be managed like the annual pig-iron conflict, or the wool fight, ending in a compromise by which every interest gets a certain amount of protection at the expense of the public, it will certainly be of little service either to England, America, or humanity at large. What is needed is a legal protection for property in ideas; in other words, an authors' copyright.

Of all plans which have been suggested, the fairest and simplest would be that of absolute free-trade, the legalization of the author's property in his work, with absolute liberty of disposal. This plan would make the copyright system of all English-speaking people the same. The author would copyright his book and sell the right of publication to any one he pleased, whether in London, Calcutta, or Chicago. Under this system the practice would perhaps grow up of selling restricted copyrights (as patents are now sold) for a particular country or state. The English author who wished to gain the ear of the English public would sell the right of publication to an English publisher, restricting the sale to England. If he wished, on the other hand, to introduce his book to the American market, he would doubtless sell to an American publisher.

If this system cannot be introduced, another readily suggests itself which will satisfy all the reasonable demands of British as well as American authors. Provide that the British author may, by taking the necessary formal steps, secure an American copyright which shall vest absolutely in him; provide that the American author may do the same in England. It is for this arrangement that the English authors are now petitioning, and as far as the publishers of the two countries are concerned it is perfectly equitable. The demands of the British publishers have hitherto been always counted among the obstacles to the negotiation of a convention; but the interests of the publishers are obviously distinct from those of authors. Whatever valid claims they may have will stand a far better chance of recognition when the principle of copyright has become part of the international law of England and America.

THE

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THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN.

I.

AT Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anchor lay
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side,
And through the cabin windows streamed
In ripples of golden light, that seemed
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends, —
Old skippers brown and hale,
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their grog,
And talked of iceberg and of fog,
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn
About Klaboterman,
The Kobold of the sea; a sprite
Invisible to mortal sight,
Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the hold,
Sometimes upon the mast,
Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,
Or at the bows he sang and laughed,
And made all tight and fast.

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He helped the sailors at their work,
And toiled with jovial din;
He helped them hoist and reef the sails,
He helped them stow the casks and bales,
And heave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,
The idlers of the crew;
Them to torment is his delight,
And worry them by day and night,
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes
Klaboterman behold;
It is a certain sign of death! —
The cabin-boy here held his breath,
He felt his blood run cold.

II.

The jolly skipper paused awhile,
And then again began;
"There is a Spectre Ship," quoth he,
"A Ship of the Dead, that sails the sea,
And is called the Carmilhan.

"A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,
In tempests she appears;
And before the gale, or against the gale,
She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers.

"She haunts the Atlantic north and south,
But mostly the mid-sea,
Where three great rocks rise bleak and bare
Like furnace-chimneys in the air,
And are called the Chimneys Three.

"And ill betide the luckless ship
That meets the Carmilhan;
Over her decks the seas will leap,
She must go down into the deep,
And perish mouse and man."

The captain of the Valdemar
Laughed loud with merry heart.
"I should like to see this ship," said he;
"I should like to find these Chimneys Three,
That are marked down in the chart.

"I have sailed right over the spot," he said,
"With a good stiff breeze behind,
When the sea was blue, and the sky was clear, —
You can follow my course by these pinholes here, —
And never a rock could find."

And then he swore a dreadful oath,
He swore by the Kingdoms Three,
That should he meet the Carmilhan,
He would run her down, although he ran
Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and fro,
The cabin-boy had heard;
He lingered at the door to hear,
And drank in all, with greedy ear,
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,
But of a roving mind;
"O, it must be like heaven," thought he,
"Those far-off foreign lands to see,
And fortune seek and find!"

But in the fo'castle, when he heard
The mariners blaspheme,
He thought of home, he thought of God,
And his mother under the churchyard sod,
And wished it were a dream.

One friend on board that ship had he;
'T was the Klaboterman,
Who saw the Bible in his chest,
And made a sign upon his breast,
All evil things to ban.

III.

The cabin windows have grown blank
As eyeballs of the dead;
No more the glancing sunbeams burn
On the gilt letters of the stern,
But on the figure-head;

On Valdemar Victorious,
Who looketh with disdain
To see his image in the tide
Dismembered float from side to side,
And reunite again.

"It is the tide," those skippers cried,
"That swings the vessel so;
It is the tide; it rises fast,
'T is time to say farewell at last,
'T is time for us to go."

They shook the captain by the hand,
"Good luck! good luck!" they cried;
Each face was like the setting sun,
As, broad and red, they one by one
Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose,
The tide was at its flood;
And all the winding creeks and bays
And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,
The sky was red as blood.

The southwest wind blew fresh and fair,
As fair as wind could be;
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,
With all sail set, the Valdemar
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
As one who walks in dreams;
A tower of marble in her light,
A wall of black, a wall of white,
The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast
The lights begin to burn;
And now uplifted high in air
They kindle with a fiercer glare,
And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,
The sea is all around;
Then on each hand low hills of sand
Emerge and form another land;
She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack,
She flitteth like a ghost;
By day and night, by night and day,
She bounds, she flies upon her way
Along the English coast.

Cape Finistere is drawing near,
Cape Finistere is past;
Into the open ocean stream
She floats, the vision of a dream
Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight;
The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,
And longer stays the night.

IV.

And now along the horizon's edge
Mountains of cloud uprose,
Black, as with forests, underneath,
Above, their sharp and jagged teeth
Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,
But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light,
That faded slowly from the sight,
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky, all black, all black;
The clouds were everywhere;
There was a feeling of suspense
In nature, a mysterious sense
Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be;
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro;
Now watched the compass at the wheel,
Now lifted up his hand to feel
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,
And now upon the deep;
In every fibre of his frame
He felt the storm before it came,
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,
And tore the dark in two;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced his eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before;
But in that single flash of light
The captain saw a fearful sight,
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,
The ghostly Carmilhan!
Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare,
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck
  Or clambering up the shrouds;
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail,
Were like the piping of the gale,
  And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan
  There rose up from the sea,
As from a foundered ship of stone,
Three bare and splintered masts alone;
  They were the Chimneys Three!

And onward dashed the Valdemar
  And leaped into the dark;
A denser mist, a colder blast,
A little shudder, and she had passed
  Right through the Phantom Bark.

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,
  But cleft it unaware;
As when careering to her nest,
The sea-gull severs with her breast
  The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed; again
  They saw the Carmilhan,
Whole as before in hull and spar;
But now on board of the Valdemar
  Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was sealed;
  They knew that death was near;
Some prayed who never prayed before,
And some they wept, and some they swore,
  And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,
  And louder than wind or sea
A cry burst from the crew on deck,
As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck,
  Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light
  To streak the east began;
The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,
Survived the wreck, and only he,
  To tell of the Carmilhan.

Henry W. Longfellow.

JEFFERSON IN THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES OF VIRGINIA.

THE year 1772, which was the first of Jefferson's married life, I think he would have ever after pronounced the happiest of all his years. To most of us, perhaps, that first year, or, at least, some small part of it, is the most consciously happy time we ever know. It may well be so. The moment when two stand at the altar, a wedded pair, is the moment for which all their past moments were made, from which all their future moments date. The first months are a blissful pause in life's toilsome journey; for the old cares have ended in fruition, and the new cares are as yet nothing but delight. The chilly winter of desire is past; the tempest of the passions passes soon with well-attempered minds; it is May-time then, the bright and sunny seedtime when no one thinks that the harvest can be other than glorious. Nature begins everything with a smile. The most bountiful harvest is not joyous and serene, like the May morning when the wheat is only a greener grass, and the trees have nothing for us but blossoms. We see many couples who have been harshly dealt with in the struggle for life; they are sadly battered and worn; and we meet others who have dealt harshly with one another, whose case is more deplorable. It is an affecting thought, that they, too, must once have looked hopefully upon life, must once have been pleasing in one another's eyes, must once have had their Monticello to go home to, and to make lovely by their touch, — if it were only two tenement-rooms, adorned with pictures cut from the illustrated papers.

A lull in the political storm gave Jefferson a long interval of peace, the last he was to know for many a year. The General Court called him to Williamsburg, April 15th and October 15th, and detained him "eighteen days exclusive of Sundays," each time; but during most of the year he was on his mountain, laying out his grounds, planning parts of his house, watching his garden in that vigilant manner of his, superintending his widening farms, and keeping brief, exact record of whatever he did, observed, and learned. Snow three feet deep, as he records soon after reaching home with his bride, "the deepest snow we have ever seen," covered the county of Albemarle during the last days of January. It was not an inviting prospect for the Italians whom Philip Mazzei was about to start in the culture of the vine near by, and who were to furnish Jefferson with Italian gardeners. Virginia has a month of polar winter every third or fourth year, when the James and the Potomac are ice-bound, and the mountain counties are buried in snow. This happy winter chanced to be one such. But an early spring atones; and we are relieved, on looking over the published leaves of the young husband's Garden Book, to discover that on March 20th he "sowed a patch of *later* peas."

The broad summit of his mountain presented a busy scene as the season advanced. Men were levelling the summit down to that expanse of six acres which was to become so bright with lawn, garden, grove, and flowers. Others were cutting roads and paths through the woods, or making the drive around the great lawn. Jefferson, with his rule in his pocket and his case of instruments at hand, watched every operation with the eye of a curious philosopher, pausing often to make a calculation or record a hint. Like a true mathematician, he would take nothing for granted. Having wheelbarrows with one wheel and others with two wheels, he was bound to ascertain, with the certainty of arithmetic, which was the more advantageous. So he takes his position, watch

in hand, pencil in pocket. He discovers that Julius Shard fills a two-wheeled barrow in three minutes, and wheels it thirty yards in a minute and a half. He observes, further, that the two-wheeled barrow holds four times as much as the one-wheeled. With these facts before him, he puts the case in a form which Professor Small himself would have approved: "Suppose the 4 loads put in in the same time, viz. 3 minutes; 4 trips will take $4 \times 1\frac{1}{2} = 6'$, which added to $3'$ filling is $= 9'$, to fill and carry the same earth which was filled and carried in the two-wheeled barrow in $4\frac{1}{2}'$." This seems conclusive against the one-wheeled vehicle; but as that form of barrow has held its own against all rivals for another century, we must conclude that Mr. Jefferson's one-wheeled barrow was not a fair representative of its order. He was evidently much attached to the two-wheeled specimen.

Every operation was scanned and tested. He observed that a four-horse wagon made ten trips a day up the mountain, and brought nearly five cords of wood. He counted the number of rails that could be drawn up the steepest part of the mountain, and found it was twenty-eight. "A coach and six," he records, "will turn in eighty feet." He meant to allow room enough for the grandees of Virginia who might visit him to turn homeward. For his own part, he had not yet set up a vehicle more imposing than the two-wheeled chaise in which he had attempted to bring home his bride. We learn from the same source, that the grounds were to be enclosed by a picket fence, every other picket long, and that the short pickets were to have four nails each, and the long ones five. No scrap of knowledge came amiss to the young housekeeper. "Mrs. Wythe," he records, "puts one tenth very rich superfine Malmsey to a dry Madeira, and makes a fine wine." This item, doubtless, he brought home from Williamsburg for his wife, with Mrs. Wythe's compliments; for the lady of the mountain kept her housekeeping book, and was noted for her skill in household arts. Her books of accounts, written in a neat, ladylike hand, still exist.

What an experimenter he was with his garden! He tried almost every valuable nut, vegetable, grain, bulb, shrub, tree, and grass the world knows, — almonds, bitter almonds, soft-shelled almonds, olives (fifteen hundred olive-stones at once), Alpine strawberries, French chestnuts, and all the rare kinds of more familiar fruits and vegetables. His new neighbor, Mazzei, filled his garden with the fine melons, vines, and nuts of Italy, which it was one of Jefferson's dearest delights to spread over Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia. He watched the operations of the Italian vineyard planters with the closest attention, and put down in his Garden Book a curiously minute account of their method of laying out a vineyard and planting vines. The coming of this little Italian colony, with the intelligent Mazzei at their head, and the prospect which it opened of Albemarle, already called the "garden of Virginia," becoming its vineyard also, was an immense addition to the interest and attractiveness of Monticello. If Jefferson loved his home more than most men, it must be owned that few men have ever had such a home to love.

It is the wife who is the soul of a house. It is she who makes, who constitutes, who *is* the home. The wife of Jefferson comes down to us as she was in this brightest year of her existence, a beautiful woman, her countenance brilliant with color and expression, with luxuriant auburn hair, somewhat tall, and of a very graceful figure, though too slight for the wear and tear of this troublesome world. Nothing but good has been recorded of her, and her carefully kept household books still speak her praise. Tradition reports that she possessed an attraction for her husband most rare in that age among ladies, — an educated mind and a taste for the higher literature. Her love of music, her skill in playing the harpsichord, and her voice in singing,

all harmonized with his tastes and habits, recalling that sister so early lost. A Virginian lady of that period could scarcely escape acquiring the homely, invaluable wisdom that comes of dealing with the common duties of a household. She might not be so accomplished as the mother of Washington, who was one of the best judges of a horse in her county, and perfectly capable of conducting a plantation; but a woman could not be quite a fool who had to think and contrive for a great family of grown-up children.

I see this elegant figure moving about with her husband among the improvements of the mountain-top, visiting with him the spot where negroes were "grubbing up" roots and trees for the family burying-ground, or standing by his side as he counted the wheelbarrow-loads and watched the wall-building. During the winter, perhaps, she may have been alive to the inconveniences of living five hundred and eighty feet in the air; but in the summer she must have warmly approved her husband's choice, if it were only that it lifted them above the mosquitoes and all disagreeable insects. If she cast her eyes in one direction, she saw their mount sloping down a mile and a half to the river Rivanna, and she could see, half a mile beyond the river, the blackened ruins of the house in which her husband was born. On another side, the mountain fell off into the valley in an almost precipitous descent. From one face of the summit there is nothing between the spectator and the ocean, two hundred miles distant, and yet not so far that it is not felt in the afternoon breeze of the hot summer days. From another, there is a vast expanse billowy with mountains, one peak clearly visible forty miles off, and the line of the Blue Ridge marked against the horizon a hundred miles away. Three miles yonder lies the village of Charlottesville; and here is a region of waving wheat-fields and farms, with the river winding among them. From one point, nothing breaks the view for forty-seven miles, and then it ends in a solitary peak precisely resembling the great Pyramid of Egypt. A lady less susceptible than she could have forgiven the height of the little mount for the wide world of loveliness which it disclosed.

As the summer advanced, she leaned perhaps more heavily upon her husband's strong arm than before, and less frequently rode down into the valley. Their first child was born in the autumn, — that Martha Jefferson who contributed most and longest to the solace of her father's life. Here was a new tie binding him to his home, and it was wound about his heart at the very period when the events occurred that were to summon him away, and detain him many times and long.

From the breezy height of Monticello we must repair to a spot not less enchanting, — Newport, the Emerald Isle of North America. Readers are familiar with the ocean drive, that winds about among the rocks, and by the beaches, and past Lily Pond, until it turns the Point at the ocean end of the island, and winds round past Fort Adams, where the band plays; then by the pretty harbor, alive with yachts and skimming sail-boats; and "so home." Brenton's Point is the ancient and proper name of that turning-place, where the carriages stop for their occupants to look out for Point Judith and Block Island, and admire the tumbling waves that foam over the reefs near the shore, and where children get out to explore the aquarium disclosed to view at low tide, and gather star-fish, wet and squirming, inadmissible to a well-regulated vehicle. In March, 1772, it was a bleak and desolate place, without sign of human habitation. But even at that early period there was much life upon the waters; for Newport had an important commerce with the African coast, and Providence, thirty miles off, at the head of Narragansett Bay, though inferior to Newport in wealth and population, was a thriving town. Those were the days when the best Christians saw noth-

ing wrong in buying negroes and gold-dust on the coast of Africa with New England rum, and selling the negroes to the West Indies for molasses, and taking the molasses home to be converted into more rum for another voyage. Newport had the cream of this sweet commerce for many a year, as well as a legitimate trade with the mother-country.

But this was not all the business that enriched Newport and Providence. It was not to protect lawful commerce that British men-of-war cruised continually in Narragansett Bay, and lay at anchor off Brenton's Point. England was at peace with all the world; the pirates had been driven from these waters; but in March, 1772, when Jefferson was sowing his later peas at Monticello, two British men-of-war approached the Point, one of some magnitude, called the Beaver, and the other, a schooner of eight guns, named the Gaspee. The larger of these vessels kept on her course, and vanishes from this history. The Gaspee dropped her anchor, furled her sails, and remained, about where the Light Ship now rides uneasily on the waves.

Need I remind the reader with what rigor England applied the "protective system" at that time? A colonist could catch a beaver and take off its skin, but a British law forbade his making that skin into a hat. English hatters were protected. A Pennsylvanian might dig a piece of iron out of his native hills, and even smelt away its impurities, but he was obliged to send it to England to be made into steel and a scythe. British cutlers must be protected. A Virginian could raise as much tobacco as he chose; but though England were glutted with tobacco, he could not export a hogshead of it to another country. He must send it all to England, whence British merchants would distribute it over the world. A Newport merchant might discover excellent fabrics and commodities in Holland or France, but he must buy his return cargo in English ports of English dealers. A Carolinian could not sell a pound of his indigo to France, where so much of it was used. The commerce of the Colonies, and their internal trade as well, were restricted and hampered in every way, with the single object, and that object avowed, of compelling the colonists to pour the net product of their toil and enterprise into British coffers. The colonists complied not unwillingly, because they loved their country, that is, the British Empire, and because they felt that, in return for all this, England was bound to defend them against the world.

But the protective system includes, as an invariable accompaniment, the illicit trader and the smuggler; and it will not be one of the least advantages of the universal freedom of trade, which we have been approaching for a century past, and may reach a century hence, that those bad vocations will cease to be exercised. Seldom have they been so flourishing as in the waters about Newport, from the peace of 1763 to the war of 1775. The French War had given a wonderful development to the business. A colonial governor had the power to grant a flag of truce, and an enterprising Newporter could apply for one under pretext of going to the French West Indies to effect an exchange of prisoners. It is mentioned as a proof of the incorruptible honor of Governor Fauquier of Virginia, — gambler as he was, — that he refused an offer of two hundred pounds sterling for a flag. Other governors were not so scrupulous; as the governor of Rhode Island, who alone was elected by the people of his Province, had, it is said, no scruples at all, but granted flags to all applicants at a certain price. Give a Yankee captain, in time of war, a schooner full of "fish and notions," a flag of truce to the enemy, and a free range of the seas; what does he want more? He is trading with peace advantages, and gets war prices.

Considering the circumstances, we cannot be surprised at the bad account given of the Rhode-Islanders by Arch-

deacon Burnaby, who visited them toward the close of the French War. A cunning, deceitful people, he calls them, who "*live almost entirely by unfair and illicit trading*," and their "magistrates are partial and corrupt." The English traveller adds this remark: "Were the governor to interpose his authority, were he to refuse to grant flags of truce, or not to wink at abuses, he would at the expiration of the year be excluded from his office, the only thing perhaps which he has to subsist upon." But, then, according to this Tory Archdeacon, the people themselves had little to subsist upon except the illicit trade; for the enemy, in the course of the war, had captured one hundred and thirty of their vessels; and their own privateers, of which they kept a great number at sea, had had ill luck. Nevertheless, he says, they *would*, out of their population of thirty-five thousand souls, maintain a regiment of provincial troops, which made the taxation burdensome. Besides, their paper money was in a woful condition, as it required twenty-five hundred pounds in Rhode Island paper to buy one golden guinea.

The war being at an end in 1763, nothing more could be done in the flag-of-truce way, and a part of this demoralized energy and capital was employed in evading the revenue laws. One glance at the map will remind the reader that the waters about Rhode Island furnish every facility for any kind of illicit trade that can be carried on in small, swift vessels.

For eight years — 1764 to 1772 — there had been war in Narragansett Bay, between Rhode Island and the king of Great Britain. The king began it. An offensive armed schooner, the St. John, was stationed in the bay in 1764, for the sole purpose of interfering with the maritime pursuits of the Rhode-Islanders. This St. John had the insolence to make a prize of a brig which had brought in an unlawful cargo. Retaliation: the people seized a shore battery and fired into the St. John. Royal ships impressed unwary seamen. On one occasion, the Maidstone, man-of-war, boarded a brig just from the African coast, and impressed her whole crew, who had expected that very night to be at home. Retaliation: a crowd of Newporters seized one of the Maidstone's boats at the Long Wharf, dragged her up Broad Street to the Parade, and burnt her in front of that handsome State House which still stands. Again, in 1769, the sloop-of-war Liberty, besides making herself generally odious through the sleepless vigilance of her commander, Lieutenant Reid, once stopped and brought in an innocent vessel, and then fired at the captain's boat when he came seeking redress. Retaliation: a resolute company of Newporters boarded her, cut her cables, let her drift ashore, hard and fast; and then, when night fell, a party set her on fire, and she was burned to the water's edge! This was war.

In 1772 it fell to the little Gaspee, of eight guns, Lieutenant Dudingston commanding, to continue the strife. This lieutenant was not long in making himself an object of passionate disgust to a seafaring people. Lying there, off Brenton's Point, right at the entrance of the bay, in the very highway leading both to Newport and Providence, he adopted the system of boarding everything that floated, — packets, market-boats, ferry-boats, coasting schooners, Indiamen, Londoners, homeward-bound, outward-bound, — everything! The expedient was simple and obvious, but it was all too effectual. And, to make his conduct the more offensive, he sent any contraband property that he seized to Boston for adjudication.

At that time the deputy-governor of Rhode Island Plantation, Darius Sessions by name, lived at Providence, and the governor, Joseph Wanton, lived at Newport. Darius Sessions wrote to Joseph Wanton a letter of ludicrous gravity, relating the aggressions of "a schooner" upon "our navigation"; affecting not to know "who *he* is, and by what authority *he* assumes

such a conduct"; and requesting his Honor to inquire into the matter. The deputy contrived to make a pointed allusion to the sloop Liberty, burnt at Newport some time before. "It is suspected," said Mr. Sessions, "that he has no legal authority to justify his conduct; and his commission, if he has any, is some antiquated paper, more of a fiction than anything else, ... no other than the commission the famous Reid had, *who lost his sloop at Newport*, or something else, of no validity." The governor, in the same strain of affected ignorance, addressed a note of inquiry to the odious lieutenant, who replied, not in the most conciliatory tone, that he "had done nothing but what was his duty." Much correspondence followed. The governor wrote to the admiral at Boston, and the admiral replied with the *hauteur* that might be expected; both referred the matter to the Earl of Hillsborough; and the affair drew to great length and complexity. But, in the mean time, Lieutenant Dudingston continued to "disturb the navigation" of Narragansett Bay, and seized whatever rum or other commodity had not contributed its quota to the king's strong box.

June 10, 1772, at noon, the regular packet plying between Newport and Providence left Newport for Providence without notifying Lieutenant Dudingston. The Gaspee gave chase; chased the packet up the bay twenty-three miles, and then ran hard aground on Narragansett Point, seven miles below Providence. The packet reached her berth about sunset. Her captain related his adventure and described the situation of the hated Gaspee to Mr. John Brown, the most substantial merchant of the place. In common with the whole Colony, Mr. Brown believed the proceedings of Lieutenant Dudingston to be illegal. Deputy-Governor Darius Sessions had consulted Chief Justice Hopkins upon the subject, and the Chief Justice had officially pronounced them lawless. No commander of a vessel, the Chief Justice maintained, had any right to exert authority in the Colony without previously applying to the governor, showing his warrant for so doing, and being regularly sworn in.

Mr. Brown, like most men who live near the sea, carried the tide in his mind, as farmers at work in a distant field observe without thinking of it their taskmaster, the sun. The Gaspee cannot get off Namquit Point before three in the morning, thought the merchant. The case of the Liberty, perhaps, flashed across his mind. The Gaspee had run *herself* ashore! What an opportunity to free the waters of Rhode Island from this worse than a pirate!

He spoke to one of the captains in his service, who hurried away as if on a joyful errand. A few minutes later, the beating of a drum in the main street of Providence summoned the people to doors and windows; and the drummer, in the manner of a town-crier, lifted up his voice and proclaimed the situation of the Gaspee, and invited all men disposed to lend a hand to her destruction to repair to Sabin's tavern as soon as it was dark. At half past nine, eight of the largest boats belonging to the town, with muffled oars and filled with armed men, each boat commanded by a sea-captain, dropped away from Fenner's Wharf. It was no mob that manned the boats. The best men of the town took part in this expedition, and all men's hearts went with it; unless it might be some lone representative of the collector of the customs, — the only officer in Rhode Island not elected by the people. John Brown, the prime mover, who was in one of the boats, besides being the chief merchant of the Colony, was of the family that afterwards founded and gave its name to Brown University.

All on board the Gaspee slept, except one sailor, who kept the watch. At midnight the watch was changed, when Bartholomew Cheever came on deck in his turn. At a quarter to one he descried in the darkness — the night was very dark — a line of boats silently

approaching the vessel. He reported the ominous circumstance to the lieutenant, who hurried on deck in his night-shirt, and soon saw the boats himself. "Hail them," said the officer, "and tell them to stand off at their peril." The sailor obeyed. No answer. Again he shouted, "Who comes there?" No answer. The lieutenant himself then took his station at the side of the vessel, a pistol in one hand and a cutlass in the other. He hailed the boats twice. From one of them came at length an angry reply, which may be softened into, "I am the sheriff of the county of Kent, damn you! I have got a warrant to apprehend you, damn you! So surrender, damn you!" Which was a fiction, uttered by one of the captains commanding. "Call all hands," said the lieutenant to Cheever, who obeyed; and the men, in the course of a few seconds, began to tumble up. But those few seconds were fatal to the Gaspee.

For, at the instant of Lieutenant Dudingston's appearance at the side of his vessel, one of the men in the boats said to a comrade, "Reach me your gun, and I can kill that fellow." Just as the lieutenant had given the order to call all hands he fell to the deck dangerously wounded in the arm and groin, bleeding profusely. He had not yet been helped to the cabin before the assailants boarded, drove the men below, and were masters of the vessel. The Providence men followed the crew into the hold, tied every man's hands behind him, and prepared to set them ashore.

A young medical student, while busy below tying the hands of the unresisting crew, was called to the deck by a voice familiar to all the party. "What is the matter, Mr. Brown?" asked the student. "Don't call names," was the reply, "but go immediately into the cabin. There is one wounded and will bleed to death." Upon examining the wound the student feared the great artery was cut, and began to pull and tug at the collar of his own shirt to tear a bandage. The wounded man showed that he was worthy of better work than chasing packet-boats and groping after hidden rum, by saying, "Pray, sir, don't tear your clothes; there is linen in that trunk." And after his wound was dressed, he begged the young surgeon to accept a gold stock-buckle as a mark of his gratitude; and, this being refused, he pressed upon him a silver one, which the student accepted and wore to old age. The crew were landed in two parties, two miles apart, and the lieutenant was carried to a house near the shore. The schooner was then set on fire.

When the sun rose nothing remained of her but a black and smoking hulk. The assailants rowed home at leisure in broad daylight, reaching Providence in time for breakfast. So little concealment was there, that, in the course of the morning, a young man appeared in the most public place in Providence with Lieutenant Dudingston's gold-laced hat upon his head, and related to a great circle of admiring bystanders how and where he had got it in the schooner's cabin; he was induced to retire with his trophy; but every American in Providence knew who had done the deed, who suggested it, and what part in it each of the leading persons had borne.

Darius Sessions's parents must have been devoid of a sense of the ludicrous, else he had not been blessed with such a name; but Darius himself was a humorist. In the morning he received the "news" of this transaction. Whereupon he rode down to the scene, attended by some gentlemen of the town, to inquire into it. He found the thing had really happened! Here was the smoking hulk. In yonder house lay the wounded officer. The crew were roaming at large, subsisting on the country. He visited the lieutenant, and begged to know how he could be of service to him. That truly gallant officer replied that, for his own part, he wanted nothing; he hardly expected to survive; but he asked to have his men attended to, and sent to the admiral in Boston. The deputy

took sundry depositions, provided for the crew, and returned home to exercise his talent for grave burlesque in a letter to the governor. "A very disagreeable affair," said he, "has lately happened within this part of the Colony." He related the disagreeable affair. Then he remarked: "The dangerous tendency of this transaction is too obvious to pass it over with the least *appearance* of neglect." He did not underline the word "appearance," it was not necessary. He concluded his epistle thus: "It is the prevailing opinion of the gentlemen in this quarter, that a proclamation with a large reward be issued for apprehending the persons who have thus offended. You will please consult the gentlemen your way; and, in the mean time, I will endeavor to collect the sentiments of the members of the Assembly, and other principal gentlemen by name, and send the same to your Honor, as soon as may be."

Governor Wanton acted upon this hint. A proclamation was very promptly issued, offering a reward of a hundred pounds to any one who should discover the perpetrators. Strange to say, the proclamation was of no effect. Not a creature in Rhode Island disclosed what many hundreds of men, women, and children must have personally known. Lieutenant Dudingston recovered his health, was recommended for promotion, and, it is to be hoped, obtained it. Other cruisers replaced the burnt Gaspee. Narragansett Bay was as blue and bright as before, its islands as richly verdured, and all things went their usual train.

No one can understand the importance of this affair, unless he bears in mind that the great controversy of which it was one trifling outbreak was a controversy between the colonists and ONE MAN. That one man was the king, — poor, dull, proud, ignorant, moody George III.,— the costliest king a country was ever cursed with. He cost, in fact, £800,000,000, besides his board, and the loss of thirteen Colonies; for it was *he*, that one blind, unteachable dunce, who severed the empire.

Of course there are always men enough to flatter the foibles of a king. The American Tories exulted in the destruction of the Gaspee. If *this* does not wake the British lion, wrote Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts, no one will ever tremble at his roar again! "So daring an insult!" By men, too, who are perfectly well known, and yet not one arrested! The royal animal has been asleep these four or five years past; as if these turbulent colonists could be ruled by soft words, and milk-white steeds drawing great lords in gorgeous coaches! a gracious king sees with what result. A *king's* lieutenant wounded and turned out of his vessel! Governor Hutchinson had the honor of conversing with Admiral Montagu on the subject, and he rejoiced to hear the admiral state that, in his opinion, Lord Sandwich would "never leave pursuing the Colony until it was disfranchised." Governor Hutchinson's own opinion, as recorded for the perusal of the home government, was this: "If the late affair at Rhode Island is passed over without a full inquiry and due resentment, our liberty people will think they may with impunity commit any acts of violence, be they ever so atrocious, and the friends to government will despond and give up all hopes of being able to withstand the faction."

The home government needed no prompting. The lion was awake. The "law servants of the crown" pronounced the act of the Rhode-Islanders high treason, levying war against the king. Five royal commissioners — the governor of Rhode Island, the chief justices of New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, and a judge of the Boston Vice-admiralty Court — were appointed to go to Rhode Island and investigate the full business. General Gage, commanding the troops at Boston, was ordered to hold himself in readiness to assist the commissioners, if they should need assistance. Governor Wanton received this informa-

tion from England about the first of October in a long despatch from Lord Dartmouth; and the material parts of this document found their way into the newspapers! Secrecy would have been desirable, if the governor had meant to execute the king's commands; but important matters will get into the papers in times of public commotion, if the pigeon-hole is not well looked to. There was one paragraph in Lord Dartmouth's despatch which arrested every intelligent mind in the Colonies, and kindled every patriotic heart. Jefferson read it at Monticello with feelings inexpressible. Dabney Carr read it in his cabin full of children, and, I doubt not, rode swiftly to his brother-in-law, Jefferson, to talk it over: —

"It is his Majesty's intention, in consequence of the advice of his Privy Council, that the persons concerned in the burning of the Gaspee schooner, and in the other violences which attended that daring insult, SHOULD BE BROUGHT TO ENGLAND TO BE TRIED; and I am therefore to signify to you his Majesty's pleasure" that the prisoners, together with the witnesses on both sides, shall be delivered to the custody of Admiral Montagu, and sent in a king's ship to England!

The commissioners arrived at Newport. They offered a reward of a thousand pounds sterling to any one who would reveal or betray the ringleaders, and five hundred pounds for the detection of any other person concerned. Before entering upon their duties they all swore and subscribed the three great oaths, so pertinent to the occasion. First, they swore they did not believe in the doctrine of transubstantiation, and that they regarded the invocation of the Virgin Mary and the sacrifice of the mass as superstitious and idolatrous. Secondly, they swore that they considered George III. the true king of Great Britain, and rejected the Pretender, who called himself James III. Thirdly, they swore that from their hearts they abhorred, detested, and abjured, as impious and heretical, the damnable doctrine and position, that the Pope could depose a king by pronouncing him excommunicate. These three tremendous oaths, drawn out to great length, having been duly sworn, recorded, and signed, the commissioners proceeded to business. It was in the Newport State House, in that large room into which summer visitors peep, and admire the quaint carpentry of other days, that these solemn things were done.

The commissioners summoned witnesses, took depositions, adjourned, met again, sat long and often, made up a voluminous Report, and discovered nothing! Not one man was so much as arrested! Every witness that knew anything about the matter stayed at home and sent an excuse. Some had causes coming on at court. One had "a swelling in the hand." Another was seventy-four years of age. Sabin, at whose tavern the assailants had met, and where they had spent an hour and a half in casting bullets and sharpening cutlasses, sent the following, which may serve as a sample: —

"Gentlemen: I now address you on account of a summons I received from you, requiring my attendance at the Council Chamber in Newport on Wednesday, 20th instant.

"Now, gentlemen, I beg to acquaint you what renders me incapable of attending. In the first place, I am an insolvent debtor; and, therefore, my person would be subject to an arrest by some one or other of my creditors; and my health has been on the decline for these two months past, and it would be dangerous should I leave my house.

"And, further, were I to attend, I could give no information relative to the assembling, arming, training, and leading on the people concerned in destroying the schooner Gaspee.

"On the 9th day of June last, at night, I was employed at my house, attending company; who were John Andrew, Esq., judge of the Court of Vice-admiralty, John Cole, Esq., Mr. Hitchcock, and George Brown, who supped at my house, and stayed there until two of the clock in the morning following;

and I have not any knowledge relative to the matter on which I am summoned." *

And so said they all, namely, George Brown, Mr. Hitchcock, Judge Andrews, and John Cole, Esq.; none of whom could attend the honorable commissioners, though they found time to write excuses protesting the densest ignorance of the whole affair. In a word, the investigation was an absolute nullity and farce. Those five commissioners, with all the aid the king could give them, with his fleet, his army, and his thousand pounds, could not, after five months' trying, discover what every boy in the streets knew, and what they themselves knew, as mere men. The publicity given to Lord Dartmouth's despatch would alone have defeated its object, even if the commissioners had been in earnest.

The affair might have ended here. But the King's friends were now in the ascendency in Parliament, and they must needs invest this folly with the importance and permanence of law. An act was passed for the better protection of the navy and its appurtenances, which made it a capital offence to destroy any object belonging to a king's vessel. The act was so worded, that a man who should cut a button from a drunken marine's coat or knock in the head of a royal beef-barrel was to be presumed a traitor to the king, and could be sent for trial to any county in England!

It were difficult to exaggerate the interest which this affair excited throughout the Colonies. The audacious gallantry of the Providence men was the first theme of admiration; and before that had become an exhausted topic, rumors of coming vengeance from England renewed the public interest in it. Lord Dartmouth's despatch, the arrival of the commissioners, and their solemn sessions at Newport, still kept all minds attentive. The absurd failure of the royal commission does not seem to have allayed the popular resentment. Finally, the act of Parliament fixing the Rhode Island precedent into imperial law convinced all but the most reluctant that the king was resolved upon forcing the controversy to an armed issue. Students familiar with the period receive the impression that it was the burning of the Gaspee, more than the throwing overboard of the tea, that led to the Boston Port Bill, and so precipitated the Revolution.

One evening in the early part of March, 1772, six or seven gentlemen sat about a table in a private room of the Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg, Virginia. They were all members of the House of Burgesses,— Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, his brother Francis Lightfoot Lee, Thomas Jefferson, his brother-in-law Dabney Carr, and one or two others. Rhode Island had been for weeks upon every tongue. It was not yet known that the scenes enacting in the Newport State House were comedy instead of tragedy. Paragraphs of fearful import circulated in the newspapers from Colony to Colony. It looked, for a time, as though poor little Rhode Island was about to be extirpated; for Admiral Montagu was going there with a fleet, General Gage with an army; the Inquisition had already been set up; and every man whom it chose to arrest was to be sent three thousand miles away for trial. Rhode Island was the least of the Colonies, and it seemed as if, for that reason, she had been *first* marked for vengeance. But the lawless court then sitting at Newport an infuriate Ministry could transfer to Williamsburg, and order fleets and armies to Virginia to execute its decrees! At such a crisis, what does it become the most powerful of the Colonies to do on behalf of the weakest?

This was the question which those gentlemen were discussing at the Raleigh Tavern that night. They were of the younger members of the House, and they had met by themselves, because

* A History of the Destruction of his Britannic Majesty's Schooner Gaspee in Narragansett Bay. By John Russell Bartlett, Secretary of State of Rhode Island, p. 102. Providence. 1861.

they feared their elders would hesitate to act with the requisite promptness and spirit. Their object was to hit upon a course which should be moderate enough for the Tories, while being decided enough for the Whigs. Virginia, they all felt, must stand by Rhode Island. The Colonies must make common cause. But it was requisite to proceed with moderation.

We shall never appreciate what it cost some of the Virginians to fall into line with the Northern Colonies on these occasions. The ideal of New England, as we plainly see in all the memorials of the first century, was Israel; but Virginia's beloved and honored model was England: and both were equally cramped by the inadequacy of their pattern. When the coast of British North America was divided, it was the northern half that should have been called Virginia, and the southern half New England; for it was in the southern half that another England was to be attempted. There the Church of England was to be established; there primogeniture and entail were to perpetuate county families; there the laborer was to be ignorant, poor, and hopeless; there the government was to be an imitation of King, Lords, and Commons; there the king was to be the source of honor; there that inexplicable, complex, omnipotent influence, the social tone, was to be English, only English, and that exceedingly. For a century or more it was Virginia's favorite vanity to differ from New England in just that very particular which the present crisis called upon her to disregard.

In 1674, when the agents of Virginia were in London trying to get their rights secured by a charter, they were opposed on the ground of New England's recent adherence to Cromwell. The agents replied: No disobedience of New England ought to cause apprehension of the same on the part of Virginia; for the people of New England "steer a quite contrary course" from us Virginians. *They* endeavor, as much as they can, to "sever themselves from the crown"; whereas *our* "chief desire is to be assured of our perpetual, immediate dependence thereon." They discover antimonarchical principles; they *love* a republican form of government, which is something distinct and independent from the policy of England. But we "are and ever have been heartily affectionate and loyal to the monarchy of England"; and the government of Virginia is "constituted, as we humbly conceive, in imitation of it." They have obtained power of choosing their own governor. We, on the contrary, "*would not have that power*, but desire our governor may be from time to time appointed by the king." "The New-Englanders imagine great felicity in their form of government, civil and ecclesiastical, under which they were trained up to disobedience to the crown and Church of England; but the Virginians would think themselves very unhappy to be obliged to accept of and live under a government so constituted."

Every Virginian heart would have responded to these sentiments. But, with all this loyalty to the king, there was a deeper attachment to what they called the Rights of Englishmen, and especially to that fundamental right, without which no other has validity, the right of self-taxation. The Province for a century and a half was never suffered long to forget that great right and the means of preserving it. The people had a special drill and training in Magna Charta. Old men long remembered and told their descendants that all was chaos in Virginia for the first fourteen years; until the first House of Burgesses convened at Jamestown, — their "darling assembly," as one of the old historians styles it. During fifty-three years more it was the first object of Virginians to secure this right of self-government by a royal charter. Curiously enough, the first king who recognized their parliament was the monarch who lost his head by trying to govern England without one. Young Charles I. wrote them a letter

scolding them for founding their Colony upon tobacco-smoke, and advising them to turn their attention to potash, staves, iron, and salt; but he offered them three shillings a pound for their whole crop of tobacco, and told them to convene an *Assembly* to consider and decide upon the proposition. To the moment of that king's decapitation, Virginia sided with the Commonwealth men, as England herself did. Once, in 1654, the tobacco lords in the Burgesses disfranchised all their constituents, except those who possessed a certain quantity of land. The act was repealed two years after, and for reasons which Jefferson himself might have dictated, and which, doubtless, his ancestors approved. It was unreasonable and unnatural, said the preamble to the repealing act, that men who contributed to the support of government and the defence of the country should be deprived of their chartered and natural rights by the very servants whom they had chosen to watch over their interests.

A long series of events could be adduced to show that the fundamental rights of citizens were familiar and dear to Virginians from 1621 onward to the time of the Stamp Act. Every doctrine of the Revolutionary period can be found, expressed with force and intelligence, in the public papers of the Province a century before the meeting of the first Congress. Despite that sentimental loyalty of theirs, the yeomen of Virginia were distinctly aware that their Colony had been "deduced," not at the king's expense, and defended, not by the king's troops, and supported, not by the king's treasure; and that, in founding a Colony which cost the king nothing and yielded him a revenue of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, they had certainly not lost any of the rights of Englishmen.

Sentiment, however, is a potent influence, particularly when it is allied with vanity. It is hard for men to profess opinions to which the stigma of vulgarity has been affixed; and, in Virginia, loyalty to Church and king was regarded as the trait of a gentleman. And, ridiculous as it seems, those twelve councillors whom the governor recommended and the king appointed — the only Virginians who could, with any show of legality, claim precedence of the rest — were held in extravagant respect. There was a large circle of families with whom the object of ambition was to see one of their members appointed to a seat in the Council Chamber. Sentiment, vanity, interest, tradition, habit, united to bind the heads of great families in close array around the viceregal throne. The excellent Botecourt, too, had now been replaced by the rash, ignorant, and reckless Lord Dunmore, with his cormorant factotum extorting illegal fees, and a numerous family of sons and daughters, who were striving to introduce into society at Williamsburg rules of precedence similar to those which prevailed in European courts. Fool as he was, he had his courtiers and his votaries. "The palace" was still a social force as well as a political one.

Our young burgesses, therefore, who were closeted at the Raleigh Tavern, could recommend nothing very bold or decisive. Besides, they came of a race whose words are apt to be moderate and few, when their intent is most serious and unchangeable; not inclined to threaten until they are ready with the stroke.

Two years and a half before, the Massachusetts Assembly had appointed a Committee of Correspondence, of five members, to communicate with their agent and others in England, and with the speakers of the several colonial legislatures, upon subjects of common concern; and, once or twice, circular letters had been sent by the House to the speakers of the various assemblies. Acting upon this hint (though without thinking of it at the time), the young gentlemen determined to propose to their House to establish a Standing Committee of eleven members, for the sole purpose of getting

and transmitting to sister Colonies the earliest intelligence of such acts of the administration and of Parliament as related to America; to instruct this committee to inquire at once into the affair at Rhode Island; and to invite each of the other colonial legislatures to appoint a similar committee. This measure was to be urged as a means of "*quieting the minds of his Majesty's faithful subjects in this Colony*," which had been "much disturbed by various rumors and reports of proceedings tending to deprive them of their ancient legal and constitutional rights."

The resolutions having been drawn, Jefferson was asked to offer them to the House the next morning. He preferred to assign this task to his brother-in-law, Dabney Carr, a new member, as yet unheard in the House, but endowed, as Jefferson believed, with eminent talents for debate. Mr. Carr consenting, the company broke up, Carr and Jefferson going to their lodgings together. As they walked homeward, they conversed upon the utility and probable effects of such Committees of Correspondence, and they agreed in thinking that the measure must lead, and that speedily, to a CONGRESS OF DEPUTIES from all the Colonies, for the purpose of presenting a united front to these strange aggressions, and of concerting the best methods of opposition. If either of them had ever heard of the Massachusetts committee of 1770, they had forgotten it. That committee's chief object had been correspondence with agents in London. No *system* of interchanging news and ideas had resulted from its appointment. They felt then, and always felt, that theirs was an original measure.

The next morning Dabney Carr rose to address the House for the first time. A general favorite, every one wished him success; and he spoke to men alarmed at the events transpiring in Rhode Island. The resolutions were read. He supported them in a speech which tradition reports to have been a happy blending of boldness, prudence, and courtesy. How harmless the measure suggested! what more proper than for legislative bodies to procure prompt, exact information! He reconciled nearly every mind to the wisdom and propriety of the scheme; and when he sat down, the faces of the little parliament beamed with generous joy as in the triumph of a friend. Forty-three years after, Jefferson told a son of the young speaker how well he remembered the pleasure which shone in the countenances of the Assembly at the conclusion of the speech, and the buzz of applauding remark that followed it. The resolutions were carried with a near approach to unanimity. The members of the committee were Peyton Randolph, R. C. Nicholas, Richard Bland, R. H. Lee, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton, Patrick Henry, Dudley Digges, Dabney Carr, Archibald Cary, and Thomas Jefferson.

The session ended on the day following, but the committee remained long enough to prepare and despatch a circular letter to the colonial assemblies, explaining the object of their appointment, and requesting each of them to designate a similar committee with whom they could regularly communicate. What a part these committees played in the times that followed need not be told. Every county, every village, came to have its committee, the power of which increased as the public alarm increased. No power is so terrible as the organ of a public terror. Some of the innumerable committees, American and French, that sprang into being through that meeting in the Raleigh Tavern, abused their power; but the Committees of Correspondence — forerunner and cause of the Continental Congress — secured the independence of the Colonies. The author of the scheme lived to see its success in one Revolution, and its fearful abuse in another.

The sympathy of the most powerful — or, at least, the most imposing and famous — of the Colonies with the smallest and weakest touched every generous heart in America, and led

the way to that predominance of Virginia which made her by and by the "mother of Presidents." The Assembly of Massachusetts hailed with warm applause the wise and firm conduct of Virginia at all times, and especially in thus making the cause of Rhode Island her own. The Rhode Island Legislature, in one of its resolves, spoke of "the glorious Assembly of Virginia." The young burgesses had every reason to be satisfied with the results of their measure.

The session being ended, Jefferson and Carr resumed their professional duties. If they rode homeward together, as is probable, Jefferson was obliged to return soon to the April term of the General Court at Williamsburg; and his brother-in-law had causes to plead in the county court held at Charlottesville, the village that lay within sight of Monticello. Dabney Carr, then eight years married, had, as I have said, his little house full of little children. The sixth was born about the time of his coming from his first session, flushed with the triumph of his maiden speech. He was compelled to leave home again before his wife was strong enough to sit up. Her spirits sank at the thought of his leaving her, and she was oppressed with forebodings of evil. He took his leave of her, and mounted his horse for his journey to Charlottesville. When she heard his horse's steps upon the road under her window, she raised herself feebly in bed to catch one last look at him, but she could only get high enough to see his hat, as it swayed to the motion of the horse. Soon after reaching Charlottesville he was seized with a malignant type of typhoid fever, the course of which was so rapid that he could not be moved even so far as Monticello, and he died before Jefferson heard that he was in danger.

The news of this desolating stroke came near depriving his children of a mother. She lost her reason for a time; during which she could see only the moving phantom of a HAT, as she had seen her husband's when he passed her window. When reason returned, and for many weeks after, still that maddening Hat would not vanish from her sight.* It was long before she could bend her mind to the new duties which the event devolved upon her.

In this sudden desolation of her young life, her brother was literally a tower of refuge to her; for he took her, and all her helpless brood, home to Monticello; which thenceforth became their home, as he their father. He reared and educated all those six children — three sons and three daughters — with the same care, tenderness, and liberality as his own. He nurtured their infancy; he directed their studies; he guided their entrance into active life; two of the sons pursuing with distinguished success his own profession. Nor did he ever, during the long series of years when he had offices to give away, quarter one of them, or one of *their* children, upon the public. When he reached home, he found that his friend had been buried at Shadwell. Mindful of the romantic agreement of their youth, that, whichever died first, should bury the other under the giant oak on Monticello, beneath which they had read and talked during long summer days, he caused the remains to be removed, and mused over an inscription proper for the tombstone. He wrote one, which recorded the usual brief outline of a human life, and ended it with these words: "To his virtue, good sense, learning, and friendship this stone is dedicated by Thomas Jefferson, who, of all men living, loved him most." He thought of these lines to accompany the inscription, from the Excursion by Mallet: —

"Lamented Shade, whom every gift of Heaven
Profusely blest: a temper winning, mild;
Nor pity softer, nor was truth more bright.
Constant in doing well, he neither sought
Nor shunned applause. No bashful merit sighed
Near him neglected. Sympathizing, he
Wiped off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile."

These melancholy duties done, there remained for Jefferson a vast increase to the joy of his home; the play

* 1 Randall's Jefferson, 84.

and prattle of six affectionate children, their opening intelligence, their abundant love, their six countenances speaking welcome when he returned, and luring him while away. He had the instinct of the parent and of the tutor, and both unusually strong; so strong that his own family could not have sufficed for their gratification. Science will one day tell us *why* the children of such a pair should have had so slight, so precarious a hold upon life. At present we have to be content with the miserable fact. Their first child, Martha, inherited a constitution sufficiently robust; their second lived but five months; and their third only seventeen days; their fourth child was Mary, who grew to womanhood; their fifth lived five months; and their sixth two years. All of them were girls, except the one that lived seventeen days. The youngest, who survived two years, seemed all spirit. She listened to music with rapture, and had an organization so finely attuned, that a false note brought tears to her eyes. But Jefferson was blest in this, that his mountain-top, at every period of his long life, was alive and merry with a swarm of children besides his own.

We know so little of Mrs. Jefferson, that the least thing which concerns her has interest. Three glimpses of their home life are afforded in the memorials of these happy years. In one record we see her teaching "the little Carrs" the beginnings of knowledge along with her own child. In another the dense veil of a hundred years is lifted for a moment, and we hear her blaming her husband for some generous deed of his which had met with an ungrateful return. "But," she immediately added, in a gush of admiring affection, "it was always so with him; he is so good himself, that he cannot understand how bad other people may be." In another, we witness a short domestic scene in which appear three characters, father, mother, and child. For some trifling fault the child had undergone a trifling punishment. Some time after, being again in disgrace, her mother reminded her of the painful circumstance. The too sensitive Martha, deeply wounded at what seemed a taunt, turned away with a swelling heart and eyes filled with tears; but, before she had gone beyond hearing, she heard her father say to her mother in the low tone of affectionate remonstrance, "My dear, a fault in so young a child once punished should be forgotten." The child never forgot the passion of grateful love that filled her heart as these words caught her ear.*

The year 1773 wore away. The next year was the one decisive of the controversy between the Colonies and the king. When the year 1774 opened, Thomas Jefferson was a thriving young lawyer, not known even by name beyond his native Province; when it closed, he was a person of note among the patriots of America, and had won the honor of being proscribed by name in England.

The spring found him as usual in his seat in the House of Burgesses. As, in 1773, the eyes of the continent were fixed upon Narragansett Bay, so now, in 1774, every mind was intent upon Boston Harbor. The wrath of a misguided king was kindled against the Bostonians. They had not equalled the Rhode-Islanders in audacity; they had not burnt a king's vessel, nor wounded a king's lieutenant; but a few of them had taken the liberty of throwing some chests of tea into the harbor. The Ministry, instructed by their failure in Rhode Island, made no attempt to discover the doers of this deed. They offered no reward, and appointed no commissioners. They held the whole population guilty, and closed the port; which, in an instant, suspended the business of the town, and deprived it of the means of subsistence. So do some unskilful schoolmasters, when they cannot detect a culprit, "keep in" the whole school, and put every boy upon bread and water.

Once more Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, the two Lees, and a few

* Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson, p. 344.

other choice spirits met to consider what part it became Virginia to take in this new crisis. Expedients appeared to be exhausted; at least, all appeals to the powers on the other side of the ocean had proved fruitless. The young Whigs in conference concluded that the next thing in order was to rouse the people of Virginia to a more vivid sense of the deadly peril of their liberty. The Boston Port Bill was to go into operation on the 1st of June. They determined to get the House, if they could, to appoint that day as one of public fasting and humiliation, to be observed by services in all the parish churches. Between the end of the session and the day designated there would be time for members to go to their counties and inspire the clergy with the feeling proper to the occasion. "We cooked up a resolution," Jefferson records, "somewhat modernizing the Puritan phrases, appointing the first day of June for a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, to implore Heaven *to avert from us the evils of civil war*, to inspire us with firmness in support of our rights, and to turn the hearts of the king and Parliament to moderation and justice."

Jefferson never invited failure by neglecting obvious precautions or disregarding the small proprieties. He was aware that if this resolution and its pious preamble were offered by himself or by his merry friend Patrick Henry, or by any of the younger Whigs, the incongruity would not escape remark. The head of the bar, Mr. Nicholas, a grave, religious gentleman, was asked to offer it to the Burgesses. He complied with the request, and the resolution passed without opposition.

Rash Dunmore dissolved the House. The members, as in Lord Botecourt's time, assembled the next morning in the Apollo. Momentous meeting! They did a few quiet things, in their usual quiet, courteous way; but two of them were things that proved decisive, irreversible, revolutionary. They agreed to buy no more tea! They instructed the Committee of Correspondence to propose an ANNUAL CONGRESS of deputies from all the Colonies. They agreed to meet on the 1st of August at Williamsburg to elect the Virginia members of that congress. They declared that an attack on the rights of one Colony was an attack on all. Then they broke up, and hurried home to rouse the clergy to make the very utmost of the opportunity about to be afforded them on the Fast day.

The Fast was universally observed, and its effect, as Jefferson thought, was most salutary. The people, he says, met at their parish churches with anxiety and alarm in their faces; for no solemnity of the kind had been held in nineteen years, not since the days of terror after Braddock's defeat. The minister of his own parish was Charles Clay (cousin of Henry Clay), a man fully alive to the occasion, whose fervid oratory was heard all through the Revolutionary period, nerving the people to dare and endure. "The cause of liberty is the cause of God!" he once exclaimed in the course of a sermon on a Fast day. "Cursed be he," was another of his sentences, "who keepeth back his sword from blood in this war!" "The effect of the day," wrote Jefferson many years after, thinking, doubtless, of what he had heard and seen in Albemarle, "was like a shock of electricity, arousing every man, and placing him erect and solidly on his centre."

All that summer, Boston, suffering, impoverished Boston, lay upon every heart. Each Province, county, city, town, neighborhood, sent its contribution to supply the needs of the people, suddenly deprived of their occupation. The port being closed on the 1st of June, the day of the year when the stock of food in a country reaches its lowest point, the farmers could not at first be as liberal as they wished, but they did what they could. Windham (Conn.) began the work of relief. Before the month of June ended Windham sent in, with a cordial letter of ap-

plause and sympathy, "a small flock of sheep, which at this season are not so good as we could wish, but are the best we had." Two hundred and fifty-eight was Windham's notion of the number of sheep that go to "a small flock." Groton (Mass.) sent forty bushels of grain; Wrentham, one load of grain; Pepperill, forty bushels; Charlemont, two barrels of flour; Farmington, between three and four hundred bushels of rye and corn; and fertile Wethersfield, nearly eight hundred bushels of grain, with promise of more after harvest.

New Jersey soon wrote to say that she, too, was making contributions, and would be glad to know which would be most acceptable to a suffering sister, cash or produce. Cash, replied Boston, if perfectly convenient. North Carolina promptly sent two sloop-loads of provisions. The Marblehead fishermen were so liberal as to forward "two hundred and twenty-four quintals of good eating fish, one barrel and three quarters of good olive oil, and thirty-nine pounds five shillings and three pence in cash." South Carolina's first gift was one hundred casks of rice. "Baltimore town" contributed three thousand bushels of corn, twenty barrels of rye-flour, two barrels of pork, and twenty barrels of bread. Virginia, — there seemed to be no end to Virginia's gifts! A cargo of corn was her first offering; Alexandria followed soon with a present of three hundred and fifty pounds in money; and the several counties kept forwarding cargoes and large consignments of corn, all through the autumn and winter. In all, Virginia contributed about ten thousand bushels of what one forwarder styled, in his letter, "donation grain," besides several sums of money from villages and individuals. "Hold out long enough," wrote a gentleman in the South, "and Boston will become the granary of America."

As the cool season approached the agricultural towns became more liberal. Lebanon drove in "three hundred and seventy-six fat sheep"; Norwich, two hundred and ninety-one; Groton, one hundred and twenty; Brooklyn, one hundred and twenty-five; East Haddam, "a drove of sheep and cattle." The Maryland counties were extremely liberal; each sent its thousand or two thousand bushels of corn. From cold and remote Quebec came "a small quantity of wheat"; from Montreal, a hundred pounds sterling. What droves of sheep kept streaming into Boston, when the temperature favored driving! From every little mountain town in New Hampshire and Vermont came sheep, fifty, sixty-five, one hundred, in a flock. Hartford sent off, after harvest, seven hundred and thirty-eight bushels of rye and one hundred and eleven bushels of corn, its "small but free gratuity." Berwick, with apologies for the smallness of its gift, sent six oxen and twenty-six sheep. Many towns and some Provinces, which out of the summer's scarcity had contributed liberally, contributed a second time from the autumn's fat abundance. Groton did so, and Marblehead, New Jersey, and Baltimore.

Individual donations swelled the tide of benefaction. Samuel Moody treated himself to a gift of five guineas. Philadelphia raised two thousand pounds, and forwarded it, part in provisions, part in iron, part in money. Providence voted one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Newport contributed a thousand dollars. New York sent a New-Year's gift of one thousand and sixty-two pounds, with notice of more to come. Clubs, fire companies, and other organizations forwarded sums of money during the winter. Charleston, in South Carolina, alleviated the winter's cold with three hundred and seventy-eight tierces of rice. The church in Salem, just after their "meeting-house" was burnt, and a powerful member had drawn off a number of their body, contrived to send twenty-four pounds sixteen shillings and eight pence, "wishing it had been ten times more." Little Rutland could only spare "four quarters of beef,"

weight five hundred and ninety-three pounds. Springfield gave twenty-five pigs, worth "three pounds eighteen shillings one penny, lawful money." Wells, in Maine, contributed twenty-five cords of wood; Falmouth, fifty-seven cords; Cape Elizabeth, forty-eight cords. Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, voted two hundred pounds. From Delaware came nine hundred dollars. In the spring arrived another thousand pounds from New York. Farmers, who had nothing else to give, carted firewood, some twelve miles, some sixteen. Dominica gave three bags of cocoa. Even from London — from the "Constitutional Society" there — came a hundred pounds; from another society, called The Supporters of Civil Rights, came five hundred pounds; and four smaller sums were received from individuals in England, — fifteen pounds, twenty pounds, ten pounds, four guineas. Augustine Washington, in Virginia, was asked whether he could sell a quantity of hoes and axes which Boston mechanics, thrown out of employment by the Port Bill, had turned to and made. The Committee of Relief set large numbers of the mechanics at work making bricks, nails, fabrics, implements, and invited contributions of materials. And so the work went on, even after the siege of the town was begun by the Continental troops; Georgia sending sixty-three casks of rice as late as June, 1776.

The letters which accompanied the gifts, and the answers of the Boston Committee, — for every gift was specially acknowledged in an epistle of high courtesy and considerable length, — would fill a volume of some magnitude. They have been printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society, to which the public is indebted for the preservation and accessibility of a great number of most precious memorials of the past. No relic of that period contains so much of its spirit as this mass of correspondence.

Jefferson, on his mountain-top that summer, was busy both with hands and brain. He was striving to get a more commodious house over the heads of his double brood; making bricks, cutting timber, sending to England for sixteen pairs of sashes, and a small box of glass to mend with. His new Italian gardeners gave him as much work as he gave them; such an enthusiast in their lovely art was he. Nor was he yet, nor was he ever, weaned from his violin. Alberti, a great performer on the instrument, who had come to Virginia with a troupe of actors, and settled there as a teacher of music, he had lured to Monticello. Under him he practised three hours a day, until the absorbing events of these times drew him off.

This summer, especially, his head was busier than his hands. June and July would soon pass, and then the Burgesses were to meet at Williamsburg, in convention, to elect deputies to the Congress which was to assemble at Philadelphia in September. Those deputies, when elected, would require formal, exact instructions. What did Virginia desire her deputies to do or attempt in Philadelphia? It was a grave question. It was a difficult question. The situation being unique, there were no precedents to guide; and how necessary to the limited mind of man are precedents! Jefferson brooded over this problem, and, before starting for Williamsburg, at the end of July, he prepared a draft of such instructions as he desired should be given to the representatives of Virginia in the General Congress. It was but a rough draft, with gaps in it for names and dates, which he could not procure at home. Such as it was, however, it made him famous on one side of the ocean, and proscribed on the other.

James Parton.

QUITE SO.

I.

OF course that was not his name. Even in the State of Maine, where it is still a custom to maim a child for life by christening him Arioch or Shadrach or Ephraim, nobody would dream of calling a boy "Quite So." It was merely a nickname which we gave him in camp; but it stuck to him with such burr-like tenacity, and is so inseparable from my memory of him, that I do not think I could write definitely of John Bladburn if I were to call him anything but "Quite So."

It was one night shortly after the first battle of Bull Run. The Army of the Potomac, shattered, stunned, and forlorn, was back in its old quarters behind the earthworks. The melancholy line of ambulances bearing our wounded to Washington was not done creeping over Long Bridge; the blue smocks and the gray still lay in windrows on the field of Manassas; and the gloom that weighed down our hearts was like the fog that stretched along the bosom of the Potomac and infolded the valley of the Shenandoah. A drizzling rain had set in at twilight, and, growing bolder with the darkness, was beating a dismal tattoo on our tent, — the tent of Mess 6, Company A, —th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers. Our mess, consisting originally of eight men, was reduced to four. Little Billy, as one of the boys grimly remarked, had concluded to remain at Manassas; Corporal Steele we had to leave at Fairfax Court-House, shot through the hip; Hunter and Suydam we had said good-by to that afternoon. "Tell Johnny Reb," says Hunter, lifting up the leather side-piece of the ambulance, "that I 'll be back again as soon as I get a new leg." But Suydam said nothing; he only unclosed his eyes languidly and smiled farewell to us.

The four of us who were left alive and unhurt that shameful July day sat gloomily smoking our brierwood pipes, thinking our thoughts, and listening to the rain pattering against the canvas. That, and the occasional whine of a hungry cur, foraging on the outskirts of the camp for a stray bone, alone broke the silence, save when a vicious drop of rain detached itself meditatively from the ridge-pole of the tent and fell upon the wick of our tallow candle, making it "cuss," as Ned Strong described it. The candle was in the midst of one of its most profane fits when Blakely, knocking the ashes from his pipe and addressing no one in particular, but giving breath, unconsciously as it were, to the result of his cogitations, observed that "it was considerable of a fizzle."

"The 'on to Richmond' business?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what they 'll do about it over yonder," said Curtis, pointing over his right shoulder. By "over yonder" he meant the North in general and New England especially. Curtis was a Boston boy, and his sense of locality was so strong that, during all his wanderings in Virginia, I do not believe there was a moment, day or night, when he could not have made a bee-line for Faneuil Hall.

"Do about it?" cried Strong. "They 'll make about two hundred thousand blue flannel trousers and send them along, each pair with a man in it, — all the short men in the long trousers and all the tall men in the short ones," he added, ruefully contemplating his own leg-gear, which reached scarcely to his ankles.

"That 's so," said Blakely. "Just now when I was tackling the commissary for an extra candle, I saw a crowd of new fellows drawing blankets."

"I say there, drop that!" cried Strong. "All right, sir, did n't know

it was you," he added hastily, seeing it was Lieutenant Haines who had thrown back the flap of the tent and let in a gust of wind and rain that threatened the most serious bronchial consequences to our discontented tallow dip.

"You 're to bunk in here," said the lieutenant, speaking to some one outside. The some one stepped in, and Haines vanished in the darkness.

When Strong had succeeded in restoring the candle to consciousness, the light fell upon a tall, shy-looking man of about thirty-five, with long, hay-colored beard and mustache, upon which the rain-drops stood in clusters, like the night-dew on patches of cobweb in a meadow. It was an honest face, with unworldly sort of blue eyes, that looked out from under the broad visor of the infantry cap. With a deferential glance towards us, the newcomer unstrapped his knapsack, spread his blanket over it, and sat down unobtrusively.

"Rather damp night out," remarked Blakely, whose strong hand was supposed to be conversation.

"Quite so," replied the stranger, not curtly, but pleasantly, and with an air as if he had said all there was to be said about it.

"Come from the North recently?" inquired Blakely, after a pause.

"Yes."

"From any place in particular?"

"Maine."

"People considerably stirred up down there?" continued Blakely, determined not to give up.

"Quite so."

Blakely threw a puzzled look over the tent, and seeing Ned Strong on the broad grin, frowned severely. Strong instantly assumed an abstracted air and began humming softly,

"I wish I was in Dixie."

"The State of Maine," observed Blakely, with a certain defiance of manner not at all necessary in discussing a geographical question, "is a pleasant State."

"In summer," suggested the stranger.

"In summer, I mean," returned Blakely with animation, thinking he had broken the ice. "Cold as blazes in winter, though, — ain't it?"

The new recruit merely nodded.

Blakely eyed the man homicidally for a moment, and then, smiling one of those smiles of simulated gayety which the novelists inform us are more tragic than tears, turned upon him with withering irony.

"Trust you left the old folks pretty comfortable?"

"Dead."

"The old folks dead!"

"Quite so."

Blakely made a sudden dive for his blanket, tucked it around him with painful precision, and was heard no more.

Just then the bugle sounded "lights out," — bugle answering bugle in far-off camps. When our not elaborate night-toilets were complete, Strong threw somebody else's old boot at the candle with infallible aim, and darkness took possession of the tent. Ned, who lay on my left, presently reached over to me, and whispered, "I say, our friend 'quite so' is a garrulous old boy! He 'll talk himself to death some of these odd times, if he is n't careful. How he *did* run on!"

The next morning, when I opened my eyes, the new member of Mess 6 was sitting on his knapsack, combing his blond beard with a horn comb. He nodded pleasantly to me, and to each of the boys as they woke up, one by one. Blakely did not appear disposed to renew the animated conversation of the previous night; but while he was gone to make a requisition for what the imagination of Shakespeare himself could not accept as coffee, Curtis ventured to ask the man his name.

"Bladburn, John," was the reply.

"That 's rather a long name for every-day use," put in Strong. "If it would n't hurt your feelings, I 'd like to call you Quite So, — for short. Don't say no, if you don't like it. Is it agreeable?"

Bladburn gave a little laugh, all to himself, seemingly, and was about to say, "Quite so," when he caught at the words, blushed like a girl, and nodded a sunny assent to Strong. From that day until the end the sobriquet clung to him.

The disaster at Bull Run was followed, as the reader knows, by a long period of masterly inactivity, so far as the Army of the Potomac was concerned. McDowell, a good soldier, but unlucky, retired to Arlington Heights, and McClellan, who had distinguished himself in Western Virginia, took command of the forces in front of Washington, and bent his energies to reorganizing the demoralized troops. It was a dreary time to the people of the North, who looked fatuously from week to week for "the fall of Richmond"; it was a sad, dreary time to the denizens of that vast city of tents and forts which stretched in a semicircle before the beleaguered Capitol, — so tedious and soul-wearing a time, that the hardships of forced marches and the horrors of battle became desirable things to them.

Roll-call morning and evening, guard-duty, dress-parades, an occasional reconnoissance, dominos, wrestling-matches, and such rude games as could be carried on in camp, made up the sum of our lives. The arrival of the mail with letters and papers from home was the event of the day. We noticed that Bladburn neither wrote nor received any letters. When the rest of the boys were scribbling away for dear life, with drum-heads and knapsacks and cracker-boxes for writing-desks, he would sit serenely smoking his pipe, but looking out on us through rings of smoke with a face expressive of the tenderest interest.

"Look here, Quite So," Strong would say, "the mail-bag closes in half an hour. Ain't you going to write?"

"I believe not to-day," Bladburn would reply, as if he had written yesterday, or would write to-morrow; but he never wrote.

He had become a great favorite with us, and with all the officers of the regiment. He talked less than any man I ever knew, but there was nothing gloomy or sullen in his reticence. It was sunshine, — warmth and brightness, but no voice. Unassuming and modest to the verge of shyness, he impressed every one as a man of singular pluck and nerve.

"Do you know," said Curtis to me one day, "that that fellow Quite So is clear grit, and when we come to close quarters with our Palmetto brethren over yonder, he 'll do something devilish?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, nothing quite explainable; the exasperating coolness of the man, as much as anything. This morning the boys were teasing Muffin Fan," (a small mulatto-girl who used to bring muffins into camp three times a week, at the peril of her life!) "and Jemmy Blunt of Company K — you know him — was rather rough on the girl, when Quite So, who had been reading under a tree, shut one finger in his book, walked over to where the boys were skylarking, and with the smile of a juvenile angel on his face lifted Jemmy out of that and set him down gently in front of his own tent. There Blunt sat speechless, staring at Quite So, who was back again under the tree, pegging away at his little Latin grammar."

That Latin grammar! He always had it about him, reading it or turning over its dog's-eared pages at odd intervals and in out-of-the-way places. Half a dozen times a day he would draw it out from the bosom of his blouse, which had taken the shape of the book just over the left breast, look at it as if to assure himself it was all right, and then put the thing back. At night the volume lay beneath his pillow. The first thing in the morning, before he was well awake, his hand would go groping instinctively under his knapsack in search of it.

A devastating curiosity seized upon us boys concerning that Latin grammar, for we had discovered the nature of the book. Strong wanted to steal

it one night, but concluded not to. "In the first place," reflected Strong, "I have n't the heart to do it, and in the next place I have n't the moral courage. Quite So would placidly break every bone in my body." And I believe Strong was not far out of the way.

Sometimes I was vexed with myself for allowing this tall, simple-hearted country fellow to puzzle me so much. And yet, was he a simple-hearted country fellow? City bred he certainly was not; but his manner, in spite of his awkwardness, had an indescribable air of refinement. Now and then, too, he dropped a word or a phrase that showed his familiarity with unexpected lines of reading. "The other day," said Curtis, with the slightest elevation of eyebrow, "he had the cheek to correct my Latin for me." In short, Quite So was a daily problem to the members of Mess 6. Whenever he was absent, and Blakely and Curtis and Strong and I got together in the tent, we discussed him, evolving various theories to explain why he never wrote to anybody and why nobody ever wrote to him. Had the man committed some terrible crime, and fled to the army to hide his guilt? Blakely suggested that he must have murdered "the old folks." What did he mean by eternally conning that tattered Latin grammar? And was his name Bladburn, anyhow? Even his imperturbable amiability became suspicious. And then his frightful reticence! If he was the victim of any deep grief or crushing calamity, why did n't he seem unhappy? What business had he to be cheerful?

"It 's my opinion," said Strong, "that he 's a rival Wandering Jew; the original Jacobs, you know, was a dark fellow."

Blakely inferred from something Bladburn had said, or something he had n't said, — which was more likely, — that he had been a schoolmaster at some period of his life.

"Schoolmaster be hanged!" was Strong's comment; "can you fancy a schoolmaster going about conjugating baby verbs out of a dratted little spelling-book? No, Quite So has evidently been a — a — Blest if I can imagine *what* he 's been!"

Whatever John Bladburn had been, he was a lonely man. Whenever I want a type of perfect human isolation, I shall think of him, as he was in those days, moving remote, self-contained, and alone in the midst of two hundred thousand men.

II.

The Indian summer, with its infinite beauty and tenderness, came like a reproach that year to Virginia. The foliage, touched here and there with prismatic tints, drooped motionless in the golden haze. The delicate Virginia creeper was almost minded to put forth its scarlet buds again. No wonder the lovely phantom — this dusky Southern sister of the pale Northern June — lingered not long with us, but, filling the once peaceful glens and valleys with her pathos, stole away rebukefully before the savage enginery of man.

The preparations that had been going on for months in arsenals and foundries at the North were nearly completed. For weeks past the air had been filled with rumors of an advance; but the rumor of to-day refuted the rumor of yesterday, and the Grand Army did not move. Heintzelman's corps was constantly folding its tents, like the Arabs, and as silently stealing away; but somehow it was always in the same place the next morning. One day, at length, orders came down for our brigade to move.

"We 're going to Richmond, boys!" shouted Strong, thrusting his head in at the tent; and we all cheered and waved our caps like mad. You see, Big Bethel and Bull Run and Ball's Bluff had n't taught us any better sense.

Rising abruptly from the plateau, to the left of our encampment, was a tall hill covered with a stunted growth of

red-oak, persimmon, and chestnut. The night before we struck tents I climbed up to the crest to take a parting look at a spectacle which custom had not been able to rob of its enchantment. There, at my feet, and extending miles and miles away, lay the camps of the Grand Army, with its camp-fires reflected luridly against the sky. Thousands of lights were twinkling in every direction, some nestling in the valley, some like fire-flies beating their wings and palpitating among the trees, and others stretching in parallel lines and curves like the street-lamps of a city. Somewhere, far off, a band was playing, at intervals it seemed; and now and then, nearer to, a silvery strain from a bugle shot sharply up through the night, and seemed to lose itself like a rocket among the stars, — the patient untroubled stars. Suddenly a hand was laid upon my arm.

"I 'd like to say a word to you," said Bladburn.

With a little start of surprise, I made room for him on the fallen tree where I was seated.

"I may n't get another chance," he said. "You and the boys have been very kind to me, kinder than I deserve; but sometimes I 've fancied that my not saying anything about myself had given you the idea that all was not right in my past. I want to say that I came down to Virginia with a clean record."

"We never doubted it in our hearts, Bladburn."

"If I did n't write home," he continued, "it was because I had n't any home, neither kith nor kin. When I said the old folks were dead, I said it. Am I boring you? If I thought I was — "

"No, Bladburn. I have often wanted you to talk to me about yourself, not from idle curiosity, I trust, but because I liked you that rainy night when you came to camp, and have gone on liking you ever since. This is n't too much to say, when Heaven only knows how soon I may be past saying it or you listening to it."

"That s it," said Bladburn, hurriedly, "that 's why I want to talk with you. I 've a fancy that I sha' n't come out of our first battle."

The words gave me a queer start, for I had been trying several days to throw off a similar presentiment concerning him, — a foolish presentiment that grew out of a dream.

"In case anything of that kind turns up," he continued, "I 'd like you to have my Latin grammar here, — you 've seen me reading it. You might stick it away in a bookcase, for the sake of old times. It goes against me to think of it falling into rough hands or being kicked about camp and trampled under foot."

He was drumming softly with his fingers on the volume in the bosom of his blouse.

"I did n't count to speak of this to a living soul," he went on, motioning me not to answer him; "but something took hold of me to-night and made me follow you up here. Perhaps if I told you all, you would be the more willing to look after the little book in case it goes ill with me. When the war broke out I was teaching school down in Maine, in the same village where my father was schoolmaster before me. The old man when he died left me quite alone. I lived pretty much by myself, having no interests outside of the district school, which seemed in a manner my personal property. Eight years ago last spring a new pupil was brought to the school, a slight slip of a girl, with a sad kind of face and quiet ways. Perhaps it was because she was n't very strong, and perhaps because she was n't used over well by those who had charge of her, or perhaps it was because my life was lonely, that my heart warmed to the child. It all seems like a dream now, since that April morning when little Mary stood in front of my desk with her pretty eyes looking down bashfully and her soft hair falling over her face. One day I look up, and six years have gone by, — as they go by in dreams, — and among the scholars is a tall girl of sixteen, with serious woman-

ly eyes which I cannot trust myself to look upon. The old life has come to an end. The child has become a woman and can teach the master now. So help me Heaven, I did n't know that I loved her until that day!

"Long after the children had gone home I sat in the school-room with my face resting on my hands. There was her desk, the afternoon shadows falling across it. It never looked empty and cheerless before. I went and stood by the little chair, as I had stood hundreds of times. On the desk was a pile of books, ready to be taken away, and among the rest a small Latin grammar which we had studied together. What little despairs and triumphs and happy hours were associated with it! I took it up curiously, as if it were some precious dead thing, and turned over the pages, and could hardly see them. Turning the pages, idly so, I came to a leaf on which something was written with ink, in the familiar girlish hand. It was only the words 'Dear John,' through which she had drawn two hasty pencil lines — I wish she had n't drawn those lines!" added Bladburn, under his breath.

He was silent for a minute or two, looking off towards the camps, where the lights were fading out one by one.

"I had no right to go and love Mary. I was twice her age, an awkward, unsocial man, that would have blighted her youth. I was as wrong as wrong can be. But I never meant to tell her. I locked the grammar in my desk and the secret in my heart for a year. I could n't bear to meet her in the village, and kept away from every place where she was likely to be. Then she came to me, and sat down at my feet penitently, just as she used to do when she was a child, and asked what she had done to anger me; and then, Heaven forgive me! I told her all, and asked her if she could say with her lips the words she had written, and she nestled in my arms all a trembling like a bird and said them over and over again.

"When Mary's family heard of our engagement, there was trouble. They looked higher for Mary than a middle-aged schoolmaster. No blame to them. They forbade me the house, her uncles; but we met in the village and at the neighbors' houses, and I was happy, knowing she loved me. Matters were in this state when the war came on. I had a strong call to look after the old flag, and I hung my head that day when the company raised in our village marched by the school-house to the railroad station; but I could n't tear myself away. About this time the minister's son, who had been away to college, came to the village. He met Mary here and there, and they became great friends. He was a likely fellow, near her own age, and it was natural they should like one another. Sometimes I winced at seeing him made free of the home from which I was shut out; then I would open the grammar at the leaf where 'Dear John' was written up in the corner, and my trouble was gone. Mary was sorrowful and pale these days, and I think her people were worrying her.

"It was one evening two or three days before we got the news of Bull Run. I had gone down to the cemetery to trim the spruce hedge set round the old man's lot, and was just stepping into the enclosure, when I heard voices from the opposite side. One was Mary's, and the other I knew to be young Marston's, the minister's son. I did n't mean to listen, but what Mary was saying struck me dumb. *We must never meet again*, she was saying in a wild way. *We must say good-by here, forever, — good-by, good-by!* And I could hear her sobbing. Then, presently, she said, hurriedly, *No, no; my hand, not my lips!* Then it seemed he kissed her hands, and the two parted, one going towards the parsonage, and the other out by the gate near where I stood.

"I don't know how long I stood there, but the night-dews had wet me to the skin when I stole out of the graveyard and across the road to the

school-house. I unlocked the door, and took the Latin grammar from the desk and hid it in my bosom. There was not a sound nor a light anywhere as I walked out of the village. And now," said Bladburn, rising suddenly from the tree-trunk, "if the little book ever falls in your way, won't you see that it comes to no harm, for my sake, and for the sake of the little woman who was true to me and did n't love me? Wherever she is to-night, God bless her!"

As we descended to camp with our arms resting on each other's shoulder, the watch-fires were burning low in the valleys and along the hillsides, and as far as the eye could reach the silent tents lay bleaching in the moonlight.

III.

We imagined that the throwing forward of our brigade was the initial movement of a general advance of the army; but that, as the reader will remember, did not take place until the following March. The Confederates had fallen back to Centreville without firing a shot, and the National troops were in possession of Lewinsville, Vienna, and Fairfax Court-House. Our new position was nearly identical with that which we had occupied on the night previous to the battle of Bull Run, — on the old turnpike road to Manassas, where the enemy was supposed to be in great force. With a field-glass we could see the Rebel pickets moving in a strip of woodland on our right, and morning and evening we heard the spiteful roll of their snare-drums.

Those pickets soon became a nuisance to us. Hardly a night passed but they fired upon our outposts, so far with no harmful result; but after a while it grew to be a serious matter. The Rebels would crawl out on all-fours from the wood into a field covered with underbrush, and lie there in the dark for hours, waiting for a shot. Then our men took to the rifle-pits, — pits ten or twelve feet long by four or five deep, with the loose earth banked up a few inches high on the exposed sides. All the pits bore names, more or less felicitous, by which they were known to their transient tenants. One was called "The Pepper-Box," another "Uncle Sam's Well," another "The Reb-Trap," and another, I am constrained to say, was named after a not to be mentioned tropical locality. Though this rude sort of nomenclature predominated, there was no lack of softer titles, such as "Fortress Matilda" and "Castle Mary," and one had, though unintentionally, a literary flavor to it, "Blair's Grave," which was not popularly considered as reflecting unpleasantly on Nat Blair, who had assisted in making the excavation.

Some of the regiment had discovered a field of late corn in the neighborhood, and used to boil a few ears every day, while it lasted, for the boys detailed on the night-picket. The corn-cobs were always scrupulously preserved and mounted on the parapets of the pits. Whenever a Rebel shot carried away one of these *barbette* guns, there was swearing in that particular trench. Strong, who was very sensitive to this kind of disaster, was complaining bitterly one morning, because he had lost three "pieces" the night before.

"There 's Quite So, now," said Strong, "when a Minie-ball comes *ping!* and knocks one of his guns to flinders, he merely smiles, and does n't at all see the degradation of the thing."

Poor Bladburn! As I watched him day by day going about his duties, in his shy, cheery way, with a smile for every one and not an extra word for anybody, it was hard to believe he was the same man who, that night before we broke camp by the Potomac, had poured out to me the story of his love and sorrow in words that burned in my memory.

While Strong was speaking, Blakely lifted aside the flap of the tent and looked in on us.

"Boys, Quite So was hurt last

night," he said, with a white tremor to his lip.

"What!"

"Shot on picket."

"Why, he was in the pit next to mine," cried Strong.

"Badly hurt?"

"Badly hurt."

I knew he was; I need not have asked the question. He never meant to go back to New England!

Bladburn was lying on the stretcher in the hospital-tent. The surgeon had knelt down by him, and was carefully cutting away the bosom of his blouse. The little Latin grammar, stained and torn, slipped, and fell to the floor. Bladburn gave me a quick, furtive glance. I picked up the book, and as I placed it in his hand, the chilly fingers closed softly over mine. He was sinking fast. In a few minutes the surgeon finished his examination. When he rose to his feet there were tears on the weather-beaten cheeks. He was a rough outside, but a tender heart.

"My poor lad," he blurted out, "it's no use. If you 've anything to say, say it now, for you 've nearly done with this world."

Then Bladburn lifted his eyes slowly to the surgeon, and the old smile flitted over his face as he murmured,

"Quite so."

T. B. Aldrich.

JOHN BROWN IN MASSACHUSETTS.

IT is still too early, perhaps, to tell the whole of the remarkable story of John Brown, the hero of Virginia in the nineteenth century, as that romantic chieftain of like plainness of name and vigor of spirit, John Smith, was its hero in the seventeenth century. Neither of them belonged to Virginia, — let us say rather that Virginia belonged to them; they took it for their stage of action, and there, for a few months or years, they exhibited in view of all the world the qualities which all the world with one consent, since the world was made, now agrees to call heroic. Their contemporaries did not all have this opinion of them; the Virginians of John Smith's time found him almost as troublesome as those of our time esteemed John Brown; and though they did not hang him, they would have been glad to do so if they could. The ancestors of John Randolph on the copper-colored side did their best to kill Smith, just as the descendants of John Randolph on the white side, if he had left any, would have joined in the killing of Brown, as the Washingtons and Masons of our time did. This parallel need not be carried further, except by saying that both John Smith and John Brown have also connected their names with Massachusetts history; and it may not be too early to present some reminiscences of John Brown in Massachusetts, where his first American ancestor dwelt, and where he found in his last enterprise a few hearty friends and supporters.

It would be curious to trace the English ancestry of Captain Brown, which, some suppose, goes back to that stout-hearted John Brown, of Henry VIII.'s time, who was one of the victims of Popish persecution in the early years of that king. Fox, in his "Book of Martyrs," tells the story of his martyrdom at the stake, in the early summer of 1511, at Ashford, where he dwelt; and adds that his son, Richard Brown, was imprisoned for his faith in the latter days of Queen Mary, and would have been burned but for the proclaiming of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558. Peter Brown, who came over in the Mayflower, and his brother John, who came

afterward, both settling in Duxbury, near the hill of Miles Standish, may perhaps have been grandchildren or great-grandchildren of John Brown the martyr of Ashford. They were born probably about 1580, but very little is known of their history. The younger of the two brothers, as we suppose, Peter Brown of the Mayflower company, was a carpenter, and was twice married between his landing in 1620 and his death in 1633. He is believed to have had four children, of whom the youngest, Peter, was born in Duxbury in 1632, and, some twenty years later, removed to Windsor in Connecticut, and died there in 1692. From him, through a succession of John Browns, was descended Owen Brown, who married Ruth Mills, daughter of Rev. Gideon Mills of Simsbury, in 1793, and whose oldest son was John Brown, of Kansas and Harper's Ferry. He was born at Torrington, Connecticut, on the 9th of May, 1800.* Those curious in ethnology may take notice that while the Brown family was English, the Mills family was Dutch, and the Owens, of whom was John Brown's paternal grandmother, were Welsh. His ancestors were mostly farmers, and among them was the proper New England proportion of ministers, deacons, squires, and captains. Both his grandfathers were officers in the Connecticut contingent to Washington's army, and one of them, Captain John Brown, died in the service. It is his gravestone which the pilgrim to his grandson's grave, in the Adirondack woods, sees standing by the great rock that marks the spot.

John Brown, when a boy of five, emigrated with his father to Ohio. His first visit to Massachusetts was probably when he came here at the age of eighteen or twenty to fit for college, — a purpose which he was soon compelled to abandon, from poverty and weakness of sight. Plainfield, in Hampshire County, a small hill town adjoining Cummington, the birthplace of the poet Bryant, was the place selected for his college preparation. It had been for many years the home of a learned minister, Rev. Moses Hallock, whose brother, Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, of Brown's native region, had married a relative of Brown, and it was through his kinsman, Jeremiah Hallock, that the young student was sent to Parson Hallock's then famous school in Plainfield, where Bryant had been a pupil some years before, and which had a reputation for graduating missionaries and parish ministers. John Brown meant to enter the ministry, after his college course, and we may well believe that his failure to go on with his education was a serious grief to him.

The young student was a tanner by trade, and brought with him from Ohio to Plainfield a piece of sole-leather which he had himself kept in the tan-pits of his father at Hudson for seven years, and with which he meant to sole his thick boots when they should require it. He lived in the parsonage-house of Mr. Hallock while he remained in Plainfield, which seems to have been but a few months. His design probably was to enter Amherst College, which was founded about that time, and of which his cousin, Dr. Heman Humphrey, was, soon after, for many years the president. Disappointed in the hope of a ministerial education, and crossed in love, he returned to Ohio about 1820, and soon after, as he says in his autobiography, "led by his own inclination and *prompted also* by his father, he married a *remarkably plain*, but neat, industrious, and economical girl, of excellent character, earnest piety, and good practical common sense, about one year younger than himself." The italics here are Brown's own, and they indicate that the excellent Dianthe Lusk, whom he married,

* The house in which John Brown was born is still standing in Torrington on a hill-top, — a brown wooden farm-house, now tenanted by a colored family; and even the bedroom on the ground floor in which he was born is shown to visitors, and has had half its door cut off and carried away for relics of the martyr. The homestead is "about a mile northwest of the meeting-house," and may be reached from Wolcottville on the Naugatuck Railroad, by a drive across the hills.

was not the Rachel he had striven to win. But she was a good wife to him, and so he goes on to say: "This woman, by her mild, frank, and, more than all else, by her very consistent conduct, acquired, and ever while she lived maintained, a most powerful and good influence over him. Her plain but kind admonitions generally had the right effect, without arousing his haughty, obstinate temper." She was the mother of his first seven children, and died in 1832. The next year he married again; his second wife survives him, and now lives, with four of her thirteen children, in California.

It was about fourteen years after this second marriage that John Brown came again to Massachusetts, where he lived from 1846 to 1849. In the intervening years, since he studied with Parson Hallock at Plainfield, he had been a tanner in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and a shepherd in Ohio, — the latter occupation, as he says, "being a calling for which in early life he had a kind of enthusiastic longing." At the age of thirty-nine, when he entered upon this "calling" as a regular business, he also had, as he says, "the idea that as a business it bid fair to afford him the means of carrying out his greatest or principal object." This object was the liberation of the slaves, and the plan which he had formed for this was in substance the same in 1839 that it was twenty years later, when he put it in execution. This statement is made on the authority of his wife, who declares that he communicated it to her as early as 1839, and that all her children were brought up to believe in it and to aid in it. The precise time when this plan was formed it is perhaps impossible now to determine, nor is it important to do so, if we accept Mr. Emerson's view of the matter in his speech at Salem, a month after Brown's martyrdom: "His enterprise was not a piece of spite or revenge, a plot of two years or of twenty years, but the keeping of an oath made to heaven and earth forty-seven years before. Forty-seven years at least, though I incline to accept his own account of the matter at Charlestown, which makes the date a little older, when he said, 'This was all settled millions of years before the world was made.'" He was indeed a most implicit believer in foreordination, as his Puritan forefathers had been. He had long looked upon himself as called to take part in the liberation of the slaves, and how constantly his mind dwelt on this subject will appear from an incident which is now for the first time published.

When he came to live in Massachusetts, in 1846, it was as the agent of sheep-farmers and wool-growers in Ohio, one of whom he had been for half a dozen years. Their interests required, as they thought, that an agency to stand between them and the New England manufacturers, to whom they sold their wool, should be established at Springfield in Massachusetts, and Brown was selected as the fittest person to manage this agency. He accepted the trust and was active and faithful in it, but he held the position also as a means of developing his scheme of emancipation. Before he took up his residence in Springfield he carried his family thither, and his sons there made the acquaintance of a colored man, a fugitive from the eastern shore of Maryland, Thomas Thomas by name, who was living in a humble capacity at Springfield. The young men accompanied Thomas to the African church in the town, learned his history and something of his upright and courageous character, and engaged him to work for their father when he should come to take charge of his wool business at Springfield. In due time John Brown came, and sent for Thomas to call and see him. He did so, and was directed to come and begin work as a porter at the wool-warehouse the next morning. "How early shall I come?" said Thomas. "We begin work at seven," replied Brown, "but I wish you would come round earlier, for I want to talk with you." Thomas accordingly went to his work the next morning between five and six

o'clock; found Brown waiting for him, and there received from him the outlines of his plan to liberate the slaves, and was invited to join in the enterprise, which he agreed to do. This was nine years before Brown went to Kansas, four years before the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed, and two years before Sumner, Wilson, Adams, Phillips, Hoar, and their friends formed the Free Soil party of Massachusetts. Thomas was afterwards sent by Brown to look up Madison Washington, the leader of the courageous slaves of the vessel Creole, who was wanted as a leader among the colored recruits that Brown hoped to enlist in his band of liberators. But Washington, when found, proved to be an unfit person for such a position.

The house in which John Brown lived during the three years of his residence in Springfield is still standing, on Franklin Street, a short distance north of the railroad station. His wool-warehouses were close by the railroad, and have been partially removed to make way for new buildings. His business was at one time very large and promised to be successful, but from a variety of causes it turned out badly. He understood the value of wool and the best way to sort and grade it, better than he knew how to deal with his Eastern customers, who preferred to grade their own wool, and did not wish to have any man stand between them and the Ohio farmers, of whom they had formerly bought directly and with much advantage to themselves. Brown believed that some of the manufacturers combined against him, and that they hired a person in his employ to be more careful of their interests than those of his employers. The result was a sharp controversy, ending in lawsuits, some of which he won and some of which he lost; but his business suffered, and was finally ruined by his shipping a large stock of wool to Europe, where it was sold at a low rate and fell into the hands of the very men to whom he had refused it in Springfield. In 1849 he removed from the town and went to live for a while in the Adirondack woods at North Elba.

The occasion of his choosing that wild retreat was characteristic of the man, and an indication of the persistence with which he followed up his great purpose. It was about the time of Brown's visit to Europe, in 1848, that Mr. Gerrit Smith, who had inherited from his father landed estates in more than half the counties of New York, offered to give away his thousands of acres in the Adirondack wilderness for farms to such colored men as would accept them and live upon them. The offer was a princely one and came from a princely heart, but there were many difficulties in the way of its acceptance by the Southern fugitives and the free people of color in the Northern cities. It was then, much more than now, a backwoods region, with few roads, schools, or churches, and very few good farms. The great current of summer travel, which now flows through it every year, had scarcely begun to be felt; a few sportsmen from New York and New England, and the agents of men interested in iron-mines and smelting-forges, were the chief visitors. The life of a settler there was rough pioneer work, — the forest was to be cut down and the land burnt over; the family supplies must be produced mainly in the household; the men made their own sugar from the maple woods, and the women spun and wove the garments from the wool that grew on the backs of the farmers' sheep. Winter lingers there for six months in the year, and neither wheat nor Indian corn will grow on these hillsides in ordinary years. The crops are grass, oats, and potatoes; cows, and especially sheep, are the wealth of the farmer; and, as Colonel Higginson mentions, the widow of Oliver Brown, who was killed at Harper's Ferry, was considered not to be absolutely penniless, because her young husband had left her five sheep, valued at ten dollars. Such a region was less attractive to the colored people than Canada, for it was

as cold, less secure from the slave-hunter, and gave little choice of those humble but well-paid employments, indispensable in towns, to which the colored race naturally resort. There was no opening in the woods of Essex County for cooks or barbers, coachmen or washerwomen, and the hard life of a backwoodsman had few charms even for the fugitive timber-cutters and wood-choppers from the eastern shore of Maryland. Still a small colony braved the hardships of the place, and established themselves on Mr. Smith's property. Hearing of this in 1849, John Brown, who had no previous acquaintance with Mr. Smith, presented himself one day at his hospitable country-house in Peterboro, New York, and made this proposal to him: "I am something of a pioneer, and accustomed to the climate and the way of life that your colony at North Elba have so little experience in. I will take a farm there myself, if you do not object, clear it up and plant it, and show the colored people how such work should be done. I will employ some of them, as I have occasion, look after them in all ways that are needful, and try to be a kind of father to them." Mr. Smith liked the man and his plan, and readily consented to his taking charge of the colony in this way; and Brown did so, living at North Elba himself for a year or more, and leaving his family there the greater part of the ten years' period that intervened between his first settlement there and his death at Charlestown. His eldest living daughter, Mrs. Ruth Thompson, wife of Henry Thompson, who was wounded in one of his Kansas fights, is the only one of his family now living at North Elba, where she occupies, with her husband and children, a farm adjoining that on which John Brown first settled.

There is no doubt that, in retiring with his colored neighbors to the woods of North Elba, he had in view the mustering and training of a company of men which should form the nucleus of his army of liberation at the South. He said this himself, and, if his word needed any confirmation, it could be found in the statements of his wife and children. But neither Gerrit Smith nor any of his later friends and supporters, outside of the small circle of his family connections and a few of the colored people, knew aught of this, till many years after. With all his devotion to the great task of his life, he never neglected the present work which he had in hand; and for several years after removing to North Elba he was engaged in settling up his wool business and in a renewal of sheep-farming in Ohio. The firm of Perkins and Brown, which had carried on business at Springfield under his direction, and in Ohio under that of Mr. Perkins, was involved in several lawsuits, one of which, of much consequence pecuniarily, was tried in Boston before Judge Cushing in the winter of 1852–53, and was one of the last cases tried by Mr. Cushing before leaving his seat on the Supreme bench of Massachusetts to take his place in General Pierce's Cabinet as Attorney-General. The suit was brought by the Burlington Mills Company of Vermont, represented in Boston by Jacob Sleeper and others, against John Brown and others, for a breach of contract in supplying wool to these mills of certain grades, and the damages were laid at sixty thousand dollars. It was pending for a long time, the counsel against Brown being Rufus Choate and Francis B. Hayes, and his own senior counsel being the eminent New York lawyer, Joshua V. Spencer. It finally came to trial in Boston, January 14, 1853, and after several postponements and the taking of much testimony it was settled, February 3, 1853, by a compromise between the counsel, the anticipated decision of the court being against Brown. About a year later he won a similar suit in a New York court; and he always believed that he should have won his Boston suit, if the case had been tried on its merits. It is not probable that his good opinion of Mr. Cushing and Mr. Choate, or the

political cause with which they were identified, was at all increased by the issue of this trial; but, on the other hand, it was not decreased, and could not well be. And it is worth mentioning, that, after his condemnation to death in Virginia, and while an appeal on his case was pending, he spoke of Mr. Cushing as a prominent Democratic lawyer who had knowledge of him, from the circumstances of this wool case, and who would perhaps take some interest in the motion for a new trial in Virginia. Mr. Cushing, however, as might have been anticipated, refused to have anything to do with such a political offender as John Brown.

After Brown's removal from Springfield in 1849, and before the settlement of his Boston lawsuit, he was often in Springfield on various errands of necessity or mercy, and on one of these visits he assisted in the organization of an armed resistance to the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850, which is so characteristic of his spirit and purposes, through all these years, that it deserves to be specially mentioned. Some notice of it was published in the Independent newspaper two years ago by William Wells Brown, and from his communication is copied this striking paper, written by John Brown in January, 1851. It exists in his handwriting, and is signed by forty-four men and women then resident in Springfield, including both white and colored persons, but largely made up of fugitives from slavery and their connections: —

"WORDS OF ADVICE.

"*Branch of the United States League of Gileadites. Adopted January* 15, 1851, *as written and recommended by John Brown.*

"'UNION IS STRENGTH.'

"Nothing so charms the American people as personal bravery. The trial for life of one bold and to some extent successful man, for defending his rights in good earnest, would arouse more sympathy throughout the nation than the accumulated wrongs and sufferings of more than three millions of our submissive colored population. We need not mention the Greeks struggling against the oppressive Turks, the Poles against Russia, nor the Hungarians against Austria and Russia combined, to prove this. *No jury can be found in the Northern States that would convict a man for defending his rights to the last extremity. This is well understood by Southern congressmen, who insisted that the right of trial by jury should not be granted to the fugitive.* Colored people have more fast friends amongst the whites than they suppose, and would have ten times the number they now have were they but half as much in earnest to secure their dearest rights as they are to ape the follies and extravagances of their white neighbors, and to indulge in idle show, in ease, and in luxury. Just think of the money expended by individuals in your behalf in the past twenty years. Think of the number who have been mobbed and imprisoned on your account. Have any of you seen the Branded Hand? Do you remember the names of Lovejoy and Torrey?

"Should one of your number be arrested, you must collect together as quickly as possible, so as to outnumber your adversaries who are taking an active part against you. Let no able-bodied man appear on the ground unequipped, or with his weapons exposed to view; let that be understood beforehand. Your plans must be known only to yourself, and with the understanding that all traitors must die, wherever caught and proven to be guilty. 'Whosoever is fearful or afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead.' (Judges, vii. chap., 3 verse; Deut., xx. chap., 8 verse.) Give all cowards an opportunity to show it on condition of holding their peace. *Do not delay one moment after you are ready; you will lose all your resolution if you do. Let the first blow be the signal for all to engage, and when engaged do not do your*

work by halves; but make clean work with your enemies, and be sure you meddle not with any others. By going about your business quietly, you will get the job disposed of before the number that an uproar would bring together can collect; and you will have the advantage of those who come out against you, for they will be wholly unprepared with either equipments or matured plans; all with them will be confusion and terror. Your enemies will be slow to attack you after you have once done up the work nicely; and, if they should, they will have to encounter your white friends as well as you, for you may safely calculate on a division of the whites, and may by that means get to an honorable parley.

"Be firm, determined, and cool; but let it be understood that you are not to be driven to desperation without making it an awful dear job to others as well as to you. Give them to know distinctly that those who live in wooden houses should not throw fire, and that you are just as able to suffer as your white neighbors. *After effecting a rescue, if you are assailed, go into the houses of your most prominent and influential white friends with your wives, and that will effectually fasten upon them the suspicion of being connected with you, and will compel them to make a common cause with you, whether they would otherwise live up to their profession or not. This would leave them no choice in the matter.* Some would, doubtless, prove themselves true of their own choice; others would flinch. That would be taking them at their own words. You may make a tumult in the court-room where a trial is going on by burning gunpowder freely in paper packages, if you cannot think of any better way to create a momentary alarm, and might possibly give one or more of your enemies a hoist. But in such case the prisoner will need to take the hint at once and bestir himself; and so should his friends improve the opportunity for a general rush.

"A lasso might possibly be applied to a slave-catcher for once with good effect. Hold on to your weapons, and never be persuaded to leave them, part with them, or have them far away from you. *Stand by one another, and by your friends, while a drop of blood remains; and be hanged, if you must, but tell no tales out of school. Make no confession.*"

AGREEMENT.

"As citizens of the United States of America, trusting in a just and merciful God, whose spirit and all-powerful aid we humbly implore, *we will ever be true to the flag of our beloved country, always acting under it.* We whose names are hereunto affixed do constitute ourselves a branch of the United States League of Gileadites. That we will provide ourselves at once with suitable implements, and will aid those who do not possess the means, if any such are disposed to join us. We invite every colored person whose heart is engaged for the performance of our business, whether male or female, old or young. The duty of the aged, infirm, and young members of the League shall be to give instant notice to all members in case of an attack upon any of our people. We agree to have no officers except a Treasurer and Secretary *pro tem.*, until after some trial of courage and talent of able-bodied members shall enable us to elect officers from those who shall have rendered the most important services. Nothing but wisdom and undaunted courage, efficiency, and general good conduct shall in any way influence us in electing our officers."

Then follows, in the original manuscript, a code of laws or regulations, such as John Brown, with his methodical, forward-looking mind, was in the habit of drawing up whenever he organized any branch of his grand movement against slavery. Such he no doubt considered this "League of Gileadites" to be, and companies of this kind were perhaps enrolled elsewhere. Some features of this organization strikingly resemble that formed by him in Canada, in May, 1858, (the Constitution of

which was captured, among his papers at Harper's Ferry,) especially the agreement that "we will ever be true to the Flag of our beloved Country, always acting under it." This was reproduced in the "Provisional Constitution of 1858," the forty-sixth article of which reads thus: —

"ART. XLVI. *These Articles not for the Overthrow of Government.* The foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government, or of the General Government of the United States, and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal, *and our flag shall be the same that our fathers fought under in the Revolution.*"

This devotion to the flag and the principles of the Revolution, the latter as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, was fixed and constant in Captain Brown's mind, as it had been in the hearts of his two grandfathers who fought under Washington. He did not believe in the possibility of dissolving the Union, would not willingly hear it discussed, and once said to one of his friends, with the most serious emphasis, weighing every word as he uttered it (such was his manner), "I believe in the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence. I think they both mean the same thing; and it is better that a whole generation should pass off the earth, men, women, and children, by a violent death, than that one jot of either should fail, *in this country.*" He acted consistently on this principle, though a man of peace from his youth up, and inclining to the Quaker habit of not bearing arms in time of peace. Writing to his wife at North Elba, from Springfield, about the time he formed his "league" there, in 1851, he says: "Since the sending off of Long (a fugitive) from New York, I have improved my leisure hours quite busily with colored people here, in advising them how to act, and in giving them all the encouragement in my power. They very much need encouragement and advice, and some of them are so alarmed that they tell me they cannot sleep, on account of either themselves or their wives and children. I can only say I think I have been enabled to do something to revive their broken spirits. I want all my family to imagine themselves in the same dreadful condition." Such was the practical way in which he made his exegesis of that text so often on his lips and in his heart, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." No occasion was offered of putting in practice his directions for resisting the seizure of fugitives in Springfield, such as occurred soon after in Worcester and Boston, nor does it appear that Brown was present at any of the fugitive slave trials which disgrace the annals of Massachusetts, though he was with difficulty prevented by his friends in New York, in May, 1854, from going to Boston to head a movement for the rescue of Anthony Burns.

In the winter of 1854–55 the four elder sons of John Brown, John, Jason, Owen, and Frederick, then living in or near Akron, Ohio, made their arrangements to settle in Kansas, then just opened to emigrants, and they did establish themselves the next spring in Lykins County, about eight miles from Osawatomie, a town afterwards made famous by their father's defence of it, August 30, 1856. John Brown himself did not go to Kansas till the autumn of 1855, and in the preceding summer, shortly before he set out to join his sons there, he was again in Massachusetts, and saw some of his old friends in Springfield, — among them, Thomas, the Maryland fugitive, who had engaged with him in the great work nine years before. He expressed his belief that the struggle for the liberation of the slaves was soon to come on, but does not seem to have made, at that time, any special effort to enlist men for service in Kansas. Probably with his characteristic caution, he meant first to explore the ground and see what was necessary, and what could be done. Nor did he receive any of the

money which, in 1855 and 1856, was raised in Massachusetts for the benefit of the Free State men in Kansas, to the amount of $100,000 and upward. He was aided by a subscription in Central New York, to which Gerrit Smith contributed, but the amount was not large, and he and his family, for the most part, carried on their Kansas campaign at their own charges. Before going to Kansas he carried back his family, who had been in Ohio with him, to his farm at North Elba, where they remained for several years after his death. In the spring of 1856 he had with him in Kansas, however, all his seven sons and his son-in-law, Henry Thompson, with his wife, Ruth Brown. In the late autumn of that year he left Kansas, leaving one son dead there, and one made temporarily insane by ill-treatment while a prisoner, while another son and his son-in-law had been wounded. It was with these testimonials of service in the Free State cause that he came slowly eastward in the winter of 1856–57, and presented himself before the State Kansas Committee of Massachusetts.

This committee, before which John Brown appeared in January, 1857, had been organized the preceding summer in the midst of the excitement attending the outrages committed in Kansas on the Free State settlers there, many of whom had gone out from Massachusetts. It consisted of many members from different parts of the State, but its work was mainly done by an executive committee, of which, as of the larger committee, the late George L. Stearns of Medford was chairman, and F. B. Sanborn of Concord was secretary. Other members of the executive committee were Dr. S. G. Howe, Dr. Samuel Cabot (who were also members of a National Kansas Committee), Dr. William R. Lawrence, Judge Thomas Russell, and Mr. Patrick T. Jackson, who was treasurer of the committee. In the autumn of 1856 and the following winter the labors of this committee were so active that it was thought proper the secretary should devote his whole time to them, and he did so, occupying an office in Niles's Block, on School Street in Boston, and there receiving all persons who had business with the committee. It was in this room very early in January, 1857, that John Brown of Osawatomie — "Osawatomie Brown," as he was then called — first introduced himself to the acquaintance of those Massachusetts men on whom he afterwards relied so much, and who aided him with money and in other ways to carry out his long-cherished design. He came to this room early one morning, accompanied by his son Owen, who had escaped with him from Kansas; he brought a letter of introduction to the secretary from Mr. George Walker of Springfield, and, on making known who he was, his welcome was a very cordial one. The fame of his exploits in Kansas had preceded him, and given him a title to great consideration; but his own aspect and manner would have made him distinguished anywhere, among men who know how to recognize courage and greatness of mind. He was then in his fifty-seventh year, but active and vigorous when not suffering from an ague contracted in Kansas; his figure was tall, slender, and commanding, his bearing military, and his garb a singular blending of the soldier and the deacon. His coat, waistcoat, and trousers were of a brown color, such as he always selected when possible, and of a cut far from fashionable; his gray overcoat was of that shape which our soldiers a few years after made so familiar to all eyes, and he wore a patent-leather stock, which also suggested the soldier of former years. His fur cap was more in keeping with his military overcoat than with the Sunday suit of a deacon, which he wore beneath it; his face was close shaven, displaying the force of his firm and wide mouth, and his positive chin. The long white beard which he wore a year or two later, and which nearly all his portraits now show, added a picturesque finish to a face that was in all its features severe and masculine. His eyes

were a piercing blue-gray, not very large, but looking out from under brows

"Of dauntless courage and considerate pride";

his hair was dark brown touched with gray, short and bristling, and shooting back from a forehead of middle height and breadth; his ears were large, his frame angular, his voice deep and metallic, his walk positive and intrepid, though somewhat slow. His manner was modest, and in a large company even diffident; he was by no means fluent of speech, but his words were always to the point, and his observations original, direct, and shrewd. His mien was serious and patient rather than cheerful; it betokened the "sad wise valor" which Herbert praises; but, though earnest and almost anxious, it was never depressed. In short, he was then, to the eye of insight, what he afterwards seemed to the world, a brave and resolved man, conscious of a work laid upon him, and confident that he should accomplish it.

In a few days Captain Brown made the acquaintance of the men in Boston whom he wished to consult, — of Mr. Stearns, Dr. Cabot, Theodore Parker, Amos A. Lawrence, Judge Russell, Dr. Howe, Mr. Garrison, and all who were then conspicuous in maintaining the cause of the Kansas pioneers. His special object was to obtain control of some two hundred Sharpe's rifles, belonging to the Massachusetts committee, with which to arm a force of a hundred men for the purpose of defending Kansas and making excursions, if necessary, into Missouri and other slave States. His Virginia plan was then in his mind, but he did not communicate it to any person in Massachusetts for more than a year; only taking pains to say that with the arms, money, and clothing that he might get for his company, he should act on his own responsibility, without taking orders from any committee. With this understanding, and having great confidence in him, the Massachusetts executive committee, on the 8th of January, 1857, gave him an order for taking possession of the two hundred rifles, with their belongings, then stored at Tabor, in the southwestern part of Iowa. This order, however, did not authorize him to make any use of the arms, though it appropriated five hundred dollars for his expenses in getting possession of them; and it was not until April 11, three months later, that a vote was passed allowing Captain Brown to sell a hundred of the rifles to Free State inhabitants of Kansas. At the same time another sum of five hundred dollars was voted him, to be used "for the relief of persons in Kansas." The arms thus placed at his disposal were a part of those afterwards carried by him to Harper's Ferry, and, as the true nature of the transaction by which they came, honestly, into his possession for use in Virginia, has never been well understood, it may here be explained.

In the winter of 1855 – 56 a large subscription was collected in Boston by Dr. Samuel Cabot and others, expressly for the purchase of arms for Kansas settlers, and with this money a hundred Sharpe's rifles and some other arms were purchased by Dr. Cabot and forwarded to Kansas early in 1856. These were no part of the arms of Captain Brown, which were purchased by the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee in the autumn of 1856, and forwarded, through the National Committee, having its head-quarters at Chicago, by the Iowa and Nebraska route to Kansas. They never seem to have got farther than Tabor, where they were lying when Captain Brown made his exit from Kansas by that route, in November, 1856. On reaching Chicago, soon after, he appears to have made application to Messrs. George W. Dole, J. D. Webster (afterwards General Webster, of General Grant's staff), and Henry B. Hurd, the Chicago members of the National Committee, for the custody of the rifles at Tabor. This application was not granted, perhaps because the committee distrusted Captain Brown, perhaps because they

recognized the Massachusetts committee to be owners of the arms, as the fact was. The Chicago committee did afterwards, however, lay claim to the control of these arms; and one reason for the Massachusetts order of January 8, 1857, above alluded to, was to place them in the hands of a man who had shown his ability to protect whatever was in his custody. Before taking actual possession of them, Captain Brown attended a full meeting of the National Committee at the Astor House in New York, January 22–25, 1857, for the purpose of securing an appropriation from that committee for his company of minute-men; and, in order to settle the question, which committee controlled the arms at Tabor, he made a request for those arms as a part of the appropriation. This request was vehemently opposed by Mr. Hurd of Chicago, who expressed great anxiety lest Brown should make incursions into Missouri or other slave States. Mr. Sanborn, who represented Massachusetts at the Astor House meeting, as proxy for Drs. Cabot and Howe, supported the application of Captain Brown, which was viewed with favor by a majority of the meeting. As a final compromise, it was voted that the arms at Tabor should be restored to the Massachusetts committee, to be disposed of as they should think best; and that an appropriation of several thousand dollars, in money and clothing, should be made to Captain Brown's company by the National Committee. This left the Massachusetts committee at liberty to use their own property as they saw fit, and they then gave Captain Brown undisputed possession of the arms, subject, however, to future votes of the committee at Boston. In point of fact, though this was not known to the committee till a year later, the rifles were brought from Tabor to Ohio in the year 1857, and remained there till they were sent to Chambersburg by John Brown, Jr., in July, 1859, for use at Harper's Ferry. During the year 1857 the expenditures of the Massachusetts committee for the relief of the famine in Kansas were very large; and as advances of money were made by the chairman, Mr. Stearns, much in excess of the current receipts, it was finally voted to reimburse him by giving him the assets of the committee. These consisted of the arms above named, certain notes of hand given by the Kansas settlers for clothing, wheat, etc., furnished them by the committee, and other property of small money value. Hence it resulted that, early in 1858, when the Massachusetts committee had ceased its active operations, Mr. Stearns was the legitimate owner of all the assets of the committee, with the understanding that, if he should realize from them more than the amount of his advances, the excess should go into the committee's treasury. No such excess was ever collected, and Mr. Stearns virtually contributed to the committee several thousand dollars which he had thus advanced; but he retained the ownership of the rifles, the money value of which would perhaps cover his contributions.

Thus matters stood in March, 1858, when, as we are told, Captain Brown first communicated to a few of his Boston friends his plan for invading Virginia. Mr. Stearns was one of these, and, as owner of the rifles, he verbally consented that Brown should use them in his expedition. They were therefore legitimately and honestly in Brown's possession in May, 1858, when, at the suggestion of Senator Wilson, Mr. Stearns directed Brown by letter not to use them for any other purpose than the defence of Kansas, "and to hold them subject to my order as chairman of said committee." This letter, it must be said, while intended to prevent any immediate use of the arms in Virginia, was mainly a blind to satisfy Senator Wilson and other Republican politicians, who were alarmed at rumors of Brown's plans, and knew nothing of the real ownership of the arms. In the same spirit Dr. Howe wrote to Mr. Wilson, May 15, 1858, that "prompt measures have been

taken and will be resolutely followed up, to prevent any such monstrous perversion of a trust as would be the application of means raised for the defence of Kansas to a purpose which the subscribers of the fund would disapprove and vehemently condemn." This language was literally true, yet it did not express the whole truth, inasmuch as it did not correct the general misapprehension that these arms were then the property of the committee.

But to return to John Brown in Massachusetts. He was here a large part of January and February and the early weeks of March and April, 1857. On the 18th of February he appeared before a committee of the State Legislature to urge that Massachusetts should make an appropriation of money in aid of the emigrants from the State who had settled in Kansas, and his speech on that occasion is printed in Redpath's Life. It was one of the few speeches made by him in Massachusetts that year, and was mainly read from his manuscript. In March he made his first visit to Concord, where he addressed a large audience in the Town Hall, and spoke without notes, in a very impressive and eloquent manner. Among his hearers were Mr. R. W. Emerson and Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, who had made his acquaintance the preceding day, under circumstances that it may be interesting to mention, since both these gentlemen were his warm admirers, and took up his cause when he had but few champions among the scholars of Massachusetts. Mr. Thoreau's noble appeal in his behalf, given at Concord on Sunday evening, October 30, 1859, and repeated at the Tremont Temple in Boston, November 1st, was the earliest address in his praise to which the Massachusetts public listened, as it still is the best; and it was soon followed by Mr. Emerson's famous mention of Brown in a Boston lecture as one who had "made the gallows glorious, like the cross," and by his speech at the Tremont Temple relief meeting, November 18, 1859, at which John A. Andrew presided.

The first occasion of John Brown's visit to Concord was to speak at the public meeting just mentioned, in March, 1857, which had been called at the instance of Mr. Sanborn, then living in that town. On the day appointed, Brown went up from Boston at noon and dined with Mr. Thoreau, then a member of his father's family, and residing not far from the railroad station. The two idealists, both of them in revolt against the civil government then established in this country, because of its base subservience to slavery, found themselves friends from the beginning of their acquaintance. They sat after dinner, discussing the events of the border warfare in Kansas, and Brown's share in them, when, as it often happened, Mr. Emerson called at Mr. Thoreau's door on some errand to his friend. Thus the three men, so celebrated each in his own way, first met under the same roof, and found that they held the same opinion of what was uppermost in the mind of Brown. He did not reveal to them, either then or later, his Virginia plans; but he declared frankly, as he always did, his purpose of attacking slavery, wherever it could be reached; and this was the sentiment of his speech at the evening meeting, when he told the story of his Kansas life to the grandsons of the men who began the war of the Revolution at Concord Bridge. He spoke of the murder of one of his seven sons, the imprisonment and insanity of another; and as he shook before his audience the chain which his free-born son had worn, for no crime but for resisting slavery, his words rose to thrilling eloquence, and made a wonderful impression on his audience. From that time the Concord people were on his side, as they afterwards testified on several occasions. He was again in Concord for several days in April, 1857, and on this visit was the guest of Mr. Emerson for a day; from whose house he drove across the country to Mr. Stearns's house at Medford, one pleas-

sant Sunday morning in that April. The journals of Emerson, Thoreau, and, two years later, of their friend Bronson Alcott, no doubt bear witness to the impression made by Captain Brown on these three founders of a school of thought and literature.

In the latter part of March, 1857, Captain Brown, in company with Martin F. Conway, afterwards a member of Congress from Kansas, and Mr. Sanborn of the Massachusetts committee, met by appointment at the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, and proceeded in company to Easton, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Andrew H. Reeder, a former governor of Kansas, was living, for the purpose of inducing him, if possible, to return to Kansas, and become the leader of the Free State party there. The journey was undertaken at the instance of the Massachusetts committee, of which both Brown and Conway were, or had been, agents. It resulted in nothing, for Governor Reeder was unwilling to leave his family and his occupations at Easton to engage again in the political contests of Kansas. Captain Brown had quite a different conception of his own duty to his family, as compared with his duty to the cause in which he had enlisted. Although he had been absent from home nearly two years, he refrained from a visit to North Elba, where his family then were, until he had arranged all his military affairs in Boston, New York, and Connecticut; and he finally reached his rough mountain home late in April. He found his daughter Ellen, whom he had left an infant in the cradle, old enough to hear him sing his favorite hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" to the old tune of Lenox. "He sung all his own children to sleep with it," writes his daughter Anne, "and some of his grandchildren too. He seemed to be very partial to the first verse; I think that he applied it to himself. When he was at home (I think it was the first time he came from Kansas), he told Ellen that he had sung it to all the rest, and must to her too. She was afraid to go to him alone" (the poor child had forgotten her father in his two years' absence), "so father said that I must sit with her. He took Ellen on one knee and me on the other and sung it to us." How touching this modern rendering of the scene between Hector and Astyanax!

It was on this visit to North Elba that John Brown carried with him the old tombstone of his grandfather, Captain John Brown, the Revolutionary soldier, from the burial-place of his family in Canton, Connecticut. He caused the name of his murdered son Frederick, who fell in Kansas, to be carved on this stone, with the date of his death, and placed it where he desired his own grave to be, beside a huge rock on the hillside where his house stands, giving directions that his own name and the date of his death should be inscribed there too, when he should fall, as he expected in the conflict with slavery. That stone now marks his grave and tells a story which more costly monuments and longer inscriptions could not so well declare.

Although Captain Brown spent the winter of 1856–57 in New England, he did not by any means forget or neglect his family at North Elba, but busied himself in securing for them an addition to the two farms in the wilderness on which his wife and his married daughter, Mrs. Thompson, were living. Several of his Massachusetts friends, chief among whom were Mr. Amos A. Lawrence and Mr. Stearns, raised a subscription of $1,000 to purchase one hundred and sixty acres of land for division in equal portions between these farms. Mr. Stearns contributed $260 to this fund, and Mr. Lawrence about the same amount; these two gentlemen having made up the sum by which the original subscription fell short of $1,000. The connection of Mr. Lawrence with this transaction, and his personal acquaintance with Brown in 1857, were afterwards held to imply that he had some knowledge of Brown's plans, which was not the case. The subscription thus raised was expended in completing the purchase of the tract

in question, originally sold by Gerrit Smith to the brothers of Henry Thompson, Brown's son-in-law, but which had not been wholly paid for. In August, 1857, an agent of Messrs. Stearns and Lawrence visited North Elba, examined the land, paid the Thompsons their stipulated price for improvements, and to Mr. Smith the remainder of the purchase-money; took the necessary deeds and transferred the property to Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Thompson, according to the terms arranged by Captain Brown in the preceding spring. When Mrs. Brown sold her farm, on her removal to California, seven or eight years ago, her share of this purchase of 1857 was sold, but Mrs. Thompson still lives on her farm, as thus enlarged.

Notwithstanding the success attending some of his efforts in New England in the spring of 1857, John Brown failed to raise at that time a sufficient sum of money to equip and support his company of mounted minute-men, and he left Massachusetts, late in April, much saddened by this failure. Before leaving Boston he wrote a brief paper, headed "Old Brown's Farewell to the Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Tom's Cabins," in which he says he had been trying, since he came out of Kansas, "to secure an outfit, or, in other words, the means of arming and thoroughly equipping his regular minute-men, who are mixed up with the people of Kansas"; but that he goes back "with a feeling of deepest sadness that, after having exhausted his own small means, and with his family and his brave men suffered hunger, cold, nakedness, and some of them sickness, wounds, imprisonment in irons, with extreme cruel treatment, and others death, ... he cannot secure, amidst all the wealth, luxury, and extravagance of this 'Heaven-exalted' people, even the necessary supplies of the common soldier." He had formed an elaborate plan for raising and drilling such a company of men, and, without the knowledge of his Massachusetts friends, had engaged an English Garibaldian, Hugh Forbes, whom he found giving fencing-lessons in New York, to go out with him to Western Iowa, and there train his recruits for service in the field against slavery. Disappointed in raising the money he had expected, Captain Brown was obliged to cancel his engagement with Forbes, who, as the event proved, was a very useless and embarrassing person. Forbes had travelled from New York to Tabor in Iowa, in July and August, 1857, and returned early in November, angry and disappointed, to New York, whence he soon began to write abusive and threatening letters, denouncing Brown, and speaking of his plans in a way that surprised Brown's Massachusetts friends, who had never heard of Forbes before, and who knew absolutely nothing of the grand scheme for invading Virginia. It may be that this quarrel with Forbes impelled Brown to impart his plans more fully to his Massachusetts friends, or a few of them; at any rate, he did so impart them, early in the year 1858, and in a manner which will be hereafter related. For the present it is enough to say that, up to the close of 1857, though Brown had then cherished his Virginia scheme for nearly twenty years, and had revealed it ten years before to his colored friend Thomas in Springfield, there was no person among the Abolitionists or Kansas committee-men of Massachusetts, so far as we know, who had even a suspicion of his main purpose. So well had he kept his secret, not by dissimulation, but by mere power of silence, that when it was revealed to a chosen few, in February, 1858, it came upon them all with a shock of surprise.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

VII.

A BAFFLED FLIGHT.

CARROL fled from Montreal in disguise, and concealed himself for some days in New York. Even here, however, he did not feel safe from the consequences of his crime, and so he resolved to fly to Europe. After some consideration, he decided to take the steamer to Havre, and go to Paris first. On the day for her departure he went on board at an early hour, and shut himself up in his state-room, waiting for the vessel to start. Here he remained for hours, listening to the noises around him, and peering stealthily through the glass to watch the movements on the wharf, while all the time he was tormented by an agonizing dread of arrest.

But the long-delayed moment of departure came at last. The lines were cast off, and the steamer, leaving the wharf, moved on down the harbor. Then Carrol ventured forth, and went up on deck.

Just as his foot touched the deck, he found himself face to face with a passenger who was on his way to the cabin. The passenger stopped short, and so did Carrol, and the two gazed at each other with unutterable surprise.

"Carrol! by Jingo!"

"Grimes! Good Lord!"

At such an utterly unexpected meeting, it is difficult to say which of these two felt the greater astonishment. The peculiar circumstances under which they had parted made a future meeting seem among the remotest of possibilities for many a long day. Grimes had characterized it as an eternal farewell, and Carrol, in all his thoughts of the possible acquaintances whom he might encounter, had never dreamed of this one. Yet this one was actually the only one whom thus far he had met; and he found him in the very place where he had not expected to meet any acquaintance at all. He had hoped that his parting from the shore would rid him of everything connected with the most terrible event of his life; yet here, the moment that he ventured to emerge from his hiding-place, he found himself confronted by the very man who was most closely connected with that event; not merely one who was acquainted with it, but its very prompter and instigator. Yet in Carrol's mind the meeting caused pleasure rather than pain. He had been alone so long, brooding in secret over his troubles, that the sight of one whom he could trust was inexpressibly soothing; and he wrung Grimes's big hand as he had never before wrung the hand of any man.

"Wal," cried Grimes, "of all the events that have ever occurred, this strikes me as about a little the darn'dest that I can think of; I declare, if it ain't the cur'ousest coincidence — !"

And Grimes paused, fairly overwhelmed.

"I took this steamer," said Carrol, hurriedly, "because it happened to be the first one that was leaving."

"Wal, for that matter, so did I; but who 'd have thought of you goin' to Europe?"

Carrol's face, which for a moment had lighted up with a flush of pleasing excitement, now grew dark again, and the sombre cloud that had hung over it ever since that night of horror once more overspread it.

"I 've come," said he, with some hesitation, "because Europe — seemed to me the — the best place that I could go to."

"Wal, so did I," said Grimes; "especially France. That 's the country for me. I 've thought all the world over, and decided on that one spot."

"When did you leave Montreal?" asked Carrol, after a pause.

"Why, the very mornin' after I left you."

"The morning after? Why, I left then."

"You did? What train?"

"The first one."

"Why, that 's the very train I travelled in."

"Was it?" asked Carrol, drearily.

"Yes, it was, and I can't understand why I did n't see you."

"Very strange," said Carrol, in a low voice, raising at the same time his white face, and glancing furtively around.

"Wal, it 's darned queer, too," said Grimes; "and I 've been in York ever since. Have you?"

"Well — yes — that is — I 've had some — some business — you know," said Carrol, in a confused way.

There was something in Carrol's manner that struck Grimes. Thus far he had been too much occupied with the surprise of this unexpected meeting; but now that the first surprise was over, he was open to other feelings; and the first feeling that came to him was simply a repetition of the former emotion of surprise, suggested, however, by a different cause. His attention was now arrested by the change in the tone, manner, and appearance of Carrol; and he looked at him earnestly, searchingly, and wonderingly. He saw a face of extreme paleness, which already bore marks of emaciation and of suffering. His hair, as it straggled from beneath his hat, did not seem to have been brushed; his mustache was loose and ragged; there was a certain furtive watchfulness in his eyes, and a haunted look in his face, that gave to him an appearance totally different from that which had characterized him in the old easy days of yore. All this was taken in by Grimes at one glance.

The result of this one glance was very marked in Grimes himself. A change came over him in an instant, which was as marked in its way as the change that had come over Carrol. The broad content, the loose *insouciance*, and the careless *bonhommie* of his face were succeeded by an expression of deep concern, of anxiety, of something, in fact, that looked like self-reproach, and seemed to verge upon that remorse which was stamped upon the face of his friend. His teeth compressed themselves, he frowned, and the trouble of his soul could not be concealed.

"What 's the matter?" asked Carrol. "Why do you look so?"

"Why, man, it 's *you* that looks so, as you say. What 's the matter with *you?*" said Grimes, in a hesitating voice. "You look as if you 'd seen a ghost."

Carrol shuddered.

"What has happened?" asked Grimes, anxiously. "How did it end? Is this what sent you away?"

Carrol looked wildly around, and then said in a hurried voice, "Hush! Come away from here. Come down to my state-room. I 'll tell you all about it."

A terrible secret borne in one's own heart will always bear down that heart by its weight; and it was this that Carrol had endured. The meeting with his old friend had been instinctively welcomed; and now that he had him alone, he availed himself eagerly of that precious and soothing relief which is always found when the dread secret can be revealed safely to one who is trusted. And so, in the seclusion of his state-room, he told Grimes his story, omitting those unnecessary particulars about his own superstitious fancies, and confining himself simply to what he considered the facts of the case.

To all this sad confession Grimes listened with a strange and a disturbed countenance. There was in his face true sympathy and profound compassion; but there was something more. There was perplexity and bewilderment. Evidently there was something in the story which he did not comprehend, and could not. He felt puzzled. He looked so; and as Carrol approached the crisis of his story, he

interrupted him with frequent questions.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, as Carrol ended, "that you really believe you killed him?"

"Have n't I told you that?" groaned Carrol.

"But — but — is n't there some darned mistake about it all?" asked Grimes.

"Mistake! O heavens! What would n't I give if I could only hope that there might have been! But that is impossible. O no! There is always ringing in my ears that horrible rushing sound of his fall."

"But it may have been something else."

"Something else!" repeated Carrol, in a despairing tone. "O no; my senses could not have deceived me!"

"Now, look here," cried Grimes, with a certain sort of feverish impatience, "did you *see* him?"

"See him? What nonsense! How could I?"

"The flash of the pistol would show him."

"Flash of the pistol! I tell you my brain was full of a thousand images, and every one of them represented him."

"Had you been drinking much that day?" asked Grimes, after a thoughtful pause.

"Yes; of course. You might have supposed that."

"Very much?"

"Yes."

Grimes paused again.

"Did n't you go over," he asked, "to find out whether it was him or not; to assure yourself of the fact, you know? Did n't you touch him?"

"Touch him!" cried Carrol, in a voice of horror. "What! *Touch him!* Good heavens!"

"Wal," said Grimes, "you really don't know this."

"As sure as there is a heaven above us, I *do* know it," said Carrol.

Grimes said no more. He leaned forward, and buried his face in his hands. Carrol reclined back against the wall of the state-room, and gave himself up to the terrible memories which had been once more aroused by his narration. At last he gave a heavy sigh, and started to his feet.

"Come," he said, "I can't stand this. Let 's go out. I 'm suffocating. Come out on deck. I must have some fresh air. Come."

Grimes rose to his feet without a word, and followed Carrol as he led the way. On his face there was the same expression of anxiety and bewilderment which has already been mentioned. In this mood he followed Carrol to the upper deck.

"Come," said Carrol, "let 's go aft. There are fewer people there, and we' ll be more by ourselves."

He led the way aft, and Grimes followed.

As they approached the stern, they saw two ladies sitting there whose backs were turned towards them. The ladies were gazing in silence at the receding shores, and Carrol drew Grimes to a place on the side of the steamer which was about a dozen yards away. Standing there, the two friends instinctively turned their eyes toward the land behind them, and looked at it in an abstracted way; for each one was so absorbed by his own thoughts, that his gaze was fixed rather upon vacancy than upon any definite object.

At length, one of the ladies said something to the other, after which they both rose, and turned as if with the intention of leaving the place. As they turned, their eyes wandered about and finally rested for an instant upon Grimes and his companion.

It was only for an instant that their glance fell upon these two men, but that instant was enough to allow of a profound sensation. The deep rich complexion of one of the ladies grew deeper and richer, as a flush passed over all her beautiful face; while at the same time that beautiful face assumed an expression of astonishment, embarrassment, and almost dismay, that was very much in contrast with its former air of good-natured content.

For a moment she hesitated in her confusion, and then bowed. The other lady showed equal feeling, but of a totally different kind. Her face was very pale and very sad; and as she saw the two friends, a flush passed over it, which was followed by a mournful, earnest look of mute inquiry and wonder.

Grimes looked amazed, but took off his hat and bowed; after which he hesitated, and seemed on the point of approaching the ladies. But he looked around for a moment to see Carrol. Carrol, on his part, had seen the ladies, and certainly his amazement was fully equal to that which was felt by any of the others. Already he had experienced one surprise at meeting with Grimes. This meeting was a much greater shock, for he had not the faintest idea that Mrs. Lovell and Miss Heathcote had contemplated leaving Montreal. But the sight of Miss Heathcote's face, after the first surprise, only served to deepen the darkness that had closed around his soul. For a moment he regarded her with a hard, cold stare of wonder; and then, without a word, without a sign, he turned abruptly and walked away. As Grimes looked around after his friend, he saw him thus walking off; for a moment he hesitated, and then, with another bow to the ladies, he walked off after him.

VIII.

AT HIS MERCY.

Mrs. Lovell and her sister stood for some moments in silence, with their eyes fixed upon the retreating figures of these two men, and varying feelings animated them at this sudden and unexpected meeting. Mrs. Lovell at length flung herself impatiently into a seat and patted the deck with her little foot; while Maud stood like a statue, erect, rigid, with every trace of color gone from her face.

"Have you your salts, Maudie dearest?" asked Mrs. Lovell, at length.

Maud did not seem to hear her, for she made no reply.

Mrs. Lovell repeated the question.

"No," said Maud, abruptly.

Mrs. Lovell heaved a deep sigh.

"I 'm sure," said she, "I 'll never get over this; but, at any rate, we may as well carry out our intention of going below. We 're safer there, you know, Maudie. And who 'd have thought it! Who *would* have thought it! O dear! of all the strange and unfortunate coincidences! O dear me, Maudie dearest, what *shall* I do!"

To this appeal, which was uttered in quite a heart-rending tone, Maud made no reply. Indeed, she did not seem to have heard it. She stood as statuesque as before, with her face turned toward the retreating form of Carrol. She watched him till he was out of sight, and even after he was lost to her view she stood looking in that direction.

"Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, at last, in as impatient a tone as was possible for her to use.

Maud sighed.

"Well," said she, turning around, and looking at her sister in an absent way.

"O Maudie darling, what in the world *am* I *ever* to *do!*" said Mrs. Lovell, mournfully.

"I suppose," said Maud, in a deliberate voice, "we may as well go below, as we first proposed."

"You are so awfully cold and unsympathetic," said Mrs. Lovell, in a reproachful tone.

Maud said nothing.

Mrs. Lovell, thereupon, rose to her feet, and stood for a moment looking forward along the line of retreat of Grimes and Carrol, with an expression of refined and ladylike despair that was uncommonly becoming to her.

"Well," said she, with a sigh, "I see no signs of them now; I dare say they will have the good taste to keep out of the way for the present; and so, Maudie, I think we had better go below at once."

"Very well," said Maud, in a low

voice; and thereupon, the two ladies sought the seclusion of their state-room, which they reached without again encountering the two gentlemen.

Here a long silence followed, which was at length broken by Mrs. Lovell.

"O dear!" she said, with a little sigh. "He has tracked me after all, and how he *ever* managed to do it is more than I can tell, I 'm sure. And the worst of it is, it was the very thing I was afraid of. You remember, Maudie dear, I proposed at first to take a Cunard steamer to Liverpool. And you remember that I changed my mind and took this one. You know I told you that I changed my mind because I preferred going to France direct. Well, you know, Maudie darling, it was nothing of the kind. That was n't my reason at all, you know."

"What was it?" asked Maud.

"Why, you know, I really was quite frightened at the idea that Mr. Grimes might manage to find out how I had gone. I felt sure that he would follow me. He 's one of those dreadful men of one idea, you know; and I know that I 'm the only idea he has in his poor old head. Well, I was so dreadfully frightened at the idea of his following me, that I changed my plans and took this steamer. I thought it was a very lucky thing, and I felt quite sure, you know, that he would n't find me at all. If he attempted to follow me he would be carried to Liverpool, and I would go to Havre, and I knew that he could never track me from one place to the other. He would have to go all the way back to America, you know, before he could gain the slightest clew to my proceedings; and even then it would have been very, very hard. But, O dear! how foolishly sanguine I was! I come here. I embark. I am just leaving the shore, and thinking with a kind of pity about the poor fellow, — who really has no end of claims to my esteem, — when suddenly I turn round, and as I live! there he is, standing just before me. I declare to you, Maudie darling, it was a perfect wonder that I did n't drop down senseless. I 'm sure, my heart never beat so fast in all my life. Did n't I look dreadfully discomposed, Maudie dear?"

"O no, I think not," said Maud, absently.

"Well, I really felt so, you know, — as embarrassed as possible; quite like some raw school-girl, detected in some fault, you know. And now — O dear! what *am* I *ever* to do! what *am* I *ever* to *do!* I 'm sure, it 's really quite cruel in you, Maudie dear, to be so very, very indifferent. You are far, far too self-absorbed."

To this Maud made no answer.

"The worst of it is," continued Mrs. Lovell, "we are out at sea, positively on the ocean itself. If we were only at the wharf, I would go ashore at once, and leave all my luggage behind, — I positively would. Now, would n't you, Maudie, if you were in my place? Would n't you, now? Say."

"Yes," said Maud, dreamily.

"But no; there 's nothing so good as that. Here I am, positively at his mercy. Did you notice, Maudie dearest, how very, very triumphant he looked?"

"No."

"Well, he did then; and very, very unpleasantly so, indeed. It 's bad enough, I 'm sure, for one to have power over one, but to go and assert it in such a particularly open way is really cruel. It really reminds me of those lines of poetry that some one made, that it was something or other to have a giant's strength, but very, very naughty to use it like a giant. I dare say you remember the lines, Maudie.

"But I know another reason," said Mrs. Lovell, after a thoughtful pause, — "another reason why he looked so triumphant. He 's got that dreadful chignon with him. I saw it in his face. It was just as if he had said so to me in so many words. And how dreadful it is, Maudie, for a discarded lover to be carrying about a lock of his lady's hair. It 's really awful, you know."

"O well, you know, it is n't your own hair."

"Well, it 's as much mine as most people's, you know. Really, one hardly knows what really is a lady's hair now, and so it 's all the same; but I do wish, Maudie, that it was n't so very much. It 's a whole head, Maudie dear. And only to think of his having it now in his trunk, or his valise, or his carpet-bag. But I dare say he has a casket made on purpose to keep it in. Really, Maudie dear, do you know, it makes me feel quite agitated when I think of it. It 's so very improper. And I could n't help it. I really had to give it to him. And it makes me feel as though it gave him some sort of a claim on me."

"I 'm sure, your fears seem quite unnecessary to me," said Maud. "You can do as you please."

"O, it 's all very well to talk that way, Maudie; but then, you know, he has such a strange power over me, that I 'm afraid of having him near me, and I know that I shall be in a state of constant terror all this voyage. Of course, he 'll bother me all the time; and I 'll have to be always planning to keep out of his way. And how *can* I do that? I must shut myself up here, a prisoner; and what good will that do? Besides, I can't make a prisoner of myself in that way; I really can't. I *must* go about on deck, and so I shall constantly fall in his way. And I can't help it. Only, Maudie dear, you must always, always be with me. You must never, never let me be alone."

"O, we shall be always together," said Maud. "As to staying below, that is absurd."

"Well, really to me," continued Mrs. Lovell, "there is something perfectly appalling in this man's mysterious knowledge of my movements. Think how he tracked me all through Canada to Montreal. That was wonderful enough, but it was nothing to this. For you see I tried as hard as I could to baffle him completely. I really cannot think of one single trace that I could have left. My friends all think that I have gone in the Cunard steamer, and I myself did not really know that I was going in this one till yesterday, and I did not take my passage till the last moment. Really, Maudie, it frightens me. I 'll tell you what I think, — I think he must have agents."

"Agents?"

"Yes, agents. I don't know what agents are, but I know they 're something dreadful, something like spies or detectives; only they are in private employ, you know. And he must have quite an army of them. And only think of an army of those terrible agents watching all my movements, spying my actions, listening to my words, and reporting everything to him. It 's awful."

"Well, really now, Georgie," said Maud, "you are going too far, you know. He could easily have found out this by himself."

"I 'm sure I don't see how he could."

"Why, he could easily have gone about and seen the lists of passengers on each boat, before starting. I dare say he heard in Montreal that you were going to Europe, and so he has watched the principal steamers; and as he found your name on the passenger-list of this one, he sailed in it himself."

"Well, then, all I can say is, I think it is really very, very rude in him. I thought he had such delicacy, you know, and such a fine sense of honor, — really exquisite, you know. He seemed to be so very delicate in his sense of propriety and honor and all that, — on one occasion, — when he might have — might have acted so very much more for his own interest, by being a little less punctilious, you know. And I really don't know how to harmonize such delicate conduct on one occasion with the very inconsiderate and really alarming behavior of this."

"I think, perhaps, you have given him credit for what did not belong to him," said Maud. "What you considered a delicate sense of honor may

have been a kind of obtuseness, or bluntness of perception, or honesty, or something of that sort, you know."

"O, well, it would n't interfere with my esteem for him, you know. I would n't lay very *great* stress upon a very fine sense of honor; that is, I mean, I don't think that it is necessary for a man to form his conduct toward ladies after the fashion of Sir Charles Grandison. And do you know, Maudie darling, I really don't know but that I should rather prefer having him just a little dishonorable. I really think it's rather nice, you know."

"Nice!" exclaimed Maud, in a strange tone.

"Well, at any rate, they are all so," said Mrs. Lovell. "The men, I mean. What they are chiefly wanting in is that peculiar sense of honor for which we women are distinguished. Men never form strong and intimate friendships like women. They never can thoroughly trust one another. They never defend the weak of their own sex. They can never keep one another's secrets. They take a spiteful and malicious pleasure in tearing one another's reputations to pieces, and in displaying their weakness to the world. Petty spite, small scandal, and ungenerous and censorious obversation of one another are almost universal among them. They are terribly inclined to jealousy, and are fearfully exigent. O, I assure you, I have always had a very, very low opinion of men! When I was a little girl, my governess gave me a proof-book. Each page was headed with a statement about the nature of man. The first page was headed, "Man is corrupt"; the second, "Man is sinful"; the third, "Man is a child of wrath"; the fourth, "Man is weak"; the fifth, "Man is desperately wicked'; and many more. Now, you know, Maudie, I had to find texts from the Bible to prove all these; and I found no end of them, and I filled the book; and really, when I had finished, the impression that was left on my mind about man, Maudie darling, was that he was very, very shocking, and that it was a great pity that he was ever created. And I don't want ever, ever to be married again. And I 'm dreadfully uneasy; for, you see, Mr. Grimes is so awfully determined, and so fearfully persevering, and I 'm so wretchedly weak, that really I almost feel as though I am lost. And now, here he is, and what *am* I to do? You must stay with me always, always, you know, Maudie dear; and not leave me alone for even so much as five minutes."

"O well, Georgie, you know, I am always with you, and I 'm sure you need never be alone, unless you run off by yourself."

"Yes, but that 's the very thing I mean. You must never let me run off by myself. I can't trust myself. I have no end of foolish impulses; and you see Mr. Grimes has me here quite in his own power. Here he is, with his great face and beard and voice, and his great, big eyes, carrying my chignon with him; and I know exactly what he 's going to do. He 'll put himself where I can see him, and pretend not to annoy me, and then he 'll look so pathetic that he 'll make me awfully sorry for him; and then, you know, I 'm so good-natured, and I 'll feel so sorry for him, that I 'll manage to draw him to me; and then he 'll begin a system of silent adoration that will be simply intolerable. I can't bear to be adored, Maudie dear."

"I 'm sure, Georgie," said Maud, with a weary sigh, "I 'll do all that I can. I think you are really giving yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble. I 'll always be with you, unless you choose to run away."

"Yes, but, Maudie dear, you must watch me, and follow me up, for, you know, you would n't like to lose me, — now, would you, Maudie? and I 'm the best sister you have and the most loving. To be sure, you have no other sister; but then, you know, I mean, even if you had twenty sisters, none of them could love you as I do. Now could they, Maudie? But, my poor

darling! what is the matter with you?"

And Mrs. Lovell, whose protestation of affection had caused her to turn her thoughts more particularly to her sister, now noticed something about her which shocked her. She was excessively pale, and there was a suffering visible in her face which was more striking than the ordinary expression of mere dejection which had characterized her recently. In an instant all Mrs. Lovell's fears for herself fled away in deep anxiety about her sister.

"You poor darling!" she cried. "How foolish I have been! I have n't thought of you. And I might have known. Really, Maudie, I did n't think of Mr. Carrol being here too. But how very, very odd! And how cruel it is too! What in the world could have made *him* come! With him it is different; he has treated you most shockingly, and has shown no desire to make amends. Why should he follow you?"

"I 'm sure I don't know," said Maud, with a dreary sigh.

"He 's a heartless, cruel, miserable, man," cried Mrs. Lovell, vehemently. "Just at the very moment when you might hope for change of scene and all that to distract your thoughts, *he* comes forcing himself upon your notice, to show you how indifferent he is. The wretch! O Maudie, never, never can I forgive him for the grief he has caused you. Of course this is all his mean and ungentlemanly spite."

Maud was silent.

"After you had stooped so low too, Maudie. You actually descended to an explanation, and he did n't deign to answer it. He could n't forgive the offence to his dignity, even after he must have seen that the offence was never really committed. Or perhaps he knew he had done you a deep wrong, and was too proud to acknowledge it. Of course that was it, unless, indeed, he may have repented of his proposal altogether, and chose this way of getting out of it. But what makes him follow us? In any case it seems a strange course. Nothing but petty spite can account for it, and that is the most probable cause; for do you know, Maudie, that is the way with men. O, it is, I assure you! They are very much influenced by all the smaller passions, such as jealousy, envy, malice, and miserable spite. Nearly all men are more or less spiteful; and it is this feeling of spite that has brought him here. But, Maudie dear, will you really allow yourself to be made unhappy by such an unworthy creature? Can't you fall back upon your pride, and look at him with that utter indifference which he deserves? O dear, Maudie, how I wish I could give you a little of my strength of character!"

Maud said nothing for some time, and when at last she did speak it was in a low monotone, which sounded rather as if she were uttering her thoughts aloud, than as if she were addressing a remark to her sister.

"Yes, he must have received my letter. He must know now exactly how it happened. I expected that he would have come at once to me. But he would n't; and I waited for days that seemed ages. He was offended perhaps because even a mistake had arisen, and his pride could not bend so far as to come to a reconciliation. He has thought of me ever since with the resentful and angry feeling that he expressed in his last letter. Having written that, he could not retract it. It seemed to him as though he might be confessing that he had been in a wrong. He has chosen rather to let the error remain, and for the sake of a foolish and frantic self-conceit, to sacrifice me. It was that which I saw in his face to-day. Why he has followed me I can't imagine, unless he has been prompted by that same self-conceit which now leads him to show himself to me, so that I may see how indifferent he is to me. No doubt he wants me to feel that he is ashamed of the love that he once professed. He has evidently followed me with a purpose, and it could not possibly have been an accident, for he came deliberately to show himself almost as soon as we had left the wharf. He put

himself in a place where I should be sure to see him, and as I turned round he fixed upon me that cold, cruel stare, the remembrance of which haunts me even now. But O, Georgie! did n't you see how fearfully he has changed? How pale, how awfully pale he is!"

"Is he?" said Mrs. Lovell, in an indifferent tone. "Well really, I scarce noticed him at all. I was too confused, you know."

"Well," said Maud, after another long silence, "I am not one of those who can be meek under open insult and contempt. He shall find that the scorn which he is so eager to show can be met by equal scorn from me. He shall see no weakness in me. I will show him that life has other things for me of far more value than a silly sentiment."

"O Maudie! my dear darling!" burst forth Mrs. Lovell, enthusiastically. "How I love to hear you talk so! That 's right; be a grand, great, bold, brave, wise woman. Do you know, darling, that is my highest ideal of humanity? And only to think of *you* being all that! I 'm sure *I* try hard," she continued in a plaintive voice, — "I try hard to be that myself, but I 'm sometimes a little afraid that I don't succeed so well as I wish to. But I intend now to begin again; let 's both of us begin, Maudie; let 's be both of us great and grand and bold and brave and wise. Will you, Maudie dearest? Say yes, darling."

"I don't know I 'm sure," said Maud, absently. "I 'll do whatever you wish, Georgie, of course."

"And so you do, you precious; and so we 'll both of us make our lives sublime. For my part, I despise men more than ever," continued Mrs. Lovell, suddenly darting aside from the idea with which she started, and reverting to her favorite topic; "but then if they are false and fickle and weak, why, we should remember that it is the common failing of their sex, should n't we, Maudie dear? But, Maudie, do you intend to avoid him?"

"Avoid him?" asked Maud.

"Yes; do you feel at all weak about seeing him?"

"There is no danger," said Maud, "but that I shall always have pride enough to sustain me against the open scorn of any one. He shall not find me trying to avoid him; I shall let him see that he cannot persecute me, for the simple reason that I will not allow myself to be persecuted. And he shall find that his presence in this boat will not make me vary one hair's breadth from my usual course."

IX.

AN APPARITION.

WHEN Carrol turned away at that unexpected meeting with Miss Heathcote, he was quite overwhelmed with the new emotion that it called up within him, and had the most indefinite idea in the world of what he was to do. He wandered, therefore, in a blind, vague sort of a way, until he found himself in his state-room. Grimes, too, who was equally confused, indulged in an equally vague course of wandering, and instinctively following his friend, he entered the same enclosure, and then, shutting the door, the two sat in silence, looking at one another.

"Wal," said Grimes, at length, "ain't this rich! Of all the darn'dest! Only to think of everybody tumbling in here together in this here boat, and at the very beginnin' of the voyage, too! It does beat all creation!"

"I don't understand it all," said Carrol, moodily. "How the Devil did *she* get here, of all places? When did they leave? What did they leave for? Where are they going?"

"You need n't ask any more questions of that sort," said Grimes, "I give it up at the outset. I 'm nowhar. Don't direct any of your observations to me."

And Grimes began to rub his shingled hair in a most violent manner, and then a long silence followed.

"I see how it is," said Carrol, at length. "It 's beginning to be intelli-

gible, though the Devil himself must have contrived that she and I should find ourselves in the same boat. But I see how it is. She has heard about — about *that affair*, and has got a bad fright. She is in deep affliction. She looked sad enough, by heaven! and had enough sorrow in her face to suffice for a dozen Frenchmen; she 's mourning over her vanished coronet. This great calamity has spoiled her game. She finds that her comedy has become a tragedy. It 's the town talk; she has fled from people's tongues. Aha! what a fright she must have had when she saw me! Perhaps she will inform on me; I should like that; I should have *her* hauled up as chief witness; but there 's no danger of that; she would n't dare to do it. O no, she 'll pray for my escape from a trial, out of consideration for her precious self! By heaven! she 'll begin by this time to learn that she made a slight mistake when she first undertook to make a decoy duck of *me!*"

"See here, my son," said Grimes, "listen to me for a moment. I don't like this. I acknowledge that you 've had a hard row to hoe, but at the same time I swear I won't set here and hear you abuse a young woman in that infernal fashion. What 's the use of bein' a live man if one 's goin' to talk like a darned jackass? Now I dare say she 's not acted altogether on the square; but at the same time that does n't give you any right to use such language as you do. I don't believe anythin' of the sort. I judge her by her face, and I say that a woman with a face like hers can't be the infernal fiend that you make out. She can't do it, nohow. Besides, even if she was, she 's a woman, and for that very reason she had ought to be sacred from abuse and slander and defamation. My idee is that women as a general thing have a precious hard time of it on this planet, and if one of them doos n't happen to turn out just as we like, we had n't ought to pitch into her in that red-hot style. And finally, let me impress upon you the fact, which has been made known to me by a long and profound study of human nature, that no human bein' that has given himself up to iniquity and meanness and baseness can ever have such a face as the face that belongs to that young woman. It can't be done, nohow."

During these remarks Carrol stared gloomily at Grimes, but the latter took no notice of him. Grimes himself had on his broad honest face a gloom but little inferior to that of Carrol. There was once more visible in his expression that bewilderment and perplexity which had shown itself before on listening to Carrol's story. The encounter with the ladies had evidently created a new puzzle which had joined itself to the former one, and complicated it. So he sat in silence, involved in his own thoughts, and struggling to emerge from his bewilderment.

Carrol meanwhile sat with his head buried in his hands. At last he raised it, and said as if to himself, "What are they doing here? How did they happen to come on this boat?"

Grimes started up.

"Wal," said he, "that 's easy answered. In the first place, they have as much right here as you or me. In the second place, I beg leave to call your attention to the fact that this is a free country. Women have a hard time of it as a general thing, but after all they have certain inalienable rights, among which may be mentioned as self-evident truths their natural right to life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the privilege of travellin' wherever they darn please, so long as they 're able to pay their way."

"It 's hard to have them here. It 's damned hard," said Carrol.

"O, you need n't blame her. 'T ain't likely she did it on purpose."

"I should hope not."

"Depend upon it, she would n't have come by this boat if she 'd 'a' known you were on board."

"No, I don't see how she could wish to be so close to me."

"She came because this boat was the first and directest, and because her

sister brought her. As for you, my son, don't be alarmed. The boat 's large enough for you two. You can avoid her. Go forward when you are on deck, and let her stay astern. And at the same time, let me advise you to try and get out of that infernal habit of vilifying her. For my part, I think there 's a mistake somewhere or somehow, and so I never believe half of what you say on that subject. Your suspicions are false somehow, I do believe. Why, man, that face of hers is enough for me; I believe in faces, I do; and I tell you what, if ever there was nobility of nature stamped upon any face, it 's on hers. How is it possible that any one with such a face can be what you say?"

"O, damn it, man!" burst forth Carrol, "don't talk to me about her face. Don't I know it better than you do? Don't I know every feature by heart? Won't I always have to remember it? Have n't I thought all the time of the horrible contrast between her face and her nature? I tell you, it was her face that lured me to destruction. Destruction? Yes; and mind you, when I say that word I mean it. Look at me. Have you forgotten what I told you a short time ago? Let me tell you now, what I owe to that face of hers, which you think so noble. I 'll speak of her for the last time, and promise never to mention her again."

Carrol drew a long breath. His agitation was excessive. He spoke quick and short. His face was white, and his lips bloodless, while his gestures, which were formerly few and far between, were now vehement and frequent.

"First of all," he continued, "she encouraged me, and led me on, — she led me on," he repeated savagely, "till I was too far gone to haul off easily, and then picked up that Frenchman. She encouraged him too, and secretly. She fought *me* off judiciously, so as not to lose me, and at the same time she stealthily cultivated *him*. She used *me* as her infernal decoy to work upon *him*. She played with my most sacred feelings and trifled with my life for no other reason than her own insatiable but silly vanity. At last I proposed. She rejected me, but accepted the other. You know the result. I need n't go over that again."

Carrol paused, in terrible excitement; his breathing was quick and spasmodic; and his set brows and clenched hands showed the intensity of his feeling.

"Here am I," he exclaimed. "Look at me now. Look at me. What am I? Think of my position a few days ago, and then think of me now. What am I? What?" he repeated. "Why this, — I 'm an outlaw, — a fugitive, — hunted down, — forced to fly, — an exile forevermore, — my life forfeited. Life is for me only a curse. Death is welcome. What am I?" he continued. "I 'm a murderer!" he answered, in a low, thrilling voice. "That 's what I am. I bear on my brow the mark of Cain. A murderer! A murderer! Abhorred of man, and accursed of God!"

He stopped, overwhelmed by his agitated feelings, and again buried his face in his hands.

To all this Grimes had no answer to make. In fact, as he sat there, erect and rigid, with his eyes fixed upon the bowed form of his friend, there seemed in him some portion of that emotion which convulsed the other. His old look of bewilderment came over his face, and with it there came an expression of trouble, and grief, and deep concern, and self-reproach. He did not utter one single word.

At last Carrol started up.

"I can't stand this," he exclaimed, "I feel half suffocated. I must go on deck."

With these words he opened the door and went out. Grimes did not follow him, but sat there, motionless and thoughtful. He only moved once to shut the door, and then, resuming his former position, he gave himself up to his perplexed thoughts.

When the steamer left the wharf it was midday, but hours had passed

since then. It was now twilight. All around extended the broad surface of the ocean, over which the steamer forced her way, urged on by the mighty engines whose dull rumble sounded from below. Carrol reached the deck, and stood for some minutes looking around. Overhead was the clear sky; all around was the dark water. The sun had set, and the shadows of night were descending, but objects were still discernible.

Carrol looked around, and then strolled slowly forward about half the length of the vessel. There he stopped and sat down, and gave himself up to his gloomy thoughts.

His sudden meeting with Grimes had been a relief to the strain of his feelings, and even the excitement of seeing Miss Heathcote had only served to distract his mind from the one dark subject on which it incessantly brooded. But now the relief and the distraction had passed, and the old inevitable remorse returned, and with the remorse came the harrowing fear of retribution; such feelings as these now filled his soul as he sat here, and withdrew his attention from the scene around. The darkness which was descending over that scene was analogous to the darkness that was overshadowing his mind.

Bitter indeed were his thoughts, and dark and sad and despairing. This, then, was the possibility of life, that the folly of a moment could blight it all, a short instant of self-forgetfulness, and then came inexorable Fate, dragging him down to crime and remorse and ruin and despair. For him there was absolutely no remedy. No sorrow, no repentance, could now avail. The deed was done. The inevitable consequences must be his. The wages of sin are death, and so, it seemed, are the consequences even of folly.

From these meditations he sought refuge in that which was now his chief resort from the gloom of his soul,—his brandy-flask. As he unscrewed the stopper he thought grimly of a saying which he had once heard from Grimes.

"A murderer," said he, "always turns out bad. You see most people after murder take to drink; and they do, as a general thing, drink *hard*, and turn out poor cusses. Therefore I would n't advise anybody to commit murder if he can help it."

The flask was slowly uncorked. Holding the stopper in his right hand, Carrol raised the flask in his left. At the same moment he raised his head, and his mouth was already parted to receive the approaching liquor, when suddenly in the very crisis of this act his attention was arrested by a figure that stood on the opposite side of the ship, directly facing him.

He was sitting about a half-dozen yards aft the funnel. Behind the funnel a lamp was suspended, whose light shone down through the gloom. It shone upon Carrol, and it shone also upon the figure which had arrested his attention at that critical moment.

Human experience has taught us that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip; and human experience also teaches us that when a slip takes place under such circumstances, it is the result of something serious. Now, when the cup is such a nature as this of Carrol's, and when the lip belongs to a man who is filled with a desperate craving for this cup, as the only solace to his despair, why, then, it 'stands to reason that the union of the two can only be prevented by something of the most astonishing kind.

It was evident that Carrol saw in this figure something that was sufficiently astonishing to arrest the progress of his hand.

The figure stood there, indistinct in the gloom; but the light from the lantern shone upon its face, leaving the rest of it less visible. On its head was a very commonplace felt hat; but the face that was revealed beneath it was not at all commonplace. It was a very pale face; it had a short beard and a mustache; and the eyes were wide and staring, and fixed on Carrol. To Carrol there seemed a horrible meaning in

those wide-staring eyes, with their fixed gaze; something not of this earth, something that was the natural result of his crime. In an instant there flashed through his mind the memory of that Night of Horror, in the old house, face to face with his enemy; again the agony was renewed, his senses again were maddened by that dread scene; once more there resounded the thunder of the exploding pistol, followed by that abhorrent noise of the fall of the victim. The renewal of that horror unnerved him. The flask fell from his hand. He started to his feet, and staggered forward toward the figure, under the influence of a terrible fascination.

James DeMille.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

ALL the members of the Club were assembled, but the Ancient had not yet made his appearance. He was dining that evening, as it happened, with a wealthy banker, and there was no possibility of omitting one of the seventeen courses, or escaping before the coffee and *liqueurs*. As the oldest of the members, the duties of chairman were always conferred on him whenever a decision became necessary, and all assumed, as a matter of course, that the Diversions should be suspended until his arrival. But the conversation, meanwhile, settled upon him as its subject. Zoïlus and one of the Chorus were not as old acquaintances as the Gannet and Galahad, which circumstance led, after his nature had been genially discussed, to the following digression: —

ZOÏLUS (*to* THE GANNET). I had not often met him familiarly, in this way, before. He is a good, mellow-natured companion, and not at all dogmatic, that is, in a direct way; but I can see the influence of his Boston associations. There is a great deal of external tact and propriety in that city. Now, *our* impetuous, keen, incisive atmosphere —

THE GANNET (*interrupting*). Spare me the "incisive"! It has been overdone, as an effect, and will be the ruin of you, yet. If I had as much faith as Galahad there, I should believe as the Ancient does. But, since you will have the "incisive," where can you find sentences more clearly cut — the very intaglio of style — than in Holmes?

ZOÏLUS (*angrily*). And do you remember what he wrote of our New York authors, —

> "Whose fame, beyond their own abode,
> Extends — for miles along the Harlem road"?

THE GANNET. Yes, and don't you know who they were? Why, their fame does n't reach up to Twenty-third Street, now! It was a deliberate attempt, by a small clique, to manufacture the Great American Literature. The materials were selected in advance, the style and manner settled, and then the great authors went to work. Like the Chinese mechanics who copied a steamboat, the external imitation was perfect; but there were no inside works, and it would n't move a paddle! When you speak of our legitimate authors, here in New York, what name first comes to your lips? Bryant, of course; and have you forgotten how Holmes celebrated him? and how his was the only garland of verse thrown upon Halleck's grave?

ZOÏLUS. Nevertheless, they systematically depreciate what we do; they are only kind and considerate towards one another. You remember Poe's experience?

THE ANCIENT (*entering the room*). Which one, pray?

ZOÏLUS. Of Boston. But they did not and have not put *him* down!

THE ANCIENT. Why, no; he put himself down, that time: I happened to be there, and I saw the performance. I guess that you and the Gannet have been repeating your usual tilt; why not say, as Goethe did of the comparisons made between himself and Schiller, "Instead of quarrelling about which of us is the greater, people ought simply to be thankful for having us both"? Thirty or forty years ago, when Lowell and Whipple were boys, Longfellow and Holmes young authors, Emerson considered little better than daft, and Whittier almost outlawed on account of his antislavery opinions, the literary society here included Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Willis, and Halleck, then the foremost American authors. The chief literary periodicals were here and in Philadelphia; and Boston, although the average of intellectual culture was always higher there than elsewhere, occupied quite a secondary place. But I don't remember that there was ever any jealousy or rivalry; and I confess I can't understand the spirit which fosters such a feeling now.

ZOÏLUS. You have passed the age when you care for recognition.

THE ANCIENT. Have I, indeed? Pray, when does that age cease? If I had a more general recognition, at present, — by which I mean the ascription to me of exactly the literary qualities which I think I possess, — I should be stimulated to do more and possibly better work. I began authorship at a time when there was not much discrimination between varieties of literary talent, when such fearful stuff as "Agathé, a Necromaunt: in Three Chimæras," by a man named Tasistro, was published in "Graham's Magazine," and when a dentist in Rhode Island wrote a poem in heroic verse, called "The Dentiad."

THE GANNET. What was his name?

THE ANCIENT. Solyman Brown. I must quote to you an exquisite passage: —

> "Whene'er along the ivory disks are seen
> The rapid traces of the dark gangrene,
> When caries come, with stealthy pace, to throw
> Corrosive ink-spots on those banks of snow,
> Brook no delay, ye trembling, suffering Fair,
> But fly for refuge to the dentist's care.
> His practised hand, obedient to his will,
> Employs the slender file with nicest skill;
> Just sweeps the germin of disease away,
> And stops the fearful progress of decay."

ZOÏLUS. The latest nursling of Darwin's "Botanic Garden"! It is not antithetical enough for Pope. Surely, that was not a popular poem?

THE ANCIENT. I was too young to know. I only mention it as one of the chaotic elements out of which has grown what little permanent literature we now have. Probably three fourths of the writers then commencing their career might have developed some sound practical ability, with a little intelligent guidance; they were not strong enough to beat their own way out of the wilderness. When I look back upon it, I can see the bones of immortal works bleaching on all sides.

THE GANNET. As ours will bleach for the young fellows who sit here in 1900! While you were speaking, the thought occurred to me that no young poet in England can possibly be as green at his entrance into literature as the most of us must inevitably be. I begin to see that a conventional standard is better than none; for if it does not guide, it provokes resistance; either way, therefore, the neophyte acquires a definite form and style.

THE ANCIENT. To that extent, I agree with you. But we also have a standard, only those who accept it are fewer, and so scattered over the whole country that their authority is not immediately felt. They distinguish between what is temporary and what is permanent, in spite of the general public. And this ought to be our great comfort, if we are in earnest, that no power on earth can keep alive a sensational reputation.

ZOÏLUS. How do you account for the popularity of such single poems as "The River of Time," (is that the title of it?) and "Beautiful Snow," and "Rock me to sleep, Mother?" Why,

hardly a week passes, but I see a newspaper dispute about the authorship of one or the other of them! To me they are languishing sentiment, not poetry.

THE ANCIENT. "Sentiment" sufficiently accounts for their popularity. Put some tender, thoroughly obvious sentiment into rhyme which sounds like the melody of a popular song, and it will go through hides which are impervious to the keenest arrows of the imagination. But how much more unfortunate for us, if it were not so! This gives us just the fulcrum we need if our literature is ever to be an Archimedean lever. I find myself a great deal happier since I have set about discovering the reason of these manifestations of immature taste, instead of lamenting over them, or cursing them, as I once did.

ZOÏLUS (*ironically*). Then I have not attained your higher stand-point?

THE GANNET (*offering him the hat*). Here, pick out one of the caged birds, and make him sing! The prelude of chords and discords has lasted long enough; let the orchestra now fall into a lively melody.

ZOÏLUS. Ha! How shall I manage Bryant?

GALAHAD. Or I, Oliver Wendell Holmes?

THE GANNET. Or I, N. P. Willis?

GALAHAD. Let us either exchange, or deal again!

THE ANCIENT. No! As chairman, I declare such a proposition out of order. You must not pick out those authors with whose manner you are most familiar, or whom you could most easily imitate. That would be no fair and equal test; and there must be a little emulation, to keep your faculties in nimble playing condition. I am as oddly tasked as either of you, — see, I have drawn Tennyson! — yet, for the sake of good example, I 'll work with you this time. Let us surrender ourselves, like spiritual mediums, to the control of the first stray idea that enters our brains: anything whatever will do for a point to start from. I am curious to know what will come of it.

ZOÏLUS. So am I. Here goes. (*Writes.*)

THE GANNET. We must first have our glasses filled; Galahad, ring for the waiter!

(*A silence of fifteen or twenty minutes follows. As the first one who has completed his task lifts his head with a sigh of relief, the others write with a nervous haste; but all wait for the last one.*)

THE GANNET. You were ready first, Zoïlus.

ZOÏLUS. Then it was not because I had the least difficult task. Perhaps our Ancient can tell me why it is so difficult to make an echo for Bryant's verse. To parody any particular poem, such as "The Death of the Flowers," would be easy enough, I should think; but I was obliged to write something independent in Bryant's manner. Now, when I asked myself, "What is his manner?" I could only answer, "Gravity of subject and treatment, pure rhythm, choice diction, and a mixture more or less strong of the moral element."

THE ANCIENT. You have fairly stated his prominent characteristics, and your difficulty came from the fact that they are all so evenly and exquisitely blended in his verse, that no single one seems salient enough to take hold of. Bryant's range of subjects is not wide, but within that range he is a most admirable artist. He is of the same blood with Wordsworth, — a brother, not a follower, — and oftentimes seems cold, because his intellectual pitch is high. I confess *I* find the powers of control, temperance, self-repression, abnegation of sentiment for a purpose which aims beyond it, in his poems, rather than a negative coldness. His literary position, it is true, is very isolated. He has both kept aloof from the temporary excitements in our poetic atmosphere, and he has rarely given any direct expression of an aspiration for the general literary development of our people, or of sympathy with those who felt and fostered it. Neverthe-

less, we cannot fairly go beyond an author's works, in our judgments; and I suspect we shall all agree, as Americans, in estimating the amount of our debt to Bryant.

GALAHAD. You have so put down my natural reverence that I don't dare to protest. But when I see Bryant in Broadway, with his magnificent Homeric beard, I wonder the people don't take off their hats as he passes. Why, seventy years ago, the stolid Berliners almost carried Schiller on their shoulders as he came out of the theatre; the raging mob of '48 did homage to Humboldt; and every other people, it seems to me, in every other civilized land, has rendered some sort of honor to its minstrels. But I cannot recollect that we have ever done anything.

THE GANNET. Yes, we have done a little, but not much, — after death. A few men have given Halleck a monument, and two men have put up busts of Irving and Bryant in our parks. There was a public commemoration of Cooper, at which Webster (who knew nothing and cared nothing about our literature) officiated; but that was the end of it. The Bryant Festival was almost a private matter; the public was not represented, and one author belonging to the same club refused to take any part in it, on account of the political views of the poet!

THE ANCIENT. We are forgetting our business. Zoïlus has the floor.

ZOÏLUS. I told you I had a hard task; therefore I shall not be vexed if you tell me I have failed. (*Reads.*)

THE DESERTED BARN.

Against the gray November sky,
  Beside the weedy lane, it stands;
To newer fields they all pass by,
  The farmers and their harvest hands.

There is no hay within the mow;
  The racks and mangers fall to dust;
The roof is crumbling in, but thou,
  My soul, inspect it and be just.

Once from the green and winding vale
  The sheaves were borne to deck its floor;
The blue-eyed milkmaid filled her pail,
  Then gently closed the stable-door.

Once on the frosty winter air
  The sound of flails afar was borne,
And from his natural pulpit there
  The preacher cock called up the morn.

But all are gone: the harvest men
  Work elsewhere now for higher pay;
The blue-eyed milkmaid married Ben,
  The hand, and went to Ioway.

The flails are banished by machines,
  Which thresh the grain with equine power;
The senile cock no longer weans
  The folk from sleep at dawning hour.

They slumber late beyond the hill,
  In that new house which spurns the old;
In gorgeous stalls the kine are still,
  The horse is blanketed from cold.

But I from ostentatious pride
  And hollow pomp of riches turn,
To muse that ancient barn beside:
  Pause, pilgrim, and its lesson learn;

So live, that thou shalt never make
  A mill-pond of the mountain-tarn,
Nor for a gaudy stable take
  The timbers of thy ruined barn!

GALAHAD. I vow I don't know whether that is serious, or a burlesque imitation!

THE ANCIENT. Then Zoïlus has fairly succeeded. The grave, autumnal tone was indispensable, for it stamps itself on the minds of nine out of ten who read Bryant; just as we always associate Wordsworth with mountain walks and solitary musings. Did you ever see Kuntze's statuette of Bryant? He is sitting, and beside him, on the ground, there is only a buffalo-skull. Of course, you at once imagine a prairie mound, with nothing in sight, — which is carrying the impression altogether too far; for his poems on the apple-tree and the bobolink are entirely human.

GALAHAD (*earnestly*). There is much more than that in his poetry! There is the evidence of a high imaginative quality, which, for some reason or other, he seems to hold in check! Read "The Land of Dreams" and his poem on "Earth," where there is something about the

> "Hollows of the great invisible hills
> Where darkness dwells all day —"

I can't remember all the passage, but it is exceedingly fine! Generally, he reins himself up so tightly that you cannot feel the fretting of the bit; but rarely, when he lets himself go, for a

few lines, you get a glimpse of another nature.

THE ANCIENT. Just therein, I think, lies his greatest service to American literature. There have always been, and always will be, enough of wild mustangs, unbridled foals, who dash off at a gallop and can't stop themselves at the proper goal, but pant and stagger a mile beyond it. With Bryant's genius, he might have undertaken much more; but he has hoarded his power, and how freshly it serves him still!

> "No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
> But rising, still rising, then passing away."

Who wrote those lines?

THE GANNET. He who speaks through me to-night, — Willis. But Galahad comes next in order.

GALAHAD. I have really a better right to complain of the severity of my task than Zoïlus. One can't imitate humor without possessing it, — which I 'm not sure that I do. Between "Old Ironsides" and the "One-Hoss Shay," Holmes has played in a great many keys, and I was forced to echo that one which seemed easiest to follow. (*Reads.*)

THE PSYCHO-PHYSICAL MUSE.

O Muse, descend, or, stay! — evolve thy presence from within,
For all conditions now combine, and so I must begin:
The wind is fresh from west-nor'west, the sky is deepest blue,
Thermometer at seventy, and pulse at seventy-two.

At breakfast fish-balls I consumed; the phosphates are supplied!
The peccant acid in my blood by Selters alkalied;
As far as I can see the works, my old machine of thought
Runs with its cogs and pivots oiled, as if in Waltham bought.

The main-spring is elastic yet, the balance-wheel is trim,
And if "full-jewelled" one should think, let no one scoff at him!
Odi profanum vulgus, — well! the truth is t' other way;
But one eupeptic as myself can always have his say.

Suppose I let the wheels run on, till fancy's index-hand
Points to a verse-inspiring theme and there inclines to stand?
Between the thought and rhythmic speech there often yawns a chasm;
To bridge it o'er we only need a vigorous protoplasm.

With an unconscious sinciput, a cerebellum free,
I don't see why the loftiest lays should not be sung by me:
The fitful flushes of the Muse my diagnosis own:
I test her symptoms in the air as surely as ozone.

There 's just one thing that fails me yet; the fancies dart around
Like skittish swallows in the air, but none will touch the ground.
With such conditions 't were a sin to lay the pen aside,
But, with the mind close-girt to run, direction is denied.

I 've waited, now, an hour or more: I 'd take a glass of wine,
Save that I fear 't would send the pulse to seventy-eight or nine;
'T is that capricious jade, the Muse! — I know her tricks of old:
Just when my house is warm for her, she *will* prefer the cold!

THE GANNET. Ah, you 've only caught some general characteristics, not the glitter and flash of Holmes's lines! His humor is like a Toledo blade; it may be sheathed in a circular scabbard, but it always springs out straight and keen, and fit for a direct lunge. He is the only poet in the country who can write good "occasionals," without losing faith in the finer inspiration, or ceasing to obey it.

GALAHAD. You very well know we have no time for selection. I have been reading lately his "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," so that my imitation was really suggested by his prose.

THE ANCIENT. That is permitted. For my part, though I like Holmes's songs in all keys, I have always wished that he had written more such poems as "La Grisette," wherein we have, first of all, ease and grace, then just enough of sentiment, of humor, and of a light, sportive fancy to make a mixture wholly delightful, — a beverage that cheers, but not inebriates, in which there is neither headache nor morbid tears. Hood had the same quality, though he does n't often reveal it; so had Praed; so, I feel sure, had Willis, but in his case it was a neglected talent. When I say that we most sorely need this naïve, playful element in our literature, you may not agree with me; but, O, how tired I am of hearing that every

poem should "convey a lesson," should "inculcate a truth," should "appeal to the moral sense." Why, half our self-elected critics seem to be blind to the purely æsthetic character of our art! No man — not even the greatest — can breathe a particular atmosphere all his life, without taking some of its ingredients into his blood; and just those which seem best may be most fatal to the imaginative faculty. I suspect there has been more of battle in the intellectual life of Holmes than any of us knows.

ZOÏLUS. Now let us hear the Gannet.

THE GANNET. If it had been a leader for the "Home Journal," I should have found he task light enough; but Willis's poetic style is — as he would have said — rather un-come-at-able. (*Reads.*)

KEREN-HAPPUCH.

The comforters of Job had come and gone.
They were anhungered; for the eventide
Sank over Babylon, and smokes arose
From pottage cooked in palace and in tent.
Then Keren-happuch, from her lordly bower
Of gem-like jasper, and the porphyry floors
Swept by the satins of her trailing robe,
Came forth, and sat beside her father Job,
And gave him comfort, 'mid his painful boils,
And scraped him with a potsherd; and her soul
Rebelled at his unlovely misery,
And from her lips, that parted like a cleft
Of ripe pomegranates o'er their ruby teeth,
Broke forth a wail:

"Alas for thee, my sire!
And for the men and maidens of thy train,
And for thy countless camels on the plain,
More than thou didst require;
Thou mightst have sold them at the morning dawn
For heavy gold: at even they were gone!

"And they who dressed my hair
With agate braids and pearls from Samarcand
Have died; there is no handmaid in the land,
To make my visage fair:
Unpainted and unpowdered, lo! I come,
Gray with the ashes of my gorgeous home!

"Yea, thou and I are lone:
The prince who wooed me fled in haste away
From thine infection: hungered here I stray,
And find not any bone;
For famished cats have ravaged shelf and plate,
The larder, like my heart, is desolate!

"And it is very drear,
My sire, whose wealth and beauty were my pride,
To see thee so disfigured at my side,
Nor leech nor poultice near,
To save thy regal skin from later scars:
Yea, thou art loathsome by the light of stars!

"Go, hie thee to thy room,
And I will gather marjoram and nard,
And mix their fragrance with the cooling lard,
And thus avert thy doom.
A daughter's sacrifice no tongue can tell:
The prince will stay away till thou art well!"

GALAHAD. Now I must say, although I have enjoyed the travesty with you, that this gives me a pang. I can't forget Willis's sunny, kindly, and sympathetic nature, and the dreary clouding of his mind at the last. There was something very tragic in the way in which he clung to the fragments that remained, as one faculty after another failed him, and strove to be still the cheerful, sparkling author of old. I was hardly more than a boy when I first went to him, a few years ago, and no brother could have been kinder to me.

THE ANCIENT. There never was a poet more free from jealousy or petty rivalry, none more ready to help or encourage. As an author, he was damaged by too early popularity, and he made the mistake of trying to retain it through exaggerating the features of his style which made him popular; but neither homage nor defamation — and he received both in full measure — ever affected the man's heart in his breast. There was often an affectation of aristocratic elegance in his writings; yet, in his life, he was as natural a democrat as Walt Whitman, gentle, considerate, and familiar with the lowest whom he met, and only haughty towards ignorant or vulgar pretension. Poe said that he narrowly missed placing himself at the head of American literature, which was true of his career from 1830 to about 1845. By the by, I wish some one would undertake to write our literary history, beginning, say, about 1800.

ZOÏLUS. Set about it yourself! But, come, we are not to be cheated out of your contribution to-night; where is your Tennyson?

THE ANCIENT. I have added another to his brief modern idyls. (*Reads.*)

EUSTACE GREEN;

OR, THE MEDICINE-BOTTLE.

Here 's the right place for lunch; and if, ah me!
The hollies prick, and burr-weed grows too near,

We 'll air our eyesight o'er the swelling downs,
And so not mind them. While the Medoc chills
In ice, and yon champagne-flask in the sun
Takes mellower warmth, I 'll tell you what I did
To Eustace Green — last Cambridge-term it was,
Just when the snowball by the farmer's gate
Made jokes of winter at the garden rose.

No marvel of much wisdom Eustace was, —
You know him, Hal, — no high-browed intellect,
Such as with easy grab the wrangler's place
Plucks from the clutching hands of college youth,
But home-bred, as it were ; and all the stock,
His stalwart dad, and mother Marigold
(We called her), Kate, Cornelia, Joseph, Jane,
A country posy of great boys and girls.
But she, the mother, when the brown ash took
A livelier green beside the meadow-stile,
And celandines, the milky kine of flowers,
Were yellow in the lanes, hung o'er the fire
A caldron huge — oh me, it was a sight
To see her stir the many herbs therein !
Of yarrow, tansy, thyme, and camomile —
What know I all ? — she boiled and slowly brewed
The strange concoction : 't was an heirloom old,
The recipe, a sovran cure, and famed
From Hants to Yorkshire : this must Eustace take.
Not that the lubber lad was ill — O, no !
You did but need to punch him in the ribs,
To feel how muscle overlaid the bone ;
And as for trencher-practice, — trust me, Hal,
A donkey-load of lunch were none too much,
Were he here with us. Where was I ? — Ah, yes,
The medicine ! She gave it me with words
Many, and thrice repeated ; he should take,
Eustace, the dose at morn, and noon, and night,
For these were feverous times : she did not know,
Not she, what airs blew o'er the meads of Cam :
Preventive ounces weighed a pound of cure.
At last, I thrust the bottle in my sack,
And left her.

Now, returning Cambridge-wards,
Some devil tickled me to turn the thing
To joke, or was it humors in the blood,
Stirring, perchance, when, oysters out of date
And game prohibited, the stomach pines ?
Think as you will ; but to myself my mind
Thus reasoned : need to him of medicine
Is none : the green cicala in the grass
Chirps not more wholesome ; wherefore swiftly I
Will cast this useless brewage to the winds,
Yea, to the thistled downs ; and substitute —
Haply some ancient hostel glimmering near —
Laborious Boreal brandy, equal bulk.
And this, the thing accomplished, then did I
Proffer to Eustace Green, all eager he
For news of home and mother Marigold,
His dad and Kate, Cornelia, Joseph, Jane,
And Bloss, the ox, and Bounce, the plough-horse old,
One-eyed, and spavined. But the medicine
He took with : " Pshaw ! that beastly stuff again ?
Am I a rat that she should send the dose ? "
Then I : " Dear Eustace, times are feverous :
Malarial breezes blow across the Cam :
Preventive ounces weigh a pound of cure."
" O, damn your ounces ! " he profanely cried ;
" But if I must, I must ; so summon Giles,
The undertaker, when I take this dose,
And gently coffin me when now I die."
So drank ; and then, with great eyes all astare,
Cried : " Taste it, you ! Fourth-proof, O. P. and
S. T. X. ! —
We 'll have a punch ! " And that teetotal dame,
His mother, did we pledge in steaming punch,
She knowing not : and tears of laughter ran
Down both our cheeks, and trickled in the bowl,
Weakening the punch.

But now the Medoc 's chill,
And warm the sweet champagne ; so, while the copse
Clangs round us like the clang of many shields,
Down the long hollows to the dusky sea,
Let us, with sandwich and the hard-boiled egg,
Enjoy both nature's beauty and our own !

OMNES. Well done !

ZOÏLUS. Why, you have caught the very trick of Tennyson's blank-verse ! If you had only warmed the Medoc and chilled the champagne, I should hardly know the difference. But how did you ever happen to invent a motive, or plot, all complete, on the spur of the moment ?

THE ANCIENT. Ah, you force me to confess : I did n't invent it. It was a trick I played myself, on a friend, in our young days ; and, by good luck, it came to my memory just at the right time. Therefore, having the subject, the imitation of Tennyson's manner was easy enough. I 'm glad, however, that you think it successful ; for it justifies me in holding fast to the principle we accepted, and which I was obliged to enforce to-night. You know that my own scattering poems are quite unlike — however long the interval between — anything of Tennyson's ; but I have made it a point, for years past, to study the individual characteristics of the poets, and this proves how easily those which are superficial and obvious may be copied.

ZOÏLUS. May I ask what your private estimate of Tennyson, as a poet, is ?

THE ANCIENT. Of course ! While I might, possibly, agree with his keenest critics in regard to many details of style or expression, especially in his earlier poems, I yield to no one in the profoundest respect for his noble loyalty to his art. Tennyson is a poet, who, recognizing the exact quality of his gift, has given all the forces of his mind, all the energies of his life, to perfect it. I can see that he has allowed no form of knowledge, which this age has developed, to arise without assimilating,

at least, its substance; but all is employed in the sole service of his poetic art. He began with something of the rank, "lush" luxuriance of style which Keats was just leaving behind him when he died: he now rises, often to a majestic simplicity and dignity which nearly remind me of Milton. Not that the two are similar, in any particular; but Tennyson, like scarcely any other except Schiller, has achieved high success as a poet by comprehending clearly both his powers and their limitations. How easily, by mistaking his true work, he might have scattered his rays, instead of gathering them into a clear focus of light! All honor to him, I say, in this age, when so many writers degrade their gift by making it subservient to worldly ends!

GALAHAD (*with enthusiasm*). You make me happy!

THE GANNET. I should say, nevertheless, that he was well paid in ringing guineas. For instance —

ZOÏLUS. "The continuation in next week's New York Ledger!" Do you know that it is one o'clock?

OMNES (*starting up*). We go — but we return! [*Exeunt.*

THE BROOK'S MESSAGE.

LITTLE brook, that glideth through the meadows,
Rustling past the clumps of tufted reeds;
Deep and quiet 'neath the alder shadows,
Swirling round the tangled water-weeds;
Little brook, to me a happy presage
In thy steadfast pressing toward the sea,
On thy constant waves a little message,
Bear my love from me.

Seek him where those waves, grown slow and weary,
Languish through the dull streets of the town;
Where, instead of flowers, faces dreary,
Peer into thy mirror stained and brown.
Tell him that beside thy crystal fountains,
Where the shy bird dips, and flies away,
In the purple shadows of the mountains,
Waiting him, I stay.

Tell him, little brook, — but whisper lowly,
Lest the gossip breezes hear thee tell, —
That amid this mountain silence holy,
Quiet hearts may learn love's lesson well.
Tell him I am patient, though so lonely,
For the heavens reflect hope's sunny hue;
Tell him, brook, how some one loves him, — only
Do not tell him who!

Kate Hillard.

IMMIGRATION.

THERE is a belief held by a few in both Europe and America, that the climate of the United States is unfavorable to the Caucasian constitution. This is put forth distinctly by Mr. Clibborne, in a paper which he read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Cheltenham, in 1856, entitled "The Tendency of the European Races to become extinct in the United States." This was published in the volume of Transactions of the society for that year.

The sum of Mr. Clibborne's idea is embraced in the following sentence: "From the general unfitness of the climate to the European constitution, coupled with the occasional pestilential visitations which occur in the healthier localities, on the whole, on an average of three or four generations, extinction of the European races in North America would be almost certain, if the communication with Europe were entirely cut off." Knox repeats this opinion in his English lectures on the races of men.*

The existence and rapid increase of the large population in the United States are held not to conflict with this theory, for these facts are explained by the supposition that our people are composed mostly of strangers from abroad and their children, whose families are extraordinarily fertile in the first generation in America, although they soon become sterile, and in course of a century or less, yield their places to new arrivals, as their predecessors had done for ages before them, and as their successors will do forever after them.

Mr. Louis Schade, in his work published at Washington, in 1856, affirms this principle of American deterioration of human life, and says that the power of natural increase of those who were here eighty-two years ago is reduced to the annual rate of 1.38 per cent, while all the rest of the growth of population within that period is due to new immigrants and their very fruitful families.

Mr. Frederic Kapp, in an address read before the American Social Science Association and printed in their Journal for 1870, warmly supports this doctrine, and says that "it is the great merit of Mr. Schade to have first applied the true principle of computing the gain of population."*

M. A. Carlier, a French traveller in this country, and writer, in his *Mémoire sur l'Acclimatement des Races en Amérique*, read before the Société d'Anthropologie, of Paris, and printed in their Transactions, endeavors to sustain the same doctrine of the decadence of population in America, and quotes Mr. Schade in proof of his opinion.

In harmony with these views, are some seemingly wild opinions as to the number of people of foreign birth living now in the United States. The Bishop of Cassel said in the House of Lords, of Great Britain, "There are seven million natives of Ireland in the United States." A speaker in a public meeting of Germans in New York said, "We have four millions of our countrymen here." Disraeli, in "Lothair," makes Monsignore Berwick, who is represented as a man of rare intelligence, say, "We have twelve million Catholics in the United States."

To meet these opinions and to determine, as far as the attainable records will permit, exactly or approximately, the numbers of these foreigners and their descendants living in the United States, in the several decennial years of this century, 1800 to 1870, is the purpose of this article.

Immigration into the United States.

No organized system of ascertaining and recording the number and charac-

* Page 57.

* Page 16.

ter of the persons who came here from abroad existed previous to October 1, 1819. From that time the law of Congress required that all who come to the sea and lake ports should be registered at the custom-houses. Their names, ages, sex, nativity, occupation, and destination are ascertained and reported to the national government.

Since the law went into operation, in 1819, the State Department at first, and the Treasury Department latterly, have published annual reports of the number and character of the immigrants. So far as these documents go, they may be received with confidence. But there were manifest omissions at some ports in the earlier years, and they could give no account of foreigners who entered this country through other channels than the sea and lake ports.

No official account has been given of the arrivals, before October 1, 1819. Some statistical writers, however, made careful inquiries and estimated the extent of immigration. Mr. Blodgett thought the arrivals did not exceed four thousand a year, from 1789 to 1794. Dr. Seybert supposed there were six thousand a year, from 1790 to 1810.* Professor Tucker fixed the number at fifty thousand in the period 1790 to 1800, seventy thousand from 1800 to 1810, one hundred and fourteen thousand from 1810 to 1820, and two hundred thousand from 1820 to 1830.† The Professor's estimates are now admitted as correct by the best authorities.

European Immigration through the British Provinces.

There is no difficulty in determining the number who landed at our sea-ports and the lake-ports since October 1, 1819. But the doubtful problem is the number who came across the border, from and through Canada and New Brunswick, and escaped the notice of our national officers.

The censuses of Canada for 1842, 1851, and 1861, and those of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick for 1851 and 1861, show the numbers of foreigners that were then living in the British North American Provinces. The British emigration reports show the numbers that left the United Kingdom for these colonies in the intervals of those enumerations. Calculating the mortality of these emigrants at the usual annual rate, we have the numbers of their probable survivors in the several years of the census. Comparing these surviving immigrants with the Europeans living in the Provinces, in 1842, 1851, and 1861, the last were found insufficient to account for the first.

The survivors of those who left the United Kingdom for the British North American colonies exceeded the numbers of Europeans living there

Previous to 1842 by	110,518
Interval between 1842 and 1851 by . .	75,245
Interval between 1851 and 1861 by . .	9,053
	194,816

All others had either died or were absorbed into the provincial populations.

No account is given of these 194,816. Some of them may have returned to Europe. Probably most of them came across our border, and thus swelled our foreign population.

Immigration of British Provincials.

The number of natives of British Provinces, recorded in our immigration reports, do not account for all that appear in our censuses of 1850 and 1860. The custom-houses do not reach those who come directly by land. In the census of 1850 there are 100,692 British Provincials more than could be accounted for by the previous immigrant records. Besides the survivors of these in 1860, there were found by the enumerators of that year 72,286 more than had been officially reported. The last came between 1850 and 1860. The other 100,692 came previous to 1850, and probably arrived in periods similar to those in which other Provincials came by sea and by lake, and were registered in the custom-houses.

Those found living in 1850 and 1860

* Statistical Annals, p. 29.

† Progress of Population, Chap. X.

are the survivors of larger numbers, who had arrived in previous years. The actual arrivals include not only those living in 1850 and 1860, but also those who died after their passing the border, and before these dates.

Then the 100,692 British Provincials living in the United States in 1850 were the survivors of

5,325	who arrived	between	1820	and	1830
26,623	"	"	1830	"	1840
85,576	"	"	1840	"	1850
A total of 117,524	"	"	1820	"	1850

And the 72,286 who were living here in 1860, in excess of those who survived from 1850, represent 82,487 Provincial immigrants by land across the border between 1850 and 1860.

Thus those natives of Europe and the British Provinces who came from and through Canada and New Brunswick unnoticed by the American officers and not included in the immigration reports were : —

In Periods.	Provincials.	Europeans.	Totals.
1815 to 1820		12,157	12,157
1820 to 1830	5,325	26,524	31,849
1830 to 1840	26,623	56,364	82,987
1840 to 1850	85,576	90,718	176,294
1850 to 1860	82,787	9,053	91,840
1815 to 1860	200,311	194,816	395,127

These should be added, in their respective periods, to the numbers of immigrants given in government reports.

For the rest, in this paper, the national records are assumed, except that, when not deducted and when stated, those passengers who were natives of the United States, and also those who expressed an intention to reside elsewhere, are omitted, and 16,327 are added to the arrivals of 1820 to 1830, to compensate for the apparent deficiencies in some of the custom-house returns. These, with the 31,987 presumed to have come across the border, added to the sea-port and lake-port arrivals, make 200,000, the estimate of Professor Tucker.

By these means and from these sources, the following probable and certain numbers of foreign immigrants, from 1790 to 1860, are found : —

Period.	Immigrants.
Dec. 31, 1790 to Dec. 31, 1800,	50,000
Jan. 1, 1801 " " " 1810,	70,000
" " 1811 " " " 1820,	114,000
" " 1821 " " " 1830,	200,000
" " 1831 " " " 1840,	682,112
" " 1841 to May 31, 1850,	1,711,161
June 1, 1850 " " " 1860,	2,766,495
" " 1860 " " " 1870,	2,424,390
	8,018,156

Number of Foreigners living in each decennial Year.

It was desirable to determine the number of foreigners who were living in the United States, at each of the census or decennial years. In order to reach this, the numbers of the survivors of those who arrived in each decade are calculated at the annual rate of 2.4 per cent mortality and .976 per cent surviving, for the periods 1790 to 1850, and 2.625 per cent mortality for the period 1850 to 1860, and 2.2 per cent mortality for the last decade, 1860 to 1870, with the following results : —

Immigrants arriving in Periods and surviving in Years.

Arrive.		Surviving in Years.							
Period.	Number.	1800.	1810.	1820.	1830.	1840.	1850.	1860.	1870.
1790 – 1800	50,000	44,282	34,732	27,241	21,364	16,755	13,135	10,272	8,179
1800 – 1810	70,000		61,993	48,623	38,137	29,912	23,796	18,237	14,600
1810 – 1820	114,000			100,961	79,187	62,109	49,409	37,868	30,315
1820 – 1830	200,000				177,141	138,940	110,518	84,704	67,810
1830 – 1840	682,112					611,486	486,450	372,829	298,499
1840 – 1850	1,711,161						1,552,709	1,190,036	952,685
1850 – 1860	2,766,495							2,421,944	1,938,742
1860 – 1870	2,424,390								2,253,548
1790 – 1870	8,018,158	44,282	96,725	176,825	315,830	859,202	2,236,217	4,135,890	5,564,378
Census,							2,240,535	4,136,175	5,566,546
Error,							— 4,218	— 285	— 2,168

The results of the logarithmic calculations show the approximate numbers of foreigners who were living in the United States in the several decennial years since 1790. They agree very nearly with the census returns of foreigners in the years 1850, 1860, and 1870, when they were separately reported. They fall short, less than one in 500 in 1850, less than one in 14,000 in 1860, and less than one in 2,500 in 1870. The actual rates of mortality were a very slight fraction less than the rates herein assumed. These correspond very nearly with the rates determined and reported in the mortality volume of the eighth census, pages lix and 277.

The numbers of foreigners stated in the censuses of 1850, 1860, and 1870 are fixed points, beyond which we cannot pass. If we assume that the immigration was greater, in any of the periods, than is here given, it will be necessary to increase the rate of mortality in order to reduce their numbers to those then determined by enumeration.

Rate of Mortality among Immigrants.

The rates of death, 2.4 per cent previous to 1850, and 2.625 per cent 1850 to 1860, and 2.2 per cent 1860 to 1870, are very large. It must be considered that the immigrants include but a small proportion of those in the perilous periods of life, the very young and the aged, but they are mostly in the healthy ages, when the rate of mortality is very low. Among all the immigrants, from 1819 to 1860, there were only 7.9 per cent under five, and 10.2 per cent over forty years old. In a fixed population, as in England, there were 13.3 per cent under five and 24.6 per cent over forty.

The rate of mortality for thirty years in England, for all classes and ages, was 2.333 for males and 2.151 for females. But reducing the proportions of infants, children, and old people to those of the immigrants, and increasing the proportions of those who are between ten and forty to those of the immigrants, and allowing these, in their respective ages, the same rates of mortality that they now have in England, the general rate would be only 1.329 for males, and 1.338 for females. The rates thus assumed for the foreigners here (2.4, 2.625, and 2.2) are very high, almost double that of England, for persons in the same ages.

In these calculations, it is assumed that the immigrants of the first forty years were distributed in equal numbers over the years of the respective decades of their arrival, and that those who arrived in each year had a chance or hope of living through the remaining years of that, their first decade. Thus those who came in 1791 had a chance of living nine and a half years in that decade, to 1800; and the arrivals of 1795 a chance of four and a half years' life, and the average of the whole, in that decade, was five years. But in the subsequent decades, with the aid of the custom-house records, this average was determined precisely, by multiplying the arrivals of each year by the remaining years of the decade, and dividing the sum of the products by the whole number of arrivals. This gave five years for the arrivals, 1820–1830 and 1850–1860, four and a half years for those who came 1830–1840, and four years for those of 1840–1850, and four and one third years for the arrivals of the last decade.

The decades are assumed to end on the 31st of December, in 1800, 1810, 1820, 1830, and 1840. But afterward, in order to correspond with the census, they are assumed to end on the 31st of May. The period 1840 to 1850 is therefore only nine years and five months, all the others are ten years, and all the immigrants that enter on any decade, after that in which they arrived, are assumed to have a chance of living to its end.

Natural Increase of the American and Foreign Element of Population since 1790.

On this question there is probably a wider difference than in regard to the

numbers of the arrivals from abroad. And public opinion is singularly unsettled as to the extent of the foreign element, — the numbers of the natives of other countries who have come here since 1790, and of their children and grandchildren born in the United States.

Mr. Schade's Theory.

Mr. Schade supposed that the natural increase or excess of births over deaths in the American population was only 1.38 per cent a year; and all the surplus growth of the white population was due to the immigrants who came since 1790. Mr. Kapp and M. Carlier indorse Mr. Schade in this opinion.

This theory is founded on Table XVIII. in the Report of the seventh census, "Statistics of the United States, 1850," page xli. The table is entitled "Births, Marriages, and Deaths, Dwellings and Families." This table is repeated in the compendium of the seventh census, page 111. Comparing the numbers of births and deaths, Mr. Schade found the excess of the births over the deaths to be equal to 1.38 per cent of the total white and free colored population in 1850, and thence inferred that this was their annual rate of increase.

If Mr. Schade had examined this volume a little further, he would have seen that the column headed "births" did not give these facts, but merely the number of children under one year old living on the first day of June. Moreover, he would have seen a star at the head of the column referring to a note under the table, which says, "The figures include only those who were surviving at the end of the year, and therefore are but approximate." If he had looked further through this volume, he would have seen that Mr. De Bow, fearing the world would put confidence in this statement of the table which is repeated in regard to each State, also repeats this caveat on every page where this table or any part of it appears, — forty-four times in all, — and as often tells the reader that he must not believe his table, column, heading, or figures. And as if this were not sufficient, and there were still danger of misleading the people, he, on page xxxix, paragraph second, says, "The table of births, as is stated in the notes to each State, includes only those who were born in the year and were surviving at the end of it; in other words, it comprises the figures of the column of population under one year of age."

If Mr. Schade had looked at the law regulating the census of 1850, page xix, or the schedules, page xi, or the explanation of the schedules, page xxii, or the instructions to the marshals in the same volume, he would have seen that the facts of birth were not required by Congress, nor sought by the census department, nor asked by the marshals. Hence there is no ground for the statement or inference as to the number of births in the year 1849–50.

Numbers of Births and Children under one Year not identical.

Even supposing that this matter had been required by the law and reported by the marshals, the identity of the number of children under one and of the births would have thrown distrust over the statement. No allowance is made for the deaths in this the most dangerous period of life. All of them had passed through their most perilous months, except those born in May, 1850, and these had passed through the most perilous weeks and days of life.

The records of the experience of several nations show the number of children that were born in each month and year, and the number that died in each month of their first year. From these it is easy to determine the number and proportion of those born in any definite year who will die before the year ends, and the number and proportion that will then be alive. The clearest of these are the Dutch tables, in the *Statistisch Jaarboek*, X.

and XI., page 82, for the ten years 1850–1859, showing all the births 1,075,979, and the deaths in each month after birth. Another authority equally valuable is the monthly statement, in the large volume "English Life Table," No. 3, page 91.

According to the experience of the Netherlands, if 100,000 are born in any year, 13,139 of these will die before the 1st of the next January, and 86,871 will be alive on that day. The English statement is more favorable, and shows that of the 100,000 born in the year, only 9,910 will die before its end, and 90,090 will live to enter the next year.

The Dutch is the actual experience of a progressive population, where the births exceed the deaths. The English calculation excludes this excess, and is carefully reduced to the case of a strictly stationary population, in which the births and deaths are equal.

The American population is even more progressive than the Dutch; and, including the South, it has probably a higher rate of infant mortality. It will not then go beyond the truth to assume the experience of the Netherlands as the rate in this country, and that 100,000 children born here, within a year, were represented by only 86,871 survivors at its end, and, conversely, 100,000 children under one year old, living on any day, represent and are the survivors of 115,113 births within the year next preceding.

Applying these proportions to the numbers of children under one year of age, in the United States, quoted by Mr. Schade, from the census of 1850, we find that the

537,661	whites were the survivors of	618,917	births,
11,176	free colored "	12,862	"
80,607	slaves "	92,791	"
629,444	white and colored "	724,570	"

within the year. At least it was necessary, according to the law of mortality, that so many should have been born in the year next preceding June 1, 1850, to leave this reported number alive at that date.

Incomplete Enumeration of Children.

There is another element of error in this matter, which is equally if not more important. In the preparation of the mortality report of the eighth census, an attempt was made to obtain some light on the rate of mortality in this country, by comparing the numbers living at each age in 1850 with the numbers of the same persons who, ten years older, were living in 1860; as, for example, those under five in 1850 with those between ten and fifteen in 1860, those between ten and twenty at the first date with those between twenty and thirty at the second, and so on through all ages.*

The first step was to ascertain all the immigrants who had arrived in this interval, 1850 to 1860, and their numbers at each age; then, by the Life Table, to calculate the number of survivors of the arrivals of each year in their respective ages in 1860, and deduct these from the numbers of the whites of the same ages, as they appeared in the eighth census. The remainders were the survivors, in the several ages, of those who, ten years younger, were living here, in 1850, and the difference showed the probable loss by death in this period.

If the enumerations had been complete at both censuses, 1850 and 1860, and none had gone out except by death, and none had come in except by birth, the differences would show the exact mortality, and the rate at each age would be easily determined for that decade of years. But at the early ages of all classes there was no apparent loss; on the contrary, there were some gains. The 2,896,458 whites living, under five years old, in 1850, instead of losing any of their numbers by death, in course of the next ten years, according to the natural and necessary law of mortality, are represented by the eighth census as being 2,939,510 at the ages ten to fifteen, in 1860, and thus as having gained 43,052. There were similar discrepancies in the statements of the colored population of these ages. In

* See Eighth Census Mortality volume, p. 285.

the next period, passing from the ages between five and ten, in 1850, to those between fifteen and twenty, in 1860, there were also apparent errors, and the case was the same with the ages next beyond. But in the after ages, the representations of the numbers of the living were apparently more correct.

In seeking an explanation of these inconsistencies, it is necessary to assume, either that the numbers in the earlier ages, in 1850, were too small, or that those in the later ages, in 1860, were too large.

As the census was taken by name, and each person was described and recorded, it is hardly supposable that any names could have got into the record, unless they were those of persons really existing. But it is not difficult to suppose that some, especially infants and children, may have been unknown to, or forgotten by, the informants, or overlooked by the enumerators.

As the census of 1850 failed to give trustworthy information as to the numbers of children at that time, an attempt was made to determine, from the accepted statements of the eighth census, the number of children under five years old in 1850, in accordance with the known number between ten and fifteen years old in 1860.

For this purpose the censuses of other nations, which are taken decennially and represent their populations in quinquennial or decennial periods, were examined, and similar comparisons made of the numbers at the successive enumerations. Most of these are affected by emigration, and therefore they do not give sufficiently adequate data for a comparison of their populations at different periods.

The life tables of different countries were also examined for this end. These tables are exact representations of the progress of population through several periods of life. Of these, the English Life Table most nearly represents our people and their movements of life. According to this, 1,000,000 males, at the ages of 10 to 15, are the survivors of 1,204,197, at the ages of 0 to 5; 1,000,000 females, at the ages of 10 to 15, are the survivors of 1,193,398, at the ages of 0 to 5; 1,000,000 of both sexes, at the ages of 10 to 15, are the survivors of 1,198,769, at the ages of 0 to 5.

In Mr. Meech's American Life Table * for males only, 1,000,000 at 10 to 15 are the survivors of 1,201,728 under 5.

Taking the English rate, which nearly coincides with our own, the 2,939,510 whites, aged 10 to 15, living in the United States in 1860, were the survivors and representatives of 3,523,793 children under 5, living in 1850. The 601,647 colored children aged 10 to 15, living in 1860, were the survivors and representatives of 721,235, under 5, living in 1850.

By the same Life Table it appears that 1,000,000 children, between the ages of 10 and 15, are the survivors of an annual average of 287,877 births, ten to fifteen years previous; then the 2,939,510 whites, aged 10 to 15, who were living June 1, 1860, represent an average of 846,217, and the 601,647 colored children of the same age living June 1, 1860, represent an average of 173,200, and the 3,541,157 of both colors, aged 10 to 15 in 1860, represent 1,019,417 annual births through the five years next preceding June 1, 1850.

Since, in accordance with the law of population and the law of mortality, there could not be any given number of boys and girls of the ages 10 to 15, unless a proportionately larger number had lived ten years previously at the ages 0 to 5, and unless these had been preceded by a still larger and due number of births; 5,097,085 children — an average of 1,019,417 a year — must have been born within the period, June 1, 1845, to May 31, 1850, and 4,245,028 of these must have been alive and under five years old on the first day of June, 1850, in order to meet the usual chances of death and leave the 3,541,157 survivors at the ages 10 to 15 on the 1st of June, 1860.

* Thirteenth Report of Life-Insurance Commissioners of Massachusetts, 1867, page cvi.

Number of Children omitted in the Census.

Comparing, then, the calculated with the reported numbers of children under 5, in 1850, we have,

	White.	Colored.	All Colors.
Calculated,	3,523,793	721,235	4,245,028
Reported,	2,896,458	601,647	3,498,105
Difference,	627,335	119,588	746,923

All these numbers in the last line, 627,335 white, 119,588 colored, in all 746,923 children under five years old, must have been overlooked and omitted in the census of 1850.

Children under one Year.

By the same law, the number of infants under one must have been 922,297, June 1, 1850, instead of 629,446 as stated in the census, showing a probable omission of 292,851.

Births.

The births, in the year June 1, 1849 to May 31, 1850, probably were 1,019,417, instead of 629,446,* as supposed by Mr. Schade, showing a difference of 389,971, or an excess of 61 per cent of his theory.

Deaths in 1850.

The deaths in 1849–50 were imperfectly returned. Some whole counties reported none; others made their reports so incompletely as to offer no indication of the numbers who died either in any State or in the whole country. Still less do these returns offer any sound basis for the determination of the rate of mortality in that year.

Having then no reports of births, but only a conjecture, — widely removed from the fact, — of their numbers, and no full return of deaths, the estimate or calculation of the annual natural increase, based upon these two classes of events, falls to the ground.

* Mr. Schade quotes only the whites and free colored. In this paper the whole are taken to show more completely the deficiencies of the seventh census. These are in the same proportion as Mr. Schade's statement.

Application of Mr. Schade's Theory.

After having formed this baseless theory of 1.38 per cent natural increase of population, Mr. Schade proceeds to apply it in a manner equally remarkable and equally groundless.

The statements in Mr. De Bow's volume (of the numbers of deaths and of children under one year wrongly assumed to represent the births) were made with reference to the whole population, both native and foreign. No distinctions were made as to origin; these events are given in their totality, of all the people of each State and of the nation. The only distinction relates to color and to civil freedom or bondage. If the births were few and the deaths many, these statements apply to the foreign as well as to the native families.

But Mr. Schade, finding the inferential rate of 1.38 per cent growth insufficient to account for all the actual increase, applied the rule to the American population exclusively, those who were here in 1790 and their descendants, and claimed all the surplus growth for the foreigners that came after 1790 and their posterity, — and for reasons entirely fallacious.

He says that the foreign population has a much larger proportion in the productive age than the American. This is true; but he overlooks one important fact. While in the American, as in all fixed populations, the sexes are nearly equal, allowing opportunity of marriage for nearly all; on the other hand, among the immigrants, from October 1, 1819, to December 31, 1850, whose ages were given, there were 3,264,781 males and 2,099,982 females, or for every 1,000 females 1,554 males, giving opportunity for only two thirds of the males to marry. This fact is somewhat qualified by their large preponderance in the middle and productive periods of life. Comparatively few women become mothers before they complete their twentieth or after their fortieth year. It is therefore safe to assume the period from twenty to forty as the productive age, and as the ground

of comparison between different peoples as to their productiveness.

The ratio of women twenty to forty years old was : —

	To all Persons.	To all Females.
Whites in United States, 1860, excluding immigrants, 1850 to 1860,	13.4 per ct.	27.8 per ct.
Immigrants arriving 1819 to 1860,	18.4 "	47.0 "
Population of England and Wales, 1861,	15.6 "	30.7 "

Then the proportionate productive power to the whole population of each class is 13.4 per cent of the American, and 18.4 per cent of the immigrant, or as 100 of the former to 137 of the latter, so that the alien race, in this respect, exceeds the native by 37 per cent.

This excess of productive power among the foreigners in this country ceases with the first generation; for their children and remoter descendants are nearly equally divided as to sexes, and are distributed, like others, through the several ages, as they pass through life.

Mr. Schade's Calculations of Foreign Increase.

Mr. Schade shows the result of his calculation of the increase of the foreign element, and says, "According to the above calculation, the immigrants and their descendants number in 1850,

"Since 1790	12,432,150
" 1800	11,032,109
" 1810	9,277,230
" 1820	8,669,089
" 1830	5,656,847
" 1840	3,215,899" *

The difference between the numbers of the increase, from any two successive decennial years, to 1850 is the amount of increase during the intervening decade. By subtracting the gain, since each year, from the next preceding, we have the following numbers, supposed by Mr. Schade to have been gained in the intervals, by immigrants and their descendants : —

In period	1790	to	1800	this	increase	was	1,400,041
"	"		1800	"	1810	"	"	"	1,754,879
"	"		1810	"	1820	"	"	"	608,141
"	"		1820	"	1830	"	"	"	3,012,242
"	"		1830	"	1840	"	"	"	2,440,948
"	"		1840	"	1850	"	"	"	3,215,899

Mr. Schade does not tell us what proportion of his supposed foreign element consists of immigrants born in other countries, and what proportion consists of their children and grandchildren born in the United States. He seems to believe that both numbers are very large. As evidence of a much greater immigration than is usually supposed, he refers on page 11 to Dr. Chickering's estimate that fifty per cent should be added to the number of recorded and officially reported immigrants, for those who come unnoticed by public authorities, from and through the British Provinces.

In support of his theory of large natural increase by births in foreign families Mr. Schade says: "The births were in Massachusetts in the three years 1849, 1850, and 1851, of American parents, 47,982, or 578 in 10,000 of their own race; foreign, 24,523, or 1,491 in 10,000 of their own race." *

In this statement of American and foreign births the figures are correct, but not so the numbers of the respective races that are assumed as the bases of comparison. The foreign race includes all of its own blood, parents and children, whether born abroad or born here. The American race includes only its own children. But Mr. Schade includes in the foreign race only those born in other lands; and in the American he includes not only its own children, but also those children of foreigners who, having been born in the United States since their parents' arrival, are legally but not ethnologically Americans. By transferring these children of the aliens from the American to the foreign class, we materially diminish the former and increase its birth-rate, while we increase the latter class and diminish its proportionate fertility; thus lessening the apparent preponderance of

* Page 14.

* Page 10.

growth of the foreign element in our population.

Irish Population.

Whatever may be the fertility of the foreign families in Massachusetts, the fact applies almost exclusively to the Irish, who constitute about 70 per cent of the foreign population in Massachusetts, but less than 40 per cent of the foreigners in the whole country. These Celts are very prone to marry, and their marriages are very productive. But it is yet doubtful whether their high birth-rate adds to the permanent population. Certainly their mortality, especially in infancy, is higher than that of American families. Most of them belong to the class whose straitened circumstances and improvident habits are most unfavorable to the development of sound constitutions and the maintenance of health and power in their children.

The British, the Germans, the Scandinavians and others, who constitute more than 60 per cent of the foreigners in this country, are generally of more cautious temperament and are more provident managers; they are less hasty in marrying, and probably less prolific, and they have a lower rate of mortality.

Increase of Population not in Ratio of Births.

In determining the rate of increase of any population, the birth-rate is but one of the elements to be considered. An equally important matter is the number of years during which the new-born shall remain in the community. In this respect, the numbers of people in a state are like those in a college in which a definite number enter yearly and as many leave at the end of the prescribed course. If a hundred enter and the course be three years, there will be three classes and three hundred students constantly present. But if the course be four years, there will be four classes and four hundred members of the college. A living octogenarian has been annually counted eighty times in the census, and a dead infant only once; and each of these and persons of all intermediate ages have added to the numbers of the people in proportion to the years they have lived.

With an equal number of births, the long-lived race adds most to the constant population. This is in ratio of the years they may enjoy. The life tables of various countries show the difference. Of 1,000,000, born in each country, the survivors will be: —

At Ages	Sweden.	England.	France.	Holland.	Belgium.	Austria.	Ireland.
20	669,800	662,756	629,901	609,020	534,500	521,300	501,500
40	567,000	538,584	464,869	489,840	408,890		396,200
60	384,900	367,827	205,006	311,730	272,420		189,500

One million births, in each year, through several generations, will support a constant population in England, 40,858,204; in France, 34,938,543; in Ireland, 22,505,101.

Deductions drawn from the bills of mortality are not so accurate as those drawn from the life tables; nevertheless they offer an approximation to the truth. The table, No. XXXV. in the mortality volume of the eighth census, page 275, contains the results of the analysis of the death records of thirty States and countries, showing the proportion of the deaths that happened to youth before maturity at twenty. In Massachusetts, from 1841 to 1850 inclusive, this proportion was 4,687 in 10,000 of all ages. Until 1850, the population of that State was almost entirely American. But then the families of the immigrants began to multiply, their numerous children formed a larger proportion of the people, and they were of the perishable class; consequently, from 1851 to 1863 the proportion of youth who died grew to 5,733 in 10,000 of all.

Analysis of Mr. Schade's supposed Increase of the Foreign Element of the Population.

Mr. Schade does not state the parts which immigrants and their children have respectively contributed to the growth of the foreign element in the several decades of years, from 1790 to 1850. Yet his assertions that the Americans have increased at the annual rate of 1.38 per cent only, while all the rest of the growth of population has been due to the multiplication of foreigners and their children, and that the birth-rate is 5.78 per cent in American and 14.91 per cent, or 2.579 times greater, in foreign families, furnish means of approximately determining his rate of natural increase among the aliens. Assuming the excess of births over deaths in the two races to be in the same proportion as their birth-rates, his natural increase of the foreign element is 3.5597 per cent a year. This seems to be a fixed factor in Mr. Schade's theory of its growth, while immigration is a variable factor, changing according to the numbers required to complete the increase in the successive decades.

In the first decade, 1790 to 1800, Mr. Schade supposes the foreign increase to have been 1,400,041. This consisted exclusively of new immigrants and their children born after their arrival. The foreigners are presumed to have come in equal yearly numbers, and to have had a chance or hope of an average life of five years, before 1800, as well as an annual natural increase of 3.5597 per cent for the same period. On these data, an algebraic equation shows that the foreign element of our population, living at the end of 1800, consisted of 1,188,420 immigrants, who had arrived since 1790, with their 211,620 children who were born here. To these immigrants living in 1800 must be added those that died after landing here, at an annual rate of 2.4 per cent; these would make, with the survivors, 1,350,472 arrivals in the ten years 1790 – 1800.

In the period, 1800 to 1810, Mr. Schade's supposed increase of the foreign element was 1,754,879. They began with an assumed capital of 1,400,041, whose natural increase was 498,372 in these ten years; and 1,256,507 were to be gained by new immigrants and their children who should survive to 1810. By calculation, these were 1,066,667 natives of other lands and 189,840 born here; and the arrivals were 1,212,117.

The period 1810 to 1820 began with an acquired capital of 3,154,920 foreigners and their children. Mr. Schade's assumed gain was 608,141. The natural increase of only 1.9 per cent annually on those already here added all that was necessary to complete the theory, and no immigrants were required for that purpose in this decade.

The next period, 1820 to 1830, was supposed to open with 3,763,061 in the foreign element, and there were 3,012,242 to be added to these. Beside the natural increase of those already here, it was necessary that 1,613,981 new immigrants should arrive, whose survivors and children, in 1830, would complete the supposed gain in these ten years.

From this time forth there was little need of further immigration to fulfil Mr. Schade's idea of foreign increase. He had created so large a supply of foreigners in the early stages of this history, that their natural increase, at his assumed rate, made it necessary that only 11,055 new aliens should come in the period 1830 to 1840, and none in the period 1840 to 1850, to give all the enormous gain which his theory requires. Moreover, in the last period the natural increase at the presumed rate gave 64,805 more than was needed for his gain of 3,215,899.

In three of the decennial periods, Mr. Schade's increase of the foreign element is greater than the whole actual increase of white population as shown by the successive censuses, leaving no increase, but, on the contrary, a decrease, of the American element.

Period.	Increase of whites according to the censuses.	Increase of the foreign element by Mr. Schade's theory.
1790 – 1800	1,148,941	1,400,041
1800 – 1810	1,550,132	1,754,879
1820 – 1830	2,493,663	3,012,252

Mr. Kapp's Estimate of Foreign Increase.

Mr. Kapp's estimate of the increase of the foreign element of population differs in details from that of Mr. Schade, although he starts with the same theory, that the American increase is only 1.38 per cent, and that all the surplus has been derived from foreign sources since 1790. He simply calculates the American growth at this rate, subtracts the result from the total white and free colored population at each census, and assumes that the several remainders are immigrants since 1790 with their children, grandchildren, etc.* He says,† "The whole white and free colored population, in 1790, having been 3,231,930, it would have amounted, if increased only by the excess of births over deaths," to the numbers in the second column in the table below, "while, in fact, it was, exclusive of slaves," as in the third column, both of which are quoted from his address. The numbers in the fourth and sixth columns are deduced from his figures in the second and third.

Mr. Kapp's statement. ‡			Deductions from Mr. Kapp's statements.		
			Increase of the foreign element.		
				In periods of ten years each.	
Year.	American population increasing at rate of 1.38 per cent a year.	Total population, exclusive of slaves.	Total since 1790.	Period.	Number.
1800	3,706,674	4,412,896	706,222	1790 – 1800	706,222
1810	4,251,143	6,048,450	1,797,307	1800 – 1810	1,091,085
1820	4,875,600	8,100,056	3,224,456	1810 – 1820	1,429,149
1830	5,591,775	10,796,077	5,204,302	1820 – 1830	1,979,846
1840	6,413,161	14,582,008	8,168,847	1830 – 1840	2,964,545
1850	7,355,423	19,987,563	12,632,140	1840 – 1850	4,463,293
1860	8,435,882	27,489,662	19,053,780	1850 – 1860	6,421,640
1865	9,034,249	about 30,000,000 §	20,965,755	five years. 1860 – 1865	1,911,975

Mr. Kapp says, "Samuel Blodgett, a very accurate statistician, wrote, in 1806, that from the best records and estimates then attainable, the immigrants arriving, between 1784 and 1794, did not average more than 4,000 per annum. Seybert assumes that 6,000 persons arrived in the United States, from foreign countries, between 1790 and 1810. Both averages seem too large: 3,000 for the first, 4,000 for the second, period named is a very liberal estimate."* Mr. Kapp makes no objection to Professor Tucker's estimate of 114,000 arrivals, between 1810 and 1820. He quotes, with seeming approval, the government reports of the numbers that came, in subsequent years, except for the ten years 1844 to 1854, when he appears to think that the German immigrants were 30 per cent, and the Irish 28 per cent, more than those given by national documents. For the rest there is no apparent difference between his estimates and the returns of the custom-house officers.

It is safe, then, to assume that the numbers estimated by Messrs. Seybert and Tucker and those reported by the government officials, with the exception of the ten years 1845 to 1855, include, at least, all the increase of the foreign element which Mr. Kapp credits to actual immigration from other countries; and that all the rest of this increase has been due, in his opinion, to births of foreigners' children and grand-

* Address, p. 5.

* Address, p. 16.
† Page 17.
‡ Page 17.
§ Estimated in round numbers.

children in the United States since 1790. With these assumptions and on the basis of Mr. Kapp's figures, the following calculations of the number and rate of births in foreign families in the several decennial periods are made: —

Period 1790 – 1800.

Mr. Kapp's assumed foreign gain was .	706,222
Foreign Immigrants . . . 50,000	
Surviving to 1800	44,282
Leaving	661,940

to be supplied by children born in this period and living to 1800. Beside these 661,940 who survived to 1800, there were naturally others born, who died in the course of the period. These must be added to the survivors to complete the totality of births. The due proportion of these deaths was 26.976 per cent of the survivors, 178,564; add these to the survivors, 661,940, and there were 840,504 births necessary, in foreign families, to complete Mr. Kapp's supposed increase in this decade.

Sources of Natural Increase.

Mr. Kapp's theory of foreign increase includes, in its sources of births, only the immigrants who arrived after 1790, and their descendants, when they had reached the productive age. Hence all the children that enter into his estimate of the increase of this period were born of the 50,000, who came between 1790 and 1800. These strangers are presumed to have arrived in equal yearly numbers. They had a chance or hope of living an average of five years each before 1800, and the sum of all their lives is presumed to be 250,000 years in this decade.

Of the 50,000 immigrants, the females were 19,577; 47 per cent of these females, or 9,301, were twenty to forty years old, and therefore of the marriageable age.

If all these females were married at twenty, and lived in uninterrupted wedlock until they had completed their fortieth year, the whole enjoyed a productive life equal to 46,505 years in this decade, between 1790 and 1800.

The number of births necessary to complete Mr. Kapp's supposed increase in this decade was 840,504. The number of productive years of females between twenty and forty was 46,505. Dividing the number of births by the productive years shows that every female must have borne 18.07 children in each year in order to satisfy the theory.

Period 1800 – 1810.

Mr. Kapp's assumed foreign gain in this period was	1,091,085
The increase of foreigners was, by immigration	61,993
To be accounted for, by births of children living to 1810	1,029,092
Add the number who died, in course of the period	278,953
And we have	1,308,045

the number of births in this decade necessary to produce the increase assumed by Mr. Kapp.

There is another contingency to be provided for. According to the theory of Messrs. Schade and Kapp, the gains that accrued in each decade were permanent. That is, whatever losses happened by death, these were compensated by an equal increase of births.

In 1800, the beginning of this period, there were presumed to be 641,940 children surviving from the births in foreign families since 1790. These constituted the greater part of the gain at that time. They were subject to 2.4 per cent annual mortality, and thereby lost 138,446, in course of these ten years, and so many were needed to be born and survive to the end to fill their places. As the last were only the survivors of the compensating births, the number 37,347 who died among them must also be added to those born in this period, making 175,793 births necessary to supply the loss on the previous increase. Add these to those needed for the increase of this period, 1,308,103, and there was a total of 1,483,896 births necessary in this period to sustain and complete Mr. Kapp's supposed increase.

The sources of this increase or the productive power were, — 1. The 44,282

survivors of the immigrants of the previous period; 2. The 70,000 who arrived in this decade. Of the former, 17,338 were females, and 8,148 of these were of the productive age, twenty to forty, who had a chance or a hope of living ten years each, or a total of 81,480 years within this period.

Of those who arrived in this decade, 27,881 were females, and 12,881 were of the productive age. They had a chance or hope of an average of five years of life, and the whole of 64,405 years, within this period.

The productive years were, then, of the first class	81,480
Of the second class	64,405
Total	145,885

Dividing the total births required, 1,483,896, among the productive years, gives 10.13 births a year for each female between twenty and forty years old. This also presupposes that every woman was married at twenty, and lived in uninterrupted wedlock until she was past forty.

Period 1810 – 1820.

Mr. Kapp's assumed foreign gain, in this period, was	1,427,149
The increase of immigrants living in 1810 was	80,100
Leaving	1,347,049

to be supplied by births of children who would be alive in 1820.

For this addition to the living in 1820, and for the losses by death in the period, it was necessary that 1,710,428 should be born. To compensate for the losses among the children born in the two previous decades and surviving to 1810, 442,786 births were needed; making, in all, 2,153,214 births requisite in this period to provide for the assumed increase and to keep the former increase full.

The sources of these births were the foreigners who arrived previous to 1820 and their children born here and reaching the marriageable age in this period. The sum of their presumed productive years was 1,130,303; and in order that they should add the number of children living in 1820, needful to sustain Mr. Kapp's theory of the increase of the foreign element in this decade, every female between the ages of twenty and forty must have borne, on an average, 1.9 children a year.

In the next period, 1820 to 1830, Mr. Kapp's theory implies the necessity of 3,376,936 births for the new increase, and to compensate for losses by death among the immigrants and their children. There were 4,290,180 productive years among the females, consequently there must have been an average of one birth in every sixteen and a half months.

In the following period, 1830 to 1840, there was a need of 4,374,330 births. There were 7,742,897 productive years, and an average of one birth in one and a quarter years of female life, between the ages of twenty and forty.

With so large an accumulation of foreigners and their descendants assumed to be living in the United States in 1840, the proportions of births needed for Mr. Kapp's supposed increase, in the subsequent periods, do not exceed the bounds of possibility; and if his data thus far are correct, his deductions may also be admitted.

Rate of Natural Increase diminished with Increase of Foreigners.

It is a noteworthy fact, that the rate of natural increase has diminished with the increase of foreigners. By comparing the numbers of foreigners in our population with those of the total whites, at the several decennial years, or the average numbers of the foreigners with the average numbers of total whites during the decennial periods, we obtain the proportions between these classes at each period.

The difference between the total numbers of whites at each decennial year and the total whites, minus the arriving foreigners at the next following decennial year, shows the natural increase or excess of births over deaths in the intervening period. And hence the rate of natural increase is easily calculated.

By these means the following table is made: —

Proportion of Foreigners to total Whites and Natural Increase of Whites.

Decennial Years.				Decennial Periods.				
Year.	Total Whites.	Foreigners.	Whites to one Foreigner.	Period.	Average Whites.	Average Foreigners.	Whites to one Foreigner.	Rate of natural Increase.
								per cent.
1790	3,162,020							
1800	4,305,961	44,282	113	1790 – 1800	3,733,990	25,000	149	34.77
1810	5,862,093	96,725	60	1800 – 1810	5,084,027	69,506	73	34.72
1820	8,043,915	176,825	45	1810 – 1820	6,953,004	136,775	51	35.50
1830	10,537,378	315,830	33	1820 – 1830	9,290,646	246,327	37	28.92
1840	14,189,108	859,202	15	1830 – 1840	12,363,243	587,516	22	28.66
1850	19,553,068	2,240,535	8	1840 – 1850	16,891,088	1,549,866	10.7	26.77
1860	26,957,471	4,136,175	6	1850 – 1860	23,255,299	3,188,353	7	26.31
1870	33,586,989	5,566,546	6	1860 – 1870	30,273,664	4,801,360	6.5	15.97

In the twenty years 1790 – 1810, when the average foreign population was one ninety-third of the total whites, the rate of natural increase was 30.9 per cent greater than it was in the twenty years, 1840 – 1860, when they constituted two seventeenths of our people.

The theories of Messrs. Schade and Kapp, in respect to the increase of the foreign element of the population of the United States, being built without foundation, and being sustained by explanations at war with the recorded facts of the censuses, lead to deductions inconsistent with each other and at variance with the recognized laws of population and mortality. They imply an incredible immigration in the early periods, or an impossible birth-rate, to produce a sufficiency of the foreign element to complete their supposed increase in the several decades of years. Or if neither of these is admitted to the fullest extent herein calculated for Mr. Schade and Mr. Kapp, — if Mr. Schade is supposed to mean a larger birth-rate than he seems to indicate, and Mr. Kapp a larger immigration than he states, and consequently a smaller immigration is necessary for the former, and a lower birth-rate is needful for the latter, to establish their theories of foreign increase, — in whatever proportion they divide their supposed gains of the foreign element between these, the only sources of population, they assume a fruitfulness of one or the other, or of both, beyond all human experience.

There is not only no ground for the theory of the limited growth of the American, and of the unlimited growth of the foreign, element in the population of the United States, but, on the contrary, the natural increase is at a lower rate in the foreign than in the American families.

The whole number of foreigners living in this country, January 1, 1870, was 5,566,546; and their families, parents and children, amounted to 9,734,843 persons. Add to these the grandchildren of the immigrants of the forty years 1790 – 1830, who came early enough for their children to be born here, grow to maturity, marry and become heads of families, and the whole will not much exceed 10,500,000; whereas if the rates of natural increase were equal for both races from 1790, the American element would have been 21,479,595, and the foreign 11,607,394, in 1870; and these classes severally would have been 19,110,078 and 7,847,373 in 1860, and 15,644,448 and 3,908,620 in 1850, and the numbers in native families would have been 80 per cent in 1850 and 71 per cent in 1860, instead of 36 and 29 per cent as supposed by Mr. Kapp. But the proportion of the whole white population is even more largely American than this.

Edward Jarvis.

TAINE'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.

WE hesitate to express perfect satisfaction at the appearance of an English version of M. Taine's massive essay.* On the one hand, the performance is no more than a proper compliment to a highly complimentary work; but, on the other, it involves so effective a violation of the spirit of that work and so rude a displacement of its stand-point, as to interfere with a just comprehension of it. M. Taine himself, however, stands sponsor in a short Preface, and the liberal reception of the two volumes seems to indicate that English readers are not sensible of having unduly lost by the transfer. The English version may fairly demand success on its own merits, being careful, exact, and spirited. It errs, we think, on the side of a too literal exactness, through which it frequently ceases to be idiomatic. "He tore from his vitals, ..." for instance, "the idea which he had conceived," would render M. Taine's figure better than "he tore from his *entrails*." And it is surely in strong contradiction to the author's portrait of Lord Macaulay to translate his allusion to the great historian's *physionomie animée et pensante* by "an animated and pensive face." No one, we fancy, not even M. Taine, ever accused Lord Macaulay of being pensive.

M. Taine's work is a history of our literature only in a partial sense of the term. "Just as astronomy," he says, "is at bottom a problem in mechanics, and physiology a problem in chemistry, so history at bottom is a problem in psychology." His aim has been "to establish the psychology of a people." A happier title for his work, therefore, save for its amplitude, would be, "A Comparative Survey of the English Mind in the leading Works of its Literature." It is a picture of the English intellect, with literary examples and allusions in evidence, and not a record of works nor an accumulation of facts. To philological or biographical research it makes no claim. In this direction it is altogether incomplete. Various important works are unmentioned, common tradition as to facts is implicitly accepted, and dates, references, and minor detail conspicuous by their absence. The work is wholly critical and pictorial, and involves no larger information than the perusal of a vast body of common documents. Its purpose is to discover in the strongest features of the strongest works the temper of the race and time; which involves a considerable neglect not only of works, but of features. But what is mainly to the point with the English reader (as it is of course excessively obvious in the English version) is that M. Taine writes from an avowedly foreign stand-point. The unit of comparison is throughout assumed to be the French mind. The author's undertaking strikes us, therefore, constantly as an *excursion*. It is not as if he and our English tongue were old friends, as if through a taste early formed and long indulged he had gradually been won to the pious project of paying his debt and embodying his impressions; but as if rather, on reaching his intellectual majority and coming into a handsome property of doctrine and dogma, he had cast about him for a field to conquer, a likely subject for experiment, and, measuring the vast capacity of our English record of expression, he had made a deliberate and immediate choice. We may fancy him declaring, too, that he would do the thing handsomely; devote five or six years to it, and spend five or six months in the country. He has performed his task with a vigor proportionate to this sturdy resolve; but in the nature of the case his treatment of the subject lacks that indefinable quality of spiritual ini-

* History of English Literature. By H. A. Taine. Translated by H. Van Laun. New York: Holt and Williams. 1871.

tiation which is the tardy consummate fruit of a wasteful, purposeless, passionate sympathy. His opinions are prompted, not by a sentiment, but by a design. He remains an interpreter of the English mind to the mind of another race; and only remotely, therefore, — only by allowance and assistance, — an interpreter of the English mind to itself. A greater fault than any of his special errors of judgment is a certain reduced, contracted, and limited air in the whole field. He has made his subject as definite as his method.

M. Taine is fairly well known by this time as a man with a method, the apostle of a theory, — the theory that "vice and virtue are products, like vitriol and sugar," and that art, literature, and conduct are the result of forces which differ from those of the physical world only in being less easily ascertainable. His three main factors — they have lately been reiterated to satiety — are the race, the medium, and the time. Between them they shape the phenomena of history. We have not the purpose of discussing this doctrine; it opens up a dispute as ancient as history itself, — the quarrel between the minds which cling to the supernatural and the minds which dismiss it. M. Taine's originality is not in his holding of these principles, but in his lively disposition to apply them, or, rather, in the very temper and terms in which he applies them. No real observer but perceives that a group of works is more or less the product of a "situation," and that as he himself is forever conscious of the attrition of infinite waves of circumstance, so the cause to which, by genius as by "fate," he contributes, is a larger deposit in a more general current. Observers differ, first, as to whether there are elements in the deposit which cannot be found in the current; second, as to the variety and complexity of the elements: maintaining, on the one side, that fairly to enumerate them and establish their mutual relations the vision of science is as yet too dim; and, on the other, that a complete analysis is at last decently possible, and with it a complete explanation. M. Taine is an observer of the latter class; in his own sole person indeed he almost includes it. He pays in his Preface a handsome tribute to the great service rendered by Sainte-Beuve to the new criticism. Now Sainte-Beuve is, to our sense, the better apostle of the two. In purpose the least doctrinal of critics, it was by his very horror of dogmas, moulds, and formulas, that he so effectively contributed to the science of literary interpretation. The truly devout patience with which he kept his final conclusion in abeyance until after an exhaustive survey of the facts, after perpetual returns and ever-deferred farewells to them, is his living testimony to the importance of the facts. Just as he could never reconcile himself to saying his last word on book or author, so he never pretended to have devised a method which should be a key to truth. The truth for M. Taine lies stored up, as one may say, in great lumps and blocks, to be released and detached by a few lively hammer-blows; while for Sainte-Beuve it was a diffused and imponderable essence, as vague as the carbon in the air which nourishes vegetation, and, like it, to be disengaged by patient chemistry. His only method was fairly to dissolve his attention in the sea of circumstance surrounding the object of his study, and we cannot but think his frank provisional empiricism more truly scientific than M. Taine's premature philosophy. In fact, M. Taine plays fast and loose with his theory, and is mainly successful in so far as he is inconsequent to it. There is a constantly visible hiatus between his formula and his application of it. It serves as his badge and motto, but his best strokes are prompted by the independent personal impression. The larger conditions of his subject loom vaguely in the background, like a richly figured tapestry of good regulation pattern, gleaming here and there in the author's fitful glance, and serving a picturesque purpose decidedly more

than a scientific one. This is especially noticeable in the early chapters of the present work, where the changes are rung to excess upon a note of rather slender strain, — the common "Gothic" properties of history and fiction, — Norse blood, gloomy climate, ferocious manners, considered as shaping forces. The same remark applies, we imagine, to the author's volumes on Italy, where a thin soil of historical evidence is often made to produce some most luxuriant flowers of deduction. The historical position is vague, light, and often insecure, and the author's passage from the general conditions to the particular case is apt to be a flying leap of fancy, which, though admirable writing, is rather imperfect science.

We of course lack space to discuss his work in its parts. His portrayal of authors and works is always an attempt to fix the leading or motive faculty, and through his neglect of familiar details and his amplification of the intellectual essence which is the object of his search, his figures often seem out of drawing to English eyes. He distorts the outline, confounds the light and shade, and alters the coloring. His judgments are sometimes very happy and sometimes very erroneous. He proposes some very wise amendments to critical tradition; in other cases he enforces the common verdict with admirable point and vigor. For Spenser, for instance, we doubt whether the case has ever been stated with a more sympathetic and penetrating eloquence. His errors and misjudgments arise partly from his being so thoroughly a stranger to what we may call the intellectual climate of our literature, and partly from his passionate desire to simplify his conception and reduce it to the limits, not merely of the distinctly knowable, but of the symmetrically and neatly presentable. The leading trait of his mind, and its great defect, is an inordinate haste to conclude, combined with a passion for a sort of largely pictorial and splendidly comprehensive expression. A glance at the list of his works will show how actively he has kept terms with each of these tendencies. He is, to our sense, far from being a man of perceptions; the bent of his genius seems to be to generate ideas and images on two distinct lines. For ourselves, on the whole, we prefer his images. These are immensely rich and vivid, and on this side the author is a great artist. His constant effort is to reconcile and harmonize these two groups, and make them illumine and vivify each other. Where he succeeds his success is admirable, and the reader feels that he has rarely seen a truth so completely presented. Where he fails the violence of his diction only serves to emphasize the inadequacy of his conception. M. Taine's great strength is to be found close to his eminent fallibility as a critic, — in his magnificent power of eloquent and vivid statement and presentation. His style is admirable; we know of none that is at once more splendid and more definite, that has at once more structure and more color. Just as his natural preference is evidently for energy and vehemence in talent, his own movement is toward a sort of monstrous cumulative violence of expression; to clinch, to strike, to hit hard, to hit again, till the idea rings and resounds, to force color *à l'outrance* and make proportion massive, is his notion of complete utterance. This is productive of many effects splendid in themselves, but it is fatal to truth in so far as truth resides in fine shades and degrees.

In this intense constructive glow, M. Taine quite forgets his subject and his starting-point; the impetus of his rhetoric, the effort to complete his picture and reach forward to the strongest word and the largest phrase, altogether absorbs him. For ourselves, we confess that, as we read, we cease to hold him at all rigidly to his premises, and content ourselves with simply enjoying the superb movement of his imagination, thankful when it lights his topic at all truly, and mainly conscious of its radiance as color, heat, and force. Thus, while as a gallery of portraits

the work demands constant revision and correction, as a sort of enormous *tableau vivant*, ingeniously and artificially combined, it is extremely rich and various. A phrase of very frequent occurrence with M. Taine, and very wholesome in its frequency, is *la grande invention;* his own tendency is to practise it. In effort and inclination, however, he is nothing if not impartial; and there is something almost touching in the sympathetic breadth of his admiration for a tone of genius so foreign to French tradition as the great Scriptural inspiration of Bunyan and of Milton. To passionate vigor he always does justice. On the other hand, when he deals with a subject simply because it stands in his path, he is far less satisfactory. His estimate of Swift is a striking example of his tendency to overcharge his portrait and make a picture at all hazards. Swift was a bitter and incisive genius, but he had neither the volume nor the force implied in M. Taine's report of him. We might add a hundred instances of the fatally defective perception of "values," as the painters say, produced by the author's foreign standpoint. M. Taine expresses altogether the "Continental" view of Byron, between which and the English view there is much the same difference as between the estimate Byron courted and the estimate he feared. A hundred special points may be conceded; but few modern Englishmen are prepared to accept him, as a whole, as the consistently massive phenomenon described by M. Taine. Touching the later poets, the author is extremely incomplete and fallacious; he pretends, indeed, merely to sketch general tendencies. On Wordsworth, however, he has some pertinent remarks from that protesting man-of-the-world point of view to which the great frugal bard drives most Englishmen for desperate refuge, let alone an epigrammatic Frenchman. We are tempted to say that a Frenchman who should have twisted himself into a relish for Wordsworth would almost have forfeited our respect. On Thackeray and Dickens he has two chapters of great suggestiveness to those who know the authors, but on the whole of excessively contracted outline. Of course, one cannot pronounce upon important literary figures, of whatever dimensions, without a certain work of elimination; but a valid charge against M. Taine is that, whereas your distinctly sensitive critic finds this process to be an effort, M. Taine has the air of finding it a relief. A compromise is perfectly legitimate so long as it is not offered as a synthesis.

With all abatements, and especially in spite of one most important abatement, M. Taine's work remains a very admirable performance. As a philosophical effort it is decidedly a failure; as the application of a theory it is ineffective; but it is a great literary achievement. The fruit of an extremely powerful, vivacious, and observant mind, it is rich in suggestive sidelights and forcible aids to opinion. With a great many errors of detail, as a broad expression of the general essence of the English genius it seems to us equally eloquent and just. M. Taine has felt this genius with an intensity and conceived it with a lucidity which, in themselves, form a great intellectual feat. Even under this head the work is not conclusive in the sense in which the author tenders it, but it is largely and vividly contributive, and we shall wait till we have done better ourselves before we judge it too harshly. It is, in other words, very entertaining provisional criticism and very perfect final art. It is, indeed, a more significant testimony to the French genius than to the English, and bears more directly upon the author's native literature than on our own. In its powerful, though arbitrary, unity of composition, in its sustained æsthetic temper, its brilliancy, variety, and symmetry, it is a really monumental accession to a literature which, whatever its limitations in the reach of its ideas, is a splendid series of masterly compositions.

H. James Jr.

THE BREWING OF SOMA.

THE fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke
Up through the green wood curled;
"Bring honey from the hollow oak,
Bring milky sap," the brewers spoke,
In the childhood of the world.

And brewed they well or brewed they ill,
The priests thrust in their rods,
First tasted, and then drank their fill,
And shouted, with one voice and will,
"Behold the drink of gods!"

They drank, and lo! in heart and brain
A new, glad life began;
The gray of hair grew young again,
The sick man laughed away his pain,
The cripple leaped and ran.

"Drink, mortals, what the gods have sent,
Forget your long annoy."
So sang the priests. From tent to tent
The Soma's sacred madness went,
A storm of drunken joy.

Then knew each rapt inebriate
A winged and glorious birth,
Soared upward, with strange joy elate,
Beat, with dazed head, Varuna's gate,
And, sobered, sank to earth.

The land with Soma's praises rang;
On Gihon's banks of shade
Its hymns the dusky maidens sang;
In joy of life or mortal pang
All men to Soma prayed.

The morning twilight of the race
Sends down these matin psalms;
And still with wondering eyes we trace
The simple prayers to Soma's grace,
That Vedic verse embalms.

As in that child-world's early year,
Each after age has striven
By music, incense, vigils drear,
And trance, to bring the skies more near,
Or lift men up to heaven!—

Some fever of the blood and brain,
Some self-exalting spell,
The scourger's keen delight of pain,
The Dervish dance, the Orphic strain,
The wild-haired Bacchant's yell,—

The desert's hair-grown hermit sunk
The saner brute below;
The naked Santon, hashish-drunk,
The cloister madness of the monk,
The fakir's torture-show!

And yet the past comes round again,
And new doth old fulfil;
In sensual transports wild as vain
We brew in many a Christian fane
The heathen Soma still!

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!

John G. Whittier.

SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

IV.

A FAINT smile seemed to pass over her face as she said this, vanishing, however, immediately into the melancholy of her usual expression. She went along Septimius's path, while he stood gazing at her till she reached the brow where it sloped towards Robert Hagburn's house; then she turned, and seemed to wave a slight farewell towards the young man, and began to descend. When her figure had entirely sunk behind the brow of the hill, Septimius slowly followed along the ridge, meaning to watch from that elevated station the course she would take; although, indeed, he would not have been surprised if he had seen nothing, no trace of her in the whole nearness or distance; in short, if she had been a freak, an illusion, of a hard-working mind that had put itself ajar by deeply brooding on abstruse matters, an illusion of eyes that he had tried too much by poring over the inscrutable manuscript, and of intellect that was mystified and bewildered by trying to grasp things that could not be grasped. A thing of witchcraft, a sort of fungus-growth out of the grave, an unsubstantiality altogether; although, certainly, she had weeded the grave with bodily fingers, at all events. Still he had so much of the hereditary mysticism of his race in him, that he might have held her supernatural, only that on reaching the brow of the hill he saw her feet approach the dwelling of Robert Hagburn's mother, who, moreover, appeared at the threshold beckoning her to come, with a motherly, hospitable air, that denoted she knew the strange girl, and recognized her as human.

It did not lessen Septimius's surprise, however, to think that such a singular being was established in the neighborhood without his knowledge; considered as a real occurrence of this world, it seemed even more unaccountable than if it had been a thing of ghostology and witchcraft. Continually through the day the incident kept introducing its recollection among his thoughts and studies; continually, as he paced along his path, this form seemed to hurry along by his side on the track that she had claimed for her own, and he thought of her singular threat or promise, whichever it were to be held, that he should have a companion there in future. In the decline of the day, when he met the schoolmistress coming home from her little seminary, he snatched the first opportunity to mention the apparition of the morning, and ask Rose if she knew anything of her.

"Very little," said Rose, "but she is flesh and blood, of that you may be quite sure. She is a girl who has been shut up in Boston by the siege; perhaps a daughter of one of the British officers, and her health being frail, she requires better air than they have there, and so permission was got for her, from General Washington, to come and live in the country; as any one may see, our liberties have nothing to fear from this poor brain-stricken girl. And Robert Hagburn, having to bring a message from camp to the selectmen here, had it in charge to bring the girl, whom his mother has taken to board."

"Then the poor thing is crazy?" asked Septimius.

"A little brain-touched, that is all," replied Rose, "owing to some grief that she has had; but she is quite harmless, Robert was told to say, and needs little or no watching, and will get a kind of fantastic happiness for herself, if only she is allowed to ramble about at her pleasure. If thwarted, she might be very wild and miserable."

"Have you spoken with her?" asked Septimius.

"A word or two this morning, as I

was going to my school," said Rose. "She took me by the hand, and smiled, and said we would be friends, and that I should show her where the flowers grew; for that she had a little spot of her own that she wanted to plant with them. And she asked me if the *Sanguinea sanguinissima* grew hereabout. I should not have taken her to be ailing in her wits, only for a kind of free-spokenness and familiarity, as if we had been acquainted a long while; or as if she had lived in some country where there are no forms and impediments in people's getting acquainted."

"Did you like her?" inquired Septimius.

"Yes; almost loved her at first sight," answered Rose, "and I hope may do her some little good, poor thing, being of her own age, and the only companion, hereabouts, whom she is likely to find. But she has been well educated, and is a lady, that is easy to see."

"It is very strange," said Septimius, "but I fear I shall be a good deal interrupted in my thoughts and studies, if she insists on haunting my hill-top as much as she tells me. My meditations are perhaps of a little too much importance to be shoved aside for the sake of gratifying a crazy girl's fantasies."

"Ah, that is a hard thing to say!" exclaimed Rose, shocked at her lover's cold egotism, though not giving it that title. "Let the poor thing glide quietly along in the path, though it be yours. Perhaps, after a while, she will help your thoughts."

"My thoughts," said Septimius, "are of a kind that can have no help from any one; if from any, it would only be from some wise, long-studied, and experienced scientific man, who could enlighten me as to the bases and foundation of things, as to mystic writings, as to chemical elements, as to the mysteries of language, as to the principles and system on which we were created. Methinks these are not to be taught me by a girl touched in the wits."

"I fear," replied Rose Garfield with gravity, and drawing imperceptibly apart from him, "that no woman can help you much. You despise woman's thought, and have no need of her affection."

Septimius said something soft and sweet, and in a measure true, in regard to the necessity he felt for the affection and sympathy of one woman at least — the one now by his side — to keep his life warm and to make the empty chambers of his heart comfortable. But even while he spoke there was something that dragged upon his tongue; for he felt that the solitary pursuit in which he was engaged carried him apart from the sympathy of which he spoke, and that he was concentrating his efforts and interest entirely upon himself, and that the more he succeeded the more remotely he should be carried away, and that his final triumph would be the complete seclusion of himself from all that breathed, — the converting him, from an interested actor, into a cold and disconnected spectator of all mankind's warm and sympathetic life. So, as it turned out, this interview with Rose was one of those in which, coming no one knows from whence, a nameless cloud springs up between two lovers, and keeps them apart from one another by a cold, sullen spell. Usually, however, it requires only one word, spoken out of the heart, to break that spell, and compel the invisible, unsympathetic medium which the enemy of love has stretched cunningly between them, to vanish, and let them come closer together than ever; but, in this case, it might be that the love was the illusive state, and the estrangement the real truth, the disenchanted verity. At all events, when the feeling passed away, in Rose's heart there was no reaction, no warmer love, as is generally the case. As for Septimius, he had other things to think about, and when he next met Rose Garfield, had forgotten that he had been sensible of a little wounded feeling, on her part, at parting.

By dint of continued poring over the manuscript, Septimius now began to

comprehend that it was written in a singular mixture of Latin and ancient English, with constantly recurring paragraphs of what he was convinced was a mystic writing; and these recurring passages of complete unintelligibility seemed to be necessary to the proper understanding of any part of the document. What was discoverable was quaint, curious, but thwarting and perplexing, because it seemed to imply some very great purpose, only to be brought out by what was hidden.

Septimius had read, in the old college library during his pupilage, a work on ciphers and cryptic writing, but being drawn to it only by his curiosity respecting whatever was hidden, and not expecting ever to use his knowledge, he had obtained only the barest idea of what was necessary to the deciphering a secret passage. Judging by what he could pick out, he would have thought the whole essay was upon the moral conduct; all parts of that he could make out seeming to refer to a certain ascetic rule of life; to denial of pleasures; these topics being repeated and insisted on everywhere, although without any discoverable reference to religious or moral motives; and always when the author seemed verging towards a definite purpose, he took refuge in his cipher. Yet withal, imperfectly (or not at all, rather) as Septimius could comprehend its purport, this strange writing had a mystic influence, that wrought upon his imagination, and with the late singular incidents of his life, his continual thought on this one subject, his walk on the hill-top, lonely, or only interrupted by the pale shadow of a girl, combined to set him outside of the living world. Rose Garfield perceived it, knew and felt that he was gliding away from her, and met him with a reserve which she could not overcome.

It was a pity that his early friend, Robert Hagburn, could not at present have any influence over him, having now regularly joined the Continental Army, and being engaged in the expedition of Arnold against Quebec. Indeed, this war, in which the country was so earnestly and enthusiastically engaged, had perhaps an influence on Septimius's state of mind, for it put everybody into an exaggerated and unnatural state, united enthusiasms of all sorts, heightened everybody either into its own heroism or into the peculiar madness to which each person was inclined; and Septimius walked so much the more wildly on his lonely course, because the people were going enthusiastically on another. In times of revolution and public disturbance all absurdities are more unrestrained; the measure of calm sense, the habits, the orderly decency, are partially lost. More people become insane, I should suppose; offences against public morality, female license, are more numerous; suicides, murders, all ungovernable outbreaks of men's thoughts, embodying themselves in wild acts, take place more frequently, and with less horror to the lookers-on. So with Septimius; there was not, as there would have been at an ordinary time, the same calmness and truth in the public observation, scrutinizing everything with its keen criticism, in that time of seething opinions and overturned principles; a new time was coming, and Septimius's phase of novelty attracted less attention so far as it was known.

So he continued to brood over the manuscript in his study, and to hide it under lock and key in a recess of the wall, as if it were a secret of murder; to walk, too, on his hill-top, where at sunset always came the pale, crazy maiden, who still seemed to watch the little hillock with a pertinacious care that was strange to Septimius. By and by came the winter and the deep snows; and even then, unwilling to give up his habitual place of exercise, the monotonousness of which promoted his wish to keep before his mind one subject of thought, Septimius wore a path through the snow, and still walked there. Here, however, he lost for a time the companionship of the girl; for when the first snow came, she shivered, and looked at its white heap over

the hillock, and said to Septimius, "I will look for it again in spring."

[*Septimius is at the point of despair for want of a guide in his studies.*]

The winter swept over, and spring was just beginning to spread its green flush over the more favored exposures of the landscape, although on the north side of stone walls, and the northern nooks of hills, there were still the remnants of snow-drifts. Septimius's hill-top, which was of a soil which quickly rid itself of moisture, now began to be a genial place of resort to him, and he was one morning taking his walk there, meditating upon the still insurmountable difficulties which interposed themselves against the interpretation of the manuscript, yet feeling the new gush of spring bring hope to him, and the energy and elasticity for new effort. Thus pacing to and fro, he was surprised, as he turned at the extremity of his walk, to see a figure advancing towards him; not that of the pale maiden whom he was accustomed to see there, but a figure as widely different as possible. [*He sees a spider dangling from his web, and examines him minutely.*] It was that of a short, broad, somewhat elderly man, dressed in a surtout that had a half-military air, the cocked hat of the period, well worn, and having a fresher spot in it, whence, perhaps, a cockade had been recently taken off; and this personage carried a well-blackened German pipe in his hand, which, as he walked, he applied to his lips, and puffed out volumes of smoke, filling the pleasant western breeze with the fragrance of some excellent Virginia. He came slowly along, and Septimius, slackening his pace a little, came as slowly to meet him, feeling somewhat indignant, to be sure, that anybody should intrude on his sacred hill; until at last they met, as it happened, close by the memorable little hillock, on which the grass and flower-leaves also had begun to sprout. The stranger looked keenly at Septimius, made a careless salute by putting his hand up, and took the pipe from his mouth.

"Mr. Septimius Felton, I suppose?" said he.

"That is my name," replied Septimius.

"I am Doctor Jabez Portsoaken," said the stranger, "late surgeon of his Majesty's sixteenth regiment, which I quitted when his Majesty's army quitted Boston, being desirous of trying my fortunes in your country, and giving the people the benefit of my scientific knowledge; also to practise some new modes of medical science, which I could not so well do in the army."

"I think you are quite right, Doctor Jabez Portsoaken," said Septimius, a little confused and bewildered, so unused had he become to the society of strangers.

"And as to you, sir," said the doctor, who had a very rough, abrupt way of speaking, "I have to thank you for a favor done me."

"Have you, sir?" said Septimius, who was quite sure that he had never seen the doctor's uncouth figure before.

"O, ay, me," said the doctor, puffing coolly, — "me, in the person of my niece, a sickly, poor, nervous little thing, who is very fond of walking on your hill-top, and whom you do not send away."

"You are the uncle of Sibyl Dacy?" said Septimius.

"Even so, her mother's brother," said the doctor, with a grotesque bow. "So, being on a visit, the first that the siege allowed me to pay, to see how the girl was getting on, I take the opportunity to pay my respects to you; the more that I understand you to be a young man of some learning, and it is not often that one meets with such in this country."

"No," said Septimius, abruptly, for indeed he had half a suspicion that this queer Doctor Portsoaken was not altogether sincere, — that, in short, he was making game of him. "You have been misinformed. I know nothing whatever that is worth knowing."

"Oho!" said the doctor, with a long puff of smoke out of his pipe. "If you

are convinced of that, you are one of the wisest men I have met with, young as you are. I must have been twice your age before I got so far; and even now, I am sometimes fool enough to doubt the only thing I was ever sure of knowing. But come, you make me only the more earnest to collogue with you. If we put both our shortcomings together, they may make up an item of positive knowledge."

"What use can one make of abortive thoughts?" said Septimius.

"Do your speculations take a scientific turn?" said Doctor Portsoaken. "There I can meet you with as much false knowledge and empiricism as you can bring for the life of you. Have you ever tried to study spiders? — there is my strong point now! I have hung my whole interest in life on a spider's web."

"I know nothing of them, sir," said Septimius, "except to crush them when I see them running across the floor, or to brush away the festoons of their webs, when they have chanced to escape my Aunt Keziah's broom."

"Crush them! Brush away their webs!" cried the doctor, apparently in a rage, and shaking his pipe at Septimius. "Sir, it is sacrilege! Yes, it is worse than murder Every thread of a spider's web is worth more than a thread of gold; and before twenty years are passed, a housemaid will be beaten to death with her own broomstick if she disturbs one of these sacred animals. But, come again. Shall we talk of botany, the virtues of herbs?"

"My Aunt Keziah should meet you there, doctor," said Septimius. "She has a native and original acquaintance with their virtues, and can save and kill with any of the faculty. As for myself, my studies have not turned that way."

"They ought! they ought!" said the doctor, looking meaningly at him. "The whole thing lies in the blossom of an herb. Now, you ought to begin with what lies about you; on this little hillock, for instance"; and looking at the grave beside which they were standing, he gave it a kick which went to Septimius's heart, there seemed to be such a spite and scorn in it. "On this hillock I see some specimens of plants which would be worth your looking at."

Bending down towards the grave as he spoke, he seemed to give closer attention to what he saw there; keeping in his stooping position till his face began to get a purple aspect, for the erudite doctor was of that make of man who has to be kept right side uppermost with care. At length he raised himself, muttering, "Very curious! very curious!"

"Do you see anything remarkable there?" asked Septimius, with some interest.

"Yes," said the doctor, bluntly. "No matter what! The time will come when you may like to know it."

"Will you come with me to my residence at the foot of the hill, Doctor Portsoaken?" asked Septimius. "I am not a learned man, and have little or no title to converse with one, except a sincere desire to be wiser than I am. If you can be moved on such terms to give me your companionship, I shall be thankful."

"Sir, I am with you," said Doctor Portsoaken. "I will tell you what I know, in the sure belief (for I will be frank with you) that it will add to the amount of dangerous folly now in your mind, and help you on the way to ruin. Take your choice, therefore, whether to know me further or not."

"I neither shrink nor fear, — neither hope much," said Septimius, quietly. "Anything that you can communicate — if anything you can — I shall fearlessly receive, and return you such thanks as it may be found to deserve."

So saying, he led the way down the hill, by the steep path that descended abruptly upon the rear of his bare and unadorned little dwelling; the doctor following with much foul language (for he had a terrible habit of swearing) at the difficulties of the way, to which his short legs were ill adapted. Aunt Keziah met them at the door, and looked sharply at the doctor, who re-

turned the gaze with at least as much keenness, muttering between his teeth as he did so; and to say the truth, Aunt Keziah was as worthy of being sworn at as any woman could well be, for whatever she might have been in her younger days, she was at this time as strange a mixture of an Indian squaw and herb doctress, with the crabbed old maid, and a mingling of the witch-aspect running through all, as could well be imagined; and she had a handkerchief over her head, and she was of hue a dusky yellow, and she looked very cross. As Septimius ushered the doctor into his study, and was about to follow him, Aunt Keziah drew him back.

"Septimius, who is this you have brought here?" asked she.

"A man I have met on the hill," answered her nephew; "a Doctor Portsoaken he calls himself, from the old country. He says he has knowledge of herbs and other mysteries; in your own line, it may be. If you want to talk with him, give the man his dinner, and find out what there is in him."

"And what do you want of him yourself, Septimius?" asked she.

"I? Nothing! — that is to say, I expect nothing," said Septimius. "But I am astray, seeking everywhere, and so I reject no hint, no promise, no faintest possibility of aid that I may find anywhere. I judge this man to be a quack, but I judge the same of the most learned man of his profession, or any other; and there is a roughness about this man that may indicate a little more knowledge than if he were smoother. So, as he threw himself in my way, I take him in."

"A grim, ugly-looking old wretch as ever I saw," muttered Aunt Keziah. "Well, he shall have his dinner; and if he likes to talk about yarb-dishes, I 'm with him."

So Septimius followed the doctor into his study, where he found him with the sword in his hand which he had taken from over the mantel-piece, and was holding it drawn, examining the hilt and blade with great minuteness; the hilt being wrought in openwork, with certain heraldic devices, doubtless belonging to the family of its former wearer.

"I have seen this weapon before," said the doctor.

"It may well be," said Septimius. "It was once worn by a person who served in the army of your king."

"And you took it from him?" said the doctor.

"If I did, it was in no way that I need be ashamed of, or afraid to tell, though I choose rather not to speak of it," answered Septimius.

"Have you, then, no desire nor interest to know the family, the personal history, the prospects, of him who once wore this sword, and who will never draw sword again?" inquired Doctor Portsoaken. "Poor Cyril Norton! There was a singular story attached to that young man, sir, and a singular mystery he carried about with him, the end of which, perhaps, is not yet."

Septimius would have been, indeed, well enough pleased to learn the mystery which he himself had seen that there was about the man whom he slew; but he was afraid that some question might be thereby started about the secret document that he had kept possession of; and he therefore would have wished to avoid the whole subject.

"I cannot be supposed to take much interest in English family history. It is a hundred and fifty years, at least, since my own family ceased to be English," he answered. "I care more for the present and future than for the past."

"It is all one," said the doctor, sitting down, taking out a pinch of tobacco, and refilling his pipe.

It is unnecessary to follow up the description of the visit of the eccentric doctor through the day. Suffice it to say that there was a sort of charm, or rather fascination, about the uncouth old fellow, in spite of his strange ways; in spite of his constant puffing of tobacco; and in spite, too, of a constant imbibing of strong liquor, which he made inquiries for, and of which the

best that could be produced was a certain decoction, infusion, or distillation, pertaining to Aunt Keziah, and of which the basis was rum, be it said, done up with certain bitter herbs of the old lady's own gathering, at proper times of the moon, and which was a well-known drink to all who were favored with Aunt Keziah's friendship; though there was a story that it was the very drink which used to be passed round at witch-meetings, being brewed from the Devil's own recipe. And in truth, judging from the taste (for I once took a sip of a draught prepared from the same ingredients, and in the same way), I should think this hellish origin might be the veritable one.

[*"I thought," quoth the doctor, "I could drink anything, but—"*]

But the valiant doctor sipped, and sipped again, and said with great blasphemy that it was the real stuff, and only needed henbane to make it perfect. Then, taking from his pocket a good-sized leathern-covered flask, with a silver lip fastened on the muzzle, he offered it to Septimius, who declined, and to Aunt Keziah, who preferred her own decoction, and then drank it off himself, with a loud smack of satisfaction, declaring it to be infernally good brandy.

Well, after this Septimius and he talked; and I know not how it was, but there was a great deal of imagination in this queer man, whether a bodily or spiritual influence it might be hard to say. On the other hand, Septimius had for a long while held little intercourse with men; none whatever with men who could comprehend him; the doctor, too, seemed to bring the discourse singularly in apposition with what his host was continually thinking about, for he conversed on occult matters, on people who had had the art of living long, and had only died at last by accident, on the powers and qualities of common herbs, which he believed to be so great, that all around our feet — growing in the wild forest, afar from man, or following the footsteps of man wherever he fixes his residence, across seas, from the old homesteads whence he migrated, following him everywhere, and offering themselves sedulously and continually to his notice, while he only plucks them away from the comparatively worthless things which he cultivates, and flings them aside, blaspheming at them because Providence has sown them so thickly — grow what we call weeds, only because all the generations, from the beginning of time till now, have failed to discover their wondrous virtues, potent for the curing of all diseases, potent for procuring length of days.

"Everything good," said the doctor, drinking another dram of brandy, "lies right at our feet, and all we need is to gather it up."

"That 's true," quoth Keziah, taking just a little sup of her hellish preparation; "these herbs were all gathered within a hundred yards of this very spot, though it took a wise woman to find out their virtues."

The old woman went off about her household duties, and then it was that Septimius submitted to the doctor the list of herbs which he had picked out of the old document, asking him, as something apposite to the subject of their discourse, whether he was acquainted with them, for most of them had very queer names, some in Latin, some in English.

The bluff doctor put on his spectacles, and looked over the slip of yellow and worn paper scrutinizingly, puffing tobacco-smoke upon it in great volumes, as if thereby to make its hidden purport come out; he mumbled to himself, he took another sip from his flask; and then, putting it down on the table, appeared to meditate.

"This infernal old document," said he, at length, "is one that I have never seen before, yet heard of, nevertheless; for it was my folly in youth (and whether I am any wiser now is more than I take upon me to say, but it was my folly then) to be in quest of certain kinds of secret knowledge, which the fathers of science thought

attainable. Now, in several quarters, amongst people with whom my pursuits brought me in contact, I heard of a certain recipe which had been lost for a generation or two, but which, if it could be recovered, would prove to have the true life-giving potency in it. It is said that the ancestor of a great old family in England was in possession of this secret, being a man of science, and the friend of Friar Bacon, who was said to have concocted it himself, partly from the precepts of his master, partly from his own experiments, and it is thought he might have been living to this day, if he had not unluckily been killed in the wars of the Roses; for you know no recipe for long life would be proof against an old English arrow, or a leaden bullet from one of our own firelocks."

"And what has been the history of the thing after his death?" asked Septimius.

"It was supposed to be preserved in the family," said the doctor, "and it has always been said that the head and eldest son of that family had it at his option to live forever, if he could only make up his mind to it. But seemingly there were difficulties in the way. There was probably a certain diet and regimen to be observed, certain strict rules of life to be kept a certain ascetism to be imposed on the person, which was not quite agreeable to young men; and after the period of youth was passed, the human frame became incapable of being regenerated from the seeds of decay and death which by that time had become strongly developed in it. In short, while young the possessor of the secret found the terms of immortal life too hard to be accepted, since it implied the giving up of most of the things that made life desirable, in his view; and when he came to a more reasonable mind, it was too late. And so, in all the generations since Friar Bacon's time, the Nortons have been born, and enjoyed their young days, and worried through their manhood, and tottered through their old age (unless taken off sooner by sword, arrow, ball, fever, or what not), and died in their beds, like men that had no such option; and so this old yellow paper has done not the least good to any mortal. Neither do I see how it can do any good to you, since you know not the rules, moral or dietetic, that are essential to its effect. But how did you come by it?"

"It matters not how," said Septimius, gloomily. "Enough that I am its rightful possessor and inheritor. Can you read these old characters?"

"Most of them," said the doctor; "but let me tell you, my young friend, I have no faith whatever in this secret; and, having meddled with such things myself, I ought to know. The old physicians and chemists had strange ideas of the virtues of plants, drugs, and minerals, and equally strange fancies as to the way of getting those virtues into action. They would throw a hundred different potencies into a caldron together, and put them on the fire, and expect to brew a potency containing all their potencies, and having a different virtue of its own. Whereas, the most likely result would be that they would counteract one another, and the concoction be of no virtue at all; or else some more powerful ingredient would tincture the whole."

He read the paper again, and continued: —

"I see nothing else so remarkable in this recipe, as that it is chiefly made up of some of the commonest things that grow; plants that you set your foot upon at your very threshold, in your garden, in your wood-walks, wherever you go. I doubt not old Aunt Keziah knows them, and very likely she has brewed them up in that hell-drink, the remembrance of which is still rankling in my stomach. I thought I had swallowed the Devil himself, whom the old woman had been boiling down. It would be curious enough if the hideous decoction was the same as old Friar Bacon and his acolyte discovered by their sci-

ence! One ingredient, however, one of those plants, I scarcely think the old lady can have put into her pot of Devil's elixir; for it is a rare plant, that does not grow in these parts."

"And what is that?" asked Septimius.

"*Sanguinea sanguinissima*," said the doctor; "it has no vulgar name; but it produces a very beautiful flower, which I have never seen, though some seeds of it were sent me by a learned friend in Siberia. The others, divested of their Latin names, are as common as plantain, pig-weed, and burdock; and it stands to reason that, if vegetable Nature has any such wonderfully efficacious medicine in store for men, and means them to use it, she would have strewn it everywhere plentifully within their reach."

"But, after all, it would be a mockery on the old dame's part," said the young man, somewhat bitterly, "since she would thus hold the desired thing seemingly within our reach; but because she never tells us how to prepare and obtain its efficacy, we miss it just as much as if all the ingredients were hidden from sight and knowledge in the centre of the earth. We are the playthings and fools of Nature, which she amuses herself with during our little lifetime, and then breaks for mere sport, and laughs in our faces as she does so."

"Take care, my good fellow," said the doctor, with his great coarse laugh. "I rather suspect that you have already got beyond the age when the great medicine could do you good; that speech indicates a great toughness and hardness and bitterness about the heart that does not accumulate in our tender years.'

Septimius took little or no notice of the raillery of the grim old doctor, but employed the rest of the time in getting as much information as he could out of his guest; and though he could not bring himself to show him the precious and sacred manuscript, yet he questioned him as closely as possible without betraying his secret, into the modes of finding out cryptic writings. The doctor was not without the perception that his dark-browed, keen-eyed acquaintance had some purpose not openly avowed in all these pertinacious, distinct questions; he discovered a central reference in them all, and perhaps knew that Septimius must have in his possession some writing in hieroglyphics, cipher, or other secret mode, that conveyed instructions how to operate with the strange recipe that he had shown him.

"You had better trust me fully, my good sir," said he. "Not but what I will give you all the aid I can without it; for you have done me a greater benefit than you are aware of, beforehand. No — you will not? Well, if you can change your mind, seek me out in Boston, where I have seen fit to settle in the practice of my profession, and I will serve you according to your folly; for folly it is, I warn you."

Nothing else worthy of record is known to have passed during the doctor's visit; and in due time he disappeared, as it were, in a whiff of tobacco-smoke, leaving an odor of brandy and tobacco behind him, and a traditionary memory of a wizard that had been there. Septimius went to work with what items of knowledge he had gathered from him; but the interview had at least made him aware of one thing, which was, that he must provide himself with all possible quantity of scientific knowledge of botany, and perhaps more extensive knowledge, in order to be able to concoct the recipe. It was the fruit of all the scientific attainment of the age that produced it (so said the legend, which seemed reasonable enough), a great philosopher had wrought his learning into it; and this had been attempered, regulated, improved, by the quick, bright intellect of his scholar. Perhaps, thought Septimius, another deep and earnest intelligence added to these two may bring the precious recipe to still greater perfection. At least it shall be tried. So thinking, he gathered together all the books that he could find relating to

such studies; he spent one day, moreover, in a walk to Cambridge, where he searched the alcoves of the college library for such works as it contained; and borrowing them from the war-disturbed institution of learning, he betook himself homewards, and applied himself to the study with an earnestness of zealous application that perhaps has been seldom equalled in a study of so quiet a character. A month or two of study, with practice upon such plants as he found upon his hill-top, and along the brook and in other neighboring localities, sufficed to do a great deal for him. In this pursuit he was assisted by Sibyl, who proved to have great knowledge in some botanical departments, especially among flowers; and in her cold and quiet way, she met him on this subject and glided by his side, as she had done so long, a companion, a daily observer and observed of him, mixing herself up with his pursuits as if she were an attendant sprite upon him.

But this pale girl was not the only associate of his studies, the only instructress, whom Septimius found. The observation which Doctor Portsoaken made about the fantastic possibility that Aunt Keziah might have inherited the same receipt from her Indian ancestry which had been struck out by the science of Friar Bacon and his pupil had not failed to impress Septimius, and to remain on his memory. So, not long after the doctor's departure, the young man took occasion one evening to say to his aunt that he thought his stomach was a little out of order with too much application, and that perhaps she could give him some herb-drink or other that would be good for him.

"That I can, Seppy, my darling," said the old woman, "and I 'm glad you have the sense to ask for it at last. Here it is in this bottle; and though that foolish, blaspheming doctor turned up his old brandy nose at it, I 'll drink with him any day and come off better than he."

So saying, she took out of the closet her brown jug, stopped with a cork that had a rag twisted round it to make it tighter, filled a mug half full of the concoction, and set it on the table before Septimius.

"There, child, smell of that; the smell merely will do you good; but drink it down, and you 'll live the longer for it."

"Indeed, Aunt Keziah, is that so?" asked Septimius, a little startled by a recommendation which in some measure tallied with what he wanted in a medicine. "That 's a good quality."

He looked into the mug, and saw a turbid, yellow concoction, not at all attractive to the eye; he smelt of it, and was partly of opinion that Aunt Keziah had mixed a certain unfragrant vegetable, called skunk cabbage, with the other ingredients of her witch-drink. He tasted it; not a mere sip, but a good, genuine gulp, being determined to have real proof of what the stuff was in all respects. The draught seemed at first to burn in his mouth, unaccustomed to any drink but water, and to go scorching all the way down into his stomach, making him sensible of the depth of his inwards by a track of fire, far, far down; and then, worse than the fire, came a taste of hideous bitterness and nauseousness, which he had not previously conceived to exist, and which threatened to stir up his bowels into utter revolt; but knowing Aunt Keziah's touchiness with regard to this concoction, and how sacred she held it, he made an effort of real heroism, squelched down his agony, and kept his face quiet, with the exception of one strong convulsion, which he allowed to twist across it for the sake of saving his life.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

IV.

THE Old Master has developed one quality of late for which I am afraid I hardly gave him credit. He has turned out to be an excellent listener.

— I love to talk, — he said, — as a goose loves to swim. Sometimes I think it is because I *am* a goose. For I never talked much at any one time in my life without saying something or other I was sorry for.

— You too ! — said I. — Now that is very odd, for it is an experience *I* have habitually. I thought you were rather too much of a philosopher to trouble yourself about such small matters as to whether you had said just what you meant to or not; especially as you know that the person you talk to does not remember a word of what you said the next morning, but is thinking, it is much more likely, of what she said, or how her new dress looked, or some other body's new dress which made hers look as if it had been patched together from the leaves of last November. That 's what she 's probably thinking about.

— *She !* — said the Master, with a look which it would take half a column of this periodical to explain to the entire satisfaction of thoughtful readers of both sexes.

— I paid the respect due to that most significant monosyllable, which, as the old Rabbi spoke it, with its *targum* of tone and expression, was not to be answered flippantly, but soberly, advisedly, and after a pause long enough for it to unfold its meaning in the listener's mind. For there are short single words (all the world remembers Rachel's *Helas !*) which are like those Japanese toys that look like nothing of any significance as you throw them on the water, but which after a little time open out into various strange and unexpected figures, and then you find that each little shred had a complicated story to tell of itself.

— Yes, — said I, at the close of this silent interval, during which the monosyllable had been opening out its meanings, — *She.* When I think of talking, it is of course with a woman. For talking at its best being an inspiration, it wants a corresponding divine quality of receptiveness ; and where will you find this but in woman ?

The Master laughed a pleasant little laugh, — not a harsh, sarcastic one, but playful, and tempered by so kind a look that it seemed as if every wrinkled line about his old eyes repeated, " God bless you," as the tracings on the walls of the Alhambra repeat a sentence of the Koran.

I said nothing, but *looked* the question, What are you laughing at ?

— Why, I laughed because I could n't help saying to myself that a woman whose mind was taken up with thinking how she looked, and how her pretty neighbor looked, would n't have a great deal of thought to spare for all your fine discourse.

— Come, now, — said I, — a man who contradicts himself in the course of two minutes must have a screw loose in his mental machinery. I never feel afraid that such a thing can happen to me, though it happens often enough when I turn a thought over suddenly, as you did that five-cent piece the other day, that it reads differently on its two sides. What I meant to say is something like this. A woman, notwithstanding she is the best of listeners, knows her business, and it is a woman's business to please. I don't say that it is *not* her business to vote, but I do say that the woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth or beauty or even manner ; but she must have something in her voice or expres-

sion, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed towards your race to look at or listen to. She knows that as well as we do; and her first question after you have been talking your soul into her consciousness is, Did *I* please? A woman never forgets her sex. She would rather talk with a man than an angel, any day.

— This frightful speech of mine reached the ear of our Scheherazade, who said that it was perfectly shocking and that I deserved to be shown up as the outlaw in one of her bandit stories.

Hush, my dear, — said the Lady, — you will have to bring John Milton into your story with our friend there, if you punish everybody who says naughty things like that. Send the little boy up to my chamber for Paradise Lost, if you please. He will find it lying on my table. The little old volume, — he can't mistake it.

So the girl called That Boy round and gave him the message; I don't know why *she* should give it, but she did, and the Lady helped her out with a word or two.

The little volume — its cover protected with soft white leather from a long kid glove, evidently suggesting the brilliant assemblies of the days when friends and fortune smiled — came presently and the Lady opened it. — You may read that, if you like, — she said, — it may show you that our friend is to be pilloried in good company.

The young girl ran her eye along the passage the Lady pointed out, blushed, laughed, and slapped the book down as though she would have liked to box the ears of Mr. John Milton, if he had been a contemporary and fellow-contributor to the Weekly Bucket. — I won't touch the thing, — she said. — He was a horrid man to talk so; and he had as many wives as Blue-Beard.

— Fair play, — said the Master. — Bring me the book, my little fractional superfluity, — I mean you, my nursling, — my boy, if that suits your small Highness better.

The Boy brought the book.

The old Master, not unfamiliar with the great epic, opened pretty nearly to the place, and very soon found the passage. He read aloud with grand scholastic intonation and in a deep voice that silenced the table as if a prophet had just spoken, Thus saith the Lord: —

> "So spake our sire, and by his countenance seemed
> Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
> Perceiving —"

went to water her geraniums, to make a short story of it, and left the two "conversationists," to wit, the angel Raphael and the gentleman, — there was but one gentleman in society then, you know, — to talk it out.

> "Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
> Delighted, or not capable her ear
> Of what was high; such pleasure she reserved,
> Adam relating, she sole auditress;
> *Her husband the relater she preferred*
> *Before the angel*, and of him to ask
> Chose rather; he she knew would intermix
> Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
> With conjugal caresses: from his lips
> Not words alone pleased her."

Everybody laughed, except the Capitalist, who was a little hard of hearing, and the Scarabee, whose life was too earnest for demonstrations of that kind. He had his eyes fixed on the volume, however, with eager interest.

— The p'int 's carried, — said the Member of the Haouse.

Will you let me look at that book a single minute? — said the Scarabee. I passed it to him, wondering what in the world he wanted of Paradise Lost.

Dermestes lardarius, — he said, pointing to a place where the edge of one side of the outer cover had been slightly tasted by some insect. — Very fond of leather while they 're in the larva state.

— Damage the goods as bad as mice, — said the Salesman.

— Eat half the binding off Folio 67, — said the Register of Deeds. Something did, anyhow, and it was n't mice. Found the shelf covered with little hairy cases belonging to something or other that had no business there.

Skins of the *Dermestes lardarius*, — said the Scarabee, — you can always tell them by those brown hairy coats. That 's the name to give them.

— What good does it do to give 'em

a name after they 've eat the binding off my folios ? — asked the Register of Deeds.

The Scarabee had too much respect for science to answer such a question as that ; and the book, having served its purposes, was passed back to the Lady.

I return to the previous question, — said I, — if our friend the Member of the House of Representatives will allow me to borrow the phrase. Womanly women are very kindly critics, except to themselves and now and then to their own sex. The less there is of sex about a woman, the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment, — well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resplendent as to be a show and a sensation, with the varied outside influences that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her, — and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that make an hour memorable ? What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature as the warm and cool currents of talk blow by turns ? At one moment she is microscopically intellectual, critical, scrupulous in judgment as an analyst's balance, and the next as sympathetic as the open rose that sweetens the wind from whatever quarter it finds its way to her bosom. It is in the hospitable soul of a woman that a man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful, at the same time that he is mesmerized by all those divine differences which make her a mystery and a bewilderment to —

If you fire your popgun at me, you little chimpanzee, I will stick a pin right through the middle of you and put you into one of this gentleman's beetle-cases !

I caught the imp that time, but what started him was more than I could guess. It is rather hard that this spoiled child should spoil such a sentence as that was going to be ; but the wind shifted all at once, and the talk had to come round on another tack, or at least fall off a point or two from its course.

— I 'll tell you who I think are the best talkers in all probability, — said I to the Master, who, as I mentioned was developing interesting talent as a listener, — poets who never write verses. And there are a good many more of these than it would seem at first sight. I think you may say every young lover is a poet, to begin with. I don't mean either that *all* young lovers are good talkers, — they have an eloquence all their own when they are with the beloved object, no doubt, emphasized after the fashion the solemn bard of Paradise refers to with such delicious humor in the passage we just heard, — but a little talk goes a good way in most of these cooing matches, and it would n't do to report them too literally. What I mean is, that a man with the gift of musical and impassioned phrase (and love often *lends* that to a young person for a while), who " wreaks " it, to borrow Byron's word, on conversation as the natural outlet of his sensibilities and spiritual activities, is likely to talk better than the poet, who plays on the instrument of verse. A great pianist or violinist is rarely a great singer. To write a poem is to expend the vital force which would have made one brilliant for an hour or two, and to expend it on an instrument with more pipes, reeds, keys, stops, and pedals than the Great Organ that shakes New England every time it is played in full blast.

Do you mean that it is hard work to write a poem ? — said the old Master. — I had an idea that a poem wrote itself, as it were, very often ; that it came by influx, without voluntary effort ; indeed, you have spoken of it as an inspiration rather than a result of volition.

— Did you ever see a great ballet-dancer ? — I asked him.

— I have seen Taglioni, — he answered. — She used to take her steps rather prettily. I have seen the woman that danced the cap-stone on to Bunker Hill Monument, as Orpheus moved the rocks by music, — the Elssler woman, —

Fanny Elssler. She would dance you a rigadoon or cut a pigeon's wing for you very respectably.

(Confound this old college bookworm, — he has seen everything !)

Well, did these two ladies dance as if it was hard work to them ?

— Why no, I should say they danced as if they liked it and could n't help dancing ; they looked as if they felt so "corky" it was hard to keep them down.

— And yet they had been through such work to get their limbs strong and flexible and obedient, that a cart-horse lives an easy life compared to theirs while they were in training.

— The Master cut in just here — I had sprung the trap of a reminiscence.

— When I was a boy, — he said, — some of the mothers in our small town, who meant that their children should know what was what as well as other people's children, laid their heads together and got a dancing-master to come out from the city and give instruction at a few dollars a quarter to the young folks of condition in the village. Some of their husbands were ministers and some were deacons, but the mothers knew what they were about, and they did n't see any reason why ministers' and deacons' wives' children should n't have as easy manners as the sons and daughters of Belial. So, as I tell you, they got a dancing-master to come out to our place, — a man of good repute, a most respectable man, — madam (to the Landlady), you must remember the worthy old citizen, in his advanced age, going about the streets, a most gentlemanly bundle of infirmities, — only he always cocked his hat a little too much on one side, as they do here and there along the Connecticut River, and sometimes on our city sidewalks, when they 've got a new beaver ; they got him, I say, to give us boys and girls lessons in dancing and deportment. He was as gray and as lively as a squirrel, as I remember him, and used to spring up in the air and "cross his feet," as we called it, three times before he came down. Well, at the end of each term there was what they called an "exhibition ball," in which the scholars danced cotillons and country-dances ; also something called a "gavotte," and I think one or more walked a minuet. But all this is not what I wanted to say. At this exhibition ball he used to bring out a number of hoops wreathed with roses, of the perennial kind, by the aid of which a number of amazingly complicated and startling evolutions were exhibited ; and also his two daughters, who figured largely in these evolutions, and whose wonderful performances to us, who had not seen Miss Taglioni or Miss Elssler, were something quite wonderful, in fact, surpassing the natural possibilities of human beings. Their extraordinary powers were, however, accounted for by the following explanation, which was accepted in the school as entirely satisfactory. A certain little bone in the ankles of each of these young girls had been broken intentionally, *secundum artem*, at a very early age, and thus they had been fitted to accomplish these surprising feats which threw the achievements of the children who were left in the condition of the natural man into ignominious shadow.

— Thank you, — said I, — you have helped out my illustration so as to make it better than I expected. Let me begin again. Every poem that is worthy of the name, no matter how easily it seems to be written, represents a great amount of vital force expended at some time or other. When you find a beach strewed with the shells and other spoils that belonged once to the deep sea, you know the tide has been there, and that the winds and waves have wrestled over its naked sands. And so if I find a poem stranded in my soul and have nothing to do but seize it as a wrecker carries off the treasure he finds cast ashore, I know I have paid at some time for that poem with some inward commotion, were it only an excess of enjoyment, which has used up just so much of my vital capital. But besides all the impressions that furnished the stuff of the

poem, there has been hard work to get the management of that wonderful instrument I spoke of, — the great organ, language. An artist that works in marble or colors has them all to himself and his tribe, but the man who moulds his thought in verse has to use the materials vulgarized by everybody's use, and glorify them by his handling. I don't know that you must break any bones in a poet's mechanism before his thought can dance in rhythm, but read your Milton and see what training, what patient labor, it took before he could shape our common speech into his majestic harmonies.

It is rather singular, but the same kind of thing has happened to me not very rarely before, as I suppose it has to most persons, that just when I happened to be thinking about poets and their conditions, this very morning, I saw a paragraph or two from a foreign paper which is apt to be sharp, if not cynical, relating to the same matter. I can't help it; I want to have my talk about it, and if I say the same things that writer did, somebody can have the satisfaction of saying I stole them all.

(I thought the person whom I have called hypothetically the *Man of Letters* changed color a little and betrayed a certain awkward consciousness that somebody was looking at him or thinking of him; but I am a little suspicious about him and may do him wrong.)

That poets are treated as privileged persons by their admirers and the educated public can hardly be disputed. That they consider themselves so there is no doubt whatever. On the whole, I do not know so easy a way of shirking all the civic and social and domestic duties, as to settle it in one's mind that one is a poet. I have, therefore, taken great pains to advise other persons laboring under the impression that they were gifted beings destined to soar in the atmosphere of song above the vulgar realities of earth, not to neglect any homely duty under the influence of that impression. The number of these persons is so great that if they were suffered to indulge their prejudice against every-day duties and labors, it would be a serious loss to the productive industry of the country. My skirts are clear (so far as other people are concerned) of countenancing that form of intellectual opium-eating in which rhyme takes the place of the narcotic. But what are you going to do when you find John Keats an apprentice to a surgeon or apothecary? Is n't it rather better to get another boy to sweep out the shop and shake out the powders and stir up the mixtures, and leave him undisturbed to write his Ode on a Grecian Urn or to a Nightingale? O yes, the critic I have referred to would say, if he is John Keats; but not if he is of a much lower grade, even though he be genuine, what there is of him. But the trouble is, the sensitive persons who belong to the lower grades of the poetical hierarchy do not know their own poetical limitations, while they do feel a natural unfitness and disinclination for many pursuits which young persons of the average balance of faculties take to pleasantly enough. What is forgotten is this, that every real poet, even of the humblest grade, is an *artist*. Now I venture to say that any painter or sculptor of real genius, though he may do nothing more than paint flowers and fruit, or carve cameos, is considered a privileged person. It is recognized perfectly that to get his best work he must be insured the freedom from disturbances which the creative power absolutely demands, more absolutely perhaps in these slighter artists than in the great masters. His nerves must be steady for him to finish a rose-leaf or the fold of a nymph's drapery in his best manner; and they will be unsteadied if he has to perform the honest drudgery which another can do for him quite as well. And it is just so with the poet, though he were only finishing an epigram; you must no more meddle roughly with him than you would shake a bottle of Chambertin and expect the "sunset glow" to redden your glass unclouded. On the other hand, it may be said that poetry

is not an article of prime necessity, and potatoes are. There is a disposition in many persons just now to deny the poet his benefit of clergy, and to hold him no better than other people. Perhaps he is not, perhaps he is not so good, half the time ; but he is a luxury, and if you want him you must pay for him, by not trying to make a drudge of him while he is all his lifetime struggling with the chills and heats of his artistic intermittent.

There may have been some lesser interruptions during the talk I have reported as if it was a set speech, but this was the drift of what I said and should have said if the other man, in the Review I referred to, had not seen fit to meddle with the subject, as some fellow always does, just about the time when I am going to say something about it. The Old Master listened beautifully, except for cutting in once, as I told you he did. But now he had held in as long as it was in his nature to contain himself, and must have his say or go off in an apoplexy, or explode in some way.

— I think you 're right about the poets, — he said. — They are to common folks what repeaters are to ordinary watches. They carry music in their inside arrangements, but they want to be handled carefully or you put them out of order. And perhaps you must n't expect them to be quite as good timekeepers as the professional chronometer watches that make a specialty of being exact within a few seconds a month. But they think too much of themselves. So does everybody that considers himself as having a right to fall back on what he calls his idiosyncrasy. Yet a man *has* such a right, and it is no easy thing to adjust the private claim to the fair public demand on him. Suppose you are subject to *tic douloureux*, for instance. Every now and then a tiger that nobody can see catches one side of your face between his jaws and holds on till he is tired and lets go. Some concession must be made to you on that score, as everybody can see. It is fair to give you a seat that is not in the draught, and your friends ought not to find fault with you if you do not care to join a party that is going on a sleigh-ride. Now take a poet like Cowper. He had a mental neuralgia, a great deal worse in many respects than *tic douloureux* confined to the face. It was well that he was sheltered and relieved, by the cares of kind friends, especially those good women, from as many of the burdens of life as they could lift off from him. I am fair to the poets, — don't you agree that I am ?

Why, yes, — I said, — you have stated the case fairly enough, a good deal as I should have put it myself.

— Now, then, — the Master continued, — I 'll tell you what is necessary to all these artistic idiosyncrasies to bring them into good square human relations outside of the special province where their ways differ from those of other people. I am going to illustrate what I mean by a comparison. I don't know, by the way, but you would be disposed to think and perhaps call me a wine-bibber by the way in which I deal with that fluid for the purposes of illustration. But I make mighty little use of it, except as it furnishes me an image now and then, as it did, for that matter, to the Disciples and their Master. In my younger days they used to bring up the famous old wines, the White-top, the Juno, the Eclipse, the Essex Junior, and the rest, in their old cobwebbed, dusty bottles. The resurrection of one of these old sepulchred dignitaries had something of solemnity about it ; it was like the disinterment of a king ; the bringing to light of the Royal Martyr King Charles I., for instance, that Sir Henry Halford gave such an interesting account of. And the bottle seemed to inspire a personal respect ; it was wrapped in a napkin and borne tenderly and reverently round to the guests, and sometimes a dead silence went before the first gush of its amber flood, and

> "The boldest held his breath
> For a time."

But nowadays the precious juice of a long-dead vintage is transferred carefully into a cut-glass decanter, and stands side by side with the sherry from a corner grocery, which looks just as bright and apparently thinks just as well of itself. The old historic Madeiras, which have warmed the periods of our famous rhetoricians of the past and burned in the impassioned eloquence of our earlier political demigods, have nothing to mark them externally but a bit of thread it may be round the neck of the decanter, or a slip of ribbon, pink on one of them and blue on another.

Go to a London club, — perhaps I might find something nearer home that would serve my turn, — but go to a London club, and there you will see the celebrities all looking alike modern, all decanted off from their historic antecedents and their costume of circumstance into the every-day aspect of the gentleman of common cultivated society. That is Sir Cœur de Lion Plantagenet in the mutton-chop whiskers and the plain gray suit; there is the Laureate in a frock-coat like your own, and the leader of the House of Commons in a neck-tie you do not envy. That is the kind of thing you want to take the nonsense out of you. If you are not decanted off from yourself every few days or weeks, you will think it sacrilege to brush a cobweb from your cork by and by. O little fool that has published a little book full of little poems or other sputtering tokens of an uneasy condition, how I love you for the one soft nerve of special sensibility that runs through your exiguous organism, and the one phosphorescent particle in your unilluminated intelligence! But if you don't leave your spun-sugar confectionery business once in a while, and come out among lusty men, — the bristly, pachydermatous fellows that hew out the highways for the material progress of society, and the broad-shouldered, out-of-door men that fight for the great prizes of life, — you will come to think that the spun-sugar business is the chief end of man, and begin to feel and look as if you felt as much above common people as that personage of whom Tourguéneff says that "he had the air of his own statue erected by national subscription."

— The Master paused and fell into a deep thinking fit, as he does sometimes. He had had his own say, it is true, but he had established his character as a listener to my own perfect satisfaction, for I, too, was conscious of having preached with a certain prolixity.

— I am always troubled when I think of my very limited mathematical capacities. It seems as if every well-organized mind should be able to handle numbers and quantities through their symbols to an indefinite extent; and yet, I am puzzled by what seems to a clever boy with a turn for calculation as plain as counting his fingers. I don't think any man feels well grounded in knowledge unless he has a good basis of mathematical certainties, and knows how to deal with them, and apply them to every branch of knowledge where they can come in to advantage.

Our young Astronomer is known for his mathematical ability, and I asked him what he thought was the difficulty in the minds that are weak in that particular direction, while they may be of remarkable force in other provinces of thought, as is notoriously the case with some men of great distinction in science.

The young man smiled and wrote a few letters and symbols on a piece of paper. — Can you see through that at once? — he said.

I puzzled over it for some minutes and gave it up.

— He said as I returned it to him, You have heard military men say that such a person had *an eye for country*, have n't you? One man will note all the landmarks, keep the points of compass in his head, observe how the streams run, in short, carry a map in his brain of any region that he has marched or galloped through. Anoth-

er man takes no note of any of these things ; always follows somebody else's lead when he can, and gets lost if he is left to himself ; a mere owl in daylight. Just so some men have an *eye for an equation*, and would read at sight the one that you puzzled over. It is told of Sir Isaac Newton that he required no demonstration of the propositions in Euclid's Geometry, but as soon as he had read the enunciation the solution or answer was plain at once. The power may be cultivated, but I think it is to a great degree a natural gift, as is the eye for color, as is the ear for music.

— I think I could read equations readily enough, — I said, — if I could only keep my attention fixed on them ; and I think I could keep my attention on them if I were imprisoned in a thinking-cell, such as the Creative Intelligence shapes for its studio when at its divinest work.

The young man's lustrous eyes opened very widely as he asked me to explain what I meant.

— What is the Creator's divinest work ? — I asked.

— Is there anything more divine than the sun ; than a sun with its planets revolving about it, warming them, lighting them, and giving conscious life to the beings that move on them ?

— You agree, then, that conscious life is the grand aim and end of all this vast mechanism. Without life that could feel and enjoy, the splendors and creative energy would all be thrown away. You know Harvey's saying, *omnia animalia ex ovo*, — all animals come from an egg. You ought to know it, for the great controversy going on about spontaneous generation has brought it into special prominence lately. Well, then, the *ovum*, the egg, is, to speak in human phrase, the Creator's more private and sacred studio, for his *magnum opus*. Now, look at a hen's egg, which is a convenient one to study, because it is large enough and built solidly enough to look at and handle easily. That would be the form I would choose for my thinking-cell. Build me an oval with smooth, translucent walls, and put me in the centre of it with Newton's "Principia" or Kant's "Kritik," and I think I shall develop "an eye for an equation," as you call it, and a capacity for an abstraction.

But do tell me, — said the Astronomer, a little incredulously, — what there is in that particular form which is going to help you to be a mathematician or a metaphysician ?

It is n't help I want, it is removing hindrances. I don't want to see anything to draw off my attention. I don't want a cornice, or an angle, or anything but a containing curve. I want diffused light and no single luminous centre to fix my eye, and so distract my mind from its one object of contemplation. The metaphysics of *attention* have hardly been sounded to their depths. The mere fixing the look on any single object for a long time may produce very strange effects. Gibbon's well-known story of the monks of Mount Athos and their contemplative practice is often laughed over, but it has a meaning. They were to shut the door of the cell, recline the beard and chin on the breast, and contemplate the gastric centre. "At first all will be dark and comfortless ; but if you persevere day and night, you will feel an ineffable joy ; and no sooner has the soul discovered the place of the heart, than it is involved in a mystic and ethereal light." And Mr. Braid produces absolute anæsthesia, so that surgical operations can be performed without suffering to the patient, only by making him fix his eyes and his mind on a single object ; and Newton is said to have said, as you remember, "I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawnings open slowly by little and little into a full and clear light." These are different, but certainly very wonderful, instances of what can be done by attention. But now suppose that your mind is in its nature discursive, erratic, subject to electric attractions and repulsions, *volage ;* it may be impossible for

you to compel your attention except by taking away all external disturbances. I think the poets have an advantage and a disadvantage as compared with the steadier-going people. Life is so vivid to the poet, that he is too eager to seize and exhaust its multitudinous impressions. Like Sindbad in the valley of precious stones, he wants to fill his pockets with diamonds, but, lo! there is a great ruby like a setting sun in its glory, and a sapphire that, like Bryant's blue gentian, seems to have dropped from the cerulean walls of heaven, and a nest of pearls that look as if they might be unhatched angel's eggs, and so he hardly knows what to seize, and tries for too many, and comes out of the enchanted valley with more gems than he can carry, and those that he lets fall by the wayside we call his poems. You may change the image a thousand ways to show you how hard it is to make a mathematician or a logician out of a poet. He carries the tropics with him wherever he goes, he is in the true sense *filius naturæ*, and Nature tempts him as she tempts a child walking through a garden where all the finest fruits are hanging over him and dropping round him, where

> The luscious clusters of the vine
> Upon (his) mouth do crush their wine,
> The nectarine and curious peach
> Into (his) hands themselves do reach;

and he takes a bite out of the sunny side of this and the other, and ever stimulated and never satisfied, is hurried through the garden, and, before he knows it, finds himself at an iron gate which opens outward and leaves the place he knows and loves —

— For one he will perhaps soon learn to love and know better, — said the Master. — But I can help you out with another comparison, not quite so poetical as yours. Why did not you think of a railway-station, where the cars stop five minutes for refreshments? Is n't that a picture of the poet's hungry and hurried feast at the banquet of life? The traveller flings himself on the bewildering miscellany of delicacies spread before him, the various tempting forms of ambrosia and seducing draughts of nectar, with the same eager hurry and restless ardor that you describe in the poet. Dear me! If it was n't for All aboard! that summons of the deaf conductor which tears one away from his half-finished sponge-cake and coffee, how I, who do not call myself a poet, but only a questioner, should have enjoyed a good long stop — say a couple of thousand years — at this way-station on the great railroad leading to the unknown terminus!

— You say you are not a poet, — I said after a little pause, in which I suppose both of us were thinking where the great railroad would land us after carrying us into the dark tunnel, the farther end of which no man has seen and taken a return train to bring us news about it, — you say you are not a poet, and yet it seems to me you have some of the elements which go to make one.

— I don't think you mean to flatter me, — the Master answered, — and, what is more, for I am not afraid to be honest with you, I don't think you do flatter me. I have taken the inventory of my faculties as calmly as if I was an appraiser. I *have* some of the qualities, perhaps I may say many of the qualities, that make a man a poet, and yet I am not one. And in the course of a pretty wide experience of men — and women — (the Master sighed, I thought, but perhaps I was mistaken) — I have met a good many poets who were not rhymesters and a good many rhymesters who were not poets. So I am only one of the Voiceless, that I remember one of you singers had some verses about. I think there is a little music in me, but it has not found a voice, and it never will. If I should confess the truth, there is no mere earthly immortality that I envy so much as the poet's. If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains! I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms, but a song of Burns's, or a hymn of Charles Wesley's goes straight to your heart, and you

can't help loving both of them, the sinner as well as the saint. The works of other men live, but their personality dies out of their labors; the poet, who reproduces himself in his creations as no other artist does or can, goes down to posterity with all his personality blended with whatever is imperishable in his song. We see nothing of the bees that built the honeycomb and stored it with its sweets, but we can trace the veining in the wings of insects that flitted through the forests which are now coal-beds, kept unchanging in the amber that holds them; and so the passion of Sappho, the tenderness of Simonides, the purity of holy George Herbert, the lofty contemplativeness of James Shirley, are before us to-day as if they were living, in a few tears of amber verse. It seems, when one reads,

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,"

or,

"The glories of our birth and state,"

as if it were not a very difficult matter to gain immortality, — such an immortality at least as a perishable language can give. A single lyric is enough, if one can only find in his soul and finish in his intellect one of those jewels fit to sparkle "on the stretched forefinger of all time." A coin, a ring, a string of verses. These last, and hardly anything else does. Every century is an overloaded ship that must sink at last with most of its cargo. The small portion of its crew that get on board the new vessel which takes them off don't pretend to save a great many of the bulky articles. But they must not and will not leave behind the hereditary jewels of the race; and if you have found and cut a diamond, were it only a spark with a single polished facet, it will stand a better chance of being saved from the wreck than anything, no matter what, that wants much room for stowage.

The pyramids last, it is true, but most of them have forgotten their builders' names. But the ring of Thotmes III., who reigned some fourteen hundred years before our era, before Homer sang, before the Argonauts sailed, before Troy was built, is in the possession of Lord Ashburnham, and proclaims the name of the monarch who wore it more than three thousand years ago. The gold coins with the head of Alexander the Great are some of them so fresh one might think they were newer than much of the silver currency we were lately handling. As we have been quoting from the poets this morning, I will follow the precedent and give some lines from an epistle of Pope to Addison after the latter had written, but not yet published, his Dialogue on Medals. Some of these lines have been lingering in my memory for a great many years, but I looked at the original the other day and was so pleased with them that I got them by heart. I think you will say they are singularly pointed and elegant.

"Ambition sighed; she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
Huge moles, whose shadows stretched from shore to shore,
Their ruins perished, and their place no more!
Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold."

It is the same thing in literature. Write half a dozen folios full of other people's ideas (as all folios are pretty sure to be), and you serve as ballast to the lower shelves of a library, about as like to be disturbed as the kentledge in the hold of a ship. Write a story, or a dozen stories, and your book will be in demand like an oyster while it is freshly opened, and after that ——. The highways of literature are spread over with the shells of dead novels, each of which has been swallowed at a mouthful by the public and is done with. But write a volume of poems. No matter if they are all bad but one, if that one is very good. It will carry your name down to posterity like the ring of Thotmes, like the coin of Alexander. I don't suppose one would care a great deal about it a

hundred or a thousand years after he is dead, but I don't feel quite sure. It seems as if, even in heaven, King David might remember "The Lord is my Shepherd" with a certain twinge of earthly pleasure. But we don't know, we don't know.

— What in the world can have become of That Boy and his popgun while all this somewhat extended sermonizing was going on? I don't wonder you ask, beloved Reader, and I suppose I must tell you how we got on so long without interruption. Well, the plain truth is, the youngster was contemplating his gastric centre, like the monks of Mount Athos, but in a less happy state of mind than those tranquil recluses, in consequence of indulgence in the heterogeneous assortment of luxuries procured with the five-cent piece given him by the kind-hearted old Master. But you need not think I am going to tell you every time his popgun goes off, making a *Selah* of him whenever I want to change the subject. Sometimes he was ill-timed in his artillery practice and ignominiously rebuked, sometimes he was harmlessly playful and nobody minded him, but every now and then he came in so *apropos* that I am morally certain he gets a hint from somebody who watches the course of the conversation and means through him to have a hand in it and stop any of us when we are getting prosy. But in consequence of That Boy's indiscretion we were without a check upon our expansiveness, and ran on in the way you have observed and may be disposed to find fault with.

One other thing the Master said before we left the table, after our long talk of that day.

— I have been tempted sometimes, — said he, — to envy the immediate triumphs of the singer. He enjoys all that praise can do for him and at the very moment of exerting his talent. And the singing women! Once in a while, in the course of my life, I have found myself in the midst of a tulip-bed of full-dressed, handsome women in all their glory, and when some one among them has shaken her gauzy wings, and sat down before the piano, and then, only giving the keys a soft touch now and then to support her voice, has warbled some sweet, sad melody intertwined with the longings or regrets of some tender-hearted poet, it has seemed to me that so to hush the rustling of the silks and silence the babble of the buds, as they call the chicks of a new season, and light up the flame of romance in cold hearts, in desolate ones, in old burnt-out ones, — like mine, I was going to say, but I won't, for it is n't so, and you may laugh to hear me say it is n't so, if you like, — was perhaps better than to be remembered a few hundred years by a few perfect stanzas, when your gravestone is standing aslant, and your name is covered over with a lichen as big as a militia colonel's cockade, and nobody knows or cares enough about you to scrape it off and set the tipsy old slate-stone upright again.

— I said nothing in reply to this, for I was thinking of a sweet singer to whose voice I had listened in its first freshness, and which is now only an echo in my memory. If any reader of the periodical in which these conversations are recorded can remember so far back as the first year of its publication, he will find among the papers contributed by a friend not yet wholly forgotten a few verses, lively enough in their way, headed "The Boys." The sweet singer was one of this company of college classmates, the constancy of whose friendship deserves a better tribute than the annual offerings, kindly meant as they are, which for many years have not been wanting at their social gatherings. The small company counts many noted personages on its list, as is well known to those who are interested in such local matters, but it is not known that every fifth man of the whole number now living is more or less of a poet, — using that word with a generous breadth

of significance. But it should seem that the divine gift it implies is more freely dispensed than some others, for while there are (or were, for one has taken his Last Degree) eight musical quills, there was but one pair of lips which could claim any special consecration to vocal melody. Not that one should undervalue the half-recitative of doubtful barytones, or the brilliant escapades of slightly unmanageable *falsettos*, or the concentrated effort of the proprietors of two or three effective notes, who may be observed lying in wait for them, and coming down on them with all their might, and the look on their countenances of "I too am a singer." But the voice that led all, and that all loved to listen to, the voice that was at once full, rich, sweet, penetrating, expressive, whose ample overflow drowned all the imperfections and made up for all the shortcomings of the others, is silent henceforth forevermore for all earthly listeners.

And these were the lines that one of "The Boys," as they have always called themselves for ever so many years, read at the first meeting after the voice which had never failed them was hushed in the stillness of death.

J. A.

1871.

One memory trembles on our lips;
It throbs in every breast;
In tear-dimmed eyes, in mirth's eclipse,
The shadow stands confessed.

O silent voice, that cheered so long
Our manhood's marching day,
Without thy breath of heavenly song
How weary seems the way!

Vain every pictured phrase to tell
Our sorrowing hearts' desire;
The shattered harp, the broken shell,
The silent unstrung lyre;

For youth was round us while he sang;
It glowed in every tone;
With bridal chimes the echoes rang,
And made the past our own.

O blissful dream! Our nursery joys
We know must have an end,
But love and friendship's broken toys
May God's good angels mend!

The cheering smile, the voice of mirth
And laughter's gay surprise
That please the children born of earth,
Why deem that Heaven denies?

Methinks in that refulgent sphere
That knows not sun or moon,
An earth-born saint might long to hear
One verse of "Bonny Doon";

Or walking through the streets of gold
In Heaven's unclouded light,
His lips recall the song of old
And hum "The sky is bright."

* * * * *

And can we smile when thou art dead?
Ah, brothers, even so!
The rose of summer will be red,
In spite of winter's snow.

Thou wouldst not leave us all in gloom
Because thy song is still,
Nor blight the banquet-garland's bloom
With grief's untimely chill.

The sighing wintry winds complain, —
The singing bird has flown, —
Hark! heard I not that ringing strain,
That clear celestial tone?

How poor these pallid phrases seem,
How weak this tinkling line,
As warbles through my waking dream
That angel voice of thine!

Thy requiem asks a sweeter lay;
It falters on my tongue;
For all we vainly strive to say,
Thou shouldst thyself have sung!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE IDYL OF BATTLE HOLLOW.

(War of the Rebellion, 1864.)

NO, I won't — thar, now, so! And it ain't nothin', — no!
And thar 's nary to tell that you folks yer don't know;
And it 's "Belle, tell us, do!" and it 's "Belle, is it true?"
And "Wot 's this yer yarn of the Major and you?"

Till I 'm sick of it all, — so I am, but I s'pose
Thet is nothin' to you. . . . . Well then, listen! yer goes:

It was after the fight, and around us all night
Thar was poppin' and shootin' a powerful sight;
And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chlo' was abed,
And Pinky and Milly were hid in the shed;
And I ran out at daybreak and nothin' was nigh
But the growlin' of cannon low down in the sky.

And I saw not a thing as I ran to the spring,
But a splintered fence rail and a broken-down swing,
And a bird said "Kerchee!" as it sat on a tree,
As if it was lonesome and glad to see me;
And I filled up my pail and was risin' to go,
When up comes the Major a canterin' slow.

When he saw me he drew in his reins, and then threw
On the gate-post his bridle, and — what does he do
But come down where I sat; and he lifted his hat,
And he says — well, thar ain't any need to tell *that* —
'T was some foolishness, sure, but it 'mounted to this,
Thet he asked for a drink, and he wanted — a kiss.

Then I said (I was mad), "For the water, my lad,
You 're too big and must stoop; for a kiss, it 's as bad —
You ain't near big enough." And I turned in a huff,
When that Major he laid his white hand on my cuff,
And he says, "You 're a trump! Take my pistol, don't fear!
But shoot the next man that insults you, my dear."

Then he stooped to the pool, very quiet and cool,
Leavin' me with that pistol stuck there like a fool,
When thar flashed on my sight, a quick glimmer of light
From the top of the little stone-fence on the right,
And I knew 't was a rifle, and back of it all
Rose the face of that bushwhacker, Cherokee Hall!

Then I felt in my dread that the moment the head
Of the Major was lifted, the Major was dead;
And I stood still and white, but Lord! gals, in spite
Of my care, that derned pistol went off in my fright!
Went off — true as Gospil! — and strangest of all
It actooally injured that Cherokee Hall.

Thet 's all — now, go long. Yes, some folks thinks it 's wrong.
And thar 's some wants to know to what side I belong;
But I says, "Served him right!" and I go, all my might,
In love or in war, for a fair, stand-up fight;
And as for the Major — sho! gals, don't you know
Thet — Lord! — thar 's his step in the garden below.

Bret Harte.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE great part of the new matter which Mr. Fields has added to "Our Whispering Gallery," in offering it to the public as "Yesterdays with Authors," is the very characteristic collection of Miss Mitford's letters with which the entertaining volume closes. They cover a period of five or six years, and they abound in gossip about all the political and literary affairs of that far-off time between 1848 and 1854. A good deal of the talk arises from the author's interest in American affairs, and to us moderns the praises of such greatness as Daniel Webster's have a very dreamy and remote effect. How will America get on without him? wonders Miss Mitford, who is much wiser in her admiration of our poets and romancers than of our politicians. She has all that good-will towards the former which would once have appeared so solely desirable, as coming from England, and which now is so like the good-will from anywhere else in value; and her letters sparkle and bubble over in affectionate compliments and cries of delight: whom she admires she loves, and all our unseen authors are her personal friends. In the same way she has a real tenderness for that tragic Fisk of the Tuileries, Louis Napoleon, whom she always calls "our Emperor." It is affecting, indeed, and enough to teach one a modest distrust of the opinions of good people, to consider this excellent woman's raptures about such a man; but happily (or unhappily) she is none the less amusing for this and other perversities, and her letters are exceedingly pleasant reading. A bright, lively wit and a kindly heart are in them all, if not the soundest judgment in political matters, or even literary matters; for example, such a book as the "Blithedale Romance," with all her love for Hawthorne, "she finds too long, too slow, and its personages ill chosen." But she owns that she criticises the romance from a sick-bed, whence, in fact, most of these letters come, with pathetically serious previsions in the latest, of the approaching end of a beautiful and beneficent life.

As to the rest of the book, our readers must know what that is, for no material of more peculiar interest has been offered them in our pages. Mr. Fields had the best reasons for making such a book in the fact that no one else could make it; for no one else has had such opportunities of knowing contemporary authorship. These informal reminiscences of Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne, Wordsworth, Miss Mitford, are not merely records of the writer's acquaintance with them, but are contributions to literary history of unique value. This is especially true of what Mr. Fields tells of Hawthorne, with whom his intimate friendship continued from the beginning of his career as a romancer up to the time of his death, and whom he has been able to present to us in such completeness of figure as the most elaborate biographies commonly fail to give. It is by all odds the most interesting of the portraits which Mr. Fields sketches, being necessarily in a soberer tone than those of Dickens or Thackeray, and touched, as we fancy, with a more carefully affectionate hand. The end of it all is very simply, and so touchingly, because simply, narrated that Hawthorne's death comes upon the reader poignantly like a personal loss.

Dickens is a writer who, if he is to be thought of in a friendly way, must be thought of in his own spirit, and without reserves or critical drawbacks: you cannot give half your heart to him, and Mr. Fields has not tried to do so. His memories of the great romancer (he never was a novelist in the sense of a writer of realistic fiction) glow with the ardor of such a friendship

* *Yesterdays with Authors.* By JAMES T. FIELDS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

History and General Description of New France. By the REV. P. F. X. DE CHARLEVOIX, S. J. Translated, with Notes, by JOHN GILMARY SHEA. In Six Volumes. Vol. V. New York: John Gilmary Shea. 1871.

Life of Robert Schumann. By VON WASIELSKI. Translated by A. L. ALGER. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 1871.

Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada. By CLARENCE KING. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Legends and Lyrics. By PAUL H. HAYNE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

Poems. By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

Ollanta. An Ancient Ynca Drama. Translated from the original Quichua, by CLEMENTS L. MARKHAM. London: Trübner & Co.

The To-morrow of Death: or, The Future Life according to Science. By LOUIS FIGUIER. Translated from the French by S. R. CROCKER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

as Dickens alone seems to have been capable of inspiring and feeling; for, as Mr. Fields happily says, he had "qualities of insight and sympathy which rendered him capable of friendship above most men, — which enabled him to reinstate its ideal." We have all in our relation as readers caught at some time or other the warmth of this passion; and we should not do Mr. Fields's picture of Dickens justice if we looked at it in any colder light. There are no shadows in it: the portrait is that of Dickens's tenderness, sweetness, fun, quaintness, and doubtless it might have been painted with even greater enthusiasm without being extravagant. Of the substance of Mr. Fields's reminiscences and of the value of the letters which he has given to the public, we need not say anything, for our readers know them perfectly already. It is to be noted, however, that scarcely a scrap of uncharacteristic matter is introduced, and that in this way only are any of Mr. Fields's sketches analytical. We suppose that not even this is conscious, for Mr. Fields has that power, invaluable in the performance of such work as he has here done, of taking the color of his subject and for the time of being so deeply imbued with Thackeray, or Hawthorne, or Dickens, that nothing but the most uncritical fidelity is possible.

The whole book is most entertaining, as these pages, so lately under the author's control, may not indecorously pronounce. It is gossip of the highest, kindliest, most captivating type. It gratifies that desire which all generous readers have to know personally friends so long dear to them; and is such a store of this charming acquaintance as cannot be fully realized by those who recall the serial appearance of the papers, and do not read them again as here assembled. To the many loving literature, but hopelessly distant from its sources, the book will come as an inestimable favor, and in their unspoiled sympathies the author will find the best, and, we hope, the most valued appreciation. The high regard for authorship which enabled Mr. Fields in times past to create an ideal publishing house, has left him a treasure of recollections from which we trust he will draw again and again for the great pleasure of all readers.

The fifth volume of Mr. Shea's remarkable work has at length appeared, and is soon, we understand, to be followed by the sixth and concluding volume. We call this translation a remarkable work, for the reason that it is not simply a translation, but a work of very extensive, exact, and conscientious research. Two simple words on the title-page, "with notes," have often been found on the title-pages of very slovenly and careless translations. They often mean nothing, or the equivalent of nothing. In the present case they represent an extraordinary amount of untiring labor, inspired by a steady, persistent enthusiasm, and accomplished under great difficulties and discouragements.

The character of Charlevoix's history is well known to all who have studied American history at its sources. It has never before appeared in an English dress, and consequently has been a sealed book to the million. Of all the early histories of French America it is incomparably the best; and, indeed, it is the only one fairly entitled to be called a history. The writer was a scholar, a traveller, and a man of ability, whose study of his subject was aided by a personal knowledge of it, and who has produced a book which is not only readable, but which, tried by the standard of his time, is neither unphilosophic nor inaccurate. Unfortunately, he does not give his authorities, except in a very loose and general way. This want his translator supplies. Mr. Shea has imposed on himself, and admirably accomplished, the immense task of tracking his author back to the sources of his information, correcting his errors, and supplying his omissions. To write the whole history afresh would be, to say the least, as easy. Charlevoix in the original is a work of high value; in Mr. Shea's translation, "with notes," its value is doubled.

The English style of the translation does not equal its other merits, and sometimes displays anomalies not to have been expected in a writer so scholarlike in spirit and acquirements. Thus, the English word "quite" is often used as the equivalent of the French *assez*. "Qui l'arrêterent assez longtemps," is rendered, "Who detained him *quite a time*"; "Une assez grande liberté," "*Quite a degree* of liberty"; and so in many other instances. The following can only have been a slip of the pen in a drowsy moment: "They (the Ottawas) have *had no part scarcely* in the kingdom of God." Or the following: "He had been occupied with *nothing scarcely* but Canadian matters."

So completely has Mr. Shea identified himself with his subject, or perhaps we

ought to say Father Charlevoix's subject, that he cannot always avoid becoming a partisan in the quarrels of two centuries ago, as appears, not in his translation, but in the notes which accompany it. Thus he brings against Cavelier de la Salle the novel charge of a want of energy, a quality which friends and enemies alike have united in ascribing to that remarkable personage in an extraordinary degree. Hated as he was by many among his contemporaries, who spared no pains to blacken his reputation, it remained for Mr. Shea to bring against him a charge about as reasonable as an accusation of cowardice would be against the Chevalier Bayard. So much for the blemishes of this most valuable work. If we were to specify its merits, our tale would be a long one.

In the life of Robert Schumann by Von Wasielski, we have a charming biography excellently translated. Schumann's life was not a long one, for he was born in Zwickau in 1810 and died in 1856, but it was an active, industrious career, though saddened by disease and suffering. His biographer has given us a graphic sketch of his friend's life, character, and productions, a task for which he was qualified by his long friendship with Schumann, and his own knowledge and love of the art they both graced. Schumann's family strenuously opposed his cherished taste, and almost forced him to the study of law. He finally rebelled, and turned his attention entirely to the theoretical study of music; but from his want of early musical education, "he had to seek with unspeakable pains, and appropriate late in life, these things which are generally learned by children at play." In his earlier compositions he does not treat his subject in an enlarged and comprehensive manner, carrying it on gradually to a perfect and elaborated whole. "He picks to pieces his motives, which are often but melodious figures; builds them up again, creates new images from them, increases them; until at last the various combinations requisite to form a whole are obtained." His habit of composing at his piano he began to distrust as narrowing, and wrote, "I often feel tempted to crush my piano; it 's too narrow for my thought." He learned that to compose with ease, he must master form and theory thoroughly first, and he resolutely set himself to remedy his defects of education and want of technical training. Expression and force he never wanted, it was simply study and knowledge of detail. In 1854, after much illness, and suffering both mental and physical, he showed decided symptoms of insanity, and continued in that condition until his death in 1856. "In his death the modern world of music lost one of its most richly endowed and highly gifted creative spirits, one of its most devoted priests. His life is important and instructive for the history of music, — important for its moral and intellectual grandeur, its restless struggles for the noblest, loftiest objects, as well as its truly great results; instructive through the errors by which he, as all earth-born beings must, paid tribute to finite conditions. But a man who strives and errs thus may be considered fortunate."

We leave wholly to science the estimation of Mr. King's services to geology and geography; for our pleasure in him is chiefly, we own, a literary pleasure, and if we were to tell the whole truth, perhaps our readers would be shocked to know how much we value the extraordinary beauty and vigor of his descriptions above the facts described. We accept the information he gives with mute gratitude, but we must needs exclaim at the easy charm of his style, the readiness of his humor, the quickness of his feeling for character. His "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" is mainly the record of his ascent of different peaks of that chain, in language so vivid that it all seems an experience of the reader's; and interspersing these memories of Mount Tyndall and Shasta and Whitney and Yosemite and Merced are such sketches of life, Pike and Digger and Californian, as make us wish from him the fullest study of varieties of human nature which we as yet know only by glimpses. Few things lend themselves so kindly to quotation and by-word as the happier touches in the portrait of that painter of the Sierra, who aspired to be "the Pacific-slope Bonheur," and was such a fortunate mixture of slang, passion for his Sarah Jane, and what he would no doubt call art-enthusiasm. "An artist's wife ought to *sabe* the beautiful," "Venus de Copples," "get my little old Sarah Jane to peel the particular charm and just whack her in on the canvas," "you just bet she 's on the reciprocate," "it 's touch a little bell, and, Brooks the morning paper," "he has n't got what old Ruskin calls for," "*they* ain't assuming a pleasant expression and looking at spots, while their likeness is took," — are phrases on the tongues of many who

must gravely doubt if the same H. G. really said, "I would take please in stating that my name is Hank G. Smith, artist: I would request yours." Here an excessive animation pushes admirable character into regrettable caricature; but there is no such fault to find with the picture of the Pike family with their "band o' pork," and who seem true to life in every word and movement. What adds to the satisfaction that one feels in these sketches is the sense and the sympathy with which the author's observation is philosophized, — a touch of pity and of poetry with which this rudeness and squalor is studied. With a like generosity the whole Californian problem is glanced at in the brief concluding chapter, — a chapter in which Mr. King reconciles all that their critics say against Californians with all that they hope of themselves, in such a way as to convince his reader that both are right.

"Kaweah's Run" is a story of personal adventure and of sympathetic horsemanship which might serve as a model for stories with equine heroes. It is very stirring, but not more thrilling than the narratives of those audacious climbs in the Sierra. In these you safely share all the author's peril, and, what is better, you enjoy with him the glory of scenery which seems never to have been printed before. The light, the color, the vastness of that sky and earth, which seem another sky and earth from ours, have transferred themselves to Mr. King's page with a freshness and force that give us a new sense of the value of descriptive writing.

To find Mr. Hayne, who has a distinct note of his own, emulating Mr. William Morris in music which the latter has identified with his name, is a little curious, for Mr. Hayne is a poet of no recent repute, and Mr. Morris is a passing poetical fashion who ought logically to have infected none but the youngest of the tuneful tribe. There is a loss in this kind of thing which ought not to be, and yet must be. The poet who takes another's intellectual attitude forbids recognition in himself of his own merits: the beauty which he actually creates goes for nothing when it is evoked with a borrowed spell. In the many Tennysonized poems of our time ever so much of grace and sweetness merely wearies, which might have pleased if it had found more original expression. Because "Daphles" and "The Wife of Brittany" strongly suggest Mr. Morris's rhymed stories, we cannot praise them, though they have fineness and excellences that belong to Mr. Hayne. They form nearly a third part of his volume, in which, however, there is enough of his own in manner as well as substance abundantly to redeem it. In fact, but for this cant Morrisward in the two poems named, it attests its author's right to be as vigorously as any book of verse that we have lately read. We fancy, or we find, new flavors, — flavors of the Southern air and soil, — not only in those poems which celebrate with uncommon temperance and dignity the Southern side in memories of the war, but those that express deeper, calmer, and more personal feeling; and we are certain of graces that belong to Mr. Hayne as a poet, if not as a Southern poet. Many of the pieces are in a pensive key, — thoughtfully sad; and one of the most pensive of these appears to us one of the best of all the poems: —

"A SUMMER MOOD.

"'Now, by my faith, a *gruesome* MOOD, for summer!' — THOMAS HEYWARD (1597).

"Ah! me, forevermore, forevermore
These human hearts of ours must yearn and sigh,
While down the dells and up the murmurous shore
Nature renews her immortality.

"The heavens of June stretch calm and bland above,
June roses blush with tints of Orient skies,
But we, by graves of joy, desire, and love,
Mourn in a world which breathes of Paradise!

"The sunshine mocks the tears it may not dry,
The breezes — tricksy couriers of the air —
Child-roisterers winged, and lightly fluttering by —
Blow their gay trumpets in the face of care;

"And bolder winds, the deep sky's passionate speech,
Woven into rhythmic raptures of desire,
Or fugues of mystic victory, sadly reach
Our humbled souls, to rack, not raise them higher!

"The field-birds seem to twit us as they pass
With their small blisses, piped so clear and loud;
The cricket triumphs o'er us in the grass,
And the lark, glancing beamlike up the cloud,

"Sings us to scorn with his keen rhapsodies:
Small things and great unconscious tauntings bring
To edge our cares, whilst we, the proud and wise,
Envy the insect's joy, the birdling's wing!

"And thus forevermore, till time shall cease,
Man's soul and Nature's — each a separate sphere —
Revolves, the one in discord, one in peace;
And who shall make the solemn mystery clear?"

The "Story of Glaucus the Thessalian" is a delicate and tenderly sympathetic version of the beautiful legend to which we owe one of the loveliest and wisest of Mr. Low-

ell's poems, namely, his "Rhoecus," and the contrast of the two performances is a curious and instructive little study, — so different are the meanings of the fable evolved by the New England and the South Carolinian poets, and so diverse is the temperament in poems that flow to a common music from the same source. Another noticeable piece of Mr. Hayne's is "Cambyses and the Macrobian Bow," which is of yet another mood, and of which the reader will hardly fail to acknowledge the power, however he may shrink from its utter painfulness.

Mr. Hayne's prevailing attitude is that of meditative introspection, neither cheerful nor uncheerful, but certainly not wanting in a fine spiritual courage, and he touches many themes that lie nearest his own heart with tenderness and grace. He has given us a volume which ought to be cordially welcomed.

"Ollanta" is the title of a translation of what seems to be an indubitably genuine Peruvian play, and on that account is more interesting than for any purely literary merit. Our knowledge of the Quichua tongue is too slight to enable us to judge of the accuracy with which the work of translation has been done. Of the smoothness, however, we can say, that in general it resembles the ordinary versions of an Italian or German opera libretto. The action of the drama, too, reminds us of the conventional freedom of the modern opera, indeed, of the opera bouffe. For instance, the plot by which the rebellious army is captured is very nearly identical with Fritz's strategical success in *La Grande Duchesse*, under very similar circumstances. Some lines — for example,

"How often do we drink death from a vase of gold."
"Remember that all comes to us, and we are rash" —

are not of simply archæological interest. The same may be said of this song, in spite of its ruggedness: —

"Two loving turtle-doves
Are sad, mourn, sigh, and weep.
Both were buried in the snow,
And a tree without verdure was their hard resting-place.
One lost her companion,
And set out to seek her.
She found her in a stony place,
But she was dead.
And sadly she began to sing,
'My dove! where are thine eyes,
And where thy loving breast?
Where thy virtuous heart
That I loved so tenderly?
Where, my dove, are thy sweet lips that divined my sorrows?
I shall suffer a thousand woes,
Now my joys are ended.'
And the unhappy dove
Wandered from sorrow to sorrow.
Nothing consoled her,
Or calmed her grief.
When the morning dawned
In the pure blue of heaven,
Her body reeled and fell,
And in dying she drew
A sigh all full of love."

Not so poetical is the wail over the heroine who has been imprisoned for some years. It runs as follows: —

"Thy face is withered,
Thy beauty is gone forever,
Thy chin is turned black,
Thy nose is like the cold potato."

There is nothing in the collected verse of Mr. Butler better than the poem of "Nothing to Wear," with which some fifteen years ago he won a sudden and costly distinction. It was costly because it evidently forbade him to do anything else in a direction for which he was peculiarly fitted. A less remarkable success would have left him free to write other and better poems of the same kind without fear of self-rivalry. As it was he was a man of too much sense not to make his next poem entirely different, and so we lost by the very triumph of his first effort the most brilliant social satirist, in a light, easy way, of whom we have yet had the promise. Nothing could console the bereaved public, which was doubtless waiting to cry down the next satire because it had cried up first; and it refused to honor the deeper feeling, which, hinted in "Nothing to Wear," is so explicit in "Two Millions," "At Richmond," and other pieces. We forget now how great a vogue the successful poem had; how it was printed in all the newspapers, and illustrated, and imitated, and parodied, and quoted, and stolen; how it added a type and a typical name to our scanty stock. Mr. Harte's "Ah Sin" is the only poetical creation which has eclipsed the splendor of Miss Flora McFlimsy's popularity, — if it indeed did so much; and taken upon its own level it is impossible to deny (its great, success to the contrary notwithstanding) that "Nothing to Wear" is a poem of singular merits, — simple in form, light in touch, with the stylish air of the fine world about it, and the heart of humanity in it. It stands alone in our literature. Now that time has passed, is it not possible for Mr.

Butler to do something else like it, and even better?

As the mind of man cannot well conceive of a joke four hundred pages long, one must suppose M. Figuier in earnest in his book called "The To-morrow of Death," though otherwise there is little reason to think so. What he means to tell us of the life hereafter is that tolerably good men when they die enter the enveloping ether of their respective planets, and after an indefinite series of deaths are fitted for immortal bliss in the bosom of the sun. As for the souls of the bad and of infants, they at once return to earth in new-born beings, and continue to do so until they are good enough or wise enough for superhumanity. M. Figuier goes at some length into a description of the solar system, and contends that all the planets are inhabited; but the point at which he unites his theories of future life to the facts of science does not reveal itself. However, there is no objection to his theories, — or not more than to other wholly unfounded vagaries. The book is curious and momentarily interesting.

French and German.*

We can hardly recommend too strongly to our readers M. Villetard's *Histoire de l'Internationale.* It is not necessary to raise the cry of alarm in this country, to represent the State House of Boston full of beardless generals who amuse themselves and advance humanity by shooting members of the General Court on the Beacon Street Mall; but it is worth every one's while to give some consideration to one of the most serious questions now calling for the attention of the civilized nations of the world. This may seem a strong statement, but we fancy that the facts will not belie it. A revolution is threatened, that boldly avows its determination to subvert all the institutions of society. A small part of its programme is to confiscate all mines, quarries, railroads, lands, forests, houses, mills, machines, and tools for the benefit of societies of the International, who are to work them all for their own profit. Religion, of course, is to be abolished by statute. All wars are to be put an end to, except those of workmen against the so-called middle classes. But when the middle classes are beaten, give up all claim to capital, and abjure their religion, then we are told by the socialist papers, as quoted on page 145 of the book we are discussing, they will be allowed to work, "and," if they are unable to work, "as will probably be the case with a great many, since they have not learned to use their two hands, well, well, — we 'll give them soup-tickets."

Such is the peculiar nature of most of the plans of the International, that any unprejudiced statement of their designs — divested of the pompous phrases about humanity, etc., which are of use to fascinate those who go to sleep every night with the expectation of finding all mankind purged of its errors, and hastening to its work in long white robes, the next morning — seems like an unfair burlesque; and, indeed, it would be extremely easy to turn a great deal of what they say into ridicule. But ridicule has never won a convert, even in France. It is impossible to believe that the great numbers who have joined the International have done so out of a wanton desire of change. Their tenacity is too bitter to allow of such an explanation for a moment. The workmen have just grounds of complaint, but they also have unjust grounds, and one should not hold his neighbor, who has let his ox stray over his flower-bed, responsible for the high taxes, sudden changes in the temperature, or the present drought. This is an example of the errors of the society: it regards the capitalist as the source of all the woes incidental to human nature; and the capitalist, on his side, is only too ready to feel that being guiltless of so many, he is guiltless of all. At the foundation of the society, about eight or ten years ago, its claims were temperate and wise, at least in comparison with its latest manifestation, the Commune of Paris. But it bore within its breast the leaven of sedition; there were the masses who were the victims of their own vices, and demanded to be heard; there are always demagogues enough who are only too ready to climb aloft by pandering to the passions of the ignorant; so that now it

* All books mentioned in this section may be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Histoire de l'Internationale. Par Edmond Villetard. Paris. 1872.

Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms. Von Ludwig Friedlaender. 3te Theil. Leipzig. 1871.

Grundsteine einer Allgemeinen Culturgeschichte der Neuesten Zeit. Von J. J. Houffegger. 3ter Band. Liepzig. 1871.

Schopenhauer-Lexicon. Von Julius Frauenstadt. 2 Bände. Liepzig. 1872.

Lütj Anna. Von Joachim Mahl. Hamburg. 1871.

Das Hausgesetz. Novelle von Burghard von Cramm. Gera. 1871.

looks as if the contest, if it is not staved off by wisdom, will be between the very richest and the most degraded classes, and without profit to the hard-working laborer who is hated by those beneath him and with whom he will be confounded by those who are first attacked by the principles of the International. But, meanwhile, we have forgotten M. Villetard's book. It is a brief, clear, and generally, indeed, remarkably temperate account of the society. His statements are corroborated by its authorized publications. For our entertainment, until the distribution of soup-tickets, we have, after a very long delay, the novel of Cherbuliez, *La Revanche de Joseph Noirel*, of which we spoke in the January number. We will once more recommend it most heartily to all, except the young ladies of Boston and vicinity, as an admirable work of fiction.

Of German works we have three volumes of a size and fulness that prove that there is still a quarter of the civilized world where it is felt that all the truth on any given subject cannot be crowded into a magazine article, nor, indeed, into a single volume of a magazine, judging from the size of these before us. The first, *Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms in der Zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine*, by Professor Ludwig Friedlaender, of which the third part has already appeared, is interesting on account of its taking up just that part of Roman history that is generally ignored by the historian who is only concerned in the wars and outside life of the Romans, and of which almost our only information comes to us through scanty notes to the authors generally read. In this third part he discusses Roman luxury, arts, religion, philosophy, etc. Of the *Grundsteine einer Allegemeinen Culturgeschichte der Neuesten Zeit*, by J. J. Honegger, we have the first part of the third volume, a modest octavo of five hundred ninety-two pages. The subjects on the title-page are "The Kingdom of July and the Bourgeoisie"; those really treated, however, are numberless. The work is, in fact, an encyclopædia of all the names and events in every department of human thought for recent years. There is, moreo er, an index of names, which, alone, makes the book worthy of notice. Of the other prodigious volume, *Handbuch der Æsthetik*, by Joseph Dippel, we hope to be able to say something more next month.

Julius Frauenstädt, the literary executor and faithful disciple of Schopenhauer, has published a sort of dictionary of elegant extracts from the philosopher's various writings, called the *Schopenhauer-Lexicon*. Some four or five years ago he edited a volume of *Lichtstrahlen*, which might very well serve as an introduction to the works of this writer, who, better than any writer we know, expresses the *maladie du siècle*, and not by any means in empty wailings, but with the coolness and hard-headedness of one who avenges himself by the relentlessness of his exposition for all the suffering that he feels so acutely. He is, in fact, the philosopher of pessimism, and he never wearies of preaching the vanity of life, the nothingness of existence, but with as much joy at the gloominess of the picture he draws as if it were a popular novel with numerous weddings following eventful flirtations. Seriously, however, it is a mistake that a writer of Schopenhauer's power, who has had so great an influence on the current thought of the day in Germany, should be almost entirely unknown in England and America. His works are all interesting, they are well written, indeed, he is almost the only German who has any idea of what style is in prose; and even if pessimism is an erroneous way of regarding the universe, — as what *ism* is not? — it is one that well deserves a hearing. He has written on almost every subject, and left a mass of witty and wise, if cynical, remarks. For example, we quote the following from the first page we open of the *Lichtstrahlen*. "To judge for one's self is the privilege of but few; authority and example lead the rest. They see with others' eyes and hear with others' ears. Hence, it is very easy to think as all the world is now thinking; but to think as all the world will thirty years hence, is not everybody's business. . . . . For practical life genius is as useful as a telescope at the theatre. . . . . Great writers change themselves into each one of the characters that is to be represented, and speak in them like ventriloquists, now in the hero, and at once in a young, innocent maiden, with equal truth and naturalness, as Shakespeare and Goethe. Writers of the second rank change the characters to be represented into themselves, as Byron; whence the secondary characters are as lifeless as the main characters in the works of the mediocre." Here are some joyous words on the nothingness of existence, taken from the second volume of the *Parerga und Paralipomena*, page 304: "Our

existence has no ground nor basis upon which it rests, except the swiftly vanishing presence. Hence its form is essentially motion, without the possibility of rest for which we are always striving. It is like one running down-hill, if he wished to stop, he would have to fall, and he only keeps himself upright by perpetual running. . . . . So unrest is the type of existence. In such a world, where there is no stability of any kind, where enduring condition is possible, but everything is involved in perpetual whirl and change, all are hastening, flying, keeping straight on the rope by unceasing shirking and moving, — in such a world happiness is not a thing to be thought of. . . . . In the first place, no one is happy, but every one is striving all his life long for some imaginary happiness, which he seldom attains, and if he does, only to be undeceived: as a rule, however, every one reaches port at last, shipwrecked and dismasted. But then it makes no difference whether one has been happy or unhappy in a life, which has only consisted of a vanishing present and which is now at an end."

We hope most heartily that either Schopenhauer's complete works or that some extracts may be translated into English. Judging from their success in Germany, it seems probable that they would find many readers in America. *Lütj Anna oder en Stückschen von em un ehr* is the title of a pretty little story in *platt-Deutsch* by Joachim Mähl. It lacks the graceful humor of those of Fritz Reuter, but it has a certain attractive sentimentality that make it better than most of those novels in High-German that we have lately seen. *Das Hausgesetz*, by Burghard von Cramm, however, is not absolutely bad when one considers what most German novels are. It might, perhaps, be recommended to beginners who are tired of the Reader and the conventional plays. They will have a chance to improve their German and to see for themselves the peculiar feudalism still so prominent in Germany. One sentence, at least, amused us. As may be seen, it is towards the end of the tale: "The Prince drew her to his breast and pressed the first kiss to her *lofty* brow."

ART.

BOSTON.

THE Boston Art Club has recently given an exhibition of landscapes by the late Mr. Richard H. Fuller. There were eighty-seven paintings, a few being among his first attempts, and the greater part apparently his recent works; and there was a wide difference between the earlier and later pictures, indicating that a part of his artistic labor was unrepresented. It was, nevertheless, an exhibition which could not fail to call fresh attention to some very exquisite qualities in the pictures themselves, and to the gradual development of a man of no common talent in the art which he loved.

The predominant quality of Fuller's talent, expressed in a word, is refinement. This quality is apparent, not only in the various parts of any picture, but in its harmonious whole. It is refinement of color and of composition; refinement of simplicity and breadth, not of complexity and details. Indeed, the simplicity of his composition is something remarkable. A stretch of flat country, a clump or two of trees, a suggestion of far distance, a quiet pool of water in the foreground, and a sky of marvellous color and remarkably luminous power, are the few and simple materials from which a large part of his compositions are constructed. Of the eighty-seven pictures above mentioned, exactly forty are made on this plan. There was not a mountain in the whole eighty-seven, and but one picture with a small hill in the distance. There was one "close study" of trees, and it was among the least pleasing of the whole. This simple material was evidently gathered from what he saw in the flat and marshy country in the vicinity of his home at Chelsea, and the neighboring places of Melrose, Malden, and Saugus. It was not, probably, because he had no feeling for mountain scenery that he did not paint it, but because he did not live within its influence. Otherwise he would probably have painted it as well as he renders level country, for a prominent feature

in his genius is his impressibility. He was impressible rather than creative, though thoroughly original; for originality, as Washington Allston says, is "individualizing the universal; in other words, the impregnating of some general truth with the individual mind."

Fuller's impressibility is evident not only in his rendering of nature, but in his study of the works of other painters. When thoroughly impressed by a picture, he would paint another similar to it in plan and sentiment, but so transfused by his own individuality that his transcripts as a whole are not copies, but similar melodies played in another key and with variations of his own. There were several proofs of this, showing the influence of the study of his friend Morviller, and of Lambinet, Rousseau, Corot, Troyon, Inness, and others. It was his method of educating himself, though not peculiar to him of course. In all education, one learns not only by studying a thing for himself, but by studying how others have studied it. Fuller looks at the men he imitates not merely as models, but as rivals. He follows his guides by travelling in the same general road, not by trying to tread precisely in their footprints. His aim in the study of other painters is in the right method, not of copying trifling details, but of mastering the principles on which they worked. By trying to see Nature through their eyes, he was aiming to see her better through his own. By studying all whom he liked so far as his limited opportunities allowed, he avoided the danger, arising from the study of one master only, of becoming what Leonardo da Vinci calls "the nephew rather than the child of nature."

The facts in nature which he paints are those of relations and contrasts rather than of details and specific characteristics. The principle on which he works is that of the interpretation of general effects, and not of realistic imitation of individual objects. He looks at masses — their outline, their relative magnitudes and harmonious relations to other masses, at the grouping of general forms as balanced by other general forms, at colors as contrasting or harmonizing with other colors — more than at careful details of single peculiarities. Nice touches of foliage or herbage, texture, Pre-Raphaelite accuracy of drawing, local color or reflected lights, are things indifferent to him. In the general composition of his pictures you feel, if you do not directly observe, how admirable is his sense of color, of proportion, of balance, and of harmony of line. You could not move, for instance, a group of his trees even very slightly without producing a discord. As in speech one suits the sound to the sense, the action to the word, so Fuller suited the form to the color, the color to the composition. He is a synthetic rather than an analytic painter. He looked at nature more with the eyes of a poet than of a scientific man. He was particularly sensitive to the values of contrast: for example, he was very fond of bringing a clump of trees in a picture sharp against a sky glowing with light.

The beholder is struck at once with the peculiar beauty of color and light in his skies. Their unusual brilliancy is probably more striking because in them most of the light in his pictures is collected. He was not fond of reflected lights nor *chiaro-oscuro*. By his method of subduing the gamut of his color, and of his light and shade in the other parts of a picture, the brilliancy of its sky is greatly enhanced.

There are some very notable peculiarities in his tree-painting. There is a neglect in the modelling of specific forms; and a prevalent brownness where one might rightfully demand a prevalent greenness. These peculiarities seem a violation of common-sense. An artist's defence of such practice is probably something like this. Trees seen in nature relieved against a brilliant sky lose in a great measure their details of form, the outline excepted; because there are less reflections to begin with; and because the greater light in the sky beyond has a tendency to kill whatever reflections there may be. There is less specific modelling of forms than under most other circumstances. The chief thing to be secured in this effect is the ratio between the brightness in the sky and the darkness in the trees. Details of form are not wanted in a picture, except in the outline, because not seen in nature. In this respect — the omission of details — Fuller follows nature to be sure; but he omits too much to be satisfactory to most observers. Then again, he paints *general* trees. You cannot tell whether you are looking at a clump of oaks, elms, maples, or what not. Nature never leaves you in doubt about this, while Fuller often does; and the result with the beholder is a feeling of "vague unrest." Effects and relationships are his first care of course, but he might have given more form and more specific character to his masses of

trees, we think, without injury to either effects or relationships.

In the brownness of his trees he is unquestionably conventional. He was probably more intent on giving the contrast between the lightness of the sky and the darkness of the trees brought up against it, than on giving green trees merely. In bestowing his chief attention upon general contrasts and relations, he gave less attention to specific characteristics. Probably, too, as he is a colorist in low tones and deep quiet color, he allows his evident delight in warm browns, — considered simply as agreeable color, and not as the correct local color, — and the harmonious contrast with the sky, to make him careless of the single fact that trees are generally greener than he generally paints them. Every truth cannot be given in any one picture. In his conventionally brown trees, he neglects a truth which is patent to all, that he may emphasize another truth which is agreeable to himself. Another might perhaps paint trees more specifically natural, so far as mere local color is concerned, than Fuller does ; but in doing so he might not preserve so well the *relation* between the tone of the trees and the tone of the sky beyond them, or of the foreground in front of them. Fuller neglects local color and modelling of form to play with pleasant color and general relationships. What he enjoys in nature, he admirably renders in art ; what he does not care for, he quietly ignores. In general, the things in nature which he neglects in art are the minute ones ; those which he expresses, the large ones. That he could paint a tree specifically true in color, form, and motion, he occasionally proved. There was an elm-tree in this exhibition as good in all respects as one could wish. Neat little touches of foliage he did not care for, as we have said. But all that makes the life of the tree — its form, its balance, its grace, its *spring* — he could give most exquisitely. Yet we still think he might have painted trees more specifically correct.

Fuller was not a learned artist, — we mean artistically learned in the facts of nature. His range of subjects and his stock of artistic ideas were limited ; and the effects which he painted, though uncommon, are few in number. In fact, he paints substantially but one effect, that of dark against light. He never directly introduces the sun into his pictures, we believe, and its position is never supposed to be behind the spectator ; but the landscape lies between the spectator and the sun, the latter being out of view either on the right or left. This position of the sun gives few reflected lights. The main light is always in the sky, and there is little elsewhere, unless, it is sky light reflected from his favorite pool of water in foregrounds. He is always logically correct in keeping reflected lights subordinate to the direct light of the sun. He never would make a foreground object, a sheep, for example, vastly more brilliant than he makes sunlight, as is the case with some American painters. This sameness in subject and lack of variety in treatment become monotonous when many of his pictures are brought together.

But this exhibition showed the increasing refinement in his perceptions of the delicate harmonies of nature, and a receptivity and originality full of great promise for the future. So far as he goes he is most pleasing. What he tried to do he did well, and this is meant as high praise.

His limitations arose in a great measure from his want of opportunity for study. He had to support himself and family by the hard labor of a night-watchman, thus reducing his vitality ; he suffered from a chronic disease ; and he died a premature death. It is evident he had not reached the period of his artistic maturity. He followed his instincts and natural preferences with persistent honesty, but was not betrayed into a neglect of careful study. He was neither one-sided nor many-sided : he was single-minded. In all his work he shows that he was not content with the position in art which he had already attained, but was striving for one still higher. Unquestionably he would have reached it.

NEW YORK.

At Goupil's gallery is to be seen Jean Leon Gérome's remarkable picture, "After the Crucifixion."

The spectator is supposed to be looking from Calvary across over a wide landscape. The lower half of the canvas is in light, graded into half-light. In the right-hand corner stretch out the *shadows* of the three crosses, that of the central cross and the figure upon it the most conspicuous. These ghostly shadows lie partially defined upon the yellowish-white sand and stones. The landscape is dreary and sinister, as the theme demands. Midway in the distance stand weird-looking

olive-trees. Beyond, the shades deepen, till they shroud the city of Jerusalem in gloom. A procession of figures, on foot and on horses, has just left the hill of Calvary and is winding along the rocky road down the valley toward the city gate. Two or three of the centurions look back at the crosses, whose long shadows alone *we* see, and lift their arms toward them as in derision. The chiefs and priests ride on with heads averted, or looking downward. Jerusalem, with its walls and gardens and Temple, stands as in the shadow of an eclipse, through which on one side of the sky hangs the red crescent of the moon; and on the other a mass of faintly rosy cumulous clouds loom up on the horizon, blurred by the fringes of the sad and supernatural twilight.

The suggestiveness of the treatment, as contrasted with the old way in which the crucifixion itself, in all its unmitigated terror and agony was placed before us, is especially noticeable here; and this, combined with the realism of the landscape, and the receding figures, place this work emphatically in a modern school of art. All that we see of the divine tragedy is the shadow of a terror behind us, and before us the judges and executioners winding their way back to Jerusalem, looking as though the event were nothing extraordinary, and quite unconcerned as to the city itself, though it stands wrapped in its sad mantle of mourning and as if shuddering at its coming doom.

We miss somewhat the broad treatment of color which in the hands of some other artist might combine landscape and figures more harmoniously. We are obliged to look closely to get the meaning and expression of the figures. But we feel that there is a unity of conception throughout, that make it in the highest degree impressive.

MUSIC.

SOME few years ago French *Opéra Bouffe* made its first appearance before the American public with Mr. Bateman's company, of which Mademoiselle Tostée was the bright particular star. Since then it has paid a yearly visit to our principal cities with varied success, rising to its height with Irma and Aujac, and last year dragging along a rather precarious existence with Léa Silly, Marie Aimée, and Gaussins. This year a small troop under Mademoiselle Aimée has been drawing full houses in spite of the poor quality of all but the *prima donna*. The great advantage that this troop has had over its predecessors is that it has sung in a smaller house, thus allowing nothing either good or bad to be lost upon the audience. As a rule the performances of *Opéra Bouffe* have degenerated in quality since the first two seasons, though the opera itself has, if possible, grown in popularity. The success of Mr. Bateman's first venture was undoubted. The name of Offenbach had already become familiar to our ears; and though we hardly expected to find him the leading musical mind of the age, as Mr. Bateman's announcements would have led us to believe, we yet knew of him as a most successful composer, in fact as the first writer of *Opéra Bouffe* who had gained anything more than a mere local reputation; and we received his *Grande Duchesse* with open arms, in spite of, perhaps because of, certain vague hints that it was to be "more Frenchy" (which term has, by some unfortunate perversion, got to signify, "more nasty") than anything we had yet seen in this country. But nasty or not, we had heard from across the water that Offenbach opera was eminently "the thing," and in the true Anglo-Saxon follow-the-leader spirit we flocked to see and hear the new wonder. Every one who then heard Mademoiselle Tostée must remember that her pretensions as a singer were of the slightest. Her chief, if not her only strength lay in her acting, which showed off the possibilities of impropriety in *Opéra Bouffe* in the most brilliant manner. Her acting was more than what we call "Frenchy" and the French call *chic;* if a man were to call it positively filthy, he would not be far wrong. Her brilliant and almost universal success was rather a pointed satire upon the national school and meeting-house, and, though it might make angels weep, might certainly fairly make cynics laugh. An enlightened

public who could endure and even enjoy Tostée's brutal coarseness might well have been expected to be completely carried away by the more artistic and refined *diablerie* of Mademoiselle Irma. And it was noticeable that many who had been frightened away by Tostée's more patent vulgarity, were gradually drawn to see and hear Irma and Aujac. Not that Irma was intrinsically less vulgar than Tostée, but that she was less offensively so. She openly expressed less, but hinted at more. She had more artistic and intellectual, though perhaps no more moral, refinement. People appreciated the difference between the two actresses very quickly. Where Tostée was audacious and obscene, Irma was "*chique*" and "naughty." Perhaps it would have been better had the public shown as keen an appreciation of their resemblance as they did of their difference, but such was not the case, and "Puritan Boston" saw not only her fathers and sons, but also her matrons and daughters (the last could, thank heaven, get little harm from such things), flocking to hear the works of men who draw much of their music from the gutters of Saint Antoine, and much of their wit from Mabille and Bullier. The subject is not a pleasant one, and can hardly be discussed without making impolite reflections, so we will turn to a more inviting side of the *bouffe* Muse.

Karl Maria v. Weber owed the success of his operas, especially of the *Freischütz*, principally to the popular character of his melodies. By popular we do not mean that which appeals to the uneducated masses, that which is purely claptrap, but that which springs from and belongs to the heart of the people. He based his melody upon the German *Volkslied*. The Suabian and Tyrolese cut of many of his themes is unmistakable. Now Offenbach owes a great part of his musical success to a similar cause. He also bases his melody upon the folk-song; not the song of Suabia or Tyrol, but of Paris. The Parisians are a people by themselves, with manners and customs of their own, a dialect of their own, a physiognomy of their own, and finally their own stock of popular music, — music that has just as much sprung from the people, nobody knows exactly how or when, as have the folk-songs of the Tyrolese mountaineers, or the Venetian boatmen. The character of the Parisian people's-melody is naturally as different from that of the Suabian or Tyrolese *Volkslied*, as are the *Gavroches* and *cocottes* of Saint Antoine and the Quartier Latin from the simple inhabitants of the mountains. But impure as the source of the Offenbachian melody is, the melody is at least genuine in its popular character, direct, concise, and without affectation. It cannot but be trivial and often commonplace, but it is of a much higher grade than the would-be sentimental and humorous imitations of Italian and English music that we continually hear ground out on our barrel-organs, or set to doleful doggerel in the form of cheap sheet-music.

Another great cause of Offenbach's success is the capital way in which he has suited his music to the text. Herein lies his principal merit as a composer. Few composers, even of a much higher stamp, have so almost invariably helped by their music to make the text expressive. And here let us say once for all that people have been very unjust in saddling MM. Meilhac, Halévy, & Co. with all the indecencies to be found in Offenbach's operas. The music is often to the full as suggestive of "the thing unclean" as is the text, and not unfrequently, to invert the quotation, "casts a veil of *in*decency" over what is by itself perfectly innocent. Offenbach has most conclusively proved the falsity of the old saying, that "music is the only art that cannot be made to serve the Devil." Charles Gounod has written much love-music of very questionable purity of character, and his *Medjée*, fine and powerful as it is, is after all rather the "sensuous caterwauling" of a disappointed voluptuary than an expression of exalted love. Richard Wagner has not been over-squeamish in the sensual character of much of his music, and in many passages in *Tannhäuser*, and especially in *Tristan und Isolde*, he has shown us the passion of love stripped to very nakedness. But sensual as the sentiment often is in the music of these men, it is yet the sensuality of heroes and demigods. Their genius idealizes and shows us the higher and nobler side of passion, for passion has a high and noble side; shows us man as a magnificently developed animal, in whom impurity and immodesty are impossibilities, simply because by the very perfection of his animal nature, he is grandly unconscious of and superior to all but animal laws. Immodesty is as impossible in the nude figures of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, the Venus de Medici, the Hermaphrodite

of the Louvre, or Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, as it is in the horses on *Monte Cavallo*, Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*, or Shakespeare's Ophelia. But when Jupiter and Danaë become *Arthur* and *Finette*, when we descend from Mount Olympus or the Venusberg to the rue de la Borde, we turn away our eyes in shame. Offenbach never attempted to scale Olympus. In *Orphée aux Enfers* and *La Belle Hélène*, to be sure, he has brought the Olympians down to the Parisian level, but they are Olympian merely in name. Some few of his songs are really beautiful, full of a rough, natural sort of pathos that easily finds its way to the heart. One of the very best of these is the favorite "Letter-Song" in *La Périchole*. But too often the only spice to his melodies, beyond their piquant, popular character, to which we have already alluded, is a species of musical wink and wriggle, a mere reminiscence of the *can-can*. Anathema sit!

As a technical composer Offenbach's claims to respect are very small indeed. One or two instances might be given where he has made good and effective use of imitative counterpoint, such as the chorus "*O soyez pitoyable*," in *Les Brigands*, in which the theme is very respectably worked out. The *Tarantelle* in the same opera is very spirited and well written, steadily growing in vivacity and *entrain*. The theme of the serenade "*Catarina, je chante*" in *Le Pont des Soupirs* is very pretty, and reminds one of Gounod; but in spite of the pretentious plan that M. Offenbach has laid out for working it up contrapuntally in conjunction with two other themes, the management of the whole is but a clumsy failure, if tried by any decent standard of musical criticism.

Offenbach's use of the orchestra, with the single exception that he almost always allows the voice and text to be distinctly heard, is beneath criticism. Now and then we may find some clever instrumental effects, for instance, the imitation of a bell by a sharp stroke on the cymbal with a wooden stick, and sustaining a long, high note on the cornet, in *Le Pont des Soupirs;* but in general his orchestration is thin, noisy, and disagreeable.

In fine we see very little, if any, good excuse for *Opéra Bouffe* being tolerated at all. To be sure it does not pretend to be any better than it is, and with a plausible kind of impudence which is too liable to be mistaken for ingenuousness, bears its bar-sinister stamped upon its very forehead that all the world may know it. But if it is to be done away with, there are other things that must go first. Free-and-easy impudence and flippancy are yet better than hypocrisy, and we think that with all its more than doubtful points, *Opéra Bouffe* is better than those so-called "moral sensation dramas" which infest our stage, and which instead of making sin and crime a vehicle for a wholesome moral, desecrate the moral of the fable by using it as a mere pretext for wading through sickening tales of crime and misery, and bringing upon the stage such moral and social garbage as only belongs in a low police court. Bad as the Devil is in the street or in the *café*, he is yet a thousand times worse when he steps into the pulpit and begins to point a moral. Offenbach opera is, in our opinion, as much more innocent than many of our "moral dramas," as Paul de Kock's devil-may-care frivolity is than Bulwer's tainted moralizing.

It is with great pleasure that we notice the bringing out of Raff's Symphony in C,* by the Harvard Musical Association. After only one or two hearings we should be a little timid of calling it a great work, but it is throughout a most enjoyable composition. Nowadays when poets, painters, and composers are straining to be romantic, idealistic, imaginative, transcendental, and heaven knows what not that is brain-cracking, it is refreshing to find somebody writing music in a healthy, happy state of mind. Throughout the symphony the composer shows an easy mastery over musical form and the use of the orchestra; and although we may feel at times that a more condensed expression would do the composition no harm, yet we can hardly quarrel with what some might call too great prolixity of style, when the subject-matter that is treated at such length is in itself so charming. The Symphony is full of the buoyancy of youth, full of that simple, honest spirit that, conscious of its own purity, and thoroughly believing in the reality of its own illusions, persistently looks upon the bright side of life, and which, though it may excite a half-compassionate, half-envious smile in the more experienced, cannot but be respectable from its very sincerity. It is the spirit of a young man just about to face the world for the first time, rejoicing and confident in his own strength, and having not yet met with those rebuffs which may prove

* *Symphonie No. 2, in C-dur. für grosses Orchester*, von JOACHIM RAFF. Op. 140. Mainz: B. Schott's Söhnen.

him, if conquered by them, merely a pygmy like the mass of men he sees struggling around him, but, if conquering them, the true hero he now in his hopefulness aspires to be. The slow movement begins rather ecclesiastically in some of its modulations, but soon grows to be a most beautiful love-song. If it does not express the love and passion of a great, mature soul, a love, which even when told of, may elevate and inspire all men, it at least expresses nothing that is impure or degrading. At times it might by some be called over-sentimental, but it is the pure, honest sentimental calf-love of youth, that *süsse, blöde Jugend-Eselei* of Heine, which, though it is to be outgrown and laid aside like our jackets and trousers, our love for surreptitious mince-pies and dubious cigarettes, and our boyish admiration for and belief in the cock of our school, must yet be looked back upon with a feeling closely akin to reverence, when we compare it with other loves and passions that have succeeded it. It is very rarely that one meets with such really good "young man's music" as this symphony. Father Haydn is famous for having retained the youthful spirit even in his later compositions, but it is rather the old man's cheerfulness and childlike simplicity, the senile love for children and children's sayings and doings, that charm us in him, than the buoyant ardor and fire of youth itself. Franz Liszt has much of the fire, passion, and boisterous, uncontrolled expression of youth in his compositions, especially in his Symphonic Poem *Les Préludes*, and though he has a much more Jovian grasp of the thunderbolt, and shows more of the lion's paw in his music than does Raff, yet is he not always so pure of purpose, and sometimes, alas! shows himself as nearer to Salmoneus than to the Olympian Zeus.

SCIENCE.

THE process of "Wear and Tear," concerning which we had something to say in our last number, has been again illustrated in the case of Professor Huxley, who — as we are very sorry to see — has been compelled, for the time being, to relinquish work entirely. We trust that his voyage to Egypt will so recuperate him as to enable him soon to return, with all his old vigor, to the work, so valuable to mankind, which he has been engaged in performing. Meanwhile we notice with unqualified pleasure the appearance of his excellent elementary treatise on the "Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals." Of this work, as well as of the "Lessons in Elementary Physiology," by the same author, we may observe that, with commendable discretion, it abstains entirely from speculation and hypothesis, confining itself to the presentation of ascertained facts and absolutely demonstrated principles. Professor Huxley proceeds upon the soundest of methods when he thus practically insists that the student should acquire a firm knowledge of the most important facts of anatomical structure, before venturing upon the field of morphological speculation.

In point of classification, it may be observed that Professor Huxley divides the vertebrate sub-kingdom into the three provinces of Icthyopsida, Sauropsida, and Mammalia. Under the first of these provinces are comprised the fishes and amphibia; and under the second, the birds and reptiles, which are now known to be closely connected through the structures of the ostrich, cassowary, etc., on the one hand, and of the extinct dinosauria on the other. The adherence to the old classification, which included the amphibia among the reptiles, as an order parallel with the orders of ophidia (snakes) or chelonia (tortoises), is a conspicuous defect in the latest edition of Professor Rymer Jones's generally excellent "Outlines of the Animal Kingdom." In future, we think, there can be no escape from the conclusion that amphibia (frogs, tritons, etc.) are more intimately related to fishes than to reptiles. On the whole, it is very doubtful whether any improvement is likely to be made upon Professor Huxley's triple division of vertebrate animals.

The mammals are treated under the sub-classes, now well established, of Ornithodelphia (comprising the Australian echidna and duckbill), Didelphia (comprising the marsupials), and Monodelphia (comprising all the higher mammals). The monodelphia are divided by Professor Hux-

ley into twelve orders: Edentata, Ungulata, Toxodontia, Sirenia, Cetacea, Hyracoidea, Proboscidia, Carnivora, Rodentia, Insectivora, Cheiroptera, and Primates. In contrast with this luminous arrangement is again to be noted the classification of Professor Rymer Jones, who, still adhering to the antiquated views of Cuvier, separates the ungulata (or hoofed animals) into two distinct orders of Pachyderms and Ruminants, wrongly includes the proboscidia (or elephants) among the pachyderms, and, without rhyme or reason, divides the primates into "Quadrumana" and "Bimana." Since the apes have been proved to possess two hands and two feet, as well as man, it is quite time that this absurd designation "quadrumana" should be dropped from authoritative treatises on comparative anatomy.

The primates are divided by Professor Huxley into the three families of Lemuridæ, Simiadæ, and Anthropidæ, or lemurs, apes, and men. The apes are divided into marmosets, American monkeys, and Old World monkeys; and in the latter group are distinguished the Cynomorpha and Anthropomorpha. In these days of Darwinian discussion, it may be interesting to recount Professor Huxley's condensed observations on the various relationships of the four genera of anthropomorpha or man-like apes. Of these, says Professor Huxley, "the gibbons are obviously the most remote from man" and nearest to the lower genera of apes. "The orangs come nearest to man in the number of the ribs, the form of the cerebral hemispheres," and in sundry other respects, but they differ from him very widely in the proportions of the limbs. "The chimpanzee approaches man most closely in the character of its cranium, its dentition, and the proportional size of the arms. The gorilla, on the other hand, is more man-like in the proportions of the leg to the body, and of the foot to the hand; further, in the size of the heel, the curvature of the spine, the form of the pelvis, and the absolute capacity of the cranium." None of the anthropomorpha have tails.

On the other hand, it should be remembered that the gibbon, while differing from man in a greater number of points than his congeners, is nevertheless, as Mr. Mivart observes, the "only ape which possesses that striking human feature, — a true chin." The gibbon also approaches man in the proportions of the leg as compared with the trunk, and in the form of its bony thorax, as well as in the slight prominence of its nose. It has, indeed, been urged, with some plausibility, by Mr. Mivart, that the gibbon stands the nearest to the direct line of man's ancestry, while the orang, chimpanzee, and gorilla are more highly developed but aberrant forms; so that, as in many other cases in the animal kingdom, the simiadæ and anthropidæ would seem to be most closely connected through the lower types of the two families. None of the speculations on this subject, however, can be considered satisfactory until we have advanced considerably further in the knowledge of the palæontology of the anthropomorphous apes.

To the venerable M. Littré, of the Institute of France, must certainly be given the credit of being one of the most indefatigable workers of the present century. Either his edition of "Hippokrates," completed several years ago, or his immense dictionary of the French language, now approaching completion, would by itself be regarded by most students as furnishing labor enough for a lifetime. But besides all this, M. Littré has found time to write a series of studies on the Middle Ages, on the history of the French language, and on the Positive Philosophy; besides editing the review entitled *La Philosophie Positive*, and contributing articles to almost every number of it. Some of the results of the medical and physiological studies in which he has so long been engaged are now published in a very interesting and instructive volume, entitled *Médecine et Médecins*, Paris, Didier et Cie, 1872. The book contains elaborate essays on epidemics, on spirit-rappings, on mental pathology (a subject nearly akin to the preceding), on heredity, on the nervous system, on hygiene and therapeutics, and on toxicology. Under the latter head an especially noteworthy essay is the one which investigates the alleged death by poison of Henrietta, sister-in-law of Louis XIV. The circumstances attending the death of this lady are well known to the readers of Saint Simon's memoirs. Her death being very sudden (*comme foudroyée*), occurring immediately after she had drunk a cup of chicory, and not being traceable to any disease then known, the inference seemed inevitable that she must have received poison in the cup of chicory. This is the impression given by the account in Saint Simon, and generally acquiesced in until the present day; and had there not been a *post mortem* inquiry, the results of which were uninterpret-

able by the physicians who conducted it, but which were nevertheless faithfully recorded, the false impression would probably never have been corrected.

But now M. Littré, stumbling upon this problem in the course of his medical studies, has solved it in a way that amounts to complete demonstration. First cross-examining, with all the keenness of an advocate and all the sobriety of a judge, the historical evidence left upon record, in Saint Simon's memoirs and elsewhere, he shows that it is utterly inadequate to support the hypothesis of poisoning. His next step is to seek for an alternative hypothesis, — to inquire if there is any disease now known to science which is competent to destroy its victim so suddenly (*comme foudroyée*) without forewarning symptoms. He finds that there is a fistula of the stomach which works in this insidious way, without causing any very notable or alarming symptoms, until all at once perforation ensues, usually upon eating or drinking something, and acute peritonitis almost instantly puts an end to life. Applying this hypothesis to the results of the *post mortem* inquiry, he finds that it completely explains even the minutest appearances recorded as having been witnessed by the attendant physicians. The phenomena observed were just such as must have been observed if the hypothesis of the fistula is the correct one. For the full appreciation of the singular beauty of M. Littré's inquiry, a study of the details of it is essential. No one can read it, as the author has presented it, without marvelling at the acuteness which has finally solved so difficult a problem, and at the erudition which has put each and every fact in the case, whether historical or scientific, to its proper use. However insignificant such a purely personal question in history may be in itself, nevertheless such a solution as M. Littré has given acquires great value as an illustration of the triumphs which scientific method may achieve in dealing with intricate concrete problems.

In speaking of Mr. Proctor's "Light Science for Leisure Hours," in our February number, we were guilty of a slight oversight with reference to the effects upon gravity of the slowly diminishing rotary motion of the earth. We should have noticed that at no time in the future can such effects be greater than they now are at the poles, where the rotation is equal to zero. So far as the past is concerned, however, our remarks — though conceived rather in levity than in seriousness — might possibly apply to the denizens of the tropics at a period when the rotation was very much greater than it now is.

POLITICS.

THERE are several methods of bringing about a settlement of great international controversies, with which history has made us familiar. The earliest in vogue was for the stronger nation to collect its forces, march in the dead of night upon the stronghold of the weaker nation, surprise and capture it, murder the men, make slaves of the women, and annex the national domains. This method had the advantage of simplicity and completeness. The arts of civilization and humanity, however, soon introduced modifications into the earlier method. It was found to be easier and less dangerous for the stronger nation to involve some third nation in the quarrel, and throw upon its shoulders as much of the burden of the fighting as possible. In this way diplomacy sprang up, and was pushed in Europe to a great degree of perfection. Then as law began to be studied, and the legal habit of mind became common, and the spread of commerce began to make a continued state of war impossible, governments, seeing that the simple primitive system was out of the question, cast about them for some new way of managing international controversies. The result was the adoption of the method now in universal use among all civilized governments. It is not described in Grotius or Vattel, but it might be called the legal method. Its general features are not difficult to describe. Any government, as soon as a difficulty with another government demanding action has arisen, calls in its legal advisers, — crown counsel, attorney-generals, assistant secretaries. To these advisers it says in substance: Gentlemen, a difficulty of an embarrassing kind has occurred between ourselves and the dastardly and perfidious government over the way. Those pirates

we allowed to escape from our ports (more for the pleasure of the excitement than anything else) have destroyed the commerce of the government over the way; or, it may be, Those rascally insurgents whom we have been harboring so long have invaded the territory of the government over the way, and murdered a number of its citizens. With the facts you are familiar, and the question for you to consider is this, What is the least that we ought to do under the circumstances? Our object is to prevent a rupture for the time being, but, if we can do this, and at the same time leave a sense of injury rankling in the minds of the government over the way, it is very important that we should do it. There are no doubt certain rules of law, international and municipal, applicable to the case; and these you will endeavor to interpret, paraphrase, or in fact twist in such a way as to make our conduct in the past appear legal, and at the same time leave open an opportunity for other interpretations which may prove more convenient in the future. The conduct of the government over the way has always been so malignant and despicable, that we should much prefer to any amicable settlement a bloody and devastating war; but that unfortunately, owing to our domestic complications, is impossible. Bear in mind, throughout your investigations, the long-standing rivalry and animosity which has prevailed between our governments, and remember that it is important for all of us that these feelings should be kept alive. It is on such feelings as these that governments live.

This method of managing international controversies has one great merit. It is founded on the very ancient and simple theory of international obligation, — that the natural attitude of nations to one another is one of hostility, and that the main duty of each government is to get the better of every other for the benefit of its citizens. Nations to-day stand to one another in the same relations which in other times were occupied by the feudal chiefs in certain parts of Europe. We talk now of civilization, and make a profession of the "enthusiasm of humanity," of which the feudal chief never heard; but these exalted principles we keep for the benefit of individuals, not governments. They are as inconvenient to us in the domain of politics as he found them in private life. The harmony of international interests is to us to-day very much such a phrase as the music of the spheres would have been to him. A profound belief is expressed in the sanctity of international law, but this is very much the same sort of respect which the feudal chieftain professed for his sovereign, — a convenient cover for bravado, robbery, and murder. When we think of Russia and Poland, of Austria and Italy, of the Mexican invasion, of the conduct of England during our war, of Prussia's invention of the doctrine of benevolent neutrality during the French war, or again of our own long-continued collusion with the Fenians, our protectorate of San Domingo, or in smaller matters, the organized system of literary piracy which we still countenance, it is hard to deny that the prevalent theory of international obligation is the modern political equivalent of the simple code of private obligation under which the Bois-Gilberts and De Lacys of an earlier time practised with such success.

If the chieftains of feudal Europe had possessed legal advisers, they would undoubtedly have made the same use of them in their private quarrels that modern governments do in foreign affairs. *Mutatis mutandis*, they would have received very much the same instructions from their employers that government counsel now receive from theirs; and history would have been even more confused than it is with accounts of murders which were not murders, but justifiable homicides, and arson which was not arson, but unavoidable accident, and burglaries which after all were not burglaries, but entries to foreclose.

The legal method of conducting an international controversy has been admirably illustrated by the English and American management of the Alabama case. First the method in question was employed by England. At the time of the escape of the Alabama, the English government immediately called in the crown lawyers. They were not called in, as subsequent events have amply proved, to make an impartial investigation of the case, but simply to make an argument about it. The real question was, not whether the escape of any particular vessel could have been legally prevented, but whether England was not openly and persistently violating by a systematic negligence her obligations as a neutral. This question the crown lawyers were not asked to discuss; they were instructed to inform the government whether the letter of a certain municipal law has been complied with. They re-

plied that it had, and this reply was exhibited as a triumphant refutation of the charges. We know the result. We have lately been pursuing an exactly similar course with England. The Treaty of Washington was intended by both countries as a final settlement of all vexed questions. One of these questions was that of consequential damages. There is no doubt in any one's mind who has followed the history of the Alabama claims with attention, that the treaty forever settled the question of consequential damages in favor of England. In the first place the claim was preposterous, and in the second place it was understood on all sides that it would not be pressed. The English commissioners so understood it. The American commissioners so understood it, the press acquiesced in it, and every one supposed that the dispute was at an end. Then our government took legal advice, and the result was the appearance of the American "case." The legal method has again proved a failure; the treaty has broken down.

The question whether, on a legal construction of the treaty, the American case is a presentation of our complaint which falls within its terms, is a profoundly uninteresting one. It is maintained that it is a rule of the common law, that no verbal evidence shall be admitted to control or vary a written instrument, and that it is also a rule of the common law that words and phrases used in an instrument shall be taken in their common and accepted sense, and not in strained and novel meanings. So it is a rule, too, that the English law respects life, liberty, and dower, and that every man, until he is proved guilty, is entitled to the presumption of innocence. If we are going to make out a preposterous case which we ourselves do not expect to maintain, and privately say that we do not mean to maintain, one of the rules furnishes as good a defence of our conduct as another. Those whose interest in the Treaty of Washington is one of hermeneutics, may find it profitable to maintain a discussion upon the point whether the case is technically admissible under the treaty. But to those who take a political interest in the matter, such a discussion is useless and empty.

If civilization is to make any real progress in the direction of peace, this attorney's method of managing great international controversies must be brought to an end. The present difficulty over the Treaty of Washington will no doubt be arranged in some way, because it is impossible to maintain for any great length of time a controversy about claims which have no real existence in the minds of either government. But it ought never to have arisen. It is time that we should admit to ourselves that the Alabama controversy has been mismanaged in America quite as badly as in England.

INTERNATIONAL controversies occupy only a small portion of the general field of politics; but in America the legal way of looking at all political questions has been carried to a pitch of perfection unknown elsewhere. This has, no doubt, been mainly due to the fact that the interpreters of our Constitution are the courts of law, and that in the past many of our most important political questions have been legal ones also. The "constitutional question" has intruded itself at every step into politics. From the ratification of the Constitution, down to the abstruse discussion which raged shortly after the war, as to whether the Rebel States were in or out of the Union, the main line which has divided parties has been one of constitutional construction. This fact has made the legal profession in America the great preparatory school for politicians, and has made the legal method of discussing political questions a distinctive feature of American politics. All the great politicians of the last generation in this country were educated as lawyers. Public life was then considered not merely an honorable career, but was, in a certain measure, a pleasing duty for all those who manifested any forensic talent in their early years. To practise at the bar, to go to Congress, to rise through the successive stages of public life to a position of prominence, was the natural career of ambitious Americans forty years ago. The various legislative bodies throughout the country became crowded with lawyers. Lawyers made the laws, interpreted them, and executed them. America was the lawyer's paradise.

The day of the constitutional lawyer's glory is past. The Constitution of the United Sates, however dear it may be to the hearts of Americans, is not fresh in their memories; the constitutional aspect of political questions is neither talked about nor thought about as it once was. The constitutional lawyer himself has disappeared. But the legal method still remains. The

political class is still a legal class, but is composed of lawyers of a different order.

The political discussions of the last few years have afforded several signal illustrations of this fact. The controversy over the *status* of the Rebels at end of the war, to which we have just alluded, was even more than legal. The Rebel States were either in or out of the Union. That was a plain alternative. But if they were out, then they could not be reconstructed by Congress, because the Federal authority did not extend beyond the Union; while if they were in, it was equally clear that they could not be reconstructed, because Congressional interference with States in the Union was unconstitutional. So in early Grecian times the point was much mooted how many grains of sand made a heap. It was clear that one grain of sand did not make a heap. Add another, and still there was no heap. Add a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth; at some point you must have a heap. Where was the point? The Greeks, however, did not introduce this kind of discussion into practical politics.

The discussion about paying the government bonds in currency was another singular instance of the keen legal scent of the American politician. There was no sort of question from the beginning that, whether one construction or another of the act of Congress was the correct one, the bonds must be paid in gold, or the credit of the government was ruined; and on this ground it might have been expected that, as the whole matter was in the hands of Congress, there would have been no discussion about it at all, but if any doubt really arose in any one's mind, it would have been at once settled by legislation. Nevertheless, no sooner was the legal quarry of a doubtful construction flushed by General Butler, than the whole thirty millions of us, newspapers and all, started in hot pursuit. What the consequences might be was of no importance; the delightful exhilaration of the chase was enough for us. Meanwhile, the cold and practical world outside, not sympathizing in the least with our legal excitement, began to entertain serious doubts, not of the construction of the statute of 1862, but of the character of the people which could allow such a discussion to be carried on at all. The bonds fell in the market, and it at last became evident, even to the lego-political mind, that the dispute was an unprofitable one for the country. The discussion afforded an admirable instance of the manner in which political questions are habitually confounded with legal ones.

The history of civil-service reform affords another illustration. The opponents of reform have said so much about what they called the "constitutional difficulty," that many persons really believed there was some such obstacle, and that the President's hands were tied. The President's continual professions of interest made it appear that he was only waiting for a thorough legal investigation of the constitutional principles involved, to remove the difficulties in the way of a thoroughgoing crusade against incompetence and corruption in office. And so for some time the constitutional difficulty was a subject of political speculation and regret. No one knew exactly what it was, but every one thought it must be of considerable importance. At last the matter was submitted to the Attorney-General, who returned an opinion to the President, and at last it appeared that there was no constitutional difficulty at all; that there had been nothing at any time to prevent the adoption by the President of the system of competitive examinations; and that, if he had had any real interest in the subject, he might have introduced the reform in his first year of office just as well as in his last.

That the legal mind is of great value in certain kinds of political work is undeniable. The familiarity of the trained lawyer with political machinery, the conservative and clear character of his mind, render him at all times indispensably necessary to governments. But there can be as little doubt that the complete possession of the government of the country by lawyers, which lasted down to the time of the war, was a misfortune. The direction of the general policy of a country, lawyers are always sure to mismanage. The constitutional lawyer mismanaged it in his day; and, other considerations apart, the class of questions now before the country — questions of finance, taxation, foreign relations, administration — are the last questions to be left in the hands of the wire-pulling pettifogger who has succeeded him.

The present *régime*, however, cannot be a permanent one. Broken-down and disreputable lawyers cannot long maintain the distinction of a political high caste. And in various changes which are now taking place, — most of all in the great increase of the power of the newspaper, — we may see that the direction of politics is passing steadily and surely into new hands.

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JEFFERSON IN THE SERVICE OF REVOLUTIONARY VIRGINIA.

THE slow pace at which the two great revolutions of the last century marched surprises anew every new inquirer. In our own day, a Louis Philippe slips across the Channel at the imminent risk of catching a cold, or a Louis Napoleon eagerly surrenders a sword he never used, and finds safety in an enchanting chateau; and, behold, the revolution is accomplished! No one misses them. No one regrets them. They vanish from the scene like player kings, — as they are, — and if a movement is made for their return it is by men who take their wages for doing it. So completely have we outgrown that mighty illusion of the past, the divinity that hedged a king.

Mr. Carlyle opens his series of pictures of the French Revolution with the death of Louis XV. To have made the series complete, he might have begun with the execution of poor crazy Damiens, who pierced the skin of that monarch with a penknife in 1757, and was put to death with tortures inconceivable. Nothing could recall to the modern reader more forcibly the spell that once surrounded the kingly office. Nothing could better show what the French people had to overcome before they could *think* of a king as the mere chief magistrate of a nation, existing only for the nation's convenience. The apology and explanation of the frenzies of the French Revolution was the awful majesty with which policy and religion had conspired to invest the name and person of the monarch.

It was not merely that the king had the power to inflict upon an irresponsible fanatic all the anguish which the frame of a powerful young man could endure. It was not merely that the wretch was burned with red-hot tongs by the parasites who arrested him; that his eighty-two days of detention and trial were all days of keenest suffering; that the art of torture was exhausted to wring from his lips the names of imaginary confederates; that his right hand was slowly burnt off; that he was torn with red-hot pincers, and melted lead and boiling pitch poured into his wounds; that he was

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pulled to pieces by four horses; that his body was burned to ashes, his house levelled with the dust, his innocent family banished, and his relations forbidden to bear his name. The cowardice of kings has done or permitted such cruelty many times. The instructive fact in this case is, that France, Europe, the civilized world, looked on, and saw all that done, without disapproval! The king was hailed with unaccustomed acclamations when next he appeared in public. When he pensioned or otherwise rewarded every man concerned in the trial and execution, from the judges to the torturers, he evidently did what France thought was becoming. A dozen diarists of the time have left minute narratives of the whole fell business; but who intimates disapproval? The woman of rank who expressed pity for the *horses*, as she watched their struggles to accomplish their part of the programme was supposed to have uttered a gay, sprightly thing, suited to the occasion. Even Voltaire, the chief opponent of the system of torture, made a jest of this victim's agony; for he held that torture, though absurd and monstrous in ordinary cases, might properly be employed when the life of a king had been aimed at.

In England and in English colonies king-worship was as much more profound and solemn as the character of the Saxon is deeper than that of the Celt. How else can we account for the submission of such an empire as that of Great Britain to such kings as the Four Georges, from whom it derived immense evils, and no good? Whoever or whatever, during the last two centuries, has been right in England, the king has always been wrong. Whoever has been wise in England, the king has always been foolish. Whoever has assisted progress in England, the king has always obstructed it. During the reign of the first two of these royal Georges, the interests of a great empire were made subordinate to those of a petty continental state. The third spent his long life in warring upon that in the government of his country which constitutes a great part of Britain's claim to the gratitude of our race. The fourth, so far as the finite mind of man can discern, lived but to show how nearly a man can resemble a brute, without undergoing an Ovid's metamorphosis, and falling upon four legs.

But, being called by the name of KING, it was enough. From imperial Chatham, through all gradations of intelligence and power, down, past Dr. Johnson, to the lowest flunky that ever aired his "quivering calves" behind a carriage, Englishmen were proud to be called their subjects, and could not hold their souls upright in their presence. This is one of the mysteries of human nature for some future Darwin to investigate; for it is something which we appear to have in common with the bees, the ants, some migratory birds, and some gregarious beasts.

Jefferson had one of the most radical of minds, superior to the illusions in which most men pass their lives; but when, in the summer of 1774, he sat down to prepare a draft of Instructions for Virginia's delegates to the Congress, which was to meet at Philadelphia in September, he thought of nothing more revolutionary than this: The Congress should unite in a most solemn and elaborate Address to the King! The case had been argued, one would think, often enough. For nine years the separate Colonies had been petitioning and resolving. The press of both countries had teemed with the subject. Franklin had been elucidating it, and flashing wit upon it. If a gracious king did not understand the matter yet, there was small reason to hope that any further expenditure of mere ink would avail. Nevertheless, this young radical of Monticello deemed it the chief duty of the Continental Congress to argue the matter once more, and make another appeal to the justice of the king. The delegates from Virginia, he thought, should be instructed to propose to the Congress to present

"a humble and dutiful Address to his Majesty," as the chief magistrate of the Empire, — an Empire governed by many legislatures, — informing him, that one of those legislatures, namely, the British Parliament, had encroached upon the rights of others, namely, those of the Thirteen American Colonies, and calling upon the king to interfere.

A humble and dutiful address! One who is familiar with the character of George III. can scarcely read Jefferson's draft of Instructions with a serious countenance, so ludicrously remote was it from the king's conception of the humble and the dutiful.

It was a frightfully radical way of opening the case to speak of the mighty British Parliament as the legislature of *one* portion of the king's dominions. That was the point in dispute. It is not probable that, in 1774, Thomas Jefferson, a provincial lawyer, knew the secrets of the Court of St. James ; nor could it have been his intention to inflame the wrath of the British lion ; but if he had known George III. from his childhood, and heard every Tory sentiment which his Scotch tutors had instilled into his unformed mind, he could not have produced a piece of writing better calculated to exasperate the king. In almost every sentence there was a sting, — the bitter sting of truth and good sense. Jefferson learned, by and by, to be a politician ; and he acquired the art of uttering offensive truths with the minimum of offence. Just as some noblemen, bigoted tories in theory, are most courteous democrats in practice, giving to every human creature they know or meet his due of consideration ; so he, a democrat in theory, became conciliatory and conservative in giving utterance to his opinions, anxious to narrow the breach between himself and his opponents. But in this paper he accumulated offence ; careless of everything but to get roughly upon paper the substantial truth of the matter, leaving it to the convention to invest that truth with becoming words.

The Congress, he thought, should address the king in a frank and manly manner, devoid of those servile expressions "which would persuade his Majesty that we are asking favors and not rights." The king was to be invited to reflect "that he is no more than the chief officer of the people, appointed by the laws, and circumscribed with definite powers, to assist in working the great machine of government, erected for their use, and, consequently, subject to their superintendence." This sentence bluntly asked George III. to unlearn his whole education. The king was to be reminded, also, that the Colonies had been planted, and defended for a hundred and fifty years without costing the king's treasury a shilling. Recently, since the commerce of America had become important to Great Britain, the home government had assisted to expel the French. For the same reason England had given aid to Portugal, and other allies, commercially important to her ; but the British Parliament did not claim, in consequence, a right to tax the Portuguese!

But this was inoffensive compared with his next point. In alluding to the oppressions suffered by the Colonies in the time of the Stuarts, the uncompromising radical held language that no king has ever been able to hear with patience : "A family of princes was then upon the British throne, whose treasonable crimes against their people brought on them afterwards the exertion of those sacred and sovereign rights of punishment, reserved in the hands of the people for cases of extreme necessity, and judged by the constitution unsafe to be delegated to any other judicature"!! He spoke familiarly, too, of "the late deposition of his Majesty, King Charles, by the Commonwealth of England," as a thing too obviously right to be defended. Equally right was it for some of the Colonies to choose to remain under Charles II. It was wholly *their* business ; they could have any king they liked, or no king. The people were

sovereign; the king was their head servant!

With regard to the various legislatures in the Empire, all of them were equally independent and equally sovereign. The parliament of Virginia had no right to pass laws for the government of the people of England, and the British legislature had no right to pass laws for the government of the people of Virginia. Hence, the whole series of absurd and iniquitous acts of the British legislature regulating the commerce and restricting the industry of the Colonies were VOID! "Can any one reason be assigned, why one hundred and sixty thousand electors in the island of Great Britain should give law to four millions in the States of America, every individual of whom is equal to every individual of *them*, in virtue, in understanding, and in bodily strength?" He enumerated the long catalogue of monstrous acts, from the amazing laws which forbade an American to make a hat or a nail, to the malignant tyranny which would drag an accused American three thousand miles to his trial. "The cowards who would suffer a countryman to be torn from the bowels of their society, in order to be thus offered a sacrifice to Parliamentary tyranny, would merit that everlasting infamy now fixed on the authors of the act."

The burden of these Instructions is decentralization. Already Jefferson saw the necessity of local government, the impossibility of a power on the banks of the Thames acting wisely for a Province on the shores of the James, the certainty that the momentary interests of a class near the law-making power would outweigh the permanent interests of the distant Province. The abolition of slavery, he remarked, was "*the great object of desire in the Colonies*"; and, as a step towards that, Virginia had tried, again and again, to stop all further importations of slaves; but every such law had been vetoed by the king himself, who thus preferred the advantage of "a few British corsairs, to the lasting interests of the American States, and to the rights of human nature deeply wounded by this infamous practice."

In asserting that the *great* object of desire in the Colonies was the abolition of slavery, he expressed rather the feeling of his own set — the educated and high-bred young Whigs of the Southern Colonies — than the sentiments of the great body of slaveholders. He could boast that the first act of his own public life had been an attempt in that direction; and he knew that his friend and ally, Richard Henry Lee, had opened his brilliant career by a motion to put an end to "the iniquitous and disgraceful traffic" in slaves. Virginia, this orator observed, was falling behind younger Colonies, because, "with their whites, they import arts and agriculture, whilst we, with our blacks, exclude both." Every man with whom Jefferson associated felt and spoke in this spirit. Wythe, R. H. Lee, Madison, Jefferson, and the flower of the young men of South Carolina, were all abolitionists; and all of them used in 1774 the arguments which were so familiar to us in 1860.

Jefferson made a clean breast of it in these Instructions. He went to the root of the matter on every topic that he touched. He paid the king the extravagant homage of assuming, that, if a thing could be shown to be wrong or unlawful, his Majesty would refrain from doing it, as a matter of course. Hence, in descanting upon the odious presence of British troops in Massachusetts, he desired the king to be informed that he had "no right to land a single armed man upon these shores"; and that those regiments in Boston were subject to the laws of Massachusetts, *like all other emigrants!* The king's grandfather, George II., in the Seven Years' War, found it convenient to bring over a body of his own Hanoverian troops to assist in the defence of England; but he could not land a man of them till Parliament had given its consent, and specified the precise number that might be brought in. The States of America had the same right.

"Every State must judge for itself the number of armed men which they may safely trust among them, of whom they are to consist, and under what restrictions they are to be laid."

Every State! The word "Colonies" seldom occurs in this document. The word "States" supplies its place.

The wrongs of Boston, when he came to speak upon them, kindled his usually tranquil mind. He wanted it put to the king with all the force of which language was capable, that, while only a few men had been concerned in throwing the tea into the harbor, the closing of the port had reduced "an ancient and wealthy town, in a moment, from opulence to beggary." Men who had spent their lives in extending the commerce of the Empire, men who were absent in distant countries, men who sided with the king, all, all were involved in one indiscriminate ruin. This might be revenge; it could not be justice.

Toward the close of his draft the author dropped the tone of a burgess instructing his representative, and talked directly to the king himself: "Open your breast, sire, to liberal and expanded thought. Let not the name of George III. be a blot on the page of history. . . . . The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest. Only aim to do your duty, and mankind will give you credit when you fail. No longer persevere in sacrificing the rights of one part of the Empire to the inordinate desires of another." With several other brotherly observations equally suited to soothe the mind of a proud, ignorant, obstinate, and misguided king.

These radical doctrines found free acceptance among the planters of Jefferson's own county of Albemarle. At least, Jefferson's ascendency was such, that he was able to procure for them the support of the freeholders of the county.

It is interesting to notice that the details of politics were managed a hundred years ago very much as they are now. May we not say, as they were twenty centuries ago? Who has forgotten the shock of surprise which he experienced upon opening for the first time a volume of Demosthenes's speeches, to discover that WHEREAS and RESOLVED were forms as familiar to an Athenian audience as they are to us; and that when, on a memorable occasion, Daniel Webster called for the reading of the resolution, he practised a device which Demosthenes used almost every time he spoke? Thomas Jefferson wrote this draft of Instructions before he had been chosen a member of the convention which was to elect delegates to the Congress. But politics had already the character which we sometimes describe as "cut and dried." He knew he was to be elected. The freeholders of Albemarle were to meet on the 26th of July, in order to choose two gentlemen to serve them in the double capacity of burgesses and members of the Williamsburg Convention. Those two gentlemen would also require Instructions, which should accord with the ponderous document that one of them intended to carry in his pocket to the convention. How could that conformity be better secured than by employing the same mind to execute both? In the resolutions passed by the freeholders of Albemarle, Jefferson caused himself and his colleague to be notified that no foreign legislature could rightfully exercise authority in an American Colony. This was the leading idea of his draft, which Franklin had promulgated seven years before.

Being duly elected and instructed, he left his home for Williamsburg some days before the time appointed for the meeting of the convention. How cold are words to express the tumult of desire with which this ardent young radical looked forward to meeting his friends on this occasion! Everything we have of him belonging to this period shows a degree of excitement to which he was little accustomed. He knew well that Virginia was not yet prepared for such extreme good sense as he had inserted in the

roll of manuscript which he carried with him. He had himself held the Franklinian theory for several years; but, as yet, he knew but one other member of the House of Burgesses who fully accepted it, and that was his old friend and mentor, George Wythe. There was something revolting to the patriotic pride of Virginians in the doctrine that the political tie between Virginia and England was the same as that which connected England and Hanover, — only a king in common! He wished to be promptly on the ground to talk the matter over with members, and, above all, with Patrick Henry, the idol of the people, whose irresistible eloquence alone could reconcile the public mind to novel or unwelcome ideas. It would not be the first time that Henry's morning speech had conveyed to Virginia the results of a conference with Jefferson the evening before. An orator is never so potent as when he gives wings to truth which minds more patient than his own have evolved.

But Jefferson was not destined to sit in the Williamsburg Convention. On the road he was taken sick; he could not continue his journey; and, for the only time in his life, he was unable to perform a public duty from mere bodily inability. The intense mental excitement under which he had labored, the toil of composing in haste so extensive a piece, and the sudden change from the airy height of Monticello to the August heats of the lower country, proved too much even for his excellent constitution. But an author is strongly attached to the offspring of his brain. He sent forward to Williamsburg two copies of his work, one addressed to Peyton Randolph, who was to preside over the convention, and the other to Patrick Henry.

Mr. Henry was an idle, disorderly man of genius, — "the laziest man in reading," says Jefferson, "I ever knew." Whether he ever read this mass of manuscript (sixty or seventy pages of ordinary writing) will never be known; for nothing was ever heard of the copy sent to him. But the chairman, Mr. Randolph, took public notice of his copy. He announced to the convention that he had received such a document from a member who was prevented from attending by sickness, and he laid it on the table for members to read if they chose. Most of them read it, and many approved it, though aware of its unsuitableness to the existing state of things. Probably not one member would have given it the stamp of his official approbation. It occurred to some, however, that it would make a timely pamphlet, and in that form it was published and extensively circulated with this title, "A Summary View of the Rights of America." Copies were sent to England. Mr. Burke, who saw in it a weapon of offence against the Ministry, changed it here and there, added sentences, and caused it to be published in England, where it ran through edition after edition. It procured for the author, to use his own language, "the honor of having his name inserted in a long list of proscriptions enrolled in a bill of attainder commenced in one of the Houses of Parliament, but suppressed in embryo by the hasty step of events." The list included about twenty names, among which were John Hancock, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Peyton Randolph, and Patrick Henry.

In this pamphlet, the truth concerning both the nature and the history of the connection between the Colonies and Great Britain — the truth, without any reserves whatever — was stated for the first time; and it was so fully stated, that no one was ever able to add anything to it. The Declaration of Independence was only the substance of this pamphlet given in a moderate, brief, official form.

What anguish, what humiliation, to be laid aside at such a time, by a ridiculous summer disease, such as children get from eating green apples! Such is man, high and mighty as he fancies himself to be. It must be owned, however, that the convention accomplished its work exceedingly well

without Jefferson. Let us mark well the prodigious fact, that Virginia, in 1774, knew how to choose from her people, or, as Colonel Washington expressed it, her "ten thousand taxables," the seven men who best represented her, who could best serve her, and reflect most honor upon her. All the Colonies could do as much. We cannot. It is one of the Lost Arts. These seven were all members of the House of Burgesses, and hence were familiarly known to the members of the convention. Mr. Jefferson used to say that every individual of them was chosen for a particular reason. "Ben Harrison," as he styled him, was a jolly, self-indulgent, wealthy planter, without much knowledge of principles, or capacity for business; but he perfectly represented his class, long the ruling class of the Colony; and, therefore, he was chosen one of the deputies. He had at home a son, eighteen months old, who was destined to preside over the nation, which the meeting of the Congress was to create. Richard Bland was chosen because he was considered the best writer in Virginia. Edmund Pendleton was regarded in the light of ballast; since, besides possessing a vast fund of legal knowledge, he was prudence personified. Peyton Randolph had a genius for presiding over an assembly, — a man of weighty presence and imperturbable courtesy. Richard Henry Lee, the fluent and ornate orator, was sent to add argument, fact, and persuasion to Patrick Henry's awakening peals. Henry himself was not selected for his eloquence alone, but also because he was the man of the people. He was the first eminent American instance of a certain combination of qualities that renders a man resistless before an unlettered people, — a common mind, uncommon talents, and the instinct of being popular. To these six the convention added the shining figure of Colonel Washington, now forty-two years of age, who united in himself the three possessions that captivate the greatest number of persons, — military glory, great wealth, and a fine person.

Virginia, I repeat, could choose her seven best and fittest, in 1774. But she could no more have done it then than New York can do it now, if her grossly ignorant laborers of foreign lineage had been admitted to the suffrage.

Seldom has an assembly so sedulously veiled a radical purpose under conservative forms, as this Williamsburg Convention of 1774. Still protesting "inviolable and unshaken fidelity and attachment to our most gracious sovereign," still professing regard and affection for their friends and fellow-subjects in other parts of the Empire, still declaring that they opposed everything which might have "the most distant tendency to interrupt or in any wise disturb his Majesty's peace," they nevertheless instructed their delegates that if that "despotic viceroy," General Gage, should presume to attempt to execute his threats against Massachusetts, such conduct would "justify resistance and reprisal." This might be termed a conditional declaration of war, and went far beyond anything in Jefferson's draft of Instructions. The convention also pledged Virginia to a suspension of her business as a tobacco-producing State, if the home government persisted in its system of oppression. No more exportation of produce, no more importation of merchandise! The convention only restrained their deputies in one particular. As it was then the first week of August, the tobacco crop was, to use the planters' term, "nearly made"; and, what was of more weight in their honest minds, it was eaten up, spent, pledged to London merchants for goods had and consumed. *That* crop, therefore, must go forward. Honor and necessity demanded it. But no more! Unless American grievances were redressed by August 10, 1775, not a pound of Virginia tobacco should go to England; and Virginia would find some other way of earning her subsistence. As for tea, "we view

it with horror!" From this day, this very 6th of August, 1774, we will neither import it nor buy it; no, nor even use the little we have on hand!

It is interesting to view the action of this convention, in connection with Jefferson's paper. He, the philosopher, the man of books and thoughts, was chiefly concerned to get on paper the correct theory of the situation; but the practical, English-minded men of the convention, who shrunk from the theory, had the clearest view of what was to be *done*. If General Gage stirs to carry out his proclamations, give him Lexington! Meanwhile, we will retort the starvation of Boston upon British merchants and manufacturers! Nothing could be better than Jefferson's theory, except this exquisite practice; and it was part of that practice to give the theory wings and so communicate it to the intelligence of both countries.

Colonel Washington, a very practical head, conceived the idea that the Congress might desire to know something exact respecting the population, commerce, and resources of each Colony. If it should come to a fight, it would certainly be desirable to know what means the central power would have at command. He took care to ascertain from George Wythe, Secretary of the House of Burgesses, how many men Virginia contained who were subject to taxation. Before leaving Williamsburg for Mount Vernon, he sent off a despatch to Richard Henry Lee, who had gone home, to ask him to lend his aid toward getting from the four custom-houses (one at the mouth of each river, York, James, Rappahannock, and Potomac) a statement of Virginia's annual exports and imports. "P. S. If you should travel to Philadelphia by land, I should be glad of your company. Mr. Henry is to be at my house on his way, Tuesday, the 30th instant."

In those electric days people were too full of the great business in hand to make any record of their feelings; and, hence, it is only trifles recorded by chance that betray how vivid and universal was the interest in the subjects the Congress were to discuss. One Sunday morning, in this very August, 1774, an obnoxious tool of the Ministry went to church in Plymouth, Massachusetts. As soon as he entered, a large number of the congregation rose, left the building, and went home! An act of this nature, which might not mean much in some communities, indicated in New England a deep and unchangeable resolve. Journalism was then an infant art. Interviewing — its latest acquisition, and one of its best, though liable to abuse — had not yet been borrowed from that great, first interviewer, James Boswell. Often, in those primitive days, the press could only reveal an intense and general excitement by silence. We know, from many sources, that Philadelphia was profoundly moved at the gathering of this Congress; that the whole population was astir; that two continents had followed with attentive minds those little groups of horsemen making their way through the woods from the various Colonies to this central city; that kings, courts, ministries, politicians, philosophers, and peoples, in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Ferney (capital of Voltaire's Empire), were speculating upon what might come of this unique proceeding. But when we look into the Philadelphia newspapers of the week, we find that they mentioned, in a quiet paragraph of three lines, that "the gentlemen appointed to meet in the General Congress are arrived." Nothing more! Now and then, during the session of fifty-two days, some paper presented to the Congress was published without comment; but no indication appears in the press either of the unusual nature of the assembly, or of the peculiar interest felt in its proceedings, or of the measures it discussed.

The king employed a similar device, it seems; for when he received, at length, the eloquent and pathetic petition which the Congress addressed to him in the name of the Colonies, he

sent it down to Parliament, as Franklin records, among a great heap of letters, handbills, newspapers, and pamphlets from America, and it was laid upon the table undistinguished by any recommendation, and unnoticed in the royal speech.

The sick Jefferson, while the deputies to the Congress were making their way to Philadelphia, resumed his journey, as it seems, and reached Williamsburg a few days after the convention adjourned. There he performed an important act. The courts had been closed throughout Virginia for several months, which left the lawyers little to do. The law fixing the fees of the various officers attached to the courts having expired by its own limitation, an act renewing the fees was pending in the House of Burgesses when Lord Dunmore abruptly dismissed the House in May, 1774; and hence, no courts had since been held. The people, not unwilling to bring home to their governor a sense of the absurd precipitancy of his conduct, appear to have submitted with pleasure to the deprivation. Jefferson never resumed practice. At thirty-one, after seven years' successful exercise of his profession, he gave up his unfinished business into the hands of his friend and kinsman, Edmund Randolph, and so withdrew from the law, as it proved, forever.

His marriage, as we have seen, had doubled his estate, increasing the number of his slaves to more than eighty; and the profits of his profession had added three thousand acres to his paternal farm. There had gathered about him, too, on his mountain-top, including his own family, his sister's brood, his mother and brother, his Italian gardeners, the mechanics employed on his house, and his overseers, a patriarchal household of thirty-four persons. His presence at home was peculiarly needed at all times; for his wife was not one of those robust ladies of the Old Dominion who could conduct a plantation as well as their husbands; and she was generally absorbed in nourishing a life more feeble than her own. It was for such reasons, as we may presume, that he now withdrew from a profession that compelled him to be long absent from Albemarle. He felt himself strong enough to trust his future to glorious agriculture and the manly, homely arts that facilitate agriculture. He might build a mill for his own and his neighbors' grain; he might keep a few boys at work, making nails for his county; he might convert some of his wood into timber and a little of his clay into bricks; but, henceforth to the end of his days he derived the greatest part of his revenue from the culture of the soil. He was a farmer, as his fathers had been before him.

At a time when busy and capable men shrink from public office with a feeling resembling horror, it may be well to note that few persons have ever performed public duty at such a sacrifice of personal feeling and private interest as Thomas Jefferson. Even in old and highly organized communities, the head of such a household can be ill spared; but in Virginia, in a remote county, in a region where trained labor did not exist, and where men of much capacity could seldom be hired at all, and never for long, where rudest men tilled a new soil with rudest implements, and those men were slaves, nothing but the master's eye could prevent the most reckless waste and ruinous mismanagement. Every frontier plantation was, of necessity, a little kingdom, in which the master had to furnish the whole daily requirement of authority and guidance. If a woodchopper broke a leg or a blood-vessel, it was Jefferson who was summoned; and if the baby had the measles, it was Jefferson who must prescribe. When the dam gave way, or a wheelbarrow broke down; if a shop caught fire, or the lettuce was nipped by the frost; if the cattle got into the wheat, or the small-pox into the negro quarter; — it was still the master who had to furnish brain and nerve for the emergency. There was never a period, during his public life, when he had not reasons for remaining at home

which most men would have felt to be sufficient.

An incident of this period shows the temper of the times and of the man. A copy of the non-importation agreement having reached him in August, 1774, he wrote to London to countermand the order which he had despatched in June for fourteen pairs of sashes ready glazed, and a little glass to mend with. Despatched, do I say? Jefferson's way of getting a letter across the ocean at this time had nothing in it that could be called despatch. When he had written his letter, the next thing was to find some one going into the lower country, who would take the trouble to get it on board a ship lying in one of the rivers, bound for London. A letter could be many a long day reaching salt water by this method. Before his letter had been long gone, word came that his sashes were finished, but the putty was not hard enough yet to brave the perils of the deep. It must harden "about a month." Hence, the sashes, which were ordered on the first of June, before the non-importation agreement had been contemplated, threatened to arrive about Christmas, when that agreement had become the main hope of a roused and patriotic continent. In these circumstances, he explained the matter to the committee in charge of the county where the sashes would be landed, and placed them at their disposal. "As I mean," said he, "to be a conscientious observer of the measures generally thought requisite for the preservation of our independent rights, so I think myself bound to account to my country for any act of mine which might wear an appearance of contravening them."

His own county was to have its Committee of Safety, elected, as in all the counties, by the freeholders, with due form and solemnity; for, if the worst came to the worst, the Committees of Safety would wield, during an interregnum, the sovereign power. On New-Year's day, 1775, this great business was done in Albemarle. A committee of fifteen was elected, with Thomas Jefferson at its head. For him, two hundred and eleven votes were cast, which was eleven more than any one else received; one member getting but sixty-four.

A public duty of eminent importance called him away from home in the early days of the spring of 1775. The Williamsburg Convention of August, 1774, which had elected deputies to the first Congress, had adjourned to meet March 20, 1775. But not at Williamsburg! Not at the capital of the *Old* Dominion! Not under the eye of Dunmore, nor within easy reach of the marines of the men-of-war that lay in York River. During these years of agitation, a village had been slowly gathering upon the site of Virginia's future capital, — its natural capital, — where the navigation of the James is interrupted, about midway between the ocean and the mountains, by islands and impassable rapids. Sea-going vessels of a hundred and fifty tons can ascend the winding river a hundred and fifty miles, as far as those rapids; and, above them, for two hundred miles farther, barges could be poled and towed. Here, then, at this "carrying-place," was the spot, of all others in Virginia, for Virginia's mart, store-house, and counting-room. The banks of the river rise here into commanding heights, which afford a site as peculiar and picturesque as that of Edinburgh. Richmond was still but a straggling village, when the convention met there in March, 1775; and there was only one building in it fit for such an assembly, — the parish church of St. John, — which is still standing, little changed, surrounded by its spacious, ill-kept churchyard. It shows to what a point of excitement the Province had been wrought, that a parish church should have been used for such a purpose.

The convention sat eight days, — long enough to give an impulse to the course of events, and to decide the future career of Thomas Jefferson.

When we read of Patrick Henry's wonderful displays of eloquence, we naturally figure to ourselves a spacious

interior and a great crowd of rapt listeners. But, in truth, those of his orations which quickened or changed the march of events, and the thrill of which has been felt in the nerves of four generations, were all delivered in small rooms and to few hearers, never more than one hundred and fifty. The first thought of the visitor to St. John's Church in Richmond is: Could it have been *here*, in this oaken chapel of fifty or sixty pews, that Patrick Henry delivered the greatest and best known of all his speeches? Was it here that he uttered those words of doom, so unexpected, so unwelcome, "We must fight"? Even here. And the words were spoken in a tone and manner worthy of the men to whom they were addressed, — with quiet and profound solemnity. The mere outline of the speech which we possess (with, here and there, a sentence or a phrase of such concentrated power that their every syllable is stamped indelibly upon the mind) shows that this untaught orator practised all the *art* of Demosthenes, while exhibiting all his genius. How strangely prophetic the sentence, "The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms"! These words were spoken on the 23d of March, 1775, while the people were joyously repeating the news that the king had been so good as to *receive* the petition of the Congress. Nothing at the moment foretold the coming conflict, except the intuitive sense of this inspired yeoman.

He carried the convention with him. It was agreed that Virginia should arm; and a committee of thirteen — a magical number henceforth — was named to concert a plan. Along with Patrick Henry, George Washington, R. H. Lee, Harrison, Pendleton, and others, the young member from Albemarle was appointed to serve on this committee. They agreed upon this: The more densely peopled counties should enroll, equip, supply, and drill companies of infantry; the other counties should raise troops of horsemen; all should wear the hunting-shirt, which, Colonel Washington told them, was the best possible uniform; and all should set about the work of preparation at once.

On the last day of the session the convention performed the act which proved momentous to Mr. Jefferson. Lord Dunmore was governing Virginia without the assistance of its Legislature, but the necessities of the Province were such that it was thought he might be induced or compelled to summon it. Peyton Randolph, the Speaker of the House of Burgesses, had presided over the deliberations of the Congress; and it accorded with the spirit and custom of that age (as with justice and good sense) never to change public servants except for a good reason. Hence it was certain he would be elected chairman of the next Congress, to meet on the 10th of May. The convention, not disposed to give a royal governor any fair occasion to complain, provided for his return to Virginia by voting that, in case Peyton Randolph should be obliged to leave the Congress before its adjournment, Thomas Jefferson should supply his place.

How graciously the king had received the Congress petition the members of this convention may have learned before they left Richmond. Perhaps, in the very hour when Patrick Henry was warning them not to indulge in the illusions of hope, nor suffer themselves to be betrayed by a kiss, Lord Dunmore was penning a ridiculous proclamation, which showed the king's antipathy to the Congress, and to everything that emanated from it: "Whereas certain persons have presumed, without his Majesty's authority or consent, to assemble together at Philadelphia," and have called another and similar meeting for May next, "I am commanded by the king to require all magistrates and other officers to use their utmost endeavors to prevent any such appointment of deputies, and to exhort all persons whatever within this government to desist from such an unjustifiable proceeding as highly displeasing to his Majesty."

This document provoked derision only. But the governor's next act was an act of war, which every man in Virginia felt like a blow. In one of the public squares of Williamsburg, in the very middle of the town, was the powder-magazine containing twenty barrels of gunpowder, the property of the Colony, and part of its usual means of defence against the Indians. This store, always precious, had now become an object of intense and even morbid interest. It was not merely that the Province was arming, and that everything relating to arms had acquired new value; but, in times of public commotion, a community maintained by the labor of slaves is haunted by a dread of insurrection. Conscience makes cowards of us all. This fear, always latent, had recently become omnipresent in Virginia, and every man shuddered to think of the deluge of mischief and horror a rash coward like Dunmore could bring upon the Province by luring the negroes to his aid with the promise of freedom. To Dunmore, too, that powder had become interesting; for he was one man in a community that looked upon him as the enemy of all which they most prized. True, it was a community in which regard for law had become an instinct; and he was, if possible, the more safe in their midst *because* he was their enemy. But conscience made a coward of him also. He, too, feared the people he had wronged, as they feared the people whom they were always wronging.

In the dead of night, April 20th, a small party of marines filed from "the palace" grounds, followed by a small wagon belonging to Dunmore himself, and marched toward the magazine. For some time past a patrol of patriotic citizens had guarded the magazine at night, but, as no alarm occurred, they had gone home a little earlier every night, until, on this occasion, the streets of Williamsburg were silent an hour after midnight. The noble governor had apparently been watching for such a chance to steal the public property; for, like General Gage, he wished to disarm his Province in a quiet way. That very night, Gage in Boston was reckoning up the cost of *his* attempt, in British dead and wounded. Dunmore had the key of the Williamsburg magazine. About three in the morning of the day after the battle of Lexington, Dunmore's wagon, loaded with fifteen half-barrels of Virginia's powder, was driven out of town, guarded by marines, and, soon after daylight, was conveyed on board of an English man-of-war, that lay in the James River, seven miles distant. The rest of the powder, which the noble Lord's "little wagon" would not hold, was buried, as it seems, in the magazine itself.

In the morning, as soon as this puerile act was known, there arose a contest, not between the robbed and the robber, but between the Cool Heads and the Hot Heads of the town. The people filled the streets, excited and angry; the patrol resumed their arms and gathered in the public square; and everything was ripe for tumult. But the elders and chief men of the place, above all others Peyton Randolph, chairman of the Congress, and Mr. Nicholas, the head of the bar, moved about among the people, advising moderation and order; and, early in the day, a safety-valve was found. Williamsburg, small as it was, was a city blessed with a mayor, recorder, aldermen, and councilmen, who, on great emergencies, met in "common hall," and acted as one body. They met on this wild day, and agreed to present an humble address to his Excellency, the Right Honorable John, Earl of Dunmore, asking him why the Colony's powder was taken away from its proper repository, and asking him to have it brought back. In his reply, this Right Honorable personage lied. He said he had heard of an insurrection in a neighboring county, and had thought it best to remove the powder to a place of greater safety. Having uttered this falsehood, he proceeded to show that it was a falsehood by promising, upon his word and honor, that if the powder should be wanted for an insurrection,

it should be brought back in half an hour. But the Cool Heads succeeded in dispersing the people, and leaving the town for the night in charge of the patrol.

Dreadful rumors were in the air. The news of the plunder of the magazine sped from county to county, inflaming minds which no considerations of abstract tea could reach. He has taken our powder, our own powder, bought with our money, and stored for our common defence! The dullest mind could feel all the wrong and much of the complex indignity of the act. In the night, too, while honest men were asleep!

And what tidings were on their way from the North! Gage, also in the dead of night, had sent an armed force to disarm Massachusetts! Her yeomen had risen upon them and driven them back again, a chase of thirty miles, and they had left a dead or wounded soldier on every furlong of the road! This intelligence, following so quick upon the news of Dunmore's exploit, startled every one into the conviction that the plunder of the magazine and the march of Gage's troops were parts of a general scheme to deprive the Colonies of the means of defence. The newly formed companies seized such arms as they had, and rushed to their several rendezvous without waiting for orders, demanding to be led to the capital and recover their stolen powder. Never was a widely scattered community so instantly kindled; for, before the news of Lexington had been in Virginia four days, there were assembled at Fredericksburg fourteen companies of horsemen ready to march to Williamsburg, seventy miles distant. And yet the Cool Heads triumphed once more. A letter from Peyton Randolph arrived in the nick of time, informing them that the governor had engaged to arrange the affair of the powder in a manner satisfactory to the Colony, and entreating the troops to return to their homes. By one majority, in a meeting of one hundred and two officers, this advice was accepted, and the troopers rode homeward. The Congress was to meet again in eleven days. It seemed best not to precipitate the Colony into war.

There was a man in Virginia, the king of Virginia, we may call him, Patrick Henry, who saw in this affair of the powder the best opportunity that had yet occurred of bringing home the controversy to the minds of the unthinking. "You may talk in vain to them," said he, to his friends, "about the duties upon tea; but tell them of the robbery of the magazine, and that the next step will be to disarm *them*, and you bring the subject home to their bosoms." He called together the horsemen of his county of Hanover, harangued them, and began his march toward Williamsburg, joined as he advanced by squads of other companies; until his band amounted to a hundred and fifty men. By the time the news of this movement reached the capital, rumor had swelled his force to five thousand infuriate patriots, armed to the teeth. Consternation filled the palace of the governor. He sent his wife and daughters on board the Fowey, man-of-war. The captain of that famous vessel garrisoned the palace with marines, and threatened, in case of an outbreak, to fire upon the town. Several of Patrick Henry's friends rode in hot haste to induce him to turn back, but he held to his purpose, until, at the close of the second day's march, he halted, sixteen miles from Williamsburg.

Lord Dunmore, in this extremity, called his Council together, — that select body whom the governor himself nominated and the king appointed. Being summoned, they repaired to the Council Chamber in the Capitol, their invariable place of meeting; but the governor, panic-stricken, would not venture out, and commanded the Council to attend him in the palace. When they were seated in his presence, he stated the case, and said he was afraid the excited troopers who were approaching might, in their frenzy, seize

upon a public magazine, which would infallibly bring down upon the Province the direst vengeance of an insulted king. To ward off this fearful peril from Virginia, he suggested that panacea of falling governments, — a proclamation. The youngest member of this Council of seven, and the only Whig among them, was John Page, the college friend of Jefferson and the confidant of his youthful love for Belinda. It was he who broke the long and awkward pause that followed the governor's address by asking whether, in case the Council should agree to advise a proclamation, his Lordship would consent to restore the powder. The removal of the powder, continued Mr. Page, having caused the present tumult, tranquillity would be instantly restored by its restoration. "Mr. Page," exclaimed the governor, with the fury natural to such a brain at the reception of advice so simple and so wise, — "Mr. Page, I am astonished at you!" And he brought down his lordly fist upon the table with a prodigious thump. To which the young councillor quietly replied, that, in giving his opinion, he had done his duty, and he had no other advice to give.

The curtain falls upon this scene. The next morning at sunrise, a messenger from the capital sought an interview with Patrick Henry in the tavern where he had passed the night. When the messenger left the tavern, he bore with him a written paper, of which the following is a copy: —

"Doncastle's Ordinary, New Kent, May 4, 1775. Received from the Honorable Richard Corbin, Esq., his Majesty's Receiver-General, 330 pounds, as a compensation for the gunpowder lately taken out of the public magazine by the governor's order; which money I promise to convey to the Virginia delegates at the General Congress, to be, under their direction, laid out in gunpowder for the Colony's use, and to be stored as they shall direct, until the next Colony Convention or General Assembly, unless it shall be necessary, in the mean time, to use the same in defence of the Colony. It is agreed that, in case the next convention shall determine that any part of the said money ought to be returned to the said Receiver-General, that the same shall be done accordingly. Patrick Henry, Jun." *

Such was Virginia's bloodless Lexington. The volunteers returned to their homes at once, and their leader, a few days after, set out for the Congress, escorted by a great retinue of horsemen, as far as the Potomac River. There was a neatness and finish to this triumph that captivated the continent, and made Patrick Henry inexpressibly dear to Virginia. The Province would have at once resumed its tranquillity, but for the incredible folly of the governor, who, totally bereft of sense and judgment, and emboldened by the presence of a royal squadron, still kept the peninsula in a broil.

From the distant summit of Monticello Jefferson watched the course of events with the interest natural to such a person, ever longing for a restoration of the ancient harmony and goodwill between the two countries. Lord Chatham's bill of January, 1775, inspired by Franklin, which conceded everything the Colonies deemed essential, had given him hope, until the next ship brought the tidings of its summary and contemptuous rejection.

* The sum received for the powder proved to be too much. The following is an extract from the Journal of the convention held at Richmond in August, 1775: —

"It appearing to this convention, by a receipt of Patrick Henry, Esq., and other testimony, that it was referred to them at this meeting to determine how much of the three hundred and thirty pounds which had been received by the Receiver-General, on the 4th of May last, to compensate for the powder taken out of the magazine by the governor's orders, should be restored to the said Receiver-General, RESOLVED, as the opinion of this convention, that sufficient proof being had of there being only fifteen half-barrels of powder so taken by Lord Dunmore's order, that no more money should be retained than one hundred and twelve pounds ten shillings, which we judge fully adequate to the payment of the said powder, and that the residue of the said three hundred and thirty pounds ought to be returned to the said Receiver-General, and it is hereby directed to be paid to him by the treasurer of this Colony."

The news of Lexington was fourteen days in reaching Albemarle, and then it arrived loaded with exaggeration, — "five hundred of the king's troops slain." In writing, a few days after, to the honored instructor of his youth, Professor Small, then physician and man of science in Birmingham, he spoke of Lexington as an "accident" that had "cut off our last hope of reconciliation"; since "a frenzy of revenge seemed to have seized all ranks of people." We may judge of the strength of the tie between the mother-country and the Colonies, by the fact that so un-English a mind as Jefferson's clung with sentimental fondness to the union long after there was any reasonable hope of their preserving it. "My first wish," he still wrote, late in 1775, "is a restoration of our just rights." His second wish was to be able, consistently with honor and duty, to "withdraw totally from the public stage, and pass the rest of his days in domestic ease and tranquillity." He did not claim to possess a disinterested patriotism, but avowed that the warmth of his wish for reconciliation with England was increased by his intense desire to stay at home. His pride as a citizen, too, was involved. He saw as clearly as the imperial-minded Chatham, that Britain's chance of remaining imperial lay in America. This truth was hidden from the world during England's contest with Bonaparte, because she was able to waste in twenty years the revenue of three centuries, keeping a thousand ships in commission and subsidizing a continent. That *looked* imperial; but it *was* mere reckless waste. The whole world now perceives that, when Great Britain threw her American Colonies away, she lapsed into insularity; or, to use Jefferson's words of 1775, she "returned to her original station in the political scale of Europe." With the fond pride natural to the citizen, he desired his country to be vast, imposing, and powerful.

Brooding over Lexington and its consequences, he was startled by the intelligence that the contingency which would oblige him to become a member of the Congress was actually to occur: Lord Dunmore, in his panic and distraction, had been induced to summon the House of Burgesses. This would recall Peyton Randolph from Philadelphia, and send Thomas Jefferson thither to supply his place. The rash insolence of the captains of the king's ships lying in the York River having roused the people of the peninsula nearly to the point of investing the capital with an armed force, Lord Dunmore called together the Council and asked their advice. Summon the Burgesses, suggested a member. His Lordship, as usual with him when he was well advised, broke into a furious and senseless harangue; and when he had finished, John Page calmly replied to him, point by point, his best argument being this: If you deprive the people of their usual, legal, constitutional representation, they will resort to conventions, which itself is revolution. The whole Council joined in this sentiment, and, at length, the governor accepted their advice, the writs were issued, and the 1st of June named as the day of meeting.

The air was highly electric. These rural Virginians had been slow to kindle; for, until the foolish Dunmore and his naval captains had joined hands to threaten and insult them, Virginia's part had been to sympathize with the victims of distant oppression, and resent wrongs done to a sister Colony. But these vessels of war in their own rivers were now as maddening to them as Gage's regiments were to Massachusetts. How welcome English men-of-war had been in other days, when, under an awning, Virginian beauty had delighted to tread a spotless quarter-deck, and when at the balls in the Apollo no partners could be so agreeable as naval officers, splendid in the cumbrous uniform of the time! All that was over forever. Williamsburg had ever been most lavish of politeness and hospitality to the king's navy; but at the mere rumor of Patrick Henry's approach,

Captain Montague had threatened to fire, not upon *him*, but upon the *town*. In making this threat, the captain, in the language of a Williamsburg Committee, "had discovered the most hellish principles that can actuate a human mind"; and they advised the people to show him no "other mark of civility besides what common decency and absolute necessity require." Captain Montague was cut in Williamsburg by every Whig.

The 1st of June arrived. It had been a question with distant constituencies whether it would be safe for patriotic burgesses to venture down into that narrow peninsula, with men-of-war in both rivers, and bodies of marines at the beck of a savage governor; particularly as some members — Peyton Randolph, Patrick Henry, and Thomas Jefferson — had been menaced with a prosecution for treason. A paragraph advised every member to come "prepared as an American"; and, accordingly, many members arrived at the capital clad in the hunting-shirt, and carrying the rifle, to which they had become accustomed in the training-field. Jefferson, now a member both of the Legislature of Virginia and of the General Congress, took Williamsburg on his way to Philadelphia, and there he met Peyton Randolph, fresh from the Congress. The Speaker asked him to delay his journey, and remain for a short time in his seat in the House of Burgesses. Lord North's conciliatory proposition, as it was called, had been Dunmore's pretext for summoning the House, and the Speaker desired the aid of Jefferson's pen in drawing up Virginia's answer to the same.

On Thursday, the 1st of June, for the last time, a royal governor and a loyal House of Virginian Burgesses exchanged the elaborate civilities usual on the first day of a session. The usual committee was appointed to reply to the governor's courteous, conciliatory speech. Jefferson was a member of this committee, but he was charged to make a separate reply to the part of it which related to Lord North's proposition; and to this important duty he addressed himself. The duty, indeed, was doubly important, since the document he was to prepare would not only be the reply of Virginia to the ministerial scheme, but it would be America's first response to it, as no other colonial legislature had been in session since its arrival.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Monday, the first days of the session, passed harmoniously enough. If the House was less humble than usual in the tone of its communications with the governor, it still protested its unshaken attachment to the king; and there seemed a fair prospect of the session proceeding agreeably to its close. But, as I have observed, the air was electric. There was a revolution in the clouds. On Monday evening several young men went to the magazine in Williamsburg, intending to supply themselves with arms from the few weapons still remaining in the public store. Arms, at the moment, were in extreme request, and only he was happy who had a good weapon. On opening the door of the magazine, a spring-gun was discharged, loaded deep with swan-shot, and two of the young men were badly wounded. One of them received two balls in his shoulder and another in his wrist; the other had one finger cut off and another shattered. Upon examining the magazine, the party discovered that other spring-guns were set in it, and that no notice had been written up, warning intruders of the danger. The setting of these guns, it was immediately ascertained, was Dunmore's work, done by his orders soon after Patrick Henry had disbanded his troop.

The cloud burst. The revolution had come. The Williamsburg companies seized their arms and rushed to the public squares. The indignation of the people at this dastardly act of their governor was not lessened by the consideration that the young men had been wounded while they were breaking the law. They might have fallen dead under the coward fire of

those guns; and the insult of fighting a patriotic and loyal people with weapons usually employed against poachers and trespassers was felt by every creature. Curses both loud and deep were hurled at the palace and its inmates; and though the Cool Heads again contrived to prevent anything like a breach of the peace, yet, at such a time, no potentate can so wall himself in, that the hatred and contempt of the people cannot reach him. The next morning, two hours before the early June dawn, the governor, his family, his abhorred secretary, and his chief servants, all fled in silence from the palace, and were driven ten miles down the peninsula to Yorktown, whence they were rowed off to the flag-ship of the armed squadron anchored there. He was governor of Virginia never again. He had still some savage mischief to do in the Province, as a mere marauder; but when, at daybreak on the 8th of June, Lord Dunmore stepped on the quarter-deck of the king's ship, George III. ceased to reign over Virginia. His governor had run away.

The House of Burgesses, with inexhaustible patience and courtesy, attempted to woo him back by assuring him that he would be, as he ever had been, safe in his palace, and that his residence on board a distant ship was in the highest degree inconvenient to them and irritating to the people. His reply amounted to this: Let the House frankly accept Lord North's proposition, dismiss the militia companies, and rescind the non-importation agreement, and he would not only return to Williamsburg, but do all in his power to soothe the just anger of a gracious king against a rebellious Province.

Mr. Jefferson, meanwhile, had completed his paper upon Lord North's scheme. That scheme merely proposed to let the Colonies tax themselves for the general expenses of the Empire, instead of being taxed by Parliament; Parliament to fix the amount to be raised, and to have the spending of the money. Mr. Jefferson's answer was courteous, clear, and decided. It was incomparably the best paper he had yet drawn, and it was adopted by the House with only a few verbal changes; or, as the author expresses it, with "a dash of cold water on it here and there, enfeebling it somewhat." His paper may be summed up in two sentences: 1. The ministerial scheme "changes the form of oppression, without lightening its burden"; 2. It leaves our other wrongs unredressed. Having duly elaborated these points, he closed with a paragraph which, we may presume, he meant to be tender and conciliatory, but which, we know, was the quintessence of exasperation to the king and his party; since it referred the subject for "final determination to the General Congress now sitting, before whom we shall lay the papers your lordship has communicated to us."

"For ourselves," he continued, "we have exhausted every mode of application which our invention could suggest as proper and promising. We have decently remonstrated with Parliament; they have added new injuries to the old. We have wearied our king with supplications; he has not deigned to answer us. We have appealed to the native honor and justice of the British nation; their efforts in our favor have hitherto been ineffectual. What, then, remains to be done? That we commit our injuries to the even-handed justice of that Being who doeth no wrong, earnestly beseeching him to illuminate the councils and prosper the endeavors of those to whom America hath confided her hopes; that, through their wise directions, we may again see reunited the blessings of liberty, prosperity, and harmony with Great Britain."

The governor's reply to this eloquent and most reasonable address was in these words: "Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, it is with real concern that I can discover nothing in your address that I think manifests the smallest inclination to, or will be productive of, a reconciliation with the mother-country."

Jefferson did not wait to learn the governor's opinion. The document which he had composed was accepted by the House, on the 10th of June, as Virginia's reply to Lord North's proposition ; and the next morning, in a one-horse chaise, with a copy of his address duly signed and certified in his pocket, he left Williamsburg for Philadelphia. With the assistance of two led horses to change with, he could not average more than twenty-two miles a day ; and so imperfectly marked were some parts of the road, that twice he employed a guide. He reached Philadelphia on that memorable 20th of June when George Washington received his commission from the Congress; and we may be sure that, before the General slept that night, Jefferson had communicated to him the substance of Virginia's response to the Parliamentary scheme. He could not have let the General depart for Massachusetts, without letting him know that his own native Province was at his back. The next morning, before taking his seat with the Congress, he could not but have seen Washington review the military companies of Philadelphia, and then ride away on his long journey, accompanied by General Schuyler and Charles Lee, and escorted by a Philadelphia troop of horsemen.

Twenty miles from Philadelphia General Washington met a messenger from the North, spurring forward to bear to Congress the news of Bunker Hill. Jefferson heard it before night. He was himself the bearer of tidings for which Congress had waited with solicitude ; but *this* was news to cast into the shade all bloodless events. How he gloried in the Yankees ! What a warmth of affection there was *then* — and will be again — between Massachusetts and Virginia ! "The adventurous genius and intrepidity of those people is amazing," Jefferson wrote to his brother-in-law, when the details of the action were known. They were fitting out, he said, light vessels, armed, with which they expected to clear the coast of "everything below the size of a ship of war." So magnanimous, too ! "They are now intent on burning Boston as a hive which gives cover to Regulars ; and none are more bent on it than the very people who come out of it, and whose whole prosperity lies there."

America did not feel it necessary or becoming, in those days, to scrimp her public men in the matter of salary. It was not, indeed, supposed possible to *compensate* an eminent public servant by any amount of money whatever ; but it was considered proper to *facilitate his labors* so far as money could do it. Virginia allowed her representatives in the Continental Congress forty-five shillings a day each, and a shilling a mile for their travelling expenses, besides "all ferriages," then no small item ; and the treasurer was authorized to advance a member two hundred pounds, if it would be convenient to him, before he left Virginia, the member to refund on his return home, if the sum advanced "shall happen to exceed his allowance."

James Parton.

WHO WON THE PRETTY WIDOW.

A CONFEDERATE'S STORY OF THE CONFEDERACY.

I.

PROLOGUE.

THIS is a story of the times of the Great Rebellion. It does not discuss political questions, but only presents an inside picture of the trials and sufferings of one who shared and sympathized with the misfortunes of a lost cause.

A thousand stories, much better told, have delineated the hardships of the Northern wife in that period of desolation; may this one serve to illustrate the trials and endurance of her Southern sister.

CHAPTER I.

ANNO CONFEDERATIONIS 1, and in the interregnum of Jefferson Davis, and the consulship of J. Davis and A. Stephens, there lived in the Province of Mississippi, and not far from a gentle stream that finds its devious way to a neighboring bayou, a very pretty orphan girl. Her household consisted of an ancient maiden lady, and, occasionally, her uncle. To dispose of these at once, let us say, that the ancient maiden lady soon found her wise way through the lines of the two armies; and the uncle, who was also her guardian, fell at the battle of Mill Springs, under General Zollicoffer.

As to the dwelling of our heroine, it was built, as many other Southern residences are, apparently on a succession of afterthoughts. Isolated rooms and curious cupboards suddenly developed themselves on the unwary, about the main building, or were stumbled over, in the surrounding enclosure, as if set out to cool. At a greater distance were the out-houses; with the negro quarters, gin and sugar houses, and barn beyond them.

This pretty little orphan may be said to have been quite advanced in years, as she was exactly nineteen years older than the country in which she lived at the time our story commences. Perhaps her fame ought to be considered equal to her years, inasmuch as two great sections spent three or four hundred lives, and as many million dollars, to show that she was not just as old as the record in the family Bible testified. But, as her name is not found in any of the protocols and proclamations of that eventful period of proclamations, the temptation to compare her with Helen of Troy is resisted. Let us be satisfied with the fact that she was a very pretty girl indeed.

She was accomplished, and could play on the piano a great many selections from opera, and almost as many sweet old-fashioned-airs, in which the elder generation took great delight. She knew French, so as not to speak it correctly, and a little drawing, and a little botany, and a great deal of school chemistry of a very confusing nature to the learned and unlearned. She was a skilful dress-maker, too, and knew how to adorn that perishable little body of hers in a manner perfectly maddening. Then she could card and spin and weave, and her nimble fingers made up many a suit of homespun and plaid cotton for the negroes. With these she was a great favorite, and "Miss Lucy says so," or "Miss Lucy won't like," was conclusive.

In this list of domestic accomplishments it would be scandalous to omit one upon which the lady prided herself not a little. She was mistress of the great art of providing savory viands for the delectation of the appetite; not only the delicate dishes I shall not rashly undertake to name, but also

the wholesome sturdy staves of life, so to speak, that fill the body comfortably. In the matter of coffee she was just perfect. Once try it, and forswear all weak decoctions of inferior artists, lest memory lose the flavor from the palate. The black cook pretended to explain it in the phrase, "You can't make Miss Lucy skimpy * to de coffee-mill," but I think she failed. The little maid became a domestic witch around the coffee-boiler, and seemed to infuse some of her own spicy freshness into the beverage.

She was also intensely and fearfully medical, but an All-wise Providence had tempered her rashness with a strong faith in homœopathy and little pills. Added to this, however, was an abiding confidence, in all acute cases, in calomel and quinine; which last she pronounced *kee-neen*, as was her duty to her preceptors. It was medicine to a sick man just to see that brisk little figure step in, draw together the arched brows, as if they had been called into the consultation, and so pop a little pellet on the furred tongue, and depart, leaving many injunctions against coffee, tea, spices, and the like.

In the matter of religious instruction, no theologian of the new or old school could rival her. To see her at the cabins of a Sunday morning with Aunt Sarah, Aunt Lucy, and the cloud of monkey-like little blacks, with the Big Book before her, was a text, ay, and a sermon, of itself. She would read in a clear, fresh voice, with slight inflections of boarding-school taste, that could not spoil it, the parables of Our Lord. Her own nature so loved his sweet humanities, she mostly fell upon those that revealed his sympathies with childhood and youth; and The Feast at Cana, The Prodigal Son, The Raising of Jairus's Daughter, came round very often in her loving pictures of a Saviour. Hearing these simple lectures, in that wise childlike voice, you would agree with Uncle Ben, as he stood listening at his cabin door, to the holiness within. "She 's an angel of de Lord," said Ben, throwing up a black brawny arm as he spoke, — "she 's an angel of de Lord; dat jes what she is." Some months later he added, in his rough way, words she had read, "When I forgits her, may dis right hand forgit his cunnin', and de tongue cleave to de roof of my mouf." But he did forget her for all that. Do not let us condemn him. The charity his little teacher taught was ample to cover this.

When the long political differences culminated in action, our little heroine found the opinions crystallized into a common sentiment, and she shared and sympathized with it in every fibre of her earnest, positive being. She was a very resolute, active little Rebel indeed, and thought her thought and spoke her speech, without the least awe of the Great Giant hid in the gloom. It was her duty, she believed, and she went into Rebellion just as briskly and resolutely as she went into other duties, associating them with her faith and religion.

She liked a good many things, however, besides duty. She liked a nice pony to ride, and a nice beau to ride with her; she liked a flower-garden, and to dibble a little in it every morning; she liked pretty curtains to her room, pretty dresses, pretty and pleasant companions about her when she could get them; and then she would rob the pickle-jar, and sit with such boon companions in frightful cucumber dissipation till ever so much o'clock. She liked to have the biddable young men of the county around her, and to please them, and, yes, she did like to nibble sugar-biscuit and sweet-cakes, behind the cupboard door, between meals.

The beaux came, in spite of these notorious faults in our heroine. Gay fellows from the city, in gray oval hats, and stark riders from the plantations, in broad felt, hung their tiles on the hall rack, beside the ridiculous rims of suitors from the far North. But come as they might, and roofed in as they

* *Skimpy*, equivalent to *scanty* and *stingy*; the radical meaning of both words entering into the signification of the provincialism.

might, they had a pleasant visit till the end, and went to come no more. Yes, for, if Lucy was not in love, she had at least taken a strange inclination that way.

This was to a neighbor, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. His paternal farm adjoined Lucy's greater possessions, and the two had grown up together. His father had been a man of promise in the neighborhood, and was once chosen to the State Legislature. He thought it an honor, but it was his ruin. It spoiled him as a planter, and he fell into the hands of the country store-keeper. This is the veritable dragon of the small planter, which no Saint George has yet overcome. Cotton, like other monarchs, favors those only who see much of him. The man of a hundred bales ships to his factor, and receives the return less a moderate commission. The great busy world watches over his interest; rival looms bid for the staple, rival factors keep down the commission, but the world's huge spectacles cannot see microscopic crops, and the dragon eats up the small planter. The crop is hypothecated to the country merchant as soon as it is in the ground. He will supply necessaries on no other terms, for the dragons are pawnbrokers to a man. The planter has no individual credit, and the crop so pawned is paid for at a price set by the country merchant, in goods on which he sets his own price.

The father of Lucy's lover got in this mill of the country merchants, and it ground him exceeding fine indeed. He fell into low ways and hung about the village cotton-gin, blacksmith-shop, and hideous country store with its dilute alcohol, and one day he was taken home starting and trembling in a sad way. He recovered a little before he died, and made a will, leaving all he had to his wife, and afterwards to his son; or, in the event of his son's death, to his nephew, a poor lame man of the neighborhood. Then urging that son to avoid his errors, he made his peace with God, and rested.

This advice the son was like to follow. He had taught school at seventeen, and farmed a little and traded a little, till he had a small capital of his own at his father's death. With this he paid off immediate encumbrances, and by economy was slowly escaping the dragon's fangs, when the war came between his work and his love for his pretty neighbor, Lucy Lanfranc.

CHAPTER II.

THE fall of Sumter committed the South irrevocably to the struggle. The success, the singular escape from the effusion of blood, seemed to foreshow a brilliant victory and bloodless independence. It stirred the gay and gallant spirits of the neighborhood; a company was raised, and Lucy made a little speech and presented a flag; and the captain made his little speech; his two little speeches, in fact, and did n't seem satisfied, altogether, with their effect. But he went his way as others before him, and after.

Then Manassas followed, and the enthusiasm became furious. The cry was, "The Yankees will be whipped before we can get there"; and the leopards scented blood and were eager to be off. A regiment was raised, one of Lucy's favorites was the colonel, and then came the speeches. Lucy, presenting the flag, was charming and eloquent, and gave no symptom of breaking down; but the colonel did break down wofully, both in private and in public, and so followed the captain.

In none of these gayeties and gallantries did the widow's son take part. The fife and drum and the barbecue and picnic rejoiced in the grand Southern woods, as merry as if behind the day and balmy night the long ranks of the to-morrows did not march in Confederate gray and Union blue; but these allured him in vain. Lucy was vexed and uneasy. Could he tarry? The war would be over, and all the glory harvested, and this *preux chevalier* of hers not be even at the gleaning.

She made up her mind to do something, and did it.

She lured him at the village church, and bore him captive. It was very sweet, she felt, after all, to have this recreant knight at her bridle-rein ; but duty was duty, and she would have her word, cost what it may.

He explained, frankly enough, that, knowing her heart was in this cause, and not seeing his way clear to go, he had refrained from visiting her.

"But why?" she asked ; "is it not your country? Even Moses, when the Lord was angry with the Jews, chose to be blotted out of His book, rather than desert his countrymen."

"Yes," said Victor Shandy, "but a later apostle, under a better dispensation, said that 'he who does not provide for his own household is worse than a heathen.' My mother's affairs are so embarrassed, I cannot afford to leave her to struggle alone."

That was all he said. She understood now how this man who stayed was braver than all who had gone. He had sacrificed his ambition, his eager desire to be well with men, and risked even her love, upon the altar of filial affection. "I did n't know ; I did n't think," she said ; "but I — Could n't I take care of your mother?"

It was enough, and although she protested that he and his mother were different persons, and she had never offered to take care of *him*, yet it was somehow arranged that way, and there was a quiet wedding soon after. We can suppose Victor Shandy allowed his wife to assist him, in the matter of his mother's embarrassments, for he went soon after to the wars.

The little wife remained quietly at her home, busy with her household duties, for perhaps a year. One morning, however, she lost her head man, her overseer, a canny Scot. "He could na just see his way," he said, "to bide at hame when sae mony braw men were i' th' field. His conscience gied him sair twinges there anent, and the slave boddies were a' gude laddies ; belike the lady could sted the place alane." So Lucy praised his resolution, and was left her own overseer and manager.

How did she get on? Let her speak for herself. She wrote many letters to her soldier husband, in those days, — odd mixtures of practical sense, unpractical advice, and pious exhortations. Some of them are preserved, and we quote extracts.

"I am no end of a planter," she said. "Up by day, I breakfast at sunrise, and mount Kitty Clyde for a morning ride over the fields where the men are at work. This keeps me till ten o'clock. Then for domestic duties until the afternoon, when I go again to look at the work and see that it is done right. . . . . That unlucky South Field wanted manure. Of course fertilizers were impossible, the blockade is so bad. But I ground the cotton-seed to a meal, and put it on, a thousand pounds to the acre, and vegetation comes out wonderfully. The stock eat the meal, but it is not good, because it spoils the milk, unless you mix other things with it. . . . . Your little wife has become a great spinster. Jane and Lucy and I carded, spun, and wove, not only stuffs for the hands, but heaps beside. The blockade is so bad, as I said, and the poor people just starving and in rags. McCandless, at the store, is so hard, I just thought I would try a little plan. I sold the soldiers' wives the cloth *very cheap*. Why not give? O, that is so like a silly man! Because I took the little money, and Mr. Melden the preacher, who is a very good man, and not at all like the last you disliked so much, and — O yes! Mr. Melden's brother got me some sugar, coffee, etc., for the poor people with the money. I declare, what a funny sentence that is! Never mind. You know what I mean, and I am in a hurry now. But McCandless is as mad about it, you *don't know;* and the poor creatures seem to think I am making money at it somehow. . . . . As to the sale of cotton, the business — I don't know how to spell 'business,' no more than I do 'receive' and 'believe,' or which letter is

first. So I crook the 's' just the least little bit, and the 'i' the least little bit, and put the dot above the middle of them. If you don't fix it right, it is your bad spelling, not mine."

Then she instructed him about the care of his health, in which, we may know, the quinine and little pills were not forgotten. "I know," she said, "that soldiers must get wet; but whenever you do, as soon as you get to your tent, *change everything to the skin*, and have Floyd rub you *hard* with a *coarse dry towel. Don't neglect this.*" She was glad to hear "he had been promoted for gallantry, and was a sergeant"; then she closed in simple expressions of love and prayers, so dear to the yearning absent.

At rare intervals letters came from him. Sometimes a batch, and then one or two stragglers, and then silence till the next opportunity. The mail facilities (?) in the Confederacy were a ridiculous failure at the best. Once old Mr. Sambre, a neighbor, found her frowning over a piece of information in one of these letters. He was a licensed grumbler, and went on, as usual, this morning till he attracted her attention.

"I am afraid," said he, hitching his discontent to some disconnected remarks, — "I am afraid we have not gained much by this cruel Rebellion."

At another time she would have rebuked the expression and argued the point; but she had her own private wrong to brood over. "This cruel Rebellion," he continued. "We are taxed this side and t' other. We did n't usen to have it, and had n't ought to now. Now the government," with a stress on the last syllable, "is a goin' for to take our cotton, callin' of it a loan. Loan indeed! it 's mighty like old-fashioned stealin'. I heered say this is the rich man's war, an' the poor man's fight. It 's a sight wuss. It 's the poor man's pay, too."

"Mr. Sambre," said Lucy, rallying, "suppose you were to ask Mr. McCandless, down at the store, to buy you a certain article in New Orleans, and he did so, but the bill he presented for the goods was larger than you expected; would you refuse to pay?"

"That I would," said he, triumphantly. "I tell you, Miss Lanfranc, — Mrs. Shandy, I mean, — I would n't trust that thar McCandless furder 'n you could throw a bull by the tail."

"But," said Lucy, trying to save her illustration, "if McCandless was an honest man, would n't you pay?"

"I dunno; more 'n likely I 'd have to. But," he added stoutly, "I 'd grumble like the Devil."

"Well, well," said Lucy, "we 'll just have to let you and such as you grumble and pay."

"But I want to be gittin' what I done told McCandless to git. He may have went * and spent it for somethin' else, like that dern lickin' our government 's done got up in Kantuck," growled the irrepressible.

"What do you mean?" said Lucy. "Have you any late news?"

"You done heered how Zollicoffer 's got licked, an' we got licked at Donelson, and somebody 's done got licked som'er's else I dunno whar. They ain't none of 'em wuth a cuss, them ginirals. Ginrl Jackson 'd tie the whole of 'em up in a bag and lick the hindsights off 'n 'em. They don't put up the right min as officers; that 's what 's the matter," said the old man.

"I do not doubt you are right," said Lucy. "Would you believe it, there is my husband, Victor Shandy, only a sergeant? I don't know what that is, but it is neither suited to his position in society, nor abilities." And she believed this neglect was fruitful of all the disasters.

"A sergeant, more partickler, a ordurely sergeant," replied the old man, with a Southern softening of the vowel, "ain't bad. I was a ordurely sergeant myself once 't at the mustah."

But Lucy did not hear him. She had gone to order the pony carriage, for a

* In the South, the lower classes have no use for the participle "gone" except as an auxiliary in such a string of pearls as "done been gone done it." "Might have went" is the common expression.

visit to the post-office, and was soon on her way.

The storekeeper was lounging with the customary idlers of such a place when she entered, and he showed his insolent dislike by the tardiness of his answer to her call.

"My mail," said she, impatiently.

He lounged over the counter, reaching one arm blindly to the letter-boxes, as he spoke.

"And so Sandy 's left you, ma'am."

"My mail," she said.

"Sandy was a forehanded man with craps. It 's moighty tight ye bin wid him, when you drav him aff," said he, with familiar impertinence.

"Sandy is a true man," said Lucy, flushing. "He went to share the dangers, as he shared the bread of this people. He would have scorned to make a profit out of their hardships. It is more than you can say of yourself, I fear, Mr. McCandless."

It provoked the wretch to a last piece of cruel impertinence. "Sure an' ye did n't see your husband's cousin, Misther John Shandy, as is come to take possission av the estate, now poor Vicky 's dead."

"You lie, McCandless," said a mild voice at variance with the words; "but, ma'am, I am your husband's cousin."

She turned, and saw a small man with one leg much distorted, that rested on a crutch. He was sallow and homely, quite a common-looking man, but the face, Lucy thought, was not a bad face, as he stood looking straight at her.

"I have heard my husband speak of you," she said. "What does this man mean?"

"Never mind his meaning," said he. "What he says of Victor, as well as of me, is, no doubt, false. If you will bring your mail into Mrs. McCandless's sitting-room, I will explain."

He asked her, when they were seated, if her mail contained any letter from her husband; and, being answered in the negative, he explained that there had been a great battle at Shiloh, near Pittsburg Landing, by which the enemy's advance was checked, but at the expense of a heavy loss in officers and men. A partial list of the casualties had been published, and Victor's name was not included in it; and he showed her the paper. "I am very thankful," said she, "both for the victory, and that my husband has been spared. What, then, did that man mean?"

"O, nothing," said he; "only it had been suggested that one name, 'W. Sanders, sergeant,' might be a misprint for 'V. Shandy,' as the former name was not remembered among the roll of the company that was familiar to the neighborhood."

"It is true, Victor is a sergeant," said the wife.

"Very true; but such a mistake is not probable. Sanders is a common name; the regiment has been out eighteen months or more, and has doubtless recruited much. I would be willing to bet," said he, "that it has picked up half a dozen Sanders in that time, and this poor fellow is one of them. It would be a very morbid feeling, ma'am, from the very list that assures you that your husband is not hurt, to infer that he actually has been killed."

In this way, reasoning and explaining, he assured the wife, till she was happy.

"Come," said she, "you must go with me to 'The Bucks,' and explain this to his mother as kindly as you have to me, and then dine with me at Malvoisee. Victor used to talk a great deal of you, and I almost seem to know you well."

CHAPTER III.

As the two, Lucy and her cousin, came through the shop, McCandless half lounged over his counter, and leered, mocking, at the contrasted couple; she was so straight, slender, and graceful; and he so deformed and ungainly, as he labored and rattled on his crutch at her side.

"A purty sight to see pride have a fall, and fast Lou Longfrank with no

beau but a damn lame fiddler," said the storekeeper, as they passed out to the carriage. It was gross and offensive. John Shandy, after assisting his cousin into her carriage, had turned, when she spoke.

"Come in," she said; "you are to go with me to ma, you know. Never mind that wretch. La! do you think I would break my parasol at Mrs. McCandless's poodle, — it is an ugly little vermin, and so is he, — because it barks at me? Remember Dr. Watts's

> 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite;
> It is their nature too.'"

"And — and," hesitated he, "these poor limbs were never made to tear his eyes; but I think my heart is ready to wish it."

"O yes, come on; and we'll wish him all to pieces, if you like! No harm in that, I hope. But seeing ma is the first thing."

"Yes," said he, following; "that is first. We will go." And he followed her. The subject was not immediately dropped after they drove off, and he, hesitatingly, referred to his lameness, upon which McCandless had presumed.

"Very like," said she; "I did n't think of that." And the remark soothed and pleased him.

One of the most painful reflections to the deformed must be the thought that their defect is in the mind of others with them; and so Lucy's casual rejoinder was pleasant to him.

In the store, old Mr. Sambre, who had followed Lucy to the post-office, spoke a word of caution.

"Now you 've done been gone done it."

"Done what?" said McCandless.

"Jist sowed a crap o' hell-fire in the best sile in —— County, I reckon," replied the old man.

"What, that gal? Divil a bit do I care," said McCandless.

"Mebbe not," said the other; "but 't ain't the gal this time. Them Shandys is gunpowder. Mighty cool and shiny ef you let 'em alone, but a spark sets 'em all off."

"What, the lame fiddler! I 'd straighten his cruked leg aisier than moy little finger," said the storekeeper, contemptuously.

"Yes, an' git a mahogany bedstead in a doing of it," said Sambre. And with this figurative description of our last narrow couch, the conversation closed.

But John Shandy did not dine at Malvoisee that day. He went to his humble apartments, and, after writing some letters, he sat and thought. That day a lady had been grossly insulted in his presence and through him, and he had suffered the insult to pass unrebuked. He wished now he had spoken in reply; the matter might have ended in words, but it was too late for that. It was hard that this should come upon him. He had never felt his physical defects so keenly. His life, as he reviewed it, had been one of trial, but nothing like this. His new cousin was so kind to him, and her cool, fresh voice like water-brooks in a dry and thirsty land. Others of her sex had been kind; they were all kind in their way; but the way was out of pity for his lameness, and because he was something different and less than other men. Lucy had been kind, forgetful of his physical defects, and because she seemed to regard him as one different and better than his kind; something near to herself, and to be cherished accordingly. And this one woman of all the world had been repeatedly, and at last brutally, insulted in his presence, and by a reflection that aspersed his manhood.

He took a pistol from his trunk, cleaned and oiled it, and then reloaded it carefully, after trying the lock. He then sent out and got a bottle of liquor, of which he drank once, as a feverish man drinks water. He then dressed himself with great care, and sat down to think. His thoughts were very, very painful, for he soon lay on the bed crying like a child; but he arose afterwards, resolved.

He was about to leave the room, when his violin-case caught his eye. He

turned back, and taking the instrument tenderly, as if he loved it, he began to play. An inspiration, such as musicians will recognize as coming strangely at times, was upon him, and the strings yielded a soft bugle-like melody, so low and sweet, to his wish. Dear old farewell airs, suggested less, he thought, by himself than the violin, came marvellously to him, though he had not played them before for years. The music wailed and sobbed, and clung like a child to the bow and strings, as if loath to part. He heard the whispering voices of little children at the door, listening to the low, charmed melody, and he remembered his own sad, solitary childhood. Then the tender violin seemed to whisper rebukingly its early love and companionship. Yes, it had been his only friend, his only adviser, his only comforter. He remembered when his small hand could scarcely enclose the neck and finger the strings, and how he had struggled and toiled to learn that mysterious language, the melodious tongue spoken in the violin. He had learned it; and he and the old violin, growing sweeter in companionship as the years rolled on, had talked many whispered secrets together, in the sweet, sad times. But it would never be so again; and the violin wailed its sorrow with unspeakable tenderness. He tried again and again to put it down, but again and again the pleading old love conquered, in increasing melody. But it must be done. This violin was to him a pure, angelic spirit. It was the voice of innocence out of the heavens, enclosed in the dry wood and tender strings. He might do what he was resolved to do, what he knew he had to do; but he could not return and lay his stained hand upon his violin again.

It was with a great effort he ceased, and, beginning at the treble, turned and stretched each string till it snapped with ringing jar; and, laying the violin in its case, like a poor babe in its little coffin, he burst into a passion of tears. All was over. All ties to the past were broken with the sweet strings, and the future purpose was fixed. He gave a lingering look at the room and its furniture. He felt that, though he should see it a thousand times hereafter, it would never again look to him as now, never as it had looked to him in the past. His life there had not been happy, but it made him inexpressibly sad to know that he was parting with that life forever.

Strange to say, in all these meditations over what he was resolved to do, and its consequences, no thought of danger to himself had occurred to him. Weak, deformed, and unused to events requiring prompt and decisive action, and with an impossibly chivalrous conduct for his guidance, planned beforehand, the thought of any fatal result to himself never crossed his mind. Under these influences, therefore, he paused once more, pistol in hand, at the door, and looked back. It was John Shandy's farewell to his old life.

He crossed the street, walking straight to McCandless's door. The bully stood on the stoop, but turned hastily and went in, as he saw the lame man, and passed round the counter to his desk. By it stood his double-barrelled gun, heavily loaded. His hand was on it, but Shandy spoke: "You scoundrel, do you insult a lady?" And the pistol cracked, McCandless dropped, and a crowd rushed around. John Shandy surrendered, and was held in custody, waiting the result of the wound, reported critical and very dangerous.

In the mean while Lucy, unconscious of the desperate resolution taken by the lame man, thought only of his kindness to her. "Just like Victor," she said to herself, "and his voice is like Victor's; just that pitch of pliant, watchful tenderness, as if it had been schooled in soothing little children, and yet the words so calm, wise, and firm, so cool and reasonable. It would have been hard to receive the mean stab of that wretch McCandless, had not he been there." And then she thought indignantly of the offensive manner and last studied insult of the storekeeper, and,

clinching her little hands, she thought of her absent protector.

Then, at the moment, she heard the news that she was avenged. It shocked her. It seemed as if some evil power had granted the last wicked wish in her mind; and then she thought of her avenger less kindly than before he did this deed, or than if it had been undone. Still she thought of him, and remembered that duty, perhaps, required something of her. She went to her mother, Mrs. Shandy, and the two visited the prisoner.

As McCandless recovered, Shandy was admitted to bail, on the bond of his aunt and cousin, and was free, but not the same man as before. He had received a great shock, and kept aloof more than ever. When his cousin saw it, she endeavored to comfort and cheer him, but he remained silent and depressed.

But a sorrow was coming to his comforter. John Shandy one day recognized an old schoolmate in a disabled soldier, and inquired the news.

"Nothing since Shiloh," said he. "I suppose you heard of your cousin Victor's death. Poor fellow! he got his lieutenancy the day before he fell."

"Victor dead! I will not believe it," said John Shandy.

"He 's dead, all the same. I saw him. We fell together. I left this other fellow," pointing to his leg, "and poor Vic got a charge o' grape right here," pointing to his breast, said the soldier.

"Was he killed instantly?" asked Shandy.

"Well, no; we fell near together, I said. He sent some words of love and that sort of thing to his wife, and then went off. Indeed, I can't say I saw him die, exactly, for this cursed bone was grinding me, and I sort o' fainted; but that was the last o' him," was the reply.

"Poor Vic! and have you told his wife?" said Shandy.

"Ne'er a time, at least not yet; want you to go 'long and sort o' reinforce me. It 's a bad job," said the other.

"No," said John, "you must go. It is better. She has been very good to me, and it will break her heart. I may see aunt, and break it to her. That is bad enough."

Poor Lucy! To lose the beloved in the waning years is hard; but then the comfort is in the brief separation. One has only gone before to prepare a place for the other that will soon come. But to lose such, in the green and bourgeon of wedded life, is the fulness of woe. She thought of her youth and vigor pityingly, as another might lament old age and feebleness. It must be so long, so long bef re she saw him again. But yesterday, she vainly thought, she was living for him, and all she did was for him; but now, her work was done! If it only could be for an instant; if she could only close his eyes, and perform the last offices of love for him, that would be sweet; but she could do nothing for him any more. It was all done now, and ended.

Yesterday, and for him, she loved this life with its hardships and trials, for it was Victor's life. She had loved to adorn her person and cherish it for his sake. Now it wearied her. This corporeal frame had been her servant, to do her will, to please her husband. She had loved its beauty, and cherished and cultivated its endowments, for his sake. Now this servant had become her terrible master. It willed for her to live, and she lived. It willed for her to toil and suffer, and she toiled and suffered unrewarded. Nothing she did was for herself; nothing she ever did hereafter could be for herself; all was for this stern, relentless body. It made her live, when she would be away and at rest. It made her toil and plan and suffer; it hungered and thirsted; it froze and burned; it was never satisfied. She came to think of it as her deadly enemy; cruel, relentless, and persecuting, fastened upon her by chains she dared not break. She prayed to be released from it; prayed also, poor child, that she might be able to see God's love still shining from his

cross. We will not doubt the Comforter came.

A second sorrow, for a time, did her good, in raising her out of the selfishness of grief. Poor Mrs. Shandy, Victor's mother, did not long survive the shock of her son's death. She lived to bless her daughter and her nephew, at her bedside, and, smiling recognition of the loved in heaven, she passed away and was at peace.

After his aunt's funeral, John Shandy, oppressed with his own sorrows, and driven by the sordid cares of earning a hard living, kept away from the widow, his cousin. She had borne up well in the care of her mother-in-law, and John Shandy was unaware of the extent of her dejection. He chanced, however, to meet the village physician, and learned with a shock of her condition.

"Does she talk much," at last Shandy asked, "I mean about Victor?"

"Victor? oh! ah! yes! No, that topic is forbidden. It is dwelling upon that which saps her vital energies. Possibly we cannot minister to a mind diseased; but avoiding injurious topics, we can afford the light, cheerful food of gossip, the news of the day, and so enable the mind to achieve its own cure."

"Throw physic to the dogs," muttered John Shandy, as he thought of the doctors talking gossip and twaddle to such a patient, and he hobbled off.

Black Lucy,* the maid of the poor little widow, admitted him. "How is your mistress?" asked John Shandy.

"Lord! Mass John, she 's jis a peekin' and a pinin' away; dat she is!" answered the maid.

"Does she talk much about her husband?" he asked.

"'Bout Mass Vic; bress de Lord, no! Doctor done said, not. She jis lay on de bed a lookin' and a lookin' at Mass Vic's picter oba de mankel-shel all de time"; and so leading to the sitting-room, she announced, "Mass John done come."

Lucy was lying on a little sociable, or sofa, as he entered. She rose to meet him, and spoke indifferent words of welcome. She had thought of John Shandy, in an idle way, in her grief, even wondering that, as her husband's nearest relative, he had not come to her. With the curious selfishness of sorrow, she had even taken a little comfort in the thought that he had deserted her. Grief does so like to multiply and isolate itself sometimes. But now he had come and was welcome.

He gradually and easily led the conversation to Victor Shandy, bringing up reminiscences of his school-days and his generosity and kindness. Then he told of his earlier manhood and struggles, and how bravely he had faced misfortune and borne it down. He spoke of his love for his mother, and finally of his love and devotion to Lucy. Her memory and her love responded in the story of his enlistment, and of his generous love. So the two twined threads of tender recollection around the gallantry and gentleness of the dead; and when the thought of the noble close of that brief precious life was reached, Lucy could whisper of it,

> "It is not all of life to live,
> Nor all of death to die."

She realized how rich she was in having won so precious a love, and worn it, and she was comforted. When John Shandy arose to go she thanked him, expressing her gratitude in few and simple words. She asked him to remain, at least a few days, and act for her on the farm. He consented, and finally it was settled that he was to live at "The Bucks," which place, Lucy, backed by her lawyer, declared to be his. On this point he resisted, but Victor's death preceding his mother's, the estate had never vested in Victor, but had gone directly to John Shandy. So John Shandy took "The Bucks," and assisted in the management of both places.

* It was amusing, on a large plantation, to observe the curious cognomens arising from the habit of the negroes of naming their offspring after a favorite in the planter's family. There would be, for example, a "Black Lucy," "Yellow Lucy," "Jane's Lucy," "Sarah's Lucy," and so *ad infinitum*. But this was more amusing when a "Little Jim" stood before you, six feet and over, and heavy in proportion.

CHAPTER IV.

A YEAR with its alleviations passed slowly over the two in their new relations, adjusting them in their habits and peculiarities, each to the other. The widow felt that John Shandy's presence was under the providential will of Him who cares for the widow; and John Shandy acknowledged a growth and purpose in life that made it valuable. A very dear secret had formed itself slowly in his heart, and diffused its delicious poison over the feeble frame of the lame man; but he never spoke of it or hinted it to a creature in the world, not even to the long-neglected violin. If it was known at all, it was marred; if it was told to one other, it was converted into a pain. It was his own and only his, and of its existence the widow was as unconscious as are the living of the good angels guarding them.

One morning these two were in consultation, when Black Lucy announced, in customary phrase, "Miss Lucy, de sogers done come."

It proved to be an agent of the Confederate government, levying the cotton loan. When Lucy understood, she said, "Mr. Shandy will wait upon you; take what you please, or all, if you please, and God prosper the cause that has the widow's offering."

Others were not so liberal. McCandless, defeated in the prosecution of John Shandy, had gone on prospering in other affairs, as such men did during the war. He now owned one or two large plantations, and had a large stock of cotton on hand, collected in his business. He tried various artifices to escape the levy, but to no purpose.

"I am a subject of Quane Victory's," said he, as if the name of that mighty potentate was enough.

"Confound 'Quane Victory,' she 's been a little too much on the other side. We don't want you, but the cotton." And the cotton he would have; and it was duly taken and placed under a small guard for removal the following week.

McCandless, however, did not give up so readily. It is supposed, from events, that he betrayed the seizure to the Federal forces hovering near, and also that he sought, at the same time, other revenges on those he hated.

A few nights later Lucy was wakened by a loud knocking, and Lucy, her maid, entered and said, "Bress de Lord, miss, de Yankees done come." These were visitors that would not take denial. She rose and went to the small drawing-room. A soldier in blue entered and bowed, speaking at once, coldly and clearly: "My name is E——. I am an officer in the Union Army, detailed to protect the seizure of certain confiscated cotton on your premises. I have taken your teams, and employed your farm-hands in its removal. It is also my painful duty to arrest one John Shandy, a Rebel spy, harbored or concealed about these premises."

"Did you arouse me, sir, to tell me you had robbed me of my cotton, stock, and slaves, and intended to murder my cousin?" said the widow, coldly.

"I waked you to let you know my duty so far as it affected you. Deliver up the spy, and it may be in your favor at head-quarters," said he.

"I reject your bribe; do your worst," said she, stoutly.

The officer turned to the maid, that stood looking ashy pale at the scene. "Where is John Shandy?" he asked, sharply.

"Don't you tell," said Lucy to her.

"Lord, miss, how 'd I know, ef he ain't down at De Bucks," stammered the maid.

"We will find him," said the officer; and, as Lucy prayerfully hoped he would not, she heard the threats of the soldiery, as they searched, to hang her cousin at her door-porch. She would have spoken again bitterly, but just then, rising over the tramp of feet and the shouting, she heard the musical droll of a fiddle, and an irresistibly comical voice singing, —

"He who hath any peanuts
And giveth his neighbor none,
Sha' n't have none o' my peanuts
When his peanuts are gone."

And the violin drolly re-echoed "pea-ea-ea-nuts" in mocking treble. The house shook with the shouts and laughter of the delighted soldiery. As the violinist entered the room his instrument concluded with the long yawn and dissatisfied growl of a person newly aroused.

"Humph!" said the officer, trying to appear grave amid the clamor, and looking at the player's feet. "We have got the Devil here, hoofs and all; who else are you, sir? Come, you seem to be a jolly dog. What's this McCandless has told about you? You don't look like a dangerous spy, at all events," said the officer.

An explanation followed; and the officer remained for some time, and John Shandy touched his violin in a different strain. Such sweet old airs as "Bonnie Doon," the "Braes of Balquhidder," "Dumbarton's Belle," and "Annie Laurie" softened the heart towards the singer. "Let me speak to Mrs. Shandy a moment," said the officer; and, when Shandy had left the room, he added, "This is a bad business. I don't like it. It will not hurt Shandy. I will take care of that, but it will cost him some trouble. Of course, I must put him in custody as soon as he returns."

Lucy smiled and said nothing; but I think she and the Federal soldier had one thought in common, — that John Shandy would not fall in the way again that night.

It vexed her, therefore, to meet her cousin, after the officer had gone out. "What are you doing here?" she said. "Why don't you go?"

He replied, "Go! where am I to go? I heard, down in the village, of your danger and I came. I must stay till it is over." He did stay, but the party left without seeing him again. Perhaps purposely.

She censured his rashness the next morning, and more when she understood that he had information, at the time, of bribes and whiskey given by McCandless to the men, to inflame them to execute him at her door. "You might have been killed, and what could I do without you?" she said, piteously.

The words thrilled him inexpressibly. Nor was his devotion lost upon Lucy. He was so brave, so rash, and yet so ready in resource; his violin, so long neglected, had doubtless saved him. But there were other matters to demand attention.

It was found, the next morning, that a great part of the able-bodied slaves had gone off with the Federal soldiers. Part of the teams were taken, but with what remained, and the negroes, Lucy and John Shandy thought they could still manage to save the crop. It was the first shock of the battery against the "peculiar institution," and it was felt severely there as elsewhere; the first crumbling of that huge fabric whose ruin crushed, for a time, beneath its weight, the energy and productive wealth of the South.

But the disorder among the slaves was not the only evil of this period. A bandit of the neighborhood had spread a terror that the false security of a home-guard company had increased. This holiday troop, having feasted and frolicked as "our defenders," and having been petted by the girls, who, poor creatures, in the absence of the real article, were fain to amuse themselves playing with these wooden soldiers, was one day bagged by the bandit, and ridiculously paroled "not to take up arms." After this, the violence and terror increased until John Shandy could bear it no more, and set out for the nearest Confederate military post to obtain efficient protection.

Very many things of another character had occurred to try John Shandy's spirit at this time. While his fair mistress did not absolutely "go into society," she began to receive attentions. Sturdy widowers came and talked crops and the difficulty of conducting a plantation without proper female guidance. Gay Confederate soldiers at home on leave courted her desperately, with professional audacity, for twenty-four hours on a stretch. Lucy would say,

after such visits, how wretched she was, and do a sort of "hour's penance" before poor Victor Shandy's picture. One day the maid rebuked her in this way: —

"Why is you wretched? You 's got everything. Everybody jis say, Poor Lucy! 'cause Mass Vic done gone and got hisself shot, and dey all fusses oba you. I think I 'se a heap wretcheder." And the maid mightily bemoaned herself.

"You!" said Lucy, opening her eyes, "why, what makes you wretched?"

"All 'cause o' dat nigger Floyd, went off wid Mass Vic," said the girl.

"Floyd! Victor's servant! Why, he is not killed too, is he?" asked the mistress.

"No, miss, and dat 's jis what 's de matter. Ef Floyd done got hisself killed, everybody 'd say, 'See dat po' brack chile! Her beau done got hisself shot,' and de wimmen, and de brack genelem too, be a-comin' mighty sorry for dis po' gal. But now, Lord bress ye! dey say, 'See dat little nigga mopin' da, jis 'cause Mass Vic's Floyd done gone off an' lef' her, an' got married to some white gal up Norf.'" And the maid sobbed with honest vexation.

"You need n't fear," said Lucy, "the Northern ladies are very far from marrying one of your color."

"Yes," sobbed the maid, "but dem niggas ses it all de same. Bet dat nigga Floyd done run de fus' gun," she added fiercely.

Lucy slightly modified her conduct after this. She no longer received suitors as such; but her pastor began to be particular in his attentions, the gossips said. This was the Mr. Melden mentioned in one of Lucy's letters. He was a quiet, scholarly young man, living with his widowed mother in the village parsonage. He had been driven from New Orleans, and had found his way to this quiet retreat. As an accomplished, though rather pedantic student, but more especially as her pastor, he was made welcome to Lucy's house and table, and many a symposium was spread for him. His mother sometimes accompanied him, and quiet tea-drinkings took place, at which there was some serious love-making of a very proper character.

One of these pleasant repasts was suddenly interrupted by a shocking occurrence of imminent peril to the pretty widow, as well as to her serious lover. They were just seated and the usual grace pronounced, when there came a violent knocking, and the maid burst in, pale as ashes. "Lord! miss," she screamed, "dem debbils done come."

No need of further announcement. A stalwart ruffian, girt with pistols, stood in the door.*

"Sorry I 'm so dern late; knowed I was expected to grub too. O, don't mind me, I ain't petickler who I eats with! Jack, straighten that thar fellow, he 's a fallin' off 'n his cheer."

Mr. Melden looked scared, and drew back. Lucy looked cold and pale. "What does this mean?" she asked.

"Hell!" said he, briefly; "coffee, marm, and git out your liquor."

Lucy rose from the table. "Stop right thar; durs n't move out 'n your tracks," said the bandit, rising.

She attempted to escape. He caught her in his rude arms, and pressed her lips with coarse, hot kisses. "Mr. Melden," she screamed, "are you a man?"

"I — I am a minister of the Gospel. God alone can deliver us from this per-

* A villain capable of the acts narrated in the text operated, in Lower and Middle Mississippi, during the war, and actually captured and paroled a local guard, raised to repress his outrages. He was finally captured with his band by Major O. P. Preston, C. S. A. That gallant and wary officer avoided the imprudent snare furnished by the planters, which betrayed the unlucky local guard, by remaining in camp, steadfastly declining the hospitalities of the neighborhood, and pursuing the search through active and trusted scouts. In a few days two of these reported the discovery of the outlaw's retreat, in the dense thicket of a cane-brake, approachable by secret paths, known only to the outlaws. These had been discovered and threaded by the scouts, and by dawn, under their guidance, the Major and his men penetrated the secluded recesses of the jungle, and surprised the banditti, plunged in the lethargy sequent upon debauch. The Confederate laid his hand upon the throat of their leader, Price, as he lay with his concubines, his adjacent arms having been removed. The bandit's only remark, with an oath, on discovery of the situation, was, "Well, by ——, you got me."

il," said the startled priest. But Lucy at last broke away and fled.

"By Joe, she's a game one. Jack, lock that outer door. She's safe now, I reckon," said the ruffian. "Gal," to the colored girl, "go in to your missis, an' fix her up; she's goin' to git married. I've come a purpose, and so's the preacher here." Then a scene took place between the minister and the bandit; the one swearing the other should perform a sort of ceremony over his horrid purpose; and the other, who had recovered his firmness, refusing, amid the coarse jests of the ruffians, and the frantic cries and appeals of the mother. The bandit persisted, swearing he "had had handmaids, like them patriarchs Jacob and Joseph and them," but now he was going to have a wife, "ef it was only to settle down, after fightin' and fun was over, and be a honest man."

This contest gave our heroine time. At first she was paralyzed with terror, and her womanly horror of the man.

"Lucy," she said to her maid, when she understood his purpose, "what shall we do? We must escape from this place."

"De Lord knows how! Dis door done locked; dey's all in de dinin'-room, and dey ain't no udder," said the scared negress.

"Stay," said Lucy, "the Lord *will* provide." And she opened a third door, and went in, the maid following.

The house was originally constructed on the usual plan of Southern country houses, with a gallery in front, on which a small room had been closed in. This, in her school-days, had been Lucy's room; but the random addition of other apartments had made it superfluous as a chamber, and, for convenience, it had been converted into a clothes-room. The walls were hung with the garments of three generations. Opposite the door was a huge press, closing the window. The shutter was closed without, and likely to be overlooked; especially as the ruffians had complete information of the plan of the house and of the use to which the small room had been put. Lucy tore out the clothing, and shook the loose, thin backing of the press, till it fell out, to one side. There was no sash, and the half-rotted shutter yielded to a steady push. Lucy peeped out. A large live-oak obscured the opening, and the figures, plainly visible by the torches that blinded the bearers, were distinctly to be seen. "Fasten the outer and inner door, while I get two cloaks. Throw them out, now be quiet." And the two were without.

The torches of the ruffians were an advantage. Avoiding the light, they reached the garden. "Where shall we go now?" said Lucy; "I see a sentinel on the road above and below, and even one on the spring walk."

"Lord! miss, why d'n't I think," said the maid, excitedly, "we's safe; come dissa way."

"Where are you going?" asked Lucy, following.

"Bress de Lord, jes to think, I's been here a many a time when de niggas used to run away, totin' 'em vittles," said the maid, hurrying on.

"You, Lucy?" But it was no time to discuss the fugitive-slave question. The way was rough; through oak scrub and palmetto brush, and gradually descending. The earth grew moist under foot; and then the water rose over their shoes, over their ankles, up to their knees. Then the ground ascended a little, and they got among tangled jasmine-vines and green brier; they stumbled over the cypress knees, the foliage getting heavier and denser; and the long drapery of Spanish moss hung lower and lower, trailing the ground from the boughs above. They turned, and, with eyes used to the gloom, discovered themselves to be in a sort of hut, roofed with the broad fans of palmetto.

The maid, whose evening task of lighting lamps supplied her with matches, lighted a small fire of dried leaves and tinder. The girls sat trembling, hearing in the distance the shouts of the bandits. "Are n't you afraid the light will betray us?" asked Lucy.

"Lord no! dey ain't nuffin kin fine us but dogs; and Massa Earle * done kill all dem," said the girl.

"That is true; I never expected to be glad that poor Tray and Blanche were shot," said Lucy, thankfully.

They sat for some time, and the night slowly waned. At length Lucy said with a yawn, "Are you sure we 're safe, Lucy? Do you know, I 'm right down sleepy."

"Dar 's de bed," said the maid, pointing to a low couch of Spanish moss, in one corner; "jis wrap up in ole mas'r's cloak. Lord, miss, you 's jis as safe as — as — "

"Don't say Lord, always Lucy," said her mistress. "When you don't say it in prayer, it sounds like — like it was in something else." And with this characteristic admonition, the tired little widow fell asleep.

* Earle was a gallant and daring officer belonging to the provost marshal's cavalry division of the United States Army, operating in the counties lying around New Orleans. He was of Scotch parentage, the son of a commission merchant of that city, and gave an earnest and active support to the Federal cause. His feats, as narrated to the writer by a valiant adversary in the Confederate Army, would read like the prowess of the pristine days of chivalry. Having at his command a small steamer, he moved with rapidity, and, hearing of detachments of Confederate troops within his reach and compass, he would land and burst upon them with all the vigor of freshness and surprise. Although much employed in the seizure of cotton, he coveted and sought the renown due to bold and martial deeds. One of these was a charge, with only twelve men, on Colonel Griffin's Battalion, C. S. A., lying in camp in Claiborne County, opposite Rodney, Mississippi. A vigorous pursuit by the whole command resulted, and Earle was, with difficulty, headed off and captured in a lane. Sent in charge of a squad to the provost marshal, he escaped on the way. But the following morning two of his pursuers came upon him breakfasting at a farm-house. Earle started to his feet as they entered, and, interposing a young lady attending between him and the guns of his pursuers, he made his escape. Dogs having been put upon his track, he was retaken, and upon this occasion he adopted the resolution that resulted in the circumstance mentioned in the text, and so faithfully kept the vow, after his escape, that for a region of two hundred miles the bark of a dog became as rare as the wolf's howl.

Sent with a double guard to the provost marshal's he accepted parole for the town of Clinton, but, his delivery at Richmond having been ordered, he jumped from the train between Branden and Meridian, Mississippi, and made his escape, to renew his activity and put in execution his resolution. At last he met a soldier's death in the town of Fayette, Jefferson County, Mississippi. He had heard of the presence of a rival Confederate partisan therein, and charged the town. His rival, Sergeant Smith, was there with a comrade, who fled. Smith awaited the charge, behind a street-corner, and fired as Earle rode down. The latter fell, and his command scattered. He was conveyed to a neighboring house, and lingered till evening, when the bold life closed, and he was laid to rest under the flowers of a little garden by his kindly enemies, enemies no more. Earle was about five feet ten inches in height, of sandy hair and complexion, and wore beard and mustache of like hue. His eyes were small and gray.

Will Wallace Harney.

DESTINY.

THREE roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down
Each with its loveliness as with a crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like snow on snow, that night, on Beauty's breast.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's hair.

The third, a widow, with new grief made wild,
Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.

T. B. Aldrich.

NEW YORK DOGS.

WATERTON, the traveller, writing in 1824, says that he observed very few dogs in the streets of New York. Had he lived to visit us in these later days, he might rather have expressed his surprise at the number and variety of canine specimens with which the city is overstocked. From the aristocratic Italian greyhound of the fashionable avenues, to the mongrel cur of Mackerelville, nearly every kind of dog known to fanciers of the canine race is here represented. Dogs are so numerous in New York, indeed, that they have already become a nuisance. Not long since, a cry was raised against them in the newspapers. The presence of dogs in large numbers was said to be deleterious to health in large cities, and the matter was deemed of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the Board of Health, though it does not appear that any steps in regard to it have yet been taken by that body. In addition to the heinous crime of hydrophobia, for which the four-legged "friend of man" has long been an object of mistrust, sundry new charges were brought against him, some detractors averring that an effluvium exhaling from dogs bears disease upon its wings, so that, at last, weak-minded people began to look upon Ponto's kennel in the back yard as a very Pandora's box of maladies too numerous and appalling to be contemplated without terror.

Although there is nothing that can properly be called pastoral in the features of New York, yet it is a fact that dwellers in that city have sometimes opportunities afforded them of studying the habits of one of the most pastoral as well as sagacious of the canine family, — the "colley," or Scotch sheep-dog. Through certain streets of the city drovers are allowed to pass with their cattle and sheep, on their way from rural districts to city slaughter-houses. Long before dawn of morning the stentorian "Hi! hi!" of the cattle-drovers and the shrill "Yap! yap!" of the ungentle shepherds, who urge their flocks onward to inevitable perdition by thus imitating the yelping of dogs, wake from their slumbers the vexed inhabitants of these streets. In some cases, though not often, the sheep-drovers are accompanied by genuine colleys, and it repays one (in summer at least) to travel from couch to window, and watch the intelligence and tact with which these sagacious creatures aid their masters in keeping the sheep together. Now one of them will run ahead to a cross-street, to prevent the sheep from straying from the right path. Another will busy himself with bringing up stragglers from the rear, — a duty in which he is of more use than half a dozen boys. A common feat with them, when a sheep bolts from the farther side of the flock, is to jump upon the backs of the sheep and run nimbly across upon what is, in fact, a cleverly improvised pontoon of mutton, although the drover probably never dreams of comparing it to any such thing. The pranks of these most professional of dogs call to mind the heath-clad hills of Scotia and her misty vales. Fancy easily conjures up the distant droning of bagpipes on the breeze. Deer-stalkers are dimly seen stalking along the distant ridge that cuts against the gray sky. Children of the mist gambol among the gorse and whins on the brae-side, while, naturally, a conspicuous figure in the foreground is the Ettrick shepherd, wrapped in his plaidie, and accompanied by that eccentric colley of his, who, when the family used to kneel down to prayer before retiring for the night, would gravely arise from his allotted place near the chimney-nook and place himself in the position of point-

ing the cat, that being, as he supposed, the act in which the other members of the family were engaged.

While walking in Central Park, a short time since, near one of the wide ranges over which sheep roam, my attention was attracted to the movements of a dog crouched in a rather suspicious attitude under a wayside seat a little in advance. As I approached he made several short *sorties* from his stronghold, barking furiously at me, and showing a determination to maintain his position or perish in the attempt. Passing on, without appearing to notice him, I could see that he was a Scotch sheep-dog, although somewhat singularly marked, his head and forequarters being white, and his hindquarters black. Another glance showed me a shepherd's crook leaning against the seat, and this at once accounted for the action of the dog, who had been left to watch it. A little farther on I met the shepherd himself, a small old Irishman, who was much pleased when I related the incident. "No one man," said he, "no, nor two, could take away that crook, nor anything else, from wherever I left it, so long as the colley was there to watch it."

Within a few years past huge Russian wolf-hounds are frequently to be seen in the streets of New York. The breed is said to have been brought originally from the Ural Mountains, where it is used for the protection of the sheepfolds. Some fine animals of this kind were kept, a few years since, by the proprietor of a cobwebby old drinking-cave in the lower part of the city. This place was a curiosity in its way. On the floor, which was covered with sawdust, barrels lay promiscuously about, as if helpless after a night's debauch, and these served as benches for sundry unaccountable men of the "loafer" class, who lounged there, apparently for a chance of being invited to drink. In a dusky room at the farther end of the bar, a more respectable class of customers was accommodated. In summer and winter alike, hot Scotch whiskey-punch, served in large goblets, was the staple of the place, and, as a sort of guaranty that one of the materials of that seductive beverage, at least, should be ready when called for, there was always a man seated upon a chair in the middle of the room, engaged in breaking into lumps a loaf of sugar placed upon another chair. In the bar-room, near the entrance door, a placard was posted, inscribed with the warning, "Do not speak to the Dog." This referred to a great wolf-hound of the Siberian breed, belonging to the proprietor of the place, who generally kept loose on the premises one of several maintained by him. Among them was a black and white one of immense size and remarkable symmetry. This animal was an especial terror to the loafers who used to lounge among the whiskey-barrels. If any of them indulged in loud talk, or showed a disposition to quarrel, the great watch-dog would rise from his lair by the stove, and saluting them with a growl suggestive of an approaching earthquake, and a show of teeth that might cover with humiliation a royal tiger of Bengal, would reduce them at once to silence, without any interference on the part of the proprietor or his assistants.

Like most overgrown creatures, many dogs of this variety, indeed most of them, are very deficient in symmetry, weakness of the hind-quarters especially being often observable in them. They are much esteemed by German butchers and beer-house keepers of sporting tendencies, who make money by breeding them for sale. A German brewery in the upper part of the city is guarded by several of these animals, which impart to it a very feudal and imposing appearance. Dogs of ordinary size display much terror when confronted by the Russian hounds. One morning, when passing through a city park, I saw a good-sized dog — a sort of mongrel setter — carrying a market-basket for a young woman. From a distance there came bounding down upon him one of the terrible hounds, four or five yards at a jump.

Immediately upon catching sight of him the dog with the basket let it drop, and fled howling away toward remote purlieus, while his assailant attacked the plunder, and would have made short work with the beefsteaks that formed a part of it, but for the strong wire muzzle with which his chops were confined. A dog of this breed is sometimes to be seen led about the streets of New York as an advertisement for a chiropodist or some such professional, whose name and address are marked upon the body-cloth worn by the animal.

In many parts of the city, and particularly along Broadway, dogs of several varieties are offered for sale. The regular dog-dealer of the sidewalk is usually, perhaps from association, a man of cynical expression, the inroads upon whose garments appear to have been made by rats or some such rodent vermin, rather than by the gentle though pernicious moth. He delivers himself of no "patter," like that of the sidewalk dealer in sundry small wares, but seems to rely for notice upon his dumb charges, whose beseeching glances at the passers of the street often bespeak attention and lead to business. He usually takes his station at a corner in some busy street, where he props himself in a convenient angle of architecture, or takes a seat on the plinth of the railing. Perhaps he has a couple of Newfoundland pups for sale, and the drollest of all the kinds offered by street dog-fanciers are they. Even when only two or three months old they are very large; far too heavy to be hawked about in arms, like some of the smaller breeds. The dealer conveys them in a large basket to the spot selected by him. Arrived there, he takes them from the basket, which he arranges so as to form a pedestal upon which to display them to the best advantage, and upon this they are seated bolt upright, faces well to the front. The queer, half-laughing, half-sleepy expression on the faces of these pups is very amusing. Whenever one of the young Newfoundlanders grows very drowsy, and shows a disposition to lie down, the dealer whips him up by the tail, and, holding him head downwards for a while, rubs his hair briskly against the grain, and then plumps him down again upon the basket, chucks him under the chin to make him hold his head up, and raps his absurdly thick legs with a switch to bring them out into proper position. And the pups take all this very quietly, never uttering a cry.

Snow-white pups of the Esquimaux and Spitz breeds, decorated with blue neckties, are often hawked for sale in the streets. These attract much notice from women, whose sympathies with the little dogs are perhaps enhanced by the bit of bright ribbon. Sometimes a tender-hearted female, usually French or German, will stop to kiss and fondle them. Although these demoiselles seldom buy dogs, yet the dealers are shrewd enough to encourage them in caressing the animals, knowing that it is a cheap and effective advertisement, and will eventually lead swains to purchase. From seven to ten dollars is a common price for an Esquimaux or Spitz pup, a few weeks old. The prices of Spitz dogs, however, appear to be regulated by their color, which varies through several shades. Pure white is the color most prized. Here, for instance, comes a boy leading a half-grown Spitz dog of a yellow or drab hue, his price for which is ten dollars. Next you meet a man with a snow-white dog of the same breed and size under his arm, and fifteen dollars is the least he will take for it. Fancy dogs possessing first-rate points, however, are not usually to be found for sale in the street. The dealers who have regular establishments keep a sharp lookout for such, and the prices obtained for them are much greater than those mentioned. One morning, in the Bowery, I saw a large Spitz dog of the pure white variety trotting demurely after his master, a German of the mechanic class. This dog attracted much notice from the fact of his having a meerschaum

pipe in his mouth. He held the pipe firmly between his teeth, and exactly as if he were an old smoker. Every now and then he would stop to look wistfully about him, or would trot over to a shop door, which impelled a comic street-boy to suggest that "the cuss was looking for a light." A dog of such remarkable social qualities as this one would probably be worth fifty dollars.

Among the rarer kinds of dogs occasionally met with in the streets of New York, few seem to be more out of place than the English greyhound, specimens of which are sometimes to be observed accompanying men of fashionable garb and leisurely deportment. This noble kind of dog must be greatly disgusted with city life and associations. The sight of the dead hares hung out by game-dealers on their door-posts must bring premature crow's-feet to the corners of his vigilant eyes, as he recalls to mind the breezy downs over which, in the good times that are passed, he used to course the long-legged hare of his native land. Here, in the great thundering city, he feels that he is an encumbrance and a drone. He is not a watch-dog, like the formidable wolf-hound or the wakeful terrier. His size precludes him from holding the position of a lapdog or parlor pet; and, as he does not affect the society of horses, the stable has not for him the allurements to which he had been accustomed in his well-remembered kennel beyond the sea. On these accounts the English greyhound, wherever encountered in New York, wears usually a sad and reproachful expression on his long, slender visage. In crowded Broadway he keeps close to his master's heels, with drooping head, and tail the depression of which indicates that of his harassed mind. It is rare to see a dog of this kind for sale in the streets. Here, in a fashionable thoroughfare, however, is a large and beautiful one, of a slate-blue color, held by a boy, a card affixed to his collar announcing that he is in the market, price forty dollars. On questioning his attendant, I am informed that the dog is an educated one, performing a variety of tricks. To satisfy myself of this, I get the address of the dog's owner, who keeps a tavern for mechanics in the neighborhood of Central Park. Happening to be in that quarter of the city a day or two later, I visit the place and am introduced to "Prince," whom I find to be a very docile and intelligent creature, and more familiar than is usual with greyhounds, which are generally of a reserved, not to say snappish, disposition. His feats were chiefly of the acrobatic kind, and he appeared to take much pride in the performance of them. Among other things he leaped over a stick held by his master at a height of five feet, and he also walked about with facility on his hind legs, in which position he was as tall as a man of average height.

Some years ago a prominent object in the city was a notorious quack doctor, dashing along the thoroughfares on a spotted horse, and accompanied by a brace of fine English greyhounds. This, of course, was by way of an advertisement; though envious persons used to say that the greyhounds were emblematical of the speed with which the "doctor" used to run his patients to earth.

Throughout the city there are many men who live by dealing in and doctoring dogs, and it is interesting to visit their establishments, which are generally underground. Some of them also have "dog-farms" in the country, where they keep their choicest dogs, bringing certain of them to town every day for show; at these places sportsmen often keep their pointers and setters at board. The city establishment is usually a dark, close cellar, pervaded by a pungent odor of dog. When one's eyes grow accustomed to a place of the sort, they see that the walls are adorned with cheap pictures of various breeds of dogs. On the shelves are arranged bottles containing dog medicines. Here a poster sets forth the virtues of a nostrum for the cure of mange, while another announces that

"dog oil for the cure of consumption" is a leading article in the pharmacopœia of the place. Think of a consumptive bulldog, with a hectic flush upon its interesting face, and its regular doses of so many spoonfuls of cod-liver oil *per diem!* Dog-collars of all sorts and sizes, chains, couples, and trappings of every kind proper to the canine race, are suspended everywhere upon the walls. Stuffed specimens of dogs that had been famous for some specialty in their lifetime are invariably on show here. Bull-terriers, glaring ferociously through glass eyes, and painfully "out of drawing" as to their limbs, are sure to be among these. Moth-eaten black-and-tans are also common, the sawdust or tow with which they have been shapelessly set up by the taxidermist bursting forth at every fissure of their contracted skins. Some of these toy terriers are of wonderfully minute size, being manufactured from the skins of pups, and set up to represent dogs arrived at their full size. On a shelf skulls of dogs are arranged in rows, to give visitors an opportunity of studying canine craniology. The larger dogs are generally kept in an enclosure railed off at one side of the room. In one of these places I noticed a pointer dog chained up very short, and learned, on inquiry, that he was thus treated on account of his having killed two or three valuable fancy-dogs before his propensity for murder became known. This, in a pointer, was a rather unusual trait. Around the walls are several cages, in which the smaller dogs — Scotch terriers, Italian greyhounds, French and Spanish poodles, hairless Mexican dogs, and the like — are kept. These little prisoners sleep all the while, coiled up in corners, and in as small a space as possible, as if mortified at being thus caged up, like wild beasts in a menagerie.

From time to time regular dog-shows have been held in New York, and at these were represented nearly all the choicest kinds, from the Siberian giant to the dwarf terrier and drawing-room spaniel. At one of these shows there was exhibited a dun-colored bulldog, a label on whose cage set forth that he was the famous animal who, while his master, a ship-captain, lay in port somewhere on the coast of China, throttled and killed a Chinaman who had entered the ship's cabin in the dead of the night, and was engaged in plundering it. This dog was a mild-looking animal enough, though one might guess that he was capable of showing much fury when aroused, and that the expression of his face must have been anything but placid when he "went for that heathen Chinee."

The sense of duty seems to be very strong in dogs, and the perseverance with which a dog will perform a self-imposed task, day after day, fancying that it is his mission, is sometimes very amusing. There is a dog in New York that every day follows a Broadway omnibus plying between some uptown street and the Battery. His business is to keep as near that omnibus as possible, and this he does with wonderful zeal and often at the risk of his life. Sometimes, when the street is very much encumbered with vehicles, he takes to the sidewalk, along which he canters on three legs, — an affectation common to his kind, — stopping when the driver stops to take up passengers, and seeming to take as much interest in the business as though he were a stockholder of the line. This animal has frequently been run over, as is evident from his scars, as well as from his being sometimes coated all over with mud; but he continues to follow zealously the particular 'bus of his affections, the dog-star of the destinies of which he apparently considers himself to be.

While I am writing, a heavily loaded express-wagon, drawn by a team of powerful bay horses, goes lumbering by. Between the horses, and attached by a chain to the axle-tree of the wagon, runs one of those spotted coach-dogs now so common in New York. There are deep ruts in the roadway, and the horses have every now and then to

throw themselves well into their collars so as to pull the heavy load through. Whenever they give an extra tug the dog does the same, straining upon his chain until his nose almost touches the ground; and then, when the wagon once more runs smoothly along, he trots merrily between the horses as before, with his tongue lolling out, and an expression in his eyes that seems to say, "What splendid fellows to pull are we! I guess the three of us could pull a house!"

Nearly all the barking done in New York — and there is a good deal of it — is done by the terriers that keep watch in the bakers' carts. These fierce little animals are generally of the rough Scotch or common black-and-tan breeds. They are very aggressive, barking furiously at everybody and everything along the route, and thus "drawing the fire" of the town dogs, troops of which will sometimes follow a baker's cart for a long distance, in full yelp, as if demanding bread, though their only object is to resent the insulting and ribald language of the pampered animal who barks himself hoarse at them from the cart. These terriers are very vigilant while the baker is absent for a short while from his cart, engaged in delivering bread. If anybody stops to look at them they display the wildest fury, gnashing their teeth and barking with a frenzy peculiar to dogs having a mission to fulfil. Touch the cart with the tip of your cane, and immediately the fierce little guardian of the vehicle leaps from it and makes straight for your legs, to defend which from his vigorous assaults all your powers of fencing will be put to the test. The baker's dog is an object of general scurrility. Every street-boy makes faces and yells at him as he hurries past in the bread-cart. Every carter cracks his whip at him; and if canine statistics were fully made out, they would doubtless show that the baker's dog is a short-lived animal, his health broken by continual exasperation, and his death caused, in nine cases out of ten, by apoplexy arising from sudden ebullitions of temper.

The most thoroughly Bohemian of dogs are the nondescript ones maintained by the rag-pickers and cinder-sifters, who occupy feculent cellars in the vilest and most repellant byways of New York. Many people of this class are also to be found in that singular village of shanties perched upon the granite boulders just where Fifth Avenue touches Central Park, and it is here that the manners and customs of such dogs are to be studied to the best advantage. Lean, sneaking curs of no particular breed are to be seen foraging about everywhere in that vicinity. Many of them are large dogs, showing a dash of the Newfoundland, not unmixed with a suspicion of pointer or hound. The strongest of them are trained to draw the carts in which their owners carry home their unsavory pickings from the streets. Three of them, not often matched in color or size, are usually harnessed to the filthy vehicle. Unprincipled rascals as they are in other respects, the fidelity of these dogs to their masters is very remarkable. Watch a team of them apparently asleep under the shafts of the cart, and if you but touch it they will fire up directly and make for your legs. When not working they live in amity with the goats by which the splintered rocks are made picturesque, or indulge in dog-play with the half-savage children of the squatters who occupy the place.

One can tell when he is in a French quarter of the city by the numerous little curly poodle-dogs that cower about the areas and shop-doors. In these places slovenly old women are frequently to be seen attended by half a dozen dogs of this kind, which had originally been white, but have degenerated through smoke and dirt to a dingy gray. They are blear-eyed, shivering little wretches, the taste for which, one would think, like that for caviare and other not very nice things, must be an acquired one.

The fields and marshes beyond the suburbs of New York, especially on

the New Jersey side, are much infested by German tradesmen and beer-house keepers of the sporting kind, who may be seen crossing the ferries of a morning from the city, with fowling-pieces slung at their backs and attended by sundry dogs. Sometimes these sporting dogs are half-bred pointers or setters, but more often they are of kinds not usually associated with the fowler and his gun. I have seen a German gunner roaming the marshes in company with a St. Bernard dog, a Russian bloodhound, and a beagle. A couple of robins or other small birds would probably be the net result of beating up the country with this formidable array. When the sporting dog of a German dies, he usually has him stuffed and placed in a glass case. Here, in the window of a German tavern, is a spotted setter so exhibited, painfully rigid and out of shape in his attitude of pointing a brace of equally deformed quail that squat among some calico foliage in a defile of wooden rocks. In a German wayside house not far from the city I know a large yellow dog, one of the circumstances of whose life is very peculiar and painful. He is a companionable dog, very fond of conversation, which he keeps up fluently with his tail. But the peculiarity about him is that he has no name. The honest old tapster who owns him assures me that they have never called the animal anything but "the dog." The reason of this oversight he could not satisfactorily explain, but whenever he mentioned "the dog," that slighted animal would wag his tail convulsively, and express with his intelligent eyes his sense of the reference.

Invited to a private view of some pet bears, I go with an acquaintance to a very rickety wooden structure in a back street of the city, within five minutes' walk of Broadway. Entering through a crazy old gate made of planks gray with age and weather, we find ourselves in a badly paved enclosure that looks like something between a livery-stable alley and a farmyard. There is a strong odor of shambles about the place. The concern is one in which blood is put up for the use of sugar-refiners and for other purposes, and the atmosphere of the place is thoroughly impregnated with blood. The roofs of the sheds are studded with numerous pigeons, whose clean plumage makes pleasing contrast with the murky surroundings. About halfway up the yard, which is long and narrow, two well-grown black bears are chained to a post. The proprietor of the place, a rough-looking but very civil man of the sporting-butcher type, owns dogs, and he whistles for them to come. The first one that comes to his call is a small old bitch, one of a breed between a bull-terrier and a Spanish poodle, half blind with age and dissipation, nearly toothless, and much distorted as to her limbs by the wear and tear of a hundred fights. Suddenly and without the least preliminary skirmishing, the absurd little beast charges in on the bears, who are snuggling close together on their wet straw at the foot of the post. The fury of her attack, which is ludicrous enough in itself, is made more so by the apathy of the bears, who treat her as they would a mosquito, merely twitching their shaggy hides to shake her off. Presently, in shifting their positions, the bears accidentally get the fierce little creature squeezed in between them, and then a terrible shrieking and growling is heard, and the terrier, having extricated herself, gets away to a safe distance, from which she makes furious and noisy demonstrations against the unheeding bears. This attack, the owner tells us, is made several times a day, and generally with the same result, though sometimes the bears, when in bad humor, will strike their puny assailant with a fore-paw, and send her spinning away to a distance.

Another dog shown to us by the man of blood was a large black retriever, a cross, probably, between setter and Newfoundland dog. This dog was so much addicted to fetching, as his owner

told us, that his favorite pastime was fetching the cat off from the roof of a high shed, a feat which he would perform without in the least hurting her, and puss appeared, indeed, to be on the best of terms with her canine friend.

While we were looking at the bears, the proprietor remarked that bears are by no means the stupid animals that they are sometimes considered to be. "Watch them, now," said he in a whisper, "meal is what they like better than anything else, and when I say 'meal-tub,' see if they don't jump." Then, raising his voice, he said, "Well, I 'm going to the meal-tub." In a flash the bears, which seemed to have been fast asleep, reared themselves up on their hind legs, straining at their chains with all their might, and sniffing with their expressive noses in the direction of the tub. Taking a couple of handfuls of meal from it the proprietor placed it on the ground before the bears, who eagerly threw themselves upon it and began licking it up. Presently, however, the male bear, carried away by his gluttonous instinct, jostled his companion from the repast with a savage growl. It was interesting to see with what meekness the poor female bear took this hint from her ill-mannered lord and master, whom she suffered to finish the meal at his leisure, resting her chin upon his broad back, with a resigned look of subjection pervading her ursine features.

With the setting in of the first hot days, a *fiat* goes forth from the municipal authorities, ordering that all dogs running at large without muzzles are to be destroyed by the police. In connection with this arrangement is the institution called the dog-pound. On a piece of waste ground at the foot of a street ending at the East River, there juts out on piles over the lapping waters of the dock a rickety building of wood, unpainted, and mildewed with age and weather. Visitors to this crib are admitted by a policeman out of uniform. Along one side of the room a space is railed off with lathes, and within this are generally to be seen forty or fifty dogs of many varieties, some few of them animals of value, but the majority curs of evil associations and low degree. These dogs, for the most part, have been brought in by men who look as currish as the worst of them, and who profess to have found them running loose in the streets. A gratuity of fifty cents is given to these industrials for each dog brought in by them. The dogs are tied up within the enclosure with the bits of dirty string by which their captors have dragged them to their "vile dungeon." Most of them are coiled away in feverish sleep, shaking and whimpering in dream as though haunted by bodings of their approaching fate. At the farther end of the room there is a large tank. Fitted to this, in such a way that it can be pressed down into it, is a strong wooden grating, and the tank is further provided with a hose through which it can be filled from the river below. Two or three squalid young men, in dirty flannel shirts and cow-skin boots, are loitering about the place. At a signal from the policeman in charge, these men go in among the dogs, and, selecting the commonest of them, seize them one after another by the necks and hind feet and pitch them into the tank, the sides of which are so steep and slippery that there is no possibility of the wretched animals scrambling out. And now the lamentations set up by them are pitiful to hear. From their tremulous whines one can tell that they are perfectly conscious of their impending doom. They seem to be as certain of the death at hand as are the passengers of a ship foundering at sea. It is curious to watch the terrified looks of the more valuable dogs (which are kept for claim by owners), while all this is going on. They shake all over like leaves in the wind, and, lifting their quivering muzzles towards the rafters, give utterance to howls that are most lugubrious and heart-rending. When dogs enough have been thrown into the tank, the water is let in by means of the hose;

the grating is fitted to its place and pressed down upon them; and the "job," as the executioners call it, is done.

The eagerness with which the better class of dogs confined in the pound watch for visitors is very remarkable. At every footstep that approaches, the most intelligent of them will start up, spring to the end of their tethers, and eagerly scan the features of the comers. When an owner comes to reclaim a lost favorite, the joy of the creature on recognizing him is touching in the extreme. Some of the dogs try to ingratiate themselves with any strange visitors who may arrive. Once, on visiting the pound, I remarked a particularly bright-looking young terrier, very shaggy as to his coat and of unusually large size. The efforts made by this knowing fellow to conciliate visitors were very amusing. If his tongue did not speak, certainly his eyes did, and his tail was absolutely eloquent. On inquiring of the policeman, I learned that dogs of that class were not usually put to death, but were kept for a reasonable time, and then, if not claimed by owners, sold for a trifle to some person who would be sure to come in and take a fancy to them. It is in this way that the dealers often pick up presentable dogs; and so I am fain to hope that the young terrier with the vehement tail soon found a good master, and was installed in a comfortable home with first-rate ratting on the premises.

Among the applicants at the dog-pound, women are quite as often seen as men. The Frenchwomen of poodle-dog fancies, already referred to, are frequent visitors there, hopeful of being in time to find and save from execution some of their pets that have strayed away from home, or been spirited thence by speculative Arabs of the street. The last time I visited the place a tearful Frenchwoman came in, and cast eager glances among the prisoners tethered along the wall. In accents as broken as her English, she asked the attendants whether a small dog of which she gave a description had been brought to the pound within a day or two. She was informed that several dogs answering to that description had been disposed of by drowning within a few days past. Then the bereaved spinster's tears flowed copiously, and she tried to find consolation by caressing the smallest and ugliest of the dogs within her reach. One hideous little whity-brown poodle, with bleared eyes and a bald tail, seemed particularly to take her fancy, and this the guardian of the place, mollified by her intense grief, allowed her to carry away.

Notwithstanding the efforts made by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to suppress the diversions of the dog-pit, that kind of "sport" is yet one of the brutal features of the low social strata of New York. The best place in the city wherein to study its vilest and most depraved specimens of humanity are the dens in which dog-fights and rat-baiting are the attractions held out to "draw" custom to the whiskey-tap. Here the theory of "natural selection" is illustrated in a new and forcible manner; the bipeds who frequent the places bearing a wonderful resemblance to the quadrupeds in features and disposition. Among the men who find their diversion in the animosities of dogs and rats, two types of physiognomy are prevalent. Here, on the benches that surround the pit, are to be seen men with absolutely no facial angles. So flat are their features, that straight lines might easily be drawn with a ruler upon their faces. They might pass for half-brothers to their bull-terriers, though to the latter the imputation would be an insult and a gross wrong. Other men may be observed here with facial angles of the most acute mould, the recession of their foreheads and chins giving them strong claims to relationship with the rats of the place. All of them are scoundrels of the worst kind, more cruel than the dogs maintained by them, meaner than the rats. There is no mo-

notony in the entertainments presented at these places. Sometimes two bull-terriers are pitted against each other, to fight for the championship of the canine ring. Sometimes a single dog is turned into the arena, to destroy a certain number of rats in a given time. There are instances in which ruffians of the flat-faced type have backed themselves to perform the same feat, plunging about the pit on all-fours and shaking the rats with their teeth. That plucky little pig, the peccary, or Mexican wild-boar, not unfrequently figures as a member of the company. They bait him with dogs, whose bowels he generally rips out with his tusk while they are biting off his ears. Sometimes a raccoon is placed in an oblong box having a door at one end of it, and the diversion is to have him dragged out by dogs.

With regard to dogs moving in the fashionable society of New York, little, if anything, need be said. Like their masters and mistresses, they have become so artificial in their lives and manners as to have but little either of canine sagacity or eccentricity to recommend them to notice.

Charles Dawson Shanly.

IN THE DARK.

RESTLESS, to-night, and ill at ease,
And finding every place too strait,
I leave the porch shut in with trees,
And wander through the garden-gate.

So dark at first, I have to feel
My way before me with my hands;
But soul-like fragrances reveal
My virgin Daphne, where she stands.

Her stars of blossom breathe aloft
Her worship to the stars above;
In wavering pulsations soft,
Climbs the sweet incense of her love;

Those far, celestial eyes can dart
Their glances down through leafy bars;
The spark that burns within her heart
Was dropped, in answer, from the stars.

She does not find the space too small,
The night too dark, for sweetest bloom;
Content within the garden wall,
Since upward there is always room.

Her spotless heart, through all the night,
Holds safe its little vestal spark.
O blessed, if the soul be white,
To breathe and blossom in the dark!

Louisa Bushnell.

FRENCH DEMOCRACY.

THE number of political writers in France is out of all proportion to the number of reading and reflecting men who enter into the population of the state. This has been the case uninterruptedly since the Revolution; but it has become doubly apparent since the last great social and political convulsions. Those events serve at once to furnish the text and to point the moral. The Empire with its uncovered vices, the war with its hard and serious lessons, the Commune with its baffled purposes, keep the presses of Paris working day and night. Every writer has his theory; every theory has its printer. Renan leaves the Semitic languages and the battle-grounds of Biblical history, to write scholarly and thoughtful essays on the questions of the hour. Taine forsakes art and artists, and assails universal suffrage. Littré the lexicographer, Victor Hugo the poet, Alexandre Dumas the playwright, the Bishop of Orleans, and a great army of professors, soldiers, churchmen, and nobles, men of every profession and every rank in society, join in the great work of the patriot. It is the work of the patriot, because patriotism exacts of every man that he reflect on the affairs of his country, and that he give his neighbors the result of his reflections. In politics, as in every other department of life, the clashing of thought is sometimes a proof of disease, but always a promise of reform. But politics has this feature almost uniquely; it has relation to one of the most important concerns of practical life, and therefore its abstract principles are also rules for the conduct of men. It is at once a science and an art. Hence one of the most attractive of subjects may become one of the most pernicious, when carried too far or in the wrong direction. Now French political speculation is not free from either of these defects. The great body of French political literature contains much that is good and admirable; but after a few standard names are excepted, it will be found that the writers in that branch have loaded it with superficial virtues, which scarcely hide its deeper and graver vices. They have made it clever, fascinating, shallow, egotistic, and dangerous.

The fruitful parent of much of this activity is the French Academy. Founded by Richelieu, the type of clerical absolutism, and built up by Louis XIV., the type of royal absolutism, the French Academy has passed through the vicissitudes of politics with the calm dignity becoming its character, and without often losing sight of constitutional principles of government. It weighed the Second Empire boldly and accurately. During the whole term of that treacherous *régime*, the Academy was its fearless, implacable, and hated foe. The Emperor might banish particular members of the order, but the Academy itself, the pride of France and the admiration of Europe, he could neither bribe nor intimidate. Hence the venerable institution stood forth the champion of liberal principles in a country where so many thoughtful men seemed to believe that everything but the Empire led to anarchy. Without taking a formal part in governmental affairs, it came to represent a very distinct political creed. It rests itself on the traditions of the July Monarchy. The reign of Louis Philippe was the golden age of the French Academy, and, according to the Academy, the golden age of France itself. The Academy therefore presents hereditary monarchy with free parliamentary institutions as the true ideal of a political system for France. But doctrines which were liberal when the Empire was at Paris are conservative when the Empire is a fugitive in Europe; hence the Academy now lifts up its voice

against democracy, without at all changing its own creed. If individual differences be overlooked, and the sum of opinion on essential points be alone regarded, it will appear, we think, that the circle of writers of which the Academy is the centre reach their conclusions by the path which we proceed to indicate.

In the view of those amiable *bourgeois*, democracy and imperialism are the extremes of a scale, whereof the middle is the point of prudence and safety. Imperialism is a false system for reasons which all but imperialists now accept. But the reasons for rejecting democracy are quite different. Democracy is held to be out of place in France, because historically and philosophically France requires monarchical institutions. Her greatness was founded by Charlemagne, the most sagacious of kings, and the country pursued, under a long succession of monarchs, a career of growth and glory, until the Revolution, warring justly against a perversion of the kingly principle, imbued the people with hostility to the principle itself. From the moment at which the Revolution exceeded its proper limits dates the decline of France. When the Revolution planted in the popular mind the heresies of equality and self-government, it invited all the disasters which followed, from Waterloo to Sedan. The one glimpse of light in the century of darkness was afforded by the short reign of the house of Orleans. The house of Orleans founded a system which satisfied at once the monarchical traditions and the liberal aspirations of France. It centred the executive power of the state in a personal head, and it formulated the will of the people through an independent parliament. Theoretically the July Monarchy was perfect. But a popular revolt overthrew it.

The overthrow of the Orleans monarchy was the act of this extreme democratic spirit. The proceeding was strictly analogous to the later stages of the first Revolution. The first Revolution, carried too far, produced the First Empire; the Revolution of 1848 produced the Second Empire. In both cases the cause was the same. The democratic spirit of France is the source of all the difficulty, because, first, that spirit is at war with the traditions of the country, and hence can never realize its aim; second, it is unsuited to the slight discipline of the people, and must in all cases become the victim of demagogues or usurpers; third, because it is out of character with the situation of France in the great family of European powers. Most of the writers who share this belief hold that democracy is originally and always an evil; but out of deference to the stupidity of the age, they present the above among other practical reasons for opposing it in France.

In beginning an examination of this theory, it is proper to assume with its author that this democratic spirit does actually exist. The question then is, How shall that spirit be treated? How shall it be utilized, or how shall it be destroyed?

The student of French history will recall three systems which have tried to deal with this admitted passion of the French people. The Bourbons crushed it; the Orleanists snubbed it; the Bonapartes deceived it. We need not describe in detail these three series of tactics. We need not recall how the Bourbon princes trampled under foot till 1789 the growing spirit of democracy among their subjects; or how under Louis Philippe the *bourgeoisie* quietly absorbed all the powers and all the honors of the state; or how the Bonapartes flattered the people with *plébiscites* which bore false witness. The essential fact is that no one of these dynasties has made a sincere and intelligent effort to deal with democracy as something which can be fostered and utilized, but cannot be exterminated. Each has sought by its own method to destroy the indestructible. This fact is the key to French history of the past hundred years, — of the half-dozen revolutions, of the sham republics, and the spurious monarchies,

of the Directory and the Commune, of the series of harrowing events which stain with blood the records of a noble people. It has scarcely occurred to the elegant *doctrinaires* of the French Academy to accept democracy as a stubborn fact, and to mould it into an ally of sound constitutional government. Yet this was the problem which presented itself in 1789, and which has presented itself unceasingly ever since. How must one explain this failure?

No error is more common than to confound democracy as an element in national character with democracy as a form of government. The Academicians themselves fall into this error in arguing that the democratic spirit of France is an evil because it can never establish democratic institutions. Now the two are not only not identical, but they are not even necessarily coexistent. By the former we understand that spirit in a people which leads them to demand equality among citizens and a substantial control over their own affairs; by the latter, a system in which the people pronounce directly on all the details of government. Hence there may be democratic peoples without strictly democratic institutions; and there may be popular institutions with a very weak democratic spirit. No one can deny that the Americans are more democratic than the English; yet the government of England feels more directly than that of the United States the force of public opinion. Each has its check on the action of the popular will. In the United States the check is found in narrowing and lengthening the channels by which that will reaches the governing powers; in England it consists of an hereditary crown and an hereditary nobility, which can restrain but cannot thwart the people. But the latter system is much the weaker, and is slowly giving way. A perfect democracy is a creature of the fancy. It has never existed. Perhaps the nearest approach to it was reached in the free city of the Middle Ages, — an institution which is copied, though without the element of political independence, in the unit of our system, the township.

Another error in the use of terms is that which confounds democratic government with republican government. Even Montesquieu failed to draw clearly the distinction. His oft-quoted declaration that a republic is possible only in a small state, means really that a strict democracy is possible only in a small state, — a proposition obviously true. But a republic is a device for utilizing democracy in a large state. The three great evils of a democracy are these: it is too clumsy for convenience, it is imperfectly responsible, and it is too passionate for deliberate action. The republic grapples with all these defects. It relieves unwieldiness, it distributes responsibility, it checks precipitation. At the same time it carefully fosters the democratic spirit in a variety of ways, but chiefly by the institution of local self-government.

In this view the value of a republic is merely a question of utility, or, if one prefers, a question of relation. Given the democratic spirit, and the desire to afford it the best method of utterance, does or does not the republic combine the most features of excellence? With him who holds that democracy is an evil to be destroyed, we can, at this point, have no dispute. The only possible disputant is he who believes in democracy, but not in the republic as a means of conserving it. But the day for that species of controversy has nearly passed away. Thanks to Alexander Hamilton, America has shown how a free people can found a democracy shorn of all the terrors which for so many ages haunted the dreams of philosophers. The federative republic now finds few sceptics among those who truly believe that democracy is a healthy and beneficent spirit.

This digression brings us to one essential cause of the failure of free government in France. The profound democratic spirit of the country has heretofore failed of its mission because

no wise and comprehensive attempts have been made to organize it. No other people learn so little by example as the French. With the United States before them as the model of democracy crystallized into an effective system, the French invariably drift into anarchy or *coups d'état*. Their republics have had too little or too much cohesion among the parts, or they have had no parts at all; the executive has been made a cipher or a despot. They have been destroyed by the incapacity of the builders, and their ignorance of the principle of checks and balances. To establish these requires mutual sacrifices, and often a high degree of political skill; but a people who are unwilling to make sacrifices, and who can produce no statesmen, are preordained to failure. Now the French can rise to the conditions of a republic if they are permitted to do so. But the self-appointed leaders have never shown themselves equal to their part of the task. Once, indeed, there was a glimpse of the truth during the Revolution, when it was proposed to fix some intermediate steps between the elector and the delegate. Europe sneered at the plan, as a violation of the very democratic principle for which the Revolution contended. But the National Assembly was wiser than Europe. To-day an eminent writer has published an essay, in which, borrowing the plan without giving any credit to its authors, he recommends a similar graduation of the electoral process. The principle is so little understood among French democrats, that no one rebukes the plagiarist.

Quite as serious an error is the failure to provide for local self-government. As this lies at the bottom of republican institutions, and should be, moreover, the first concern of democracy, the blunder of the French is extraordinary. They have practically reversed the scale of powers. For an occasional *plébiscite*, bringing them closely into relation with the central authority, they have permitted the central authority to appoint their chief local officers, and to interfere in the most minute local affairs. Now it is scarcely possible that there should be a successful republic in which this species of centralization exists. It is perhaps more important that the people should select their own local officers, than that they should choose the general legislature; because, when the central government names the local officers, it can, to a great extent, shape the legislature itself. The converse does not hold true. While a centralized republic usually passes into a monarchy, a people who have full control of their local affairs generally manage not only to retain, but to extend, their liberties. This truth, also, has occasionally been seen in France; but on its last appearance it was so summarily crushed, that it must seem doubtful if it soon revive. The Commune, in spite of all the horrible deeds with which it is associated, aimed to establish a principle which Americans know how to prize, and which they would not surrender without a revolution. Under the greatest provocation, the Legislature has never dared to appoint a mayor for New York City. But the municipal officers of Paris are as little responsible to the people of Paris as to the people of Borovitchi. To correct this monstrous injustice, the Commune fought and fell. There was something heroic in its conduct, something worthy of the great principle for which it contended throughout its brief and bloody course, from the first bold movement at Montmartre until the hour when the bravest of its leaders walked out on the ramparts, folded their arms, and waited the approach of death. The Commune was not a protest against the Empire, but against a republic, — against a system which borrows the clothing of the Emperor and calls itself a republic. But the defects of the present system are not due so much to the ignorance, as to the duplicity, of its authors; they do not wish a durable republic. Yet the architects who have had their heart in the work have shown no better skill. They begin at

the dome and build downward, resting at no stages, and finishing without a base. Veritable castles in the air, which vanish at the first rude wind of adversity!

It may be said that this ignorance of the conditions of a republic is one of the best reasons for believing a republic impossible. That would certainly be the natural inference, but it needs one important qualification. The republics have not miscarried because there are no men able to build them, but because they who have the ability lack the will. The *bourgeoisie*, the great middle class, the scholars and writers of the Academy, have stood by with folded arms, sneering at the patient awkwardness of the republican workmen, and waiting for the day when the slender edifice should tumble to the ground. They hate the republic cordially and openly. Their hopes all centre in a government of "gentlemen," and they have no patience with the vulgar theory which places a mind to think, and a heart to feel, in every human frame.

These elegant sceptics are no friends of the Empire. But there is only one step between democracy and the Empire; if any person doubts this, let him consider the enormous majorities which were deposited, over and over again, at the feet of Napoleon III. In throwing himself ostentatiously on the confidence of the masses, Louis Napoleon showed talents of the very highest order. He had the sagacity to perceive that it was easier to flatter French democracy than to crush or ignore it. He flattered it, and disarmed it, and betrayed it. He was a usurper and an irresponsible despot, but he knew a title sounder than inheritable legitimacy, and rested himself on universal suffrage and five million affirmative votes. Here is a profound lesson for the speculative politicians of the conservative party. Situations multiply themselves. The intelligent conservatives have the power to solve the difficulty by helping their illiterate neighbors found an enduring republic. Or they may for a time pursue an opposite course. They may subject their patriotism to their prejudices, and adopt the reactionary policy which wrecked the Republic of 1848. But like causes produce like effects. For a few hours they may fancy that they have killed democracy and saved France. But on the morrow they will be ordered to meet some stern horseman with dull gray eyes, who bears the emblems of his uncle and the banner of universal suffrage.

We do not underrate the difficulties which surround the problem. The profound and lamentable ignorance of the French people is the friend of no good system, but it is the peculiar foe of the democratic republic. France is at once the most cultivated and the most illiterate of nations. If her culture be measured by her art and her literature, by her scholars, orators, and philosophers, and by the brilliant society which throngs the *salons* of Paris, she may place herself high up in the scale of civilization. But if it be measured by the average capacity of the entire people, what rank can she claim of the kindest critic? M. Ernest Renan is distressed because America has produced no great original work of the human mind. But she has produced the American Republic, and by the side of that grand work how insignificant are all the trophies of France! The latter can look back over thirty generations of great kings. She has a language which makes friends in every part of the world. She has a literature a thousand years old. She has built a vast capital city, within whose walls all men can worship taste and beauty and comfort. She has the theatre and the opera in their highest form, the Academy with its severe scholastic dignity, the Louvre and its priceless treasures of art. But one half of the population can neither read nor write. Outside of the large cities, four sevenths of the men who make the government cannot prepare their own ballots. Some of them, in their simplicity, elected Louis Napoleon, because his wealth would

render taxes unnecessary. Others chose the republic, because its nature renders taxes illegal. And in remote districts there are peasants to-day who have not learned that the Empire is dead, and that the Tuileries are a hollow spectre.

Certainly these are unpromising materials with which to renew the republican experiment. But the fact suggests the old, old question. Is monarchy the cause or the effect of this popular ignorance, and what is the part of the republic? Now be the cause what it may, we believe profoundly that the republic alone can correct that ignorance, because the republic alone has an interest in correcting it. The Empire is satisfied with a brutal constituency. Royalty can dispense with suffrage entirely. But the republic needs all the minds of the country as a numerical basis of authority, and it needs educated minds as an intelligent basis of action. To one who objects that general ignorance will defeat the republic, there can be but one answer. The republic alone can abolish general ignorance. If that is not the lesson of history, we have read blindly the records of ten centuries of monarchy and thirty years of imperialism. Contrast the measures proposed to-day by the rival parties. The monarchists point to the condition of things and propose to curtail the right of suffrage; the republicans point to the same great evil and propose universal and compulsory instruction. The one party would shut the patient up away from air and light; the other party would give him purer air and clearer light, diet and exercise and discipline. Who can compare these two remedies and repeat the stale formula, that a people must postpone the era of self-government till they reach the era of universal culture?

In the foregoing there is no question of the value of democracy. There is no inquiry into the nature of the spirit as it exists in France, nor as to the extent to which it has penetrated the popular heart. It is enough to agree with its enemies, that it is actually present as a factor in the political problem, and to accept their estimate of its dimensions. We part company with them only in inference and deduction. It is in the suggestion of remedies that they seem to wander into the tortuous paths which lead farther and farther from peace and stability. The outlines of the problem are very plain. A great people, little versed in the arts of statesmanship, demand a system which shall enable them at once to govern themselves, and to render themselves worthy of governing. Obviously the duty of all educated patriots is to put themselves in harmony with the inevitable, and to lend their superior capacity to their democratic compatriots. But this is not the policy of the French Academicians. They prefer to weep over facts which stare them in the face, and to speculate on the method by which those facts can be passed without being met.

The republic can be established, if the brain of the country lend itself to the heart in the work. The republic must be established, because there is no safe alternative. Eighty years' trifling with the subject has brought France, maimed, humbled, impoverished, to the year 1872. She has learned what it costs to tread on democracy with the Bourbons, and to betray it with the Bonapartes. Is it not time to try the effect of adopting it, even as an unwelcome necessity, and of training it up to reason and usefulness? Indeed, there is no safe alternative. When the spirit of democracy has once fused itself into the daily life of a nation, it may be curbed for brief periods by the military power; but the French Academy ought to know that it can be thoroughly exterminated only by a process which exterminates the national manhood.

Herbert Tuttle.

SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

V.

"IT tastes as if it might have great potency in it, Aunt Keziah," said this unfortunate young man; "I wish you would tell me what it is made of, and how you brew it; for I have observed you are very strict and secret about it."

"Aha! you have seen that, have you?" said Aunt Keziah, taking a sip of her beloved liquid, and grinning at him with a face and eyes as yellow as that she was drinking. In fact, the idea struck him, that in temper, and all appreciable qualities, Aunt Keziah was a good deal like this drink of hers, having probably become saturated by them while she drank of it. And then, having drunk, she gloated over it, and tasted, and smelt of the cup of this hellish wine, as a wine-bibber does of that which is most fragrant and delicate. "And you want to know how I make it? But first, child, tell me honestly, do you love this drink of mine? Otherwise, here, and at once, we stop talking about it."

"I love it for its virtues," said Septimius, temporizing with his conscience, "and would prefer it on that account to the rarest wines."

"So far good," said Aunt Keziah, who could not well conceive that her liquor should be otherwise than delicious to the palate. "It is the most virtuous liquor that ever was; and therefore one need not fear drinking too much of it. And you want to know what it is made of? Well; I have often thought of telling you, Seppy, my boy, when you should come to be old enough; for I have no other inheritance to leave you, and you are all of my blood, unless I should happen to have some far-off uncle among the Cape Indians. But first, you must know how this good drink, and the faculty of making it, came down to me from the chiefs, and sachems, and Pow-wows, that were your ancestors and mine, Septimius, and from the old wizard who was my great-grandfather and yours, and who, they say, added the fire-water to the other ingredients, and so gave it the only one thing that it wanted to make it perfect."

And so Aunt Keziah, who had now put herself into a most comfortable and jolly state by sipping again, and after pressing Septimius to mind his draught (who declined, on the plea that one dram at a time was enough for a new beginner, its virtues being so strong, as well as admirable), the old woman told him a legend strangely wild and uncouth, and mixed up of savage and civilized life, and of the superstitions of both, but which yet had a certain analogy, that impressed Septimius much, to the story that the doctor had told him.

She said that, many ages ago, there had been a wild sachem in the forest, a king among the Indians, and from whom, the old lady said, with a look of pride, she and Septimius were lineally descended, and were probably the very last who inherited one drop of that royal, wise, and warlike blood. The sachem had lived very long, longer than anybody knew, for the Indians kept no record, and could only talk of a great number of moons; and they said he was as old, or older, than the oldest trees; as old as the hills almost, and could remember back to the days of godlike men, who had arts then forgotten. He was a wise and good man, and could foretell as far into the future as he could remember into the past; and he continued to live on, till his people were afraid that he would live forever, and so disturb the whole order of nature; and they thought it time that so good a man, and so great a warrior and wizard, should be gone to the happy hunting-grounds, and that so wise a

counsellor should go and tell his experience of life to the Great Father, and give him an account of matters here, and perhaps lead him to make some changes in the conduct of the lower world. And so, all these things duly considered, they very reverently assassinated the great never-dying sachem; for though safe against disease, and undecayable by age, he was capable of being killed by violence, though the hardness of his skull broke to fragments the stone tomahawk with which they at first tried to kill him.

So a deputation of the best and bravest of the tribe went to the great sachem, and told him their thought, and reverently desired his consent to be put out of the world; and the undying one agreed with them that it was better for his own comfort that he should die, and that he had long been weary of the world, having learned all that it could teach him, and having, chiefly, learned to despair of ever making the red race much better than they now were. So he cheerfully consented, and told them to kill him if they could; and first they tried the stone hatchet, which was broken against his skull; and then they shot arrows at him, which could not pierce the toughness of his skin; and finally they plastered up his nose and mouth with clay (which kept uttering wisdom to the last) and set him to bake in the sun; so at last his life burnt out of his breast, tearing his body to pieces, and he died.

[*Make this legend grotesque, and express the weariness of the tribe at the intolerable control the undying one had of them; his always bringing up precepts from his own experience, never consenting to anything new, so impeding progress; his habits hardening into him, his ascribing to himself all wisdom, and depriving everybody of his right to successive command; his endless talk, and dwelling on the past, so that the world could not bear him. Describe his ascetic and severe habits, his rigid calmness, etc.*]

But before the great sagamore died he imparted to a chosen one of his tribe, the next wisest to himself, the secret of a potent and delicious drink, the constant imbibing of which, together with his abstinence from luxury and passion, had kept him alive so long, and would doubtless have compelled him to live forever. This drink was compounded of many ingredients, all of which were remembered and handed down in tradition, save one, which, either because it was nowhere to be found, or for some other reason, was forgotten; so that the drink ceased to give immortal life as before. They say it was a beautiful purple flower. [*Perhaps the Devil taught him the drink, or else the Great Spirit, — doubtful which.*] But it still was a most excellent drink, and conducive to health, and the cure of all diseases; and the Indians had it at the time of the settlement by the English; and at one of those wizard meetings in the forest, where the Black Man used to meet his red children and his white ones, and be jolly with them, a great Indian wizard taught the secret to Septimius's great-grandfather, who was a wizard, and died for it; and he, in return, taught the Indians to mix it with rum, thinking that this might be the very ingredient that was missing, and that by adding it he might give endless life to himself and all his Indian friends, among whom he had taken a wife.

"But your great-grandfather, you know, had not a fair chance to test its virtues, having been hanged for a wizard; and as for the Indians, they probably mixed too much fire-water with their liquid, so that it burnt them up, and they all died; and my mother, and her mother, — who taught the drink to me, — and her mother afore her, thought it a sin to try to live longer than the Lord pleased, so they let themselves die. And though the drink is good, Septimius, and toothsome, as you see, yet I sometimes feel as if I were getting old like other people, and may die in the course of the next half-century; so perhaps the rum was not just the thing that was wanting to make up the

recipe. But it is very good! Take a drop more of it, dear."

"Not at present, I thank you, Aunt Keziah," said Septimius, gravely; "but will you tell me what the ingredients are, and how you make it?"

"Yes, I will, my boy, and you shall write them down," said the old woman; "for it's a good drink, and none the worse, it may be, for not making you live forever. I sometimes think I had as lief go to heaven as keep on living here."

Accordingly, making Septimius take pen and ink, she proceeded to tell him a list of plants and herbs, and forest productions, and he was surprised to find that it agreed most wonderfully with the recipe contained in the old manuscript, as he had puzzled it out, and as it had been explained by the doctor. There were a few variations, it is true; but even here there was a close analogy, plants indigenous to America being substituted for cognate productions, the growth of Europe. Then there was another difference in the mode of preparation, Aunt Keziah's nostrum being a concoction, whereas the old manuscript gave a process of distillation. This similarity had a strong effect on Septimius's imagination. Here was, in one case, a drink suggested, as might be supposed, to a primitive people by something similar to that instinct by which the brute creation recognizes the medicaments suited to its needs, so that they mixed up fragrant herbs for reasons wiser than they knew, and made them into a salutary potion; and here, again, was a drink contrived by the utmost skill of a great civilized philosopher, searching the whole field of science for his purpose; and these two drinks proved, in all essential particulars, to be identically the same.

"O Aunt Keziah," said he, with a longing earnestness, "are you sure that you cannot remember that one ingredient?"

"No, Septimius, I cannot possibly do it," said she. "I have tried many things, — skunk-cabbage, wormwood, and a thousand things; for it is truly a pity that the chief benefit of the thing should be lost for so little. But the only effect was, to spoil the good taste of the stuff, and two or three times to poison myself, so that I broke out all over blotches, and once lost the use of my left arm, and got a dizziness in the head, and a rheumatic twist in my knee, a hardness of hearing, and a dimness of sight, and the trembles; all of which I certainly believe to have been caused by my putting something else into this blessed drink besides the good New England rum. Stick to that, Seppy, my dear."

So saying, Aunt Keziah took yet another sip of the beloved liquid, after vainly pressing Septimius to do the like; and then lighting her old clay pipe, she sat down in the chimney-corner, meditating, dreaming, muttering pious prayers and ejaculations, and sometimes looking up the wide flue of the chimney, with thoughts, perhaps, how delightful it must have been to fly up there, in old times, on excursions by midnight into the forest, where was the Black Man, and the Puritan deacons and ladies, and those wild Indian ancestors of hers; and where the wildness of the forest was so grim and delightful, and so unlike the commonplaceness in which she spent her life. For thus did the savage strain of the woman, mixed up as it was with the other weird and religious parts of her composition, sometimes snatch her back into barbarian life and its instincts; and in Septimius, though further diluted, and modified likewise by higher cultivation, there was the same tendency.

Septimius escaped from the old woman, and was glad to breathe the free air again, so much had he been wrought upon by her wild legends and wild character, the more powerful by its analogy with his own; and perhaps, too, his brain had been a little bewildered by the draught of her diabolical concoction which she had compelled him to take. At any rate, he was glad to escape to his hill-top, the free air of which had doubtless contributed to keep him

in health through so long a course of morbid thought and estranged study as he had addicted himself to.

Here, as it happened, he found both Rose Garfield and Sybil Dacy, whom the pleasant summer evening had brought out. They had formed a friendship, or at least society, and there could not well be a pair more unlike: the one so natural, so healthy, so fit to live in the world; the other such a morbid, pale thing. So there they were, walking arm in arm, with one arm round each other's waist, as girls love to do. They greeted the young man in their several ways, and began to walk to and fro together, looking at the sunset as it came on, and talking of things on earth and in the clouds.

"When has Robert Hagburn been heard from?" asked Septimius, who, involved in his own pursuits, was altogether behindhand in the matters of the war, — shame to him for it!

"There came news two days past," said Rose, blushing. "He is on his way home with the remnant of General Arnold's command, and will be here soon."

"He is a brave fellow, Robert," said Septimius, carelessly, "and I know not, since life is so short, that anything better can be done with it than to risk it as he does."

"I truly think not," said Rose Garfield, composedly.

"What a blessing it is to mortals," said Sybil Dacy, "what a kindness of Providence, that life is made so uncertain; that death is thrown in among the possibilities of our being; that these awful mysteries are thrown around us, into which we may vanish! For, without it, how would it be possible to be heroic? How should we plod along in common places forever, never dreaming high things, never risking anything! For my part, I think man is more favored than the angels, and made capable of higher heroism, greater virtue, and of a more excellent spirit than they, because we have such a mystery of grief and terror around us; whereas they, being in a certainty of God's light, seeing his goodness and his purposes more perfectly than we, cannot be so brave as often poor weak man, and weaker woman, has the opportunity to be, and sometimes makes use of it. God gave the whole world to man, and if he is left alone with it, it will make a clod of him at last; but, to remedy that, God gave man a grave, and it redeems all, while it seems to destroy all, and makes an immortal spirit of him in the end."

"Dear Sybil, you are inspired," said Rose, gazing in her face.

"I think you ascribe a great deal too much potency to the grave," said Septimius, pausing involuntarily alone by the little hillock, whose contents he knew so well. "The grave seems to me a vile pitfall, put right in our pathway, and catching most of us, — all of us, — causing us to tumble in at the most inconvenient opportunities, so that all human life is a jest and a farce, just for the sake of this inopportune death; for I observe it never waits for us to accomplish anything; we may have the salvation of a country in hand, but we are none the less likely to die for that. So that, being a believer, on the whole, in the wisdom and graciousness of Providence, I am convinced that dying is a mistake, and that by and by we shall overcome it. I say there is no use in the grave."

"I still adhere to what I said," answered Sybil Dacy; "and besides, there is another use of a grave which I have often observed in old English graveyards, where the moss grows green and embosses the letters of the gravestones; and also graves are very good for flower-beds."

Nobody ever could tell when the strange girl was going to say what was laughable, when what was melancholy; and neither of Sybil's auditors knew quite what to make of this speech. Neither could Septimius fail to be a little startled by seeing her, as she spoke of the grave as a flower-bed, stoop down to the little hillock to examine the flowers, which, indeed, seemed to prove her words by growing

there in strange abundance, and of many sorts; so that, if they could all have bloomed at once, the spot would have looked like a bouquet by itself, or as if the earth were richest in beauty there, or as if seeds had been lavished by some florist. Septimius could not account for it; for though the hillside did produce certain flowers, — the aster, the golden-rod, the violet, and other such simple and common things, — yet this seemed as if a carpet of bright colors had been thrown down there, and covered the spot.

"This is very strange," said he.

"Yes," said Sybil Dacy, "there is some strange richness in this little spot of soil."

"Where could the seeds have come from? — that is the greatest wonder," said Rose. "You might almost teach me botany, methinks, on this one spot."

"Do you know this plant?" asked Sybil of Septimius, pointing to one not yet in flower, but of singular leaf, that was thrusting itself up out of the ground, on the very centre of the grave, over where the breast of the sleeper below might seem to be. "I think there is no other here like it."

Septimius stooped down to examine it, and was convinced that it was unlike anything he had seen of the flower kind; a leaf of a dark green, with purple veins traversing it, it had a sort of questionable aspect, as some plants have, so that you would think it very likely to be poison, and would not like to touch or smell very intimately, without first inquiring who would be its guarantee that it should do no mischief. That it had some richness or other, either baneful or beneficial, you could not doubt.

"I think it poisonous," said Rose Garfield, shuddering, for she was a person so natural she hated poisonous things, or anything speckled especially, and did not, indeed, love strangeness. "Yet I should not wonder if it bore a beautiful flower by and by. Nevertheless, if I were to do just as I feel inclined, I should root it up and fling it away."

"Shall she do so?" said Sybil to Septimius.

"Not for the world," said he hastily. "Above all things, I desire to see what will come of this plant."

"Be it as you please," said Sybil. "Meanwhile, if you like to sit down here and listen to me, I will tell you a story that happens to come into my mind just now, — I cannot tell why. It is a legend of an old hall that I know well, and have known from my childhood, in one of the northern counties of England where I was born. Would you like to hear it, Rose?"

"Yes, of all things," said she. "I like all stories of hall and cottage in the old country, though now we must not call it our country any more."

Sybil looked at Septimius, as if to inquire whether he, too, chose to listen to her story, and he made answer: —

"Yes, I shall like to hear the legend, if it is a genuine one that has been adopted into the popular belief, and came down in chimney-corners with the smoke and soot that gathers there; and incrusted over with humanity, by passing from one homely mind to another. Then, such stories get to be true, in a certain sense, and indeed in that sense may be called true throughout, for the very nucleus, the fiction in them, seems to have come out of the heart of man in a way that cannot be imitated of malice aforethought. Nobody can make a tradition; it takes a century to make it."

"I know not whether this legend has the character you mean," said Sybil, "but it has lived much more than a century; and here it is.

"On the threshold of one of the doors of —— Hall there is a bloody footstep impressed into the doorstep, and ruddy as if the bloody foot had just trodden there; and it is averred that, on a certain night of the year, and at a certain hour of the night, if you go and look at that doorstep you will see the mark wet with fresh blood. Some have pretended to say that this appearance of blood was but dew; but can dew

redden a cambric handkerchief? Will it crimson the finger-tips when you touch it? And that is what the bloody footstep will surely do when the appointed night and hour come round, this very year, just as it would three hundred years ago.

"Well; but how did it come there? I know not precisely in what age it was, but long ago,—when light was beginning to shine into what was called the dark ages, there was a lord of —— Hall who applied himself deeply to knowledge and science, under the guidance of the wisest man of that age; a man so wise that he was thought to be a wizard; and, indeed, he may have been one, if to be a wizard consists in having command over secret powers of nature, that other men do not even suspect the existence of, and the control of which enables one to do feats that seem as wonderful as raising the dead. It is needless to tell you all the strange stories that have survived to this day about the old Hall; and how it is believed that the master of it, owing to his ancient science, has still a sort of residence there, and control of the place; and how, in one of the chambers, there is still his antique table, and his chair, and some rude old instruments and machinery, and a book, and everything in readiness, just as if he might still come back to finish some experiment. What it is important to say is, that one of the chief things to which the old lord applied himself was to discover the means of prolonging his own life, so that its duration should be indefinite, if not infinite; and such was his science, that he was believed to have attained this magnificent and awful purpose.

"So, as you may suppose, the man of science had great joy in having done this thing, both for the pride of it, and because it was so delightful a thing to have before him the prospect of endless time, which he might spend in adding more and more to his science, and so doing good to the world; for the chief obstruction to the improvement of the world and the growth of knowledge is, that mankind cannot go straight forward in it, but continually there have to be new beginnings, and it takes every new man half his life, if not the whole of it, to come up to the point where his predecessor left off. And so this noble man — this man of a noble purpose — spent many years in finding out this mighty secret; and at last, it is said, he succeeded. But on what terms?

"Well, it is said that the terms were dreadful and horrible; insomuch that the wise man hesitated whether it were lawful and desirable to take advantage of them, great as was the object in view.

"You see, the object of the lord of —— Hall was to take a life from the course of Nature, and Nature did not choose to be defrauded; so that, great as was the power of this scientific man over her, she would not consent that he should escape the necessity of dying at his proper time, except upon condition of sacrificing some other life for his; and this was to be done once for every thirty years that he chose to live,—thirty years being the account of a generation of man; and if in any way, in that time, this lord could be the death of a human being, that satisfied the requisition, and he might live on. There is a form of the legend which says, that one of the ingredients of the drink which the nobleman brewed by his science was the heart's blood of a pure young boy or girl. But this I reject, as too coarse an idea; and, indeed, I think, it may be taken to mean symbolically, that the person who desires to engross to himself more than his share of human life must do it by sacrificing to his selfishness some dearest interest of another person, who has a good right to life, and may be as useful in it as he.

"Now, this lord was a just man by nature, and if he had gone astray, it was greatly by reason of his earnest wish to do something for the poor, wicked, struggling, bloody, uncomfortable race of man, to which he belonged. He bethought himself whether he would

have a right to take the life of one of those creatures, without their own consent, in order to prolong his own; and after much arguing to and fro, he came to the conclusion that he should not have the right, unless it were a life over which he had control, and which was the next to his own. He looked round him; he was a lonely and abstracted man, secluded by his studies from human affections, and there was but one human being whom he cared for; that was a beautiful kinswoman, an orphan, whom his father had brought up, and, dying, left her to his care. There was great kindness and affection — as great as the abstracted nature of his pursuits would allow — on the part of this lord towards the beautiful young girl; but not what is called love, — at least, he never acknowledged it to himself. But, looking into his heart, he saw that she, if any one, was to be the person whom the sacrifice demanded, and that he might kill twenty others without effect, but if he took the life of this one, it would make the charm strong and good.

"My friends, I have meditated many a time on this ugly feature of my legend, and am unwilling to take it in the literal sense; so I conceive its spiritual meaning (for everything, you know, has its spiritual meaning, which to the literal meaning is what the soul is to the body), — its spiritual meaning was, that to the deep pursuit of science we must sacrifice great part of the joy of life; that nobody can be great and do great things, without giving up to death, so far as he regards his enjoyment of it, much that he would gladly enjoy; and in that sense I choose to take it. But the earthly old legend will have it, that this mad, high-minded, heroic, murderous lord did insist upon it with himself that he must murder this poor, loving, and beloved child.

"I do not wish to delay upon this horrible matter, and to tell you how he argued it with himself; and how, the more and more he argued it, the more reasonable it seemed, the more absolutely necessary, the more a duty that the terrible sacrifice should be made. Here was this great good to be done to mankind, and all that stood in the way of it was one little delicate life, so frail that it was likely enough to be blown out any day, by the mere rude blast that the rush of life creates, as it streams along, or by any slightest accident; so good and pure, too, that she was quite unfit for this world, and not capable of any happiness in it; and all that was asked of her was to allow herself to be transported to a place where she would be happy, and would find companions fit for her, — which he, her only present companion, certainly was not. In fine, he resolved to shed the sweet, fragrant blood of this little violet that loved him so.

"Well, let us hurry over this part of the story as fast as we can. He did slay this pure young girl; he took her into the wood near the house, an old wood that is standing yet, with some of its magnificent oaks; and then he plunged a dagger into her heart, after they had had a very tender and loving talk together, in which he had tried to open the matter tenderly to her, and make her understand that though he was to slay her, it was really for the very reason that he loved her better than anything else in the world, and that he would far rather die himself, if that would answer the purpose at all. Indeed, he is said to have offered her the alternative of slaying him, and taking upon herself the burden of indefinite life and the studies and pursuits by which he meant to benefit mankind. But she, it is said, — this noble, pure, loving child, — she looked up into his face and smiled sadly, and then snatching the dagger from him, she plunged it into her own heart. I cannot tell whether this be true or whether she waited to be killed by him; but this I know, that in the same circumstances I think I should have saved my lover, or my friend, the pain of killing me. There she lay dead, at any rate, and he buried her in the wood and returned to the house; and, as it happened, he

had set his right foot in her blood, and his shoe was wet in it, and by some miraculous fate, it left a track all along the wood-path and into the house, and on the stone steps of the threshold and up into his chamber, all along; and the servants saw it the next day, and wondered and whispered, and missed the fair young girl, and looked askance at their lord's right foot, and turned pale, all of them, as death.

"And next, the legend says, that Sir Forrester was struck with horror at what he had done, and could not bear the laboratory where he had toiled so long, and was sick to death of the object that he had pursued, and was most miserable and fled from his old Hall, and was gone full many a day. But all the while he was gone there was the mark of a bloody footstep impressed upon the stone doorstep of the Hall. The track had lain all along through the wood-path, and across the lawn, to the old Gothic door of the Hall; but the rain, the English rain that is always falling, had come the next day, and washed it all away. The track had lain, too, across the broad hall and up the stairs and into the lord's study; but there it had lain on the rushes that were strewn there, and these the servants had gathered carefully up, and thrown them away and spread fresh ones. So that it was only on the threshold that the mark remained.

"But the legend says, that wherever Sir Forrester went, in his wanderings about the world, he left a bloody track behind him. It was wonderful and very inconvenient, this phenomenon. When he went into a church, you would see the track up the broad aisle, and a little red puddle in the place where he sat or knelt. Once he went to the king's court, and there being a track up to the very throne, the king frowned upon him, so that he never came there any more. Nobody could tell how it happened; his foot was not seen to bleed, only there was the bloody track behind him, wherever he went; and he was a horror-stricken man, always looking behind him to see the track, and then hurrying onward, as if to escape his own tracks; but always they followed him as fast.

"In the hall of feasting, there was the bloody track to his chair. The learned men whom he consulted about this strange difficulty, conferred with one another and with him, who was equal to any of them, and pished and pshawed, and said, 'O, there is nothing miraculous in this! it is only a natural infirmity, which can easily be put an end to, though, perhaps, the stoppage of such an evacuation will cause damage to other parts of the frame.' Sir Forrester always said, 'Stop it, my learned brethren, if you can; no matter what the consequences.' And they did their best, but without result; so that he was still compelled to leave his bloody track on their college-rooms and combination-rooms, the same as elsewhere; and in street and in wilderness, yes, and in the battle-field, they say, his track looked freshest and reddest of all. So at last, finding the notice he attracted inconvenient, this unfortunate lord deemed it best to go back to his own Hall, where, living among faithful old servants born in the family, he could hush the matter up better than elsewhere, and not be stared at continually, or, glancing round, see people holding up their hands in terror at seeing a bloody track behind him. And so home he came, and there he saw the bloody track on the doorstep, and dolefully went into the hall, and up the stairs, an old servant ushering him into his chamber, and half a dozen others following behind, gazing, shuddering, pointing with quivering fingers, looking horror-stricken in one another's pale faces, and the moment he had passed, running to get fresh rushes, and to scour the stairs. The next day, Sir Forrester went into the wood, and by the aged oak he found a grave, and on the grave he beheld a beautiful crimson flower; the most gorgeous and beautiful, surely, that ever grew; so rich it looked, so full of potent juice.

That flower he gathered; and the spirit of his scientific pursuits coming upon him, he knew that this was the flower, produced out of a human life, that was essential to the perfection of his recipe for immortal life; and he made the drink, and drank it, and became immortal in woe and agony, still studying, still growing wiser and more wretched in every age. By and by he vanished from the old Hall, but not by death; for from generation to generation, they say that a bloody track is seen around that house, and sometimes it is tracked up into the chambers, so freshly that you see he must have passed a short time before; and he grows wiser and wiser, and lonelier and lonelier from age to age. And this is the legend of the bloody footstep, which I myself have seen at the Hall door. As to the flower, the plant of it continued for several years to grow out of the grave; and after a while, perhaps a century ago, it was transplanted into the garden of —— Hall, and preserved with great care, and is so still. And as the family attribute a kind of sacredness or cursedness to the flower, they can hardly be prevailed upon to give any of the seeds, or allow it to be propagated elsewhere, though the king should send to ask it. It is said, too, that there is still in the family the old lord's recipe for immortality, and that several of his collateral descendants have tried to concoct it, and instil the flower into it, and so give indefinite life; but unsuccessfully, because the seeds of the flower must be planted in a fresh grave of bloody death, in order to make it effectual."

So ended Sybil's legend; in which Septimius was struck by a certain analogy to Aunt Keziah's Indian legend, — both referring to a flower growing out of a grave; and also he did not fail to be impressed with the wild coincidence of this disappearance of an ancestor of the family long ago, and the appearance, at about the same epoch, of the first known ancestor of his own family, the man with wizard's attributes, with the bloody footstep, and whose sudden disappearance became a myth, under the idea that the Devil carried him away. Yet, on the whole, this wild tradition, doubtless becoming wilder in Sybil's wayward and morbid fancy, had the effect to give him a sense of the fantasticalness of his present pursuit, and that, in adopting it, he had strayed into a region long abandoned to superstition, and where the shadows of forgotten dreams go when men are done with them; where past worships are; where great Pan went when he died to the outer world; a limbo into which living men sometimes stray when they think themselves sensiblest and wisest, and whence they do not often find their way back into the real world. Visions of wealth, visions of fame, visions of philanthropy, — all visions find room here, and glide about without jostling. When Septimius came to look at the matter in his present mood, the thought occurred to him that he had perhaps got into such a limbo, and that Sybil's legend, which looked so wild, might be all of a piece with his own present life; for Sybil herself seemed an illusion, and so, most strangely, did Aunt Keziah, whom he had known all his life, with her homely and quaint characteristics; the grim doctor, with his brandy and his German pipe, impressed him in the same way; and these, altogether, made his homely cottage by the wayside seem an unsubstantial edifice, [of material] such as castles in the air are built of, and the ground he trod on unreal; and that grave, which he knew to contain the decay of a beautiful young man, but a fictitious swell formed by the fantasy of his eyes. All unreal; all illusion! Was Rose Garfield a deception too, with her daily beauty, and daily cheerfulness, and daily worth? In short, it was such a moment as I suppose all men feel (at least, I can answer for one), when the real scene and picture of life swims, jars, shakes, seems about to be broken up and dispersed, like the picture in a smooth pond,

when we disturb its tranquil mirror by throwing in a stone; and though the scene soon settles itself, and looks as real as before, a haunting doubt keeps close at hand, as long as we live, asking, "Is it stable? Am I sure of it? Am I certainly not dreaming? See; it trembles again, ready to dissolve."

Applying himself with earnest diligence to his attempt to decipher and interpret the mysterious manuscript, working with his whole mind and strength, Septimius did not fail of some flattering degree of success.

A good deal of the manuscript, as has been said, was in an ancient English script; although so uncouth and shapeless were the characters, that it was not easy to resolve them into letters, or to believe that they were anything but arbitrary and dismal blots and scrawls upon the yellow paper, without meaning, vague, like the misty and undefined germs of thought as they exist in our minds before clothing themselves in words. These, however, as he concentrated his mind upon them, took distincter shape, like cloudy stars at the power of the telescope, and became sometimes English, sometimes Latin, strangely patched together, as if, so accustomed was the writer to use that language in which all the science of that age was usually embodied, that he really mixed it unconsciously with the vernacular, or used both indiscriminately. There was some Greek, too, but not much. Then frequently came in the cipher, to the study of which Septimius had applied himself for some time back, with the aid of the books borrowed from the college library, and not without success. Indeed, it appeared to him, on close observation, that it had not been the intention of the writer really to conceal what he had written from any earnest student, but rather to lock it up for safety in a sort of coffer, of which diligence and insight should be the key, and the keen intelligence with which the meaning was sought should be the test of the seeker's being entitled to possess the secret treasure.

Amid a great deal of misty stuff, he found the document to consist chiefly, contrary to his supposition beforehand, of certain rules of life; he would have taken it, on a casual inspection, for an essay of counsel, addressed by some great and sagacious man to a youth in whom he felt an interest, — so secure and good a doctrine of life was propounded, such excellent maxims there were, such wisdom in all matters that came within the writer's purview. It was as much like a digested synopsis of some old philosopher's wise rules of conduct, as anything else. But on closer inspection, Septimius, in his unsophisticated consideration of this matter, was not so well satisfied. True, everything that was said seemed not discordant with the rules of social morality; not unwise; it was shrewd, sagacious; it did not appear to infringe upon the rights of mankind; but there was something left out, something unsatisfactory, — what was it? There was certainly a cold spell in the document; a magic, not of fire, but of ice; and Septimius the more exemplified its power, in that he soon began to be insensible of it. It affected him as if it had been written by some greatly wise and worldly experienced man, like the writer of Ecclesiastes; for it was full of truth. It was a truth that does not make men better, though perhaps calmer; and beneath which the buds of happiness curl up like tender leaves in a frost. What was the matter with this document, that the young man's youth perished out of him as he read? What icy hand had written it, so that the heart was chilled out of the reader? Not that Septimius was sensible of this character; at least, not long: for as he read, there grew upon him a mood of calm satisfaction, such as he had never felt before. His mind seemed to grow clearer; his perceptions most acute; his sense of the reality of things grew to be such, that he felt as if he could touch and handle all his thoughts, feel round about all their outline and

circumference, and know them with a certainty, as if they were material things. Not that all this was in the document itself; but by studying it so earnestly, and, as it were, creating its meaning anew for himself, out of such illegible materials, he caught the temper of the old writer's mind, after so many ages as that tract had lain in the mouldy and musty manuscript. He was magnetized with him; a powerful intellect acted powerfully upon him; perhaps, even, there was a sort of spell and mystic influence imbued into the paper, and mingled with the yellow ink, that steamed forth by the effort of this young man's earnest rubbing, as it were, and by the action of his mind, applied to it as intently as he possibly could; and even his handling the paper, his bending over it, and breathing upon it, had its effect.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

IN A CHURCH.

THE organ breathed in harmonies so sweet,
That Paradise, with sons of light and air,
And daughters of the morn, seemed floating round:
Rich modulations, vaulting fugues that bear
The heart a captive: — as when Ganymede,
Borne by Jove's eagle to the Olmypian feast,
Sees the earth fade, and all the sky becomes
Before his gaze one wide auroral east.

The sunshine, flashing through the flying cloud,
Struck on the many-tinted window-panes,
And dashed a chord of colors on the wall,
Now strong, now fading, like the dying strains; —
A prismy gush of hues that slid oblique
Down the gray columns, — like a glowing truth
Whose white light, tinted in a poet's brain,
Breaks in a thousand rhymes of love and youth.

The hour was framed for silent thought and prayer, —
Gems whose rare setting seemed of heavenly gold.
We waited for a voice that might sustain
Our spirits' flight, nor let the air grow cold
About its wings, yet bear us higher still,
Till touched by faith, and love, and wisdom pure,
We saw the powers that lifted man to God,
The central truths no dogmas can obscure.

And yet the priest, discordant 'mid accords,
With waste of words, half-truth, half-error mixed,
Thin homilies and theologic prayers,
He only jarred the music, — spread betwixt
Nature and God a cloud that dimmed the sun,
And made the inspiring church a vaulted tomb;
And not till once again we trod the street,
Vanished that shadow of imagined doom.

C. P. Cranch.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

NIGHT THE FIFTH

ALL were on hand at the usual hour, fresh and eager for a continuation of the performances. The Gannett, addressing Zoïlus, opened the conversation: —

"I can guess one thing you have been thinking of since we met, — of Tennyson's place in literature?"

ZOÏLUS. You have just hit it! I did n't fully agree with the Ancient, but there was no time left for discussion. There must be some good reason for Tennyson's influence on the poetry of our day; yet, if his is a genuine flower, it could n't be made a weed by being sown everywhere. There is no doubt of the individuality of his manner, but I am not yet ready to say that it is pure, as Collins's, or Gray's, for instance, or even Wordsworth's. He is sometimes like a perfume which cloys the sense from over-richness. Now, a very slight change in the odor of the tuberose might make it unpleasant; and it seems to me that some of Tennyson's younger followers have made just such a change.

GALAHAD. Almost the same thought occurred to me the other day. I was trying to recall some lines of the Ancient's imitation, and then went over in my mind the numbers of blank-verse idyls more or less in Tennyson's manner, which have been written by others. He drew from a very far source, as I think Stedman has clearly shown in his paper on "Theocritus and Tennyson"; but they, drawing from him, cannot conceal theirs. I never before felt so keenly the difference between the poetry which rises out of a man's own nature and that which is impressed upon it, or communicated, like an infection, by another mind. I even went so far as to try my hand alone, on an imitation of this idyllic school, which I now see is itself an echo.

THE ANCIENT. Read it to us, then! Who was your immediate model?

GALAHAD (*taking a paper from his pocket*). Why, no one in particular. Now, that I look over the lines, I see that I must have been thinking of the echoes of the "Princess," rather than of those of the short idyls of modern life. It is the craziest burlesque of the mediæval themes, revived in that form: it is absurd, and nothing else.

ZOÏLUS. That will do very well, for variety.

GALAHAD. Then, as Eustace Green says, if I must, I must. (*Reads.*)

SIR EGGNOGG.

Forth from the purple battlements he fared,
Sir Eggnogg of the Rampant Lily, named
From that embrasure of his argent shield
Given by a thousand leagues of heraldry
On snuffy parchments drawn, — so forth he fared,
By bosky boles and autumn leaves he fared,
Where grew the juniper with berries black,
The sphery mansions of the future gin.
But naught of this decoyed his mind, so bent
On fair Miasma, Saxon-blooded girl,
Who laughed his loving lullabies to scorn,
And would have snatched his hero-sword to deck
Her haughty brow, or warm her hands withal,
So scornful she: and thence Sir Eggnogg cursed
Between his teeth, and chewed his iron boots
In spleen of love. But ere the morn was high
In the robustious heaven, the postern-tower
Clang to the harsh, discordant, slivering scream
Of the tire-woman, at the window bent
To dress her crispéd hair. She saw, ah woe!
The fair Miasma, overbalanced, hurled
O'er the flamboyant parapet which ridged
The muffled coping of the castle's peak,
Prone on the ivory pavement of the court,
Which caught and cleft her fairest skull, and sent
Her rosy brains to fleck the Orient floor.
This saw Sir Eggnogg, in his stirrups poised,
Saw he and cursed, with many a deep-mouthed oath,
And, finding nothing more could reunite
The splintered form of fair Miasma, rode
On his careering palfrey to the wars,
And there found death, another death than hers.

ZOÏLUS. After this, write another such idyl yourself, if you dare!

GALAHAD. I never shall; but when you have done the thing ignorantly, and a magazine wants it on account of the temporary popularity of the

theme and manner, is an author much to blame for publishing?

THE GANNET. Let your conscience rest, Galahad! "Hunger and request of friends" were always valid pleas. If a poet invariably asked himself, "Is this original? Is it something that *must* be written? Is it likely to be immortal?" I suspect our stock of verse would soon be very short. At least, only the Chiverses and Tuppers and —— would still be fruitful.

THE ANCIENT. Did you ever guess at the probable permanence of the things which seem best when they appear? It is a wholesome experiment. Macaulay first suggested it to me, in speaking of the three per cent of Southey which might survive: since then, I have found that the Middle Ages are an immense graveyard of poems, but nothing to what this century will be. I doubt whether many authors would write, in the mere hope of posthumous fame.

THE GANNET. *I* would n't! My idea of literature is, the possession of a power which you can wield to some purpose while you live. It may also be wealth, another power; it may be yoked with politics, which is better still; it may —

GALAHAD (*interrupting*). Stop! don't make me feel that your gift, which I have believed in, is so entirely selfish!

ZOÏLUS (*shaking the hat*). Here would soon be a precious row between you two; draw your names and go to work!

THE GANNET. What? Henry T. Tuckerman?

ZOÏLUS. To be sure! I have — Longfellow!

GALAHAD. Mine is William D. Howells.

THE ANCIENT. I have drawn Richard Henry Stoddard. Now, no changing, remember! We are better suited than the last time, unless it be Zoïlus, of whom I have my doubts. All imitations cannot be equally fortunate, and I 'm not sure that any of us would succeed better, if he should take his own time and pains for the task, instead of trusting to the first random suggestion.

ZOÏLUS. Then, why are you doubtful about me? I have my random suggestion already.

THE ANCIENT. Work it out! I think you understand my doubt, nevertheless. The Gannet is chuckling to himself, as if he were on the track of something wicked: I foresee that I must use my authority to-night, if I have any left. (*Writes.*)

THE CHORUS (*whispering together*). They are very evenly matched. Could any inference be drawn from the manner of each, as he writes? The Gannet has the most sarcastic air, Zoïlus is evidently satisfied with his performance, Galahad seems earnest and a little perplexed, and the Ancient is cool and business-like. They have all learned something by practice; they work much more rapidly than at first.

THE GANNET (*after all have finished*). When you try to grasp anything smooth, your hand slips. In Tuckerman there is only proper smoothness which can be travestied, and you know how difficult that is. (*Reads.*)

ODE TO PROPRIETY.

Thou calm, complacent goddess of the mind,
  Look on me from thine undisturbed domain;
Thy well-adjusted leaflets let me bind,
  As once on youthful, now on manly brain.

Upon thy head there is no hair awry;
  Thy careful drapery falleth as it should:
Thy face is grave; thy scrutinizing eye
  Sees only that which hath been stamped as good.

Thou art no patron of the strenuous thought
  That speaks at will, regardless of old rule;
To thee no neologic lays are brought,
  But models of the strictly classic school.

Thou teachest me the proper way and sure;
  To no imaginative heights misled,
My verse moves onward with a step secure,
  Nor hastes with rapture, nor delays with dread.

I do not need to woo the fickle Muse,
  But am her master, justified by thee:
All measures must obey me as I choose,
  So long as they are thine, Propriety!

For genius is a fever of the blood,
  And lyric rage a strange, disturbing spell:
Let fools attempt the torrent and the flood,
  Beside the pensive, placid pond I dwell!

ZOÏLUS. You have too much allitera-

tion in the last line: that is not at all proper.

THE GANNET. Then it shows the impossibility of reproducing the tone of Pope and Gray in our day. I do not know that Tuckerman attempts this in his verse; but I suspect that his prose model is still Addison.

ZOÏLUS. That is really getting to be a sign of originality! Mix Addison and Imagination together, and sublimate in a French retort, and where could you have a finer modern style? Tuckerman has all tradition on his side; he represents a conservative element in literature, which — though I don't admire it much — I think necessary, to keep the wild modern schools in order.

GALAHAD. It is something new, to hear you take this side.

ZOÏLUS. You must not always credit me with being wholly in earnest. I think I am a natural iconoclast; but one might as well assail respectability in society as the "classic" spirit in literature. It is impervious to all our shots; every blow slides off its cold polish. But, candidly, there are times when it seems to refresh me, or, at least, to give me a new relish for something warmer and more pungent.

THE ANCIENT. I believe you, fully. We should all fare badly, were it not for the colder works which we hear so often depreciated. They make a fire-proof temple, in which we may build fires at will. Now, let us hear how you have treated an author who is already a classic, though without the *cold* polish of which you speak. Very few poets have been complimented by so many ordinary parodies.

ZOÏLUS. I am aware of that, and I have tried to get as far away as possible from the risk of resembling them. (*Reads.*)

NAUVOO.

This is the place: be still for a while, my high-pressure steamboat!
Let me survey the spot where the Mormons builded their temple.
Much have I mused on the wreck and ruin of ancient religions,
Scandinavian, Greek, Assyrian, Zend, and the Sanskrit,
Yea, and explored the mysteries hidden in Talmudic targums,
Caught the gleam of Chrysaor's sword and occulted Orion,
Backward spelled the lines of the Hebrew graveyard at Newport,
Studied Ojibwa symbols and those of the Quarry of Pipe-stone,
Also the myths of the Zulus whose questions converted Colenso,
So, methinks, it were well I should muse a little at Nauvoo.

Fair was he not, the primitive Prophet, nor he who succeeded,
Hardly for poetry fit, though using the Urim and Thummim.
Had he but borrowed Levitical trappings, the girdle and ephod,
Fine-twined linen, and ouches of gold, and bells and pomegranates,
That, indeed, might have kindled the weird necromancy of fancy.
Had he but set up mystical forms, like Astarte or Peor,
Balder, or Freya, Quetzalcoatl, Perun, Manabozho,
Verily, though to the sense theologic it might be offensive,
Great were the gain to the pictured, flashing speech of the poet.
Yet the Muse that delights in Mesopotamian numbers,
Vague and vast as the roar of the wind in a forest of pine-trees,
Now must tune her strings to the names of Joseph and Brigham.
Hebrew, the first; and a Smith before the Deluge was Tubal,
Thor of the East, who first made iron ring to the hammer;
So on the iron heads of the people about him, the latter,
Striking the sparks of belief and forging their faith in the Good Time
Coming, the Latter Day, as he called it, — the Kingdom of Zion.
Then, in the words of Philip the Eunuch unto Belshazzar,
Came to him multitudes wan, diseased and decrepit of spirit,
Came and heard and believed, and builded the temple at Nauvoo.

All is past; for Joseph was smitten with lead from a pistol,
Brigham went with the others over the prairies to Salt Lake.
Answers now to the long, disconsolate wail of the steamer,
Hoarse, inarticulate, shrill, the rolling and bounding of ten-pins, —
Answers the voice of the bar-tender, mixing the smash and the julep,
Answers, precocious, the boy, and bites a chew of tobacco.
Lone as the towers of Afrasiab now is the seat of the Prophet,
Mournful, inspiring to verse, though seeming utterly vulgar:
Also — for each thing now is expected to furnish a moral —

Teaching innumerable lessons for whoso believes and is patient.
Thou, that readest, be resolute, learn to be strong and to suffer!
Let the dead Past bury its dead and act in the Present!
Bear a banner of strange devices, "Forever" and "Never"!
Build in the walls of time the fane of a permanent Nauvoo,
So that thy brethren may see it and say, "Go thou and do likewise!"

GALAHAD. Zoïlus, you are incorrigible.

ZOÏLUS (*laughing*). Just what I expected you to say! But it's no easy thing to be funny in hexameters: the Sapphic verse is much more practicable. I heaped together everything I could remember, to increase my chances. In some of Longfellow's earlier poems the theme and moral are like two sides of a medal; but I could n't well copy that peculiarity.

THE GANNET. You will only find it in "The Beleaguered City" and "Seaweed." Longfellow is too genuine an artist to fall into that or any other "peculiarity." Just his best, his most purely imaginative poems are those which have not been popular, because the reader must be half a poet to appreciate them. What do you consider his best work?

ZOÏLUS. "Evangeline," of course.

THE GANNET. No, it is the "Golden Legend"! That is the spirit of the Middle Ages, and the feeling of all ages, set to modern melodies. I think I could write an imitation of Longfellow's higher strains — not of those which are so well known and so much quoted — which would be fairer than yours.

ZOÏLUS. Do it, and good luck to you. (THE GANNET *writes.*)

THE ANCIENT. Not one of our poets has deserved better of his countrymen than Longfellow: he has advanced the front rank of our culture. His popularity has naturally brought envy and disparagement upon him; but it has carried far and wide among the people the influence of his purity, his refinement, and his constant reference to an ideal of life which so many might otherwise forget. As a nation, we are still full of crudity and confusion, and his influence, so sweet and clear and steady, has been, and is, more than a merely poetic leaven.

GALAHAD. I have felt that, without ever thinking of putting it into words. The sweetness of Longfellow's verse is its most *necessary* quality, when we consider his literary career in this light; but I never could see how exquisite finish implies any lack of power. What was that line of Goethe which you quoted to me once, Ancient?

THE ANCIENT. *Nur aus vollendeter Kraft blicket die Anmuth hervor,* — only perfected Strength discloses Grace. There are singular ideas in regard to "power" afloat in literary circles. Why, the sunbeam is more powerful than a thousand earthquakes! I judge the power of an author by the influence of his works.

ZOÏLUS. Well, for my part, I don't appreciate "power," unless it strikes me square between the eyes. What I understand by "power" is something regardless of elegance, of the conventional ideas of refinement, of what you call "laws of art," — something primitive, lawless, forcing you, with a strong hand, to recognize its existence.

THE ANCIENT. Give me a few instances!

ZOÏLUS (*after a pause*). Carlyle, — Poe, — Swinburne, — Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights"!

GALAHAD. Why not Artemus Ward and Joaquin Miller?

THE GANNET. There! I never quite succeed when I assume a certain ability. I had in my mind, Zoïlus, the "Prometheus and Epimetheus," the "Palingenesis," and other poems in the same key; but it was so difficult to imitate them that I came down one grade and struck into a style more easy to be recognized. It may not be better than yours, but it is not so horribly coarse. (*Reads.*)

THE SEWING-MACHINE.

A strange vibration from the cottage window
My vagrant steps delayed,
And half abstracted, like an ancient Hindoo,
I paused beneath the shade.

What is, I said, this unremitted humming,
Louder than bees in spring?
As unto prayer the murmurous answer coming,
Shed from Sandalphon's wing.

Is this the sound of unimpeded labor,
That now usurpeth play?
Our harsher substitute for pipe and tabor,
Ghittern and virelay?

Or, is it yearning for a higher vision,
By spiritual hearing heard?
Nearer I drew, to listen with precision,
Detecting not a word.

Then, peering through the pane, as men of sin do,
Myself the while unseen,
I marked a maiden seated by the window,
Sewing with a machine.

Her gentle foot propelled the tireless treadle,
Her gentle hand the seam:
My fancy said, it were a bliss to peddle
Those shirts, as in a dream!

Her lovely fingers lent to yoke and collar
Some imperceptible taste;
The rural swain, who buys it for a dollar,
By beauty is embraced.

O fairer aspect of the common mission!
Only the Poet sees
The true significance, the high position
Of such small things as these.

Not now doth Toil, a brutal Boanerges,
Deform the maiden's hand;
Her implement its soft sonata merges
In songs of sea and land.

And thus the hum of the unspooling cotton,
Blent with her rhythmic tread,
Shall still be heard, when virelays are forgotten,
And troubadours are dead.

ZOÏLUS. Ah, you could n't avoid the moral application!

THE ANCIENT. Neither can you, in imitating Bryant and Whittier. In Longfellow — excepting some half-dozen of his earlier poems — the moral element is so skilfully interfused with the imaginative, that one hardly suspects its presence. I should say, rather, that it is an inherent quality of his genius, and, therefore, can never offend like an assumed purpose. I abominate as much as you, Zoïlus, possibly can, the deliberate intention to preach moral doctrines in poetry. *That* is turning the glorious guild of authors into a higher kind of Tract Society! But the purer the poetic art, the nearer it approaches the loftiest morality; this is a truth which Longfellow illustrates. I have always defended the New England spirit against your prejudices, but this I must admit, that there is a large class of second-rate writers there who insist that every wayward little brook, whose murmur and sparkle are reason enough for its existence, must be made to turn some utilitarian mill. Over and over again, I have seen how their literary estimate of our poets is gauged by the assumed relation of the latter to some variety of "Reform." The Abolition of Slavery, first, then Temperance, and now Woman Suffrage, or Spiritualism, or the Labor Question, are dragged by the head and heels into the temple, and sometimes laid upon the very altar, of Letters. The wonder is, that this practice does n't retrospectively affect their judgment, and send Dante and Shakespeare and Milton to their chaotic limbo!

ZOÏLUS. Thanks for that much support; but let us hear Galahad!

GALAHAD. Howells, at least, has escaped some of the troubles through which the older authors have been obliged to pass. His four years in Venice made a fortunate separation between his youthful period and his true sphere of activity. He did not change front, as the rest of us must do, in the press of battle. I was very much puzzled what to select, as specially distinctive, and allowed myself, at last, to be guided by two or three short poems. (*Reads.*)

PREVARICATION.

. . . . . .

THE ANCIENT. I think I know what you had in your mind. But I was expecting to hear something in hexameters: you know his — . . . .*

ZOÏLUS. Yes, but . . . .†

GALAHAD. It is true to some extent. Still, on the other hand, he . . . .‡

ZOÏLUS. Well, after all, we seem to

* All contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly" are aware that the text of accepted articles is never changed, nor is even a sentence omitted without the author's permission. The Editor regrets that he is now obliged to violate this rule, but he trusts that the propriety of doing so will require no explanation.

† This would have given a clew to the preceding passage.

‡ The intelligent reader will readily guess why this is omitted.

agree tolerably well. All our younger poets are tending towards greater finish and elegance. It is about time to expect the appearance of a third generation, with all the beauties and faults of their new youth about them. Why, we have hardly any known writer much less than thirty-five years old! Our lights scarcely begin to burn until the age when Keats's, Shelley's, Byron's, and Burns's went out. Is there something in our atmosphere that hinders development? I always supposed it possessed a greater stimulus.

THE ANCIENT. If you look back a little, you will find that Bryant, Willis, Longfellow, and Lowell were known and popular authors at twenty-five. But I have noticed the lack of a younger generation of poets. It is equally true of England, France, and Germany; none of those who have made a strong impression, whether good or bad, can be called young, with the single exception of Swinburne. Rossetti, though he has appeared so recently, must be forty-five years old; and in Germany the most popular poets — Geibel, Bodenstedt, Hamerling, and Redwitz — are all in middle age. I think a careful study of the literary history of the last hundred years would show that we have had both the heroes and the *epigonoi;* and now nature requires a little rest. Of course, all theories on the subject must be merely fanciful; half a dozen young fellows of the highest promise may turn up in a month; but I rather expect to see a good many fallow years.

GALAHAD. Then I, at least, have fallen on evil times. If I live after our stars have set, and no new ones have arisen, it will be —

ZOÏLUS. Your great luck! *Parmi les aveugles*, you know; but we are forgetting the Ancient's imitation.

THE ANCIENT. Stoddard's last volume shows both variety and inequality, but the most of it has the true ring. I was delighted with his gift of poetic narration, in "The Wine-Cup" and "The King's Sentinel"; yet, even in them, there is an undertone of sadness. One can only make a recognizable echo of his verse, in the minor key. (*Reads.*)

THE CANTELOPE.

Side by side in the crowded street,
Amid its ebb and flow,
We walked together one autumn morn;
('T was many years ago!)

The markets blushed with fruits and flowers;
(Both Memory and Hope!)
You stopped and bought me at the stall
A spicy cantelope.

We drained together its honeyed wine,
We cast the seeds away;
I slipped and fell on the moony rinds,
And you took me home on a dray!

The honeyed wine of your love is drained;
I limp from the fall I had;
The snow-flakes muffle the empty stall,
And everything is sad.

The sky is an inkstand, upside down,
It splashes the world with gloom;
The earth is full of skeleton bones,
And the sea is a wobbling tomb!

ZOÏLUS. I might have written that; what do you say, Galahad?

GALAHAD. It is fully as rollicking as yours, but not quite so coarse. I always find in Stoddard a most true and delicate ear for the melody of verse, and I thoroughly enjoy his brief snatches, or "catches," of song. When I disagree with him, it is usually on account of the theme rather than the execution. His collection of "Melodies and Madrigals" gave me the key to his own taste and talent; he seems to have wandered down to us from the times of Charles I. What has the Gannet been writing all this while?

THE GANNET. Something not on our programme. After trying my hand on Tuckerman and then on Longfellow, I felt fresh for one task more; and we have had so few ladies introduced into our diversions, that I turned to Mrs. Stoddard for a new inspiration. You know how I like her poems, as the efforts of a not purely rhythmic mind to express itself rhythmically. They interest me greatly, as every embodiment of struggle does. A commonplace, conventional intellect would never dare to do the things she does, both in prose and verse; she defies the usual ways to popularity with a most indomitable perseverance.

GALAHAD. Is not that the way to reach it in the end?

THE GANNET. No man knoweth; because no one can foresee how the tastes or whims of the mercurial public may turn. Some authors predict their own popularity; some secretly expect it, and never get it; and some, again, leave works which may seem dead and buried, but are dug up as if by accident, after two or three centuries, and become new and delightful to a different race of men. Shall I read you my imitation?

THE ANCIENT. We wait.

THE GANNET. (*Reads.*)

THE NETTLE.

If days were nights, I could their weight endure.
This darkness cannot hide from me the plant
I seek: I know it by the rasping touch.
The moon is wrapped in bombazine of cloud;
The capes project like crooked lobster-shears
Into the bobbery of the waves; the marsh,
At ebb, has now a miserable smell.
I will not be delayed nor hustled back,
Though every wind should muss my outspread hair.
I snatch the plant that seems my coming fate:
I pass the crinkled satin of the rose,
The violets, frightened out of all their wits,
And other flowers, to me so commonplace,
And cursed with showy mediocrity,
To cull the foliage which repels and stings.
Weak hands may bleed; but mine are tough with pride,
And I but smile where others sob and screech.
The draggled flounces of the willows lash
My neck; I tread upon the bouncing rake,
Which bangs me sorely, but I hasten on,
With teeth firm-set as biting on a wire,
And feet and fingers clenched in bitter pain.
This, few would comprehend; but, if they did,
I should despise myself and merit scorn.
We all are riddles which we cannot guess;
Each has his gimcracks and his thingumbobs,
And mine are night and nettles, mud and mist,
Since others hate them, cowardly avoid.
Things are mysterious when you make them so,
And the slow-pacing days are mighty queer;
But Fate is at the bottom of it all,
And something somehow turns up in the end.

ZOÏLUS. That is an echo with a vengeance! But the exaggeration of peculiarities is the best part of our fun; there you had the advantage. And this proves what I have said, that the "classic" style is nearly impregnable. How *could* you exaggerate it? You might as well undertake an architectural burlesque of the Parthenon. It is the Gothic, Byzantine, Moresque styles in literature which give the true material for travesty, just as they allow the greatest intellectual freedom.

THE ANCIENT. We shall have to dub you "the Pugin of Poetry." You 've been taking a hint from Clough's *Bothie*.

THE GANNET. Which Zoïlus does n't like, because of the hexameters, although there never were lighter and less encumbered lines. With all Clough's classicism, his is a thoroughly Saxon-Gothic mind. Where will you find a more remarkable combination of richness and subtlety, of scholarly finish and the frankest realism? He is the only man who has ever made English phrase flow naturally in elegiac cadence. You, certainly, must remember, Ancient?

"Where, upon Apennine slope, with the chestnut the oak-trees immingle,
Where amid odorous copse bridle-paths wander and wind,
Where under mulberry branches the diligent rivulet sparkles,
Or amid cotton and maize peasants their water-works ply,
Where, over fig-tree and orange in tier upon tier still repeated,
Garden on garden upreared, balconies step to the sky, —
Ah, that I were, far away from the crowd and the streets of the city,
Under the vine-trellis laid, O my beloved, with thee!"

ZOÏLUS. O, if you once begin to quote, I surrender.

THE ANCIENT. Let us all part on good terms; that is, each holding to his own opinion.

[*Exeunt.*

THE STORY OF SOME BELLS.

TOLD FOR A POET.

A LITTLE legend, dear and gracious friend,
Has strangely wrought upon my heart to-day;
Let me the story to thy heart commend,
And tell it to thee in my simple way.

Long years agone, a Southern artisan,
Dowered with the tender genius of his clime,
A dreamy-eyed, devout, and sad-voiced man,
Cast, with rare skill, a wondrous tuneful chime,
Whose very sound might draw the pagan Turk
To bow in rapture on the minster floor;
And, it is said, this founder seemed to pour
His deep Italian soul into his work,
Like molten music; and when first high hung
A triumph-peal the bells harmonious rung,
And made a Sabbath on the golden air,
He stood with claspéd hands, and brow all bare,
And murmured liquid syllables of prayer.

Against the cliff, beneath the convent tower,
He built the rude nest of his peasant home;
Nor wandering sail nor hope of gain had power
To tempt him from the spot blest by his bells to roam.

At last there came to curse that lovely land
The woe and waste of war; the legend tells
How one wild night, a sacrilegious band
Despoiled the convent even of its bells.

The founder, seizing his rude arms, in vain
Strove that fierce tide of blood and fire to stay;
He saw his home in flames, his brave sons slain,
And then a dungeon's walls shut out the day.

Long years wore on; at last, the artisan,
A weary, bowed, gray-haired, and lonely man,
Joyless beheld again the sea, the sky,
And pined to hear his bells once more, — then die.

Somewhere, he knew, those bells at morn and even
Made sweetest music in the ear of Heaven;
Voiced human worship, called to praise and prayer —
Censers of sound, high swinging in the air.

The legend telleth how, from town to town,
Where'er a minster-cross stood up to bless
God's praying souls, where'er a spire looked down,

He through strange lands and weary ways did press
His mournful pilgrimage, companionless.

The Norman carillons, so sweet and clear,
The chimes of Amsterdam and gray old Ghent,
But alien music rang they to his ear,
No faintest thrill of joy to his sad heart they sent.

Before full many an English tower he stood,
And vainly listened, then pursued his quest;
At last, a noble lady, fair and good,
The sad-eyed pilgrim pointed to the west,
And said, "At Limerick is a chime of bells
Fit to ring in the coming of the Lord,
So solemn sweet the melody that swells
From their bronze throats, all pealing in accord."

Soft shades foretold the coming of the night;
Yet goldenly on Shannon's emerald shores,
As charmed, or fallen asleep, the sunset light
Still lingered, — or as there sweet Day
Had dropped her mantle, ere she took her flight.
Up Shannon's tide a boat slow held its way;
All silent bent the boatmen to their oars,
For at their feet a dying stranger lay.

In broken accents of a foreign tongue
He breathed fond names, and murmured words of prayer,
And yearningly his wasted arms outflung,
Grasped viewless hands, and kissed the empty air.

Sudden, upon the breeze came floating down
The sound of vesper-bells from Limerick town,
So sweet 't would seem that holiest of chimes
Stored up new notes amid its silent times, —
Some wandering melodies from heavenly climes, —
Or gathered music from the summer hours,
As bees draw sweets from tributary flowers.
Peal followed peal, till all the air around
Trembled in waves of undulating sound.

The dying stranger, where he gasping lay,
Heard the sweet chime, and knew it ringing nigh;
Quick from his side the phantoms fled away,
And the last soul-light kindled in his eye!
His cold hands reaching towards the shadowy shore,
"Madonna, thanks!" he cried, "I hear *my* bells once more!"

Nearer they drew to Limerick, where the bells
Were raining music from the church tower high;

The pilgrim listened, till their latest swells
  Shook from his heart the faintest echoing sigh;
With their sweet ceasing, ceased his mortal breath.
  So, like a conqueror to the better land,
  Passed the worn artisan, — such music grand
Uprolled before him on the heavenly path.

From the west heavens went out the sunset gold,
  And Hesperus his silver lamp uphung;
To countless pious hearts those bells had rung
  The vesper chime that summoneth to pray:
But to that stranger, weary, lone, and old,
  They pealed the matins of immortal day.

Thus thou, my poet, from thy soul hast wrought
In tuneful song sweet chimes of deep-toned thought,
To sound toward heaven, high hung on massive towers
That overlook the world; in silent hours,
Even in darkness, gathering, note by note,
God's deepest melodies, that ever float
Above the toiling or the sleeping earth;
To answer grief with grief, and mirth with mirth;
To fling sweet strains upon the path of day,
As flowers are flung upon a victor's way;
To cheerily peal out amid the storm,
  Beneath the rolling of the thunder-cars;
Ring in calm eves, with sunset glories warm,
  And sound before the coming of the stars.

And from *thy* bells we deem each latest time
We hear a clearer and a grander chime,
That fall their faintest notes with sweetness rare,
Like birds that sing in death, soft dropping down the air.

And when thou floatest o'er that solemn river
  That for its shade the mournful cypress hath;
Along whose shores the fearful aspens shiver, —
  That stream of dread, the icy flood of death,
Parting our mortal life from God's forever, —
  Then from the shore thou *leavest*, ah, mayst thou
Know thy true thoughts yet chiming clear and high;
Then may the joy-light kindle in thine eye
  And smile the cold death-shadow from thy brow,
Hearing that chime sound o'er the stream's sad flowing,
And echoed from the land to which thou 'rt going!

Not smiting sharply on the air above,
  And not in thunderbolts of sound down-hurled;
But ringing soft God's peace and pitying love,
  And pealing his redemption o'er the world.

Grace Greenwood.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

X.

The Haunted Mind.

CARROL rushed forward toward the figure, under the influence of a terrible fascination. The Horror, which had oppressed him once before on that memorable night, now seemed to renew its power over him. He obeyed mechanically a blind impulse, the creature of that Horror, and sprung toward the figure that thus showed itself, without any well-defined thought or motive whatever. He had scarcely taken two or three steps, however, when his foot struck against an iron rod, that ran across the vessel about two inches above the deck. He stumbled, and fell heavily downward, and the force with which he struck was so great that he lay motionless for about half a minute.

At length he gathered himself up, slowly and painfully, and scrambled to his feet. The fascination of that figure's basilisk glance was still strong enough to influence his movements; and he glanced fearfully toward the place where it had stood.

It was no longer visible.

He looked all around with a shudder, expecting to see it in some new position; but nothing of the sort met his view. Then he drew a long breath, and without stopping to pick up his flask he hurried below. His appearance was singular enough to have excited attention in any other place than the saloon of an ocean steamer. His face was fearfully pale, his jaw was hanging down, his eyes fixed and glaring, and he walked with staggering steps. But at sea such beings as these are constantly visible at all times, and poor humanity takes on even worse forms than this as the ocean asserts its mastery over man. So the wild appearance of Carrol excited but little attention, except on the part of Grimes, who happened to be in the saloon as Carrol entered. He was still troubled in his mind by the thoughts that had arisen from Carrol's story; and now that he entered in such a way, he could not help imagining that some new event had occurred in connection with his friend's troubles. So he at once rose, and, following Carrol, came up to him just as he was entering his state-room.

"What 's up?" asked Grimes, as he stood in the doorway.

Carrol said nothing, but flung himself on a seat, and buried his head in his hands.

"Shall I light the lamp?"

Carrol made no reply.

Upon this Grimes acted on the principle that silence gives consent, and, entering the state-room, he lighted the lamp, and then closing the door he sat down and looked earnestly at his friend.

"Come, my boy," said Grimes at last, in a voice full of kindly sympathy, "you 're overdoin' it a little. Don't go on in this style. Somethin' new has happened. What is it?"

Carrol gave a heavy sigh, but said nothing.

"It 's somethin' more 'n sea-sickness anyway," said Grimes, in a tone of deep conviction. "If it had been any other chap, I 'd say it was sea-sickness, but I know you 're not given that way. Come now. Out with it. If there 's anythin' new turned up, it won't do any good to keep it to yourself. So out with it."

Upon this Carrol made a nearer approach to speaking, for he gave a groan.

"What did you remark?" asked Grimes.

Carrol raised his head and drew a long breath.

"Grimes," said he.

"Well, my son."

"I 've seen him."

"What 's that? You 've what?"

"I 've seen him," repeated Carrol, in a hollow, sepulchral voice.

"You 've seen him! — seen him! Seen who? Who 's him?"

"There 's only One," said Carrol, solemnly, "that I could mean, — only One, — the One that haunts me always, the One who fell beneath my hand."

"What! that infernal frog-eatin' Frenchman?" said Grimes, contemptuously. "O, come now, that 's all infernal rubbish."

"I 've seen him," moaned Carrol, going on in a way that sounded like the monotonous croon of an Irish lady at a wake, — "I 've seen him."

"Well then," said Grimes, "all that I can say is, that I 'll be darned if I can understand why the sight of a miserable frog-eatin' Frenchman should produce such an effect upon any one who calls himself a man. Come now, Carrol, shake yourself. Be a man."

"I saw him," said Carrol, once more taking up the burden of his song, — "I saw him. There was no mistake. It was by the smoke-stack."

"By the smoke-stack?"

"Yes, just now, by the smoke-stack. I saw him. It was he. There was no mistake. I could not be mistaken in that death-pale face, — the face of a corpse, — in the terrible glare of those glassy eyes —"

"It 's evident," said Grimes, after a brief observation of the state of his friend, — "it 's evident that something has become visible to you, and it 's also evident that you 've been considerably agitated."

Carrol said nothing, but sat with his eyes fixed upon the floor, and his brows contracted into a frown.

"My idee," said Grimes, after another thoughtful pause, — "my idee is this, you 've been drinkin' altogether too much. It 's more 'n flesh and blood can stand. Now I 've noticed since we 've met you 've been on one prolonged tipple; never could five minutes pass without a pull at your flask; and a man that 's got to that has simply reached a point where he is liable to be visited by all the devils in Pandemonium. If you 've been goin' on at this rate since you left your home, all I can say is, that you 're in a darned bad way, and you 're now just about inside the borders of the territory of Delirium Tremens."

"O, that 's all very well," said Carrol, rousing himself by a strong effort, — "it 's all very well, and I don't doubt that there 's something in what you say. I do take a little too much, I confess. I 've never been a drinking man, and this last week I 've done a good deal in that way I know; but at the same time the event of this night had nothing at all to do with that. And what I saw had nothing whatever to do with fancy or excitement. I was perfectly cool. I was dull and depressed, and I saw him, — I saw the Frenchman that I killed, — I saw him — not ten feet from me. It was no fancy; it was reality."

Grimes looked hard at Carrol, and his brows knit together in a frown of perplexity.

"You 'll have to tell me some more about it," said he, at last, "for I 'll be darned if I can make it out."

Carrol mechanically felt for his flask. But he could not find it, for the simple reason that he had left it behind him in his flight. On discovering this he leaned back in a resigned way, and, drawing a long breath, he began to tell his story. He narrated the story very circumstantially indeed, omitting no incident, until he reached the point where the dread figure had appeared before him. Here he began to work into his story details that belonged rather to fancy than to fact, and threw around the figure that he described all the terrible accessories that had been created by his own feverish imagination. To all this Grimes listened with profound silence.

And as Grimes listened a great change came over him.

Mention has already been made of that singular anxiety and that ill-concealed remorse which had appeared in his face as he listened to Carrol's first story. The feelings that were thus expressed had agitated him ever since, making him preoccupied, troubled, and ill at ease. He had been brooding over this at the very time when Carrol had rushed into the cabin. But now, as he listened to this new story, the

effect that it produced upon him was of such a nature that it led to a complete overturn of his feelings; and the change was plainly visible in his face and manner. The dark shadow of anxious care passed away from his brow. Over his face there came its natural expression, that air of broad content, of bland and philosophic calm, of infinite self-complacency and heartfelt peace, which formed the well-known characteristics of California Grimes. But there was even more than this; there came over his face a positive joyousness, — a certain hilarious glee, which seemed to show that Carrol's story conveyed to his mind a far deeper meaning than any which was perceptible to the narrator. There were indeed moments in which that hilarious glee seemed about to burst forth in a way which would be perceptible to other senses than that of sight; but Carrol did not notice it at all; he did not see the shakings of soul that communicated themselves to the vast body of his friend, nor did he mark the smile that at times deepened into a grin, and threatened to make itself known in a peal of stentorian laughter. For Carrol's eyes as he spoke were solemnly fixed upon the floor, nor was he conscious of anything else but the remembrances of that terrific visitation which he was describing to Grimes.

At length he ended his story, and then there was a long pause.

It was at last terminated by Grimes.

"Wal," said he, "you 've made up a pooty tough story, but, looking at it in a calm and rational manner, I can come to only one of two conclusions. The fust conclusion is that you had been drinkin' too much. This is confirmed by your own confession, for you were just going to take a further drop when the flask took a drop of its own accord. Think now, might n't you have been a victim to some infernal hallucination or other, brought on by *delirium tremens?*"

Carrol shook his head impatiently.

"You don't allow it? Very well then. What is the other of my conclusions? The other one is this. It was not a fancy; it was not a deception. You actilly saw him. And mind you, when I say that you *saw* him, I mean that you actilly saw *him*, that is, the Frenchman — Du Potiron — himself — and no other. And when I say himself, I mean himself in the flesh. Yes, you saw him. And what does that mean? Why, it means that he is aboard of this very boat, and hence we have one more surprise to add to the other surprises of this eventful day."

At this Carrol raised his eyes with a reproachful look, and disconsolately shook his head.

"I tell you," cried Grimes, energetically, "he ain't dead."

Carrol sighed heavily.

"O, you need n't sigh and groan in that style," said Grimes. "I tell you again, he ain't dead; and you maybe have seen him. And I dar say the miserable frog-eatin' cuss was as much frightened at the sight of you as you were at the sight of him."

"O, as to that," said Carrol, moodily, "that 's impossible. I tell you I heard him fall. He fell — at — the — first — shot."

As he said this a shudder passed over him.

"How do you know?" asked Grimes.

"Know? Why, I heard the terrible sound of his fall."

"Sound? sound?" said Grimes. "Why, that 's nothin'. No one can tell anythin' from a sound. A sound may mean anythin'. No; you did n't see him, and so you don't know anythin' about it. You 're givin' way altogether too much to your imagination. It 's my opinion that either you were a victim to your own fancy, or else that this Frenchman is aboard this here steamer. Come, now, what do you say? Let 's go for'ard, and take a look through the second cabin. Let 's hunt up the miserable devil, and ask him all about it. Come, what do you say?"

At this proposal a shudder passed through Carrol.

"I won't," said he, abruptly, "I 'll stay here. I can't go and I won't. It 's too much. Let me wait till I get over

this. I can't stand it. You're too hard on a fellow. You don't understand."

Grimes leaned back in his chair and made no reply.

For several days the effect of this "visitation" was very strong on Carrol. Grimes went forward and inspected all the passengers carefully, but saw nothing of Du Potiron, nor could he learn anything that might lead him to suppose that he was on board. Gradually, therefore, he fell back from this belief to the other, and concluded that it was an hallucination, superinduced by a diseased brain, consequent upon excessive indulgence in liquor. He still continued, however, to spend nearly all his time forward, out of a feeling of delicacy. He feared that his presence might be embarrassing to Mrs. Lovell, and therefore determined to keep out of her way.

After a few days Carrol ventured upon deck. He had as good a reason as Grimes for avoiding the after part of the vessel; for he did not care about encountering Maud. If he thus avoided her, it was certainly out of no regard for her feelings, but simply out of the strength of his own aversion. He was still a prey to those dark and vindictive feelings which had thus far animated him; which were intensified by every new trouble, and which led him to consider her as the unprincipled author of all his woes. The time that he passed on deck he chose to spend with Grimes forward, in those parts where ladies seldom or never venture; and he concluded that these ladies would have their own reasons for not coming there.

As to the ladies they kept on the usual tenor of their way. Maud had resolved that she would not change her plans of action for the sake of avoiding Carrol; and so she went up on deck whenever she chose, generally establishing herself near the stern. Mrs. Lovell never made any objections; nor did she ever express any fear about meeting with Grimes. The ladies were very respectable sailors, and, as the weather was fine, they were able to avail themselves to an unusually large extent of the freedom and breeziness of the upper deck.

Grimes and Carrol were very early risers, and it was their habit to go up before sunrise and wait until breakfast-time. At this hour they had the freedom of the ship, and could go to the stern if they chose.

One morning it happened that Mrs. Lovell expressed a great desire to see the sun rise; and she and Maud made an arrangement to enjoy that rare spectacle on the following day. As the day broke they were ready, and left their room and ascended to the upper deck. It was a glorious morning. They stood for a moment as they first emerged, and inhaled the fresh, invigorating sea air, and looked with rapture at the deep blue sky, and the wide expanse of water, and the lurid heavens in the east all glowing with the splendor of the sun's first rays. After enjoying this sufficiently they turned and walked toward the stern.

When they had traversed about half the distance, they noticed two men standing there, the sight of whom gave a separate and distinct sensation to each of them. At that very moment the two men had turned, and appeared about to walk back toward them. The moment they turned, however, they saw the ladies. They stopped for about five seconds, in evident embarrassment. The ladies were perhaps equally embarrassed, but they walked on mechanically. Then one of the gentlemen turned abruptly, and, descending some steps at the stern, he went down to the main deck. After a moment's hesitation his companion followed him. They walked along on the larboard side of the vessel, and as they went the ladies could see the tops of their hats, and almost involuntarily they turned and watched the two fugitives. As they did so they saw a figure standing near the smoke-stack, with a heavy cloak flung around him and a felt hat on his head. His face was turned toward them, but he was watching the two men. As these latter approached him and reached a place amidships where steps led to

the upper deck, he suddenly turned, and, walking forward with swift steps, he disappeared.

"Did you see that man?" said Maud, in a low, hurried tone.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lovell.

"It 's Du Potiron!" said Maud, in some agitation. "How perfectly unaccountable!"

"I 'm sure I don't think it 's unaccountable at all," said Mrs. Lovell. "I don't think anything 's unaccountable now. Did n't you notice Mr. Grimes? Did n't you notice his extraordinary behavior. After such conduct on his part, I decline to be astonished at anything."

"But only think," said Maud, "of Monsieur Du Potiron being here, and the others also! Why, it seems as though what we thought to be such a great secret was known to all the world."

"I should n't at all wonder," said Mrs. Lovell, "if all our friends and acquaintances were one by one to appear and disappear before us in the course of this voyage. I have given up wondering. The thing that has exhausted all my capacity for wonder, and shown me the utter hollowness and vanity of that emotion, is the shocking behavior of Mr. Grimes. Do you know, Maudie dear, he has fallen terribly in my estimation. Such rudeness, you know! Why, it fairly takes one's breath away to think of it! Positively, he ran away from us. And yet he professes to be my great friend. Why, do you know, Maudie dear, I really begin to be ashamed of him!"

"I should think that you ought to have been ashamed of him all along," said Maud.

"I ought to have been nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Lovell, "and it is very, very unjust in you to use such language, Maudie. For after all, when one thinks of it, his conduct is very natural and very delicate. His weak point is his utter delicacy. He is afraid that he will be intrusive if he speaks to me. That is the reason why he avoids me. Don't you see how carefully he keeps himself out of sight? The poor fellow has tracked me secretly, and is determined to follow me to the end of the world, but is afraid of showing himself. It is his utter devotion, combined with his entire self-abnegation. Now do you know, Maudie dear, I see something uncommonly pathetic in such a situation as that."

At this Maud subsided into silence, and the ladies walked slowly toward the stern.

XI.

At Sea.

After they had been out about a week they encountered a gale which was violent enough to keep most of the passengers below. On the second day it began to subside, and Mrs. Lovell determined to go on deck. Maud, however, was not in a position to make the attempt, and so Mrs. Lovell was compelled to go alone. In spite of the fear which she had expressed of the dangers that threatened her apart from Maud, she showed no hesitation on this occasion, but after declaring that any further confinement below would be her death, she ventured forth and gained the deck.

The storm was subsiding, the sky was clearer, and the wind blew less violently; but the sea was exceedingly rough, even more so, in fact, than it had been at the height of the gale. The steamer pitched and rolled excessively, and the miserable passengers who had felt the horrors of sea-sickness had no prospect of immediate relief as yet. Mrs. Lovell, however, was among the fortunate few who can defy those horrors; and if she had remained below thus far, it was more on account of the rain than the motion of the vessel.

On reaching the deck Mrs. Lovell stood for a few moments holding on to the railing, and looking around her for some place to which she might go. Having at length chosen a spot, she ventured forth, and letting go her hold of the railing, to which she had thus far clung, she endeavored to walk toward the point which she wished to reach. It needed but a few steps, however, to

show her that this journey, though very short, was very difficult and very hazardous. The vessel was pitching and tossing as it moved over the heavy seas; and to walk over its decks required far more skill and experience than she possessed. She walked a few paces; then she stood still; then she crouched as a huge wave raised the vessel high in the air; then as it fell she staggered forward a few steps, and stood there looking around. She looked around helplessly for some place of refuge; and as she stood there her face assumed such an expression of refined woe, of elegant distress, and of ladylike despair, as might have touched the heart of any beholder who was not an absolute stock or stone. One beholder's heart was touched at any rate, and he was anything but a stock or stone.

As Mrs. Lovell stood in her picturesque attitude, in all the charm of her helplessness, there was suddenly revealed a stalwart form, which rushed to her assistance. It was no other than Grimes, who had taken advantage of the stormy weather to air his manly figure at the stern of the vessel, which thus far he had so carefully avoided. The sudden and unexpected appearance of Mrs. Lovell had transfixed him with astonishment; but the sight of Mrs. Lovell in distress had called forth all the more chivalrous instincts of his nature. Her helplessness, and the mute appeal of that beautiful face, had at once roused his warmest feelings, and accordingly he sprang forth from behind the mizzen-mast, where he had been standing, and rushed to her relief.

Grimes was not the man to do things by halves. As he had come to rescue her, he determined to effect that rescue thoroughly. He did not, therefore, offer his arm, or his hand, or anything of that sort, but quietly yet firmly passed his left arm around her waist, and with his right hand seized both of hers, and in this way he carried her rather than led her to what he considered the most convenient seat. But the most convenient seat in his estimation happened to be the one that was most distant from the particular spot where he had rescued her; and so it happened that he had to carry her thus in his encircling arm all the way from this place to the stern of the vessel. Arriving here, he retained her for a moment in his grasp, and seemed as though he was meditating a further journey, but Mrs. Lovell struggled away and subsided into a seat.

"O thanks, Mr. Grimes!" she said. "How very fortunate it was that you were here to help me! I 'm sure I have n't any idea what would ever have become of me, if you had n't come to my relief. I was just beginning to give up. Positively I was in actual despair —"

At this an awkward silence followed. Grimes took a seat by her side, looking perfectly radiant, but he did not appear to have anything in particular to say.

"I 'm sure," continued Mrs. Lovell, "I don't see how you ever managed to walk so very straight, and especially with — with — that is," hesitated Mrs. Lovell, "under such very peculiar circumstances. I 'm sure I could not have made any progress at all. And so, you know, I think you must have been a great sailor, Mr. Grimes."

"O no, 'm," said Grimes, "nothin' much; only I certainly have got on my sea legs, though I don't brag on my seamanship."

"O, but you know," said Mrs. Lovell, in a vivacious manner, "you really must be; and then, poor me, I 'm so horribly awkward when it is at all rough, Mr. Grimes."

"Wal," said Grimes, in a tone which was meant to be consolatory and sympathetic, and all that, "it 's a lucky thing for you that you ain't sea-sick. Why, there 's people aboard now that 'd give any amount o' money to be able to sit down as you do without feeling qualmish."

"I 'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Lovell, in a sweet voice, "what would ever have become of me if it had n't been for you, Mr. Grimes."

"O, don't mention it, 'm, I beg," said Grimes, earnestly. "Just as if I did n't like to do it. Why, I — I — I enjoyed it, — I fairly gloated over it. I — "

"But, O Mr. Grimes," said Mrs. Lovell, interrupting him and looking afar out over the boisterous sea, "is n't it really delightful? I enjoy this so very much. Don't you think those waves are really quite magnificent? And that sky! why, it 's really worth coming miles to see. Those colors are perfectly astonishing. Do you notice what a very vivid red there is over there among those clouds, — very vivid, — just a trifle vulgar, you know; but then really fine, — an air of barbaric grandeur, — it is really wonderful. Don't you think so, Mr. Grimes?"

Grimes looked earnestly toward the scene which Mrs. Lovell admired so greatly, and saw a gorgeous display of brilliant sunshine contrasting with gloomy storm-clouds, forming one of those grand spectacles that often present themselves upon the ocean, where light and shade are all at war, where a flood of burning fire pours down upon the sea, and the wild waves toss and rage and chafe amid wide seas of purple foam. This was on one side of the horizon, but everywhere else there were dark waves and gloomy clouds. Grimes looked upon this with a feeling of admiration which was natural under the circumstances, and tried hard for a time to express that admiration. But whether his admiration was not up to the mark, or whether it was that language failed him, certain it is that no words were forthcoming; for Grimes contented himself at length with making the following very simple yet rather inadequate remark: —

"Yes, 'm."

"Yes, it really is," continued Mrs. Lovell, "and it 's so nice for me; for do you know, Mr. Grimes, I 'm never afraid at sea, only about the boiler? If it should burst, you know; and in that case," continued Mrs. Lovell, with an air of mild dejection, "I really don't know what I should do. Boilers are really such awful things, and I really do wish they would n't have them; don't you, Mr. Grimes?"

"Well, I don't know, 'm," said Grimes, slowly and hesitatingly, as he saw Mrs. Lovell's eyes fixed inquiringly on his, feeling also very desirous to agree with her, yet not being altogether able to do so, — "I don't know, 'm. You see we could n't very well do without them. They 're a necessary thing — "

"Now, how really nice it is," said Mrs. Lovell, in a tone of profound gratification, — "how really nice it is to know all about such things! I really envy you, and I wish you 'd begin now and tell me all about it. I 've always longed so to understand all about boilers and things, Mr. Grimes. Now what are boilers?"

"Boilers? boilers?" said Grimes, — "boilers? why, 'm, they 're — they 're boilers, you know — "

"Yes, but what makes them explode so, all the time, and kill people?"

Thus challenged, Grimes gathered up all the resources of his powerful brain, and entered upon a full, complete, and exhaustive description of the steam-engine; taking especial care to point out the important relation borne by the boiler to the rest of the machine, and also to show how it was that under certain circumstances the said boiler would explode. He gave himself up completely to his subject. He grew earnest, animated, eloquent. He explained the difference between the locomotive engine and the steamboat engine, between the fire-engine and the stationary engine. He then went off into generalities, and concluded with a series of harrowing accidents.

To all this Mrs. Lovell listened in silence and in patience. She never uttered a word, but sat with her large dark eyes fixed on his, and an earnest expression of devout attention upon her face.

At length Grimes came to a conclusion.

"O, thanks, very much!" said Mrs. Lovell. "It 's really so very kind of you, and I 'm so very stupid, you know;

but is n't it very odd that you and I should meet in this way? I 'm sure I was never so astonished in all my life."

At this most sudden and unexpected turn of the conversation, which in an instant was switched off from the line of science to that of delicate private affairs, Grimes looked fairly stunned with embarrassment.

"I — I — I," said he, stammering, — "I 'm sure I can't account for it at all."

"How very funny! Only fancy!" sighed Mrs. Lovell.

After this there was a silence, and Grimes began to murmur something about its being an accident, and about his astonishment being the same as hers. To all this Mrs. Lovell listened without any particular attention, and at length asked him abruptly, "You 're going to Paris, I suppose?"

"Yes, 'm," said Grimes, solemnly; and then he added in an explanatory way, "You see, 'm, Paris is a fine place, and the French are a fine people."

"How very funny!" said Mrs. Lovell again, not, of course, meaning that the character which Mr. Grimes attributed to the French was funny, but rather referring to the fact that Paris was his destination.

At this point, however, Mrs. Lovell made a motion to return to the cabin. The conversation of Mr. Grimes about the steam-engine, or rather his lecture on that subject, had taken up a good hour, and she did not feel inclined to remain longer. As she rose to go, Grimes made a movement to convey her back in the same manner in which he had brought her to this place; but this time Mrs. Lovell was more on her guard and dexterously eluded him. She declared that the vessel did not roll at all now, though the motion was quite as violent as it had been before, and that she was able to walk without any difficulty. So she clung to the railing; and though Grimes walked by her side all the way, she managed to struggle to the cabin without his assistance.

On reaching the state-room she burst forth at once.

"O Maudie dear, who do you think I saw? and I 've been with him ever since."

Maud had been lying in her berth in that quiescent and semi-torpid state which is generally affected by the average passenger in rough weather; but the remark of her sister roused her. She started up, leaning on her elbow, and looking at her with intense earnestness.

"Not — Mr. — Mr. Carrol," she said, slowly and hesitatingly.

"Mr. Carrol? No, of course not; I mean Mr. Grimes."

"Mr. Grimes? O, is that all?" said Maud; and with this she sank back to her former position.

"Is that all?" repeated Mrs. Lovell. "Well, do you know, Maudie, I call that a great deal," she continued, with some warmth; "especially when you bear in mind that he was waiting for me, — really lying in ambush, — and the moment I appeared he seized me in his arms."

"What!" cried Maud, in amazement, roused at once and completely out of her indifference and her torpor, and starting up as before upon her elbow, — "what! seized you!"

"Well, you know, Maudie, there was some excuse for it, for it was so rough that I could n't walk very well, and so he carried me to the stern."

"Carried you!" exclaimed Maud, in a tone of horror.

"O, I assure you, it was quite natural; and, what 's more, I 'm sure it was very kind of him; for really, one could no more walk than one could fly. For my part, I really felt quite grateful to him, and I told him so."

"O Georgie! how very, very silly you are about that person!"

"He is n't a person at all," said Mrs. Lovell; "and I 'm not silly, — I 'm simply capable of common gratitude."

"O dear!" sighed Maud. "And so it 's all beginning again, and we 'll have it all over and over, and — "

"It is n't doing anything of the kind," said Mrs. Lovell. "Mr. Grimes is a very different sort of a man from what you suppose him to be. He 's perfectly abominable, and I wish peo-

ple would n't be so high-minded and consistent."

"Abominable — high-minded — consistent? What do you mean, Georgie?" said Maud, in deep perplexity.

"Why, I mean Mr. Grimes."

"Mr. Grimes? Of course. But what do you mean by talking in this confused way?"

"Why, I mean that his treatment of me was abominable, and that he is so changed that he seems quite like a different person."

"In what way is he changed?"

"O, you know, he does n't take any notice of me at all now! I 'm nothing. I 'm no more to him than — than — than the captain of the ship."

"Why, I 'm sure," said Maud, "that 's the last thing you ought to charge against him. Seizing you in his arms seems to be taking sufficient notice of you, and something more, in my humble opinion."

"O, but that was nothing more than common civility, you know!"

"Common civility!" exclaimed Maud.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lovell, "I don't mean that. I allude to his general manner when we were sitting down, when, if he had a spark of friendship left, he had every chance of showing it. Now, what do you think he talked about, — after tracking me all over North America, and following me over the Atlantic Ocean, what do you think he chose to talk to me about?"

"I 'm sure I can't tell," said Maud; "I have no patience with that man."

"Why," said Mrs. Lovell, indignantly, "he talked to me about nothing but tiresome steam-engines. And O, how he did go on! I 'm sure he might as well have talked Chinese. I did n't understand one word. Steam-engines! Think of that, Maudie. And after all that has passed between us!"

"Well, I 'm sure, Georgie, I 'm very, very glad to hear it."

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Lovell, in a tone of vexation, "I have no patience with people that go on the theory that everybody is like the Medes and Persians, and never change their minds."

"Change their minds!" exclaimed Maud, in strong agitation; "O Georgie! what frightful thing do you mean by that? Do you intend by that to hint that you are changing your mind, and are willing to take back your refusal of that man? O Georgie! don't, don't, O, don't be altogether insane!"

"Don't be alarmed, Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell. "It 's all over. Mr. Grimes has become very, very commonplace. There used to be quite a zest in him. That is all over now. He is totally uninteresting. He has taken to lecturing on steam-engines. But then," continued she, in a doleful tone, "the worst of it is, I know it 's all unnatural, and he does n't take any real interest in boilers and things. He only talks about such things, on account of that wretched constraint he exercises on himself, you know. And all the time there is n't any need for any constraint at all, you know."

"O my poor, silly Georgie, how in the world would you wish him to be?"

"Why, I should like him to be ordinarily friendly, of course; but as he is now, he is nothing. It 's Grimes, but living Grimes no more. We start, for life is wanting there. He 's like a piano that won't play. He certainly can't expect *me* to take the initiative. I wish he would n't be so stupid; and do you know, Maudie dear, I really begin to think that his conduct is really almost immoral."

"I hate to have you talk about him so," said Maud, impatiently. "He is nothing but a coarse, vulgar, commonplace man."

"But I like vulgar men," said Mrs. Lovell. "Refined people are so dreadfully commonplace and tiresome, — just a little dash of coarseness, you know, to give a zest to character. I don't mean very vulgar, of course, but only a little. I 'm sure, everybody is refined, and I 'm sure it 's very hard if one can't occasionally take refuge in a little slight vulgarity."

At this Maud groaned, but said not a word in reply.

James DeMille.

AN APRIL ARIA.

WHEN the mornings dankly fall
With a dim forethought of rain,
And the robins richly call
To their mates mercurial,
And the tree-boughs creak and strain
In the wind;
When the river 's rough with foam,
And the new-made clearings smoke,
And the clouds that go and come
Shine and darken frolicsome,
And the frogs at evening croak
Undefined
Mysteries of monotone;
And by melting beds of snow
Wind-flowers blossom all alone;
Then I know
That the bitter winter 's dead.
Over his head
The damp sod breaks so mellow, —
Its mosses tipped with points of yellow, —
I cannot but be glad;
Yet this sweet mood will borrow
Something of a sweeter sorrow,
To touch and turn me sad.

G. P. Lathrop.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

HOW it happens that I, with whom local ties are so tenacious that to move my household gods is one of the extreme miseries, and to pack my trunk for a long journey worse than sitting down to have a tooth drawn, who have neither ambition of fame or money, should, in the course of my forty-odd years, have made the passage of the Atlantic fifteen times, each time with worse weariness and *ennui*, — I am at this day, even, unable to explain to myself. It must be that the mighty new-home-seeking impulse which uprooted the insular natures of our Puritan forefathers (mine *did* n't come by the Mayflower, but followed the same law and necessity, and were of Roger Williams's band) was of such vitality and so greatly against the grain, that, like all practices against nature, it became part of nature, and perpetuated itself as a congenital habit. Did I not know my parentage as far back as it is permitted a good republican to trace his, I should believe that my blood had had a cross with that of the Wandering Jew.

At times *malaise* possesses me as the need to tell his story did the Ancient Mariner; a spirit of unrest seizes me, doing what I may be, and will not be laid without a journey. Twenty-one years ago, — it does not seem so long to

recall, — I took the first liberty of my majority, girt up my loins, and went out into the world. Nothing more naïve is in biography than that voyage. I had sold a picture for thirty dollars, and determined to go to London to spend the money, studying the landscape painters of England. I used to be ashamed to tell it; but now that I have learned to look back to the childlike faith and enthusiasms of that time as better than any which my digestion of the fruit of Eden's fatal tree will ever permit me this side Lethe, I do not fear to recount how, having had a passage given me by a ship-owner who knew my family, I took my six sovereigns in my pocket, and a little trunk which I carried on my own shoulder, and went to try the lands beyond the sea, in the tranquil faith that, when my last shilling was gone, I should find a passage home as easily as I found one away.

To me, *then*, the world was smooth and fair and true; I lived within the limits of the four rivers of which Euphrates was chief. To doubt, to suspect, to deceive, were things which had not yet come to me; I was only a full-grown child. But my own unsuspecting confidence in what I should find there, difficult now to realize if I had not the record of word and deed to make it certain by, is to me less incomprehensible than the unconcern of my friends. When I told my mother that I was going, and how, she only thought to pray for my safe return; to urge me to give up my plan never came to her. The world, the hobgoblin of her Puritan village life, protection against which she had prayed for so many years, seemed to have lost its terrors. Only while she sat darning my stockings, putting buttons to my shirts, watching and care-taking in the woman's ways, I could see her lips moving silently, and now and then she would furtively put the stocking up to her cheek, lest I might see the tear she could not quite keep back. And I, full of resultless activity, taking up and putting down again, thinking only of my air castles, — did I smile at her tears and tremulousness? Well, I was young, and had never been far from her constant care; I was even a little cruel, for I hummed as if to myself, "It may be for aye, and it may be forever"; and the poor soul could endure it no longer. She broke into tears, moaning "O, don't, don't, my boy." It was but for a moment; her bitter woman's life had taught her to hide emotion. And when she had sat alone long, and forgot that any one was near her, fragments of her prayers and thoughts would find their way into unconscious words; and I heard her saying to herself as if in answer to a doubtful suggestion, "No, he is too pure-hearted: the world will not get him." I was the youngest of nine, all gone heavenward or worldward before then. Scarce was it a wonder that she over-esteemed me, yet that unconscious expression of faith in me has stood me in stead more than once.

And that morning, after making my way out to the ship through the drifting ice of the Hudson, as we turned our bows seaward, I wished that I had not come. On another occasion of the uneasy spirit's seizing me, years before, her tears had kept me at home; and as I watched the snow-clad heights of Staten Island sink in the west, I knew that the tears kept back till I could no longer see them were flowing as I had never caused them to flow before. How in the bitter hard life of us wandering men, scornful of tears and tenderness alike, there comes back now and then a memory which undoes us, when the child is *master* of the man! That night as I lay in my uncared-for bed I wet my pillow with tears, forgotten with the sunrise at sea.

Many voyages we make, but that first has never its peer. People then travelled with leisure; they sailed, and took the chances of time and tide. To those who find the sea an enemy, the times have bettered; but to my enthusiasm of painter, the loitering of the old Garrick was a new life. I rose early to see the sunrise, and passed my days on deck, neither calm nor storm interfering in the least with the

pure and perfect enjoyment of the sensations of life, the impressions of the elements. I tried to paint, but I enjoyed so much the mere existence, that no occupation could add a charm to it. I painted a sky, and left the waves to wash themselves out; if I began to draw a cloud, I watched it unrolling, piling, melting, changing, and found that it was not what I began to draw, and postponed the lesson. My curiosity and interest in the great ocean never failed me; each day was like the other in delight: if it blew, the waves were finer; if it was calm, the air was balmier. Filled with traditions and fancies of the sea, I watched, every moment expecting to see some new wonder; vigilant-eyed, as far-seeing and wide awake as any sailor of them all, I missed nothing. Sunrise and moonrise; sunsets rosy and gray; noondays white, blinding, lustrous; stormy nights, and days of dead calm; — I studied imperturbably their meanings. I was enamored of nature, and nature alone. I sought, not for ulterior ends, but in pure love, some hidden sense; all to me was mystic and illusive. My enchantments were not dead then; I was in Paradise, for everything I saw was perfect in its kind.

For days a gentle southwest wind blew, and, with all sail set and a mild air on deck, we swept along. People who have only travelled in steamers cannot know the charms which the sea may have. The profound and unbroken silence of these days when we, with a top-sail breeze and a scarcely perceptible roll, drifted on our way — no jar, no clatter, no smoke, nor settling of flakes of soot all over the deck, but with nature's own motion — through the sparkling seas, was so impressive, that all my subsequent voyages have only made the recollection of it more distinct. I climbed to the mast-head, whence the ship looked like a yawl, and the sea an immense river gliding past us; the huge yards and labyrinthine tackle seeming too much for the narrow hull to balance, and the whole mass more lost than ever in the waste of dancing white caps. All was new and wonderful to me, losing for the first time sight of mother earth; yet in one thing I was disappointed, as I have been ever since as often as I have attempted it, in realizing the immensity of the ocean, of which I have heard so much. The glimpses of a sea horizon seen from the land have always been far more potent on the imagination than this all-sided stretch of unmitigated waters. My imagination is not wholly irresponsive to the circumstance, but it has never succeeded in realizing more than the sea horizon when at sea. You see the lift of the wave to the very edge, where the evidence of all sense leaves you, and however you may know or

> "Fancy it, sloping, until
> The same multitudinous throb and thrill
> That vibrate under your dizzy eye,
> In ripples of orange and pink, are sent
> Where the poppied sails doze on the yard,
> And the clumsy junk and proa lie
> Sunk deep with precious woods and nard,
> 'Mid the palmy isles of the Orient,"

I can't comprehend. I am slow to believe that any imaginative perception of the hugeness of ocean ever came from *seeing* all that can be seen from any point. Once on a later voyage I remember to have caught a twilight impression of its immensity, steaming on a glassy sea at the rate of fourteen knots into gathering mists where no horizon was visible, realizing better the imaginative conditions than anything definite could. It was momentary, a gleam of the infinite, but so mighty and overpowering to all other conceptions of time or space, that though never repeated I have never forgotten it. But this was not the fruit of seeing, rather of not seeing, of mystery and darkness more than hugeness. Yet, though I missed the expanse, I learned in a few days to appreciate the fitness of what seem to me the finest words spoken of the open ocean, —

> "The sea's perpetual swing,
> The melancholy wash of endless waves."

This and no other is the legend of the every-day, interminable, and unchangeable (save by more or less) open sea.

Our captain, one of the old school, a Cape Cod boy, — cabin boy once, then seaman, mate, and master, — owned a part of his ship and treated her tenderly. He did n't believe in great circle sailing, or trouble himself much about ocean currents; he could "work a lunar," reckon his latitude and longitude from the stars if necessary, sound his way into New York Harbor in the densest fog that ever lay, calculate all risks; and he woke every hour in the night to look at the telltale compass which hung over the head of his bed, with a lamp burning over it to show him the bearings. He had taken all the degrees in swearing known to sea-masonry: and the outbursts of profane violence with which I have heard him at midnight salute a helmsman who had deviated a point from the course, were fearful. But to his passengers — there were two — he was all that was gentlemanly and seamanly at once.

Sailing by Mercator, our course was that known as the southerly, and we ran into warm weather very soon and the sea wonders of the Gulf Stream. The strange illumination of the seas which sailors call "breaming," I saw then as I have never since seen it, — the sea alight wherever it broke, and, up to the top-sail yards, the spars and rigging lit by it; the foam at the bows and the waves parting at the sides all in molten silver, seething, tumbling; the vague, unlighted forms of the waves of one moment becoming the pyrotechnic marvel of the next, wreathed in luminous foam-fringes, brightening as if from some far-off reflected lightning flash, some contagious awakening to electric life, and then falling back into darkness again, — light from the dark, fire from water

And so we loitered into dead calm; wind passing to the south brought spring-time, and then left it to us. Amongst the most precious gifts of nature to myself, is a vivid recollection of the sensations of my childhood, of the delight which nature gave me; and, of these sensations, the most enrapturing was that which the returning spring brought me, — the mild balmy days on which I watched for the first hepatica, and heard the farm cock crow as if he had been voiceless all winter; and this southerly calm recalled to me in all its melting charm one of those best spring days; it seemed like the return of the best and most perfect day of my most careless year. I climbed up on the wheel-house and lay on my back, looking into the dark blue sky, against which the idle sails shone white in the sun, flapping against the masts; and the sea-gulls, circling round the stern, came to see what I might be, and nearer and nearer until I could see their dove eyes as they turned, first one and then the other, to get better knowledge of me, and, unalarmed by any motion, finally came so near that I could almost have caught them.

Trifles of sense, bubbles of sentiment, all these to sober men; but, *then* and *there* nothing was needed to make life perfect but that it should be life and leave me to myself. I felt as if the voyage were to the Fortunate Isles, and the fascination of the day was enough to justify the magical influences poetically ascribed to the sea. I wished that the voyage might last three months; but not that it might be all calm; I had a stronger desire to see a gale, — the worst possible gale that left us safe. And our calm grew to a west wind, and the wind to a hard blow; and then the gray watery clouds began to drift up and blacken the whole sky, and the tempest came down; and for seven days each day was more stormy than its predecessor. Our ship danced like a wherry, and drove under close-reefed top-sails twelve knots an hour. Standing on the quarter-deck, no one dared leave his hold of rope or rail, lest the wind should whiff him off into the sea. The great waves gathered behind us and piled slowly up, until it seemed as if they must come aboard; and finally, when the stern of the old ship caught the lift of the swell and rose to receive it, we went up until we overlooked the gray, driven tumult as from a tower.

And then from the crest of the wave

we seemed to rush like coasters on a hillside, as the waters let us down into the valley of foam and bewilderment. The complication of motions, that of the wave receding yet carrying us with it forward, and the swing-like motion of rising and falling, not as a ship rolls or plunges in an ordinary sea, but with a sweep of hundreds of feet in every motion and a descent of forty feet, — a sidelong roll and a headlong rush; motions wild, unrestrained, in which we are the most helpless of all created things, in which successive dooms chased each other past us as if we were too trivial to be destroyed; the driving, riotous billows, their summits crushed into foam by the weight of the gale, and the foam draggled along the black water till it seemed all froth and yeast; every pinnacle that sprang up where two waves met, driven away in spray, cut down, levelled as instantly as raised; no combing waves there, for no wave could rise to comb, only great hills of water, crystalline with wavelets, streaked with spun foam, rushing past us at locomotive speed, out of the mist and spray-filled space behind into the mystery as deep before; and our ship a dancing trifle on this infinitude of immensities, the wild water pouring over her bows one moment and climbing up at the stern to deluge the quarter-deck the next, — *this* was the tempest I had been longing to see, and I watched it hours together insatiate. No use to talk to me of sea painting after that! The muddy undulations of a Vandevelde, the harbor sublimities of a Stanfield, the opalescent magic of a Turner, are equally far, because infinitely far, from the power and sublimity of a gale on the wide ocean.

Our captain went anxiously up and down, all the quips and jests, with which he was wont to greet us, dead on his lips. He ordered all hands aloft to take in the maintop-sail. How men could hold on seemed to me mysterious, but none fell; spreading cautiously out on the huge yard, they tugged at the flapping and threshing sail; the captain shouted through the trumpet, and his words seemed blown away like the flame of a candle; while the reply of the mate at the weather earing floated down from a height like snow-flakes from a cloud, so faint we could hardly catch them. Twenty minutes it took them to get in the one sail, and then, under close-reefed foretop-sail and storm-sail, we ran the gale out.

Seven days! — that was learning the sea! And when it was over, the captain told his fears. His thirty years of seafaring life had seen nothing worse than that, except a tornado. I thought myself peculiarly fortunate, and hoped to see the tornado beside. It had been my only experience of the sea which realized the ideal I had formed of it. It had disappointed me in size, or rather in not being infinite as I expected to feel it; its color was heavy, save when the crest of a wave or the boiling of the wake produced momentarily the exquisite turquoise color; elsewhere it reminded me always, and does still, of ink, or oblivion, or death. Mediterranean water and that of some lakes has a delicious shade of blue-green, like the tints in the clefts of glacier ice; and in shallows, as in the straits of Messina, the white bottom makes this resplendent; but the deep sea has nothing to give back, — lethean, irresponsive.

I have been for a large portion of my life in candid search for those great emotions and impressions of the elementary forces of which poets have sung, but have, to speak in sober honesty, found that all material elements fail in producing impressions in any way *suggestive* of infinity. Impressions of sense are measured by the sense, and no calculation beyond tangible demonstration will double the reach of the measure. To multiply our utmost by infinity does not make it greater. The power of the ocean is terrific, but far more so when excited on a rocky coast than it ever can be out in the open sea, and even on shore we feel its limitations. I think that the "majesty of ocean" is better known from solid footing; its immensity can only be com-

prehended as a result of mathematical processes which can never be other than external in their effect. Only spiritual phenomena are capable of those mightier impressions which hint our relation to the infinite. I have been far more deeply impressed by the view of Mont Blanc from the summit of the *aiguille de Varens*, which I once got unexpectedly while chasing a chamois, than with all I ever saw of the ocean from sea or shore; the glimpse of structural law, the hint of organizing intelligence, which crops out with the central granite, appeals to the soul of man with a more faithful call than the infinity of the stars or the inappreciable waste of waters. A good deal of nonsense prevails on the subject of the mightiness of God's work and the insignificance of man's. As if a man and his work were less God's work than Mont Blanc, and as if the fact that man can work were not by far the most wonderful we know of all divine doings! I take it that St. Mark's is more wonderful than the whole chain of the Alps, and a landscape of Turner than the Bernese Oberland, by nearly as much as a baby is more admirable than a doll; that Kepler is more divine than astronomy, Agassiz than the *mer de glace*, or Columbus than the sea. For more than twenty years I have in vain searched through the world for an emotion of sublimity such as has been given me by the faith and devotion of a woman's soul.

How all the details of that first voyage come back to me so vividly, on this my fifteenth retracing of the old course, and why, I cannot divine. I remember the solemn indignation of the German professor, my fellow-passenger, with the crude theories and scientific pretensions of the American people, where every farmer insisted on cramming his ears with his notions of the mundane mechanism. He had gone to America a devoted republican, and came back a sickened monarchist, finding everybody insane from the insufficient Pierian draughts; and so we quarrelled, and he took his side the quarter-deck and I mine. I remember, too, the earthly delight which came to me as we went up the Mersey and I saw the hills green and fresh as in our spring-time. I have never recalled these things before as now. Perhaps it is to point the contrast with this clattering, rumbling, quivering steamer — in which is neither comfort nor quiet thought, a traveller's purgatory — that they come; perhaps because the number of my years has doubled since then. The ghosts of these illusions and enthusiasms are a positive pain, — the first and last pages of my manhood, brought so sharply together, are too much like coming to judgment and seeing the roll of my misdeeds spread before me. These twenty-one added years and their results seem typified in the difference between that voyage and this, in which the narrow cabin and straitened deck of the Garrick, gay with enthusiasms and fancies, gives place to sumptuous saloon and flush deck, with cosmopolitan equipment of passengerhood, worn, gray-headed men, hurrying in heaviness of business pressure, eating, drinking, and killing time as though the voyage were an uneasy waking in their sleep, in which we commend ourselves to the charity of oblivion.

A care-worn clergyman seeking health, a German banker, ardent democrat full of enthusiasm for King William, merchants, all the needful *dramatis personæ* of the little comedy we can't help taking part in; and, to keep us decorous, two Western women, — "ladies," I had like to have said, but they are of the better type who know and claim the dignity of womanhood, — not young, for the silver hairs are coming in the black, but attractive as I have rarely seen women, with the sweetness and serenity of high content and habitual worship. Sea and sky, calm and storm, have passed by unnoticed in the dull round of the days, but these women have interested me as poems. If I were to paint an ideal of serenity, I would ask no better model than the elder of these two. Tall, lithe, and

graceful, one of the figures which pays our sex the unconscious compliment of needing something to lean on, her face and form are wasted by illness, and the lines of riper womanhood fall into the harmony which expresses the sweet subordination of the life and its impulses to one divinizing purpose. Her eyes, large and dark gray, are set wide apart, — a rare and inestimable beauty in woman; her lips, as red and full as her teens could have seen them, meet in clear, decided curves, which lose themselves in eddying masses, out of which come grave, earnest smiles flushing into dimpled cheeks and up to the mirth-lines under the eyes. Her face hinted her to be, what acquaintance proved, a woman of the purest type of American, such a one as no other country ever produces; Puritan without austerity, pure without being icy, upright without being uncharitable, self-reliant and sufficient to herself in case of need, without being repellant of aid and sympathy when it came. Her voice is deep, resonant, with an infinite capacity of laughter in its tone; and the bitter experiences of womanly life, while strengthening and saddening her character, have not stifled altogether the mirth in it.

I said to myself, How beautiful she must have been when young; and yet I see that no beauty of twenty could equal hers of — say, thirty-five, for I don't know. All the passengers and even the officers yield to her attraction; The German ejaculates, "Ach! bei ——; if only I was not married I would marry her." A young Englishman hovers about her in a far-off admiration; but, awed down by her sweet austerity, goes to chat and make friends with her younger sister. No one makes love to her; she has too much of what seems to me the great fault of American women, a completeness of development which deprives the man of his best power, — protection. No true man cares to *marry* a *perfect* woman, to whom he would be a useless appendage; but being himself one-sided, prays for that splendid and perfect one-sidedness which shall complete him. Our captain, who is an excellent sample of the Englishman, large, manly, with all a sailor's enthusiasms for beautiful women, said of "our lady passenger" what sums up from the *man's* side all that could be said: "I admire her more than any woman I have seen; but I would not care to love her, she can take care of herself too well."

Had Dante had a prevision of steam, what a picture we might have had of Charon's boat, — black, grimy, swallowing the earth and vomiting flame and smoke. Turner has made it almost sublime, but in his distances only; nothing can make such a steamer as ours picturesque, with her immense formality, her length of precision and straight-sidedness; or a voyage on her more than a transition, of which we earnestly desire brevity.

"In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder,"

when a voyage at sea was a grave undertaking, there was a chance of finding interest in it; but now, with the tolerable certainty of ten days only from land to land, the charm of adventure, the fascination of the uncertain, is unknown. Steamers, packed with the discomforts of competition; infested with gormandize, wine-drinking, and card-playing; invaded by the most vulgar motives of dislocation, haste, and fret; an enforced dead level of intercourse, the banality of the hotel driven into the familiarity of the household, — this is the Atlantic voyage of to-day.

Maybe the difference of my voyages is only the difference in years. What at twenty-one was charming and full of life and enjoyment, — life itself being then the most intense enjoyment, — is at forty-two only the dull and neutral background on which ambition draws its designs, — the stage scenery to the passion or gayety of the drama we make. Is there something in the returning cycle of manhood which makes the difference only that of a twenty-one years' drift from shore to shore, —

"Tra liti si lontani"?

W. J. Stillman.

CONCEPCION DE ARGUELLO.

(Presidio de San Francisco.)

1800.

I.

LOOKING seaward, o'er the sand hills stands the fortress, old and quaint,
By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron saint, —

Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to the creed,
On whose youthful walls the Padre saw the angel's golden reed;

All its trophies long since scattered, all its blazon brushed away,
And the flag that flies above it but a triumph of to-day.

Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wandering eye, —
Never breach of warlike onset holds the curious passer-by;

Only one sweet human fancy interweaves its threads of gold
With the plain and home-spun present, and a love that ne'er grows old;

Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the meaner dust, —
Listen to the simple story of a woman's love and trust.

II.

Count von Resanoff, the Russian, envoy of the mighty Czar,
Stood beside the deep embrasures where the brazen cannon are.

He with grave provincial magnates long had held serene debate
On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of state;

He, from grave provincial magnates, oft had turned to talk apart
With the Comandante's daughter, on the questions of the heart,

Until points of gravest import yielded slowly, one by one,
And by Love was consummated what Diplomacy begun;

Till beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
He received the two-fold contract for approval of the Czar;

Till beside the brazen cannon the betrothéd bade adieu,
And, from sally port and gateway, North the Russian eagles flew.

III.

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the answer of the Czar;

Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow empty breeze, —
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;

Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks, —
Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks;

Till the rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce southwester tost,
Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and were lost.

So each year the seasons shifted; wet and warm and drear and dry;
Half a year of clouds and flowers, — half a year of dust and sky.

Still it brought no ship nor message, — brought no tidings ill or meet
For the statesmanlike Commander, for the daughter fair and sweet.

Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears beside:
"He will come," the flowers whispered; "Come no more," the dry hills sighed.

Still she found him with the waters lifted by the morning breeze, —
Still she lost him with the folding of the great white-tented seas;

Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown,
And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the long sweet lashes down;

Or the small mouth curved and quivered as for some denied caress,
And the fair young brow was knitted in an infantine distress.

Then the grim Commander, pacing where the brazen cannon are,
Comforted the maid with proverbs, — wisdom gathered from afar;

Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each
As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his speech:

"'Those who wait the coming rider travel twice as far as he';
'Tired wench and coming butter never did in time agree.'

"'He that getteth himself honey, though a clown, he shall have flies';
'In the end God grinds the miller'; 'In the dark the mole has eyes.'

"'He whose father is Alcalde, of his trial hath no fear,' —
And be sure the Count has reasons that will make his conduct clear."

Then the voice sententious faltered, and the wisdom it would teach
Lost itself in fondest trifles of his soft Castilian speech;

And on "Concha," "Conchitita," and "Conchita" he would dwell
With the fond reiteration which the Spaniard knows so well.

So with proverbs and caresses, half in faith and half in doubt,
Every day some hope was kindled, flickered, faded, and went out.

IV.

Yearly, down the hillside sweeping, came the stately cavalcade,
Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to each maid;

Bringing days of formal visit, social feast and rustic sport;
Of bull baiting on the plaza, of love making in the court.

Vainly then at Concha's lattice, — vainly as the idle wind
Rose the thin high Spanish tenor that bespoke the youth too kind;

Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustang's feet;

So in vain the barren hillsides with their gay serapes blazed,
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their flying hoofs had raised.

Then the drum called from the rampart, and once more with patient mien
The Commander and his daughter each took up the dull routine, —

Each took up the petty duties of a life apart and lone,
Till the slow years wrought a music in its dreary monotone.

v.

Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow idle breeze,
Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the California seas.

Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow but sure decay;
And St. George's cross was lifted in the port of Monterey.

And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gayly drest,
All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveller and guest.

Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet;

Till the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and wine
Some one spoke of Concha's lover, — heedless of the warning sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson: "Speak no ill of him, I pray,
He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day.

"Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious horse.
Left a sweetheart too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of course!

"Lives she yet?" A death-like silence fell on banquet, guests and hall,
And a trembling figure rising fixed the awe-struck gaze of all.

Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's white hood;
Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed as Concha drew
Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she died too!"

Bret Harte.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

V.

I FEAR that I have done injustice in my conversation and my report of it to a most worthy and promising young man whom I should be very sorry to injure in any way. Dr. Benjamin Franklin got hold of my account of my visit to him, and complained that I had made too much of the expression he used. He did not mean to say that he thought I was suffering from the rare disease he mentioned, but only that the color reminded him of it. It was true that he had shown me various instruments, among them one for exploring the state of a part by means of a puncture, but he did not propose to make use of it upon my person. In short, I had colored the story so as to make him look ridiculous.

— I am afraid I did, — I said, — but was n't I colored myself so as to look ridiculous? I 've heard it said that people with the jaundice see everything yellow; perhaps I saw things looking a little queerly, with that black and blue spot I could n't account for threatening to make a colored man and brother of me. But I am sorry if I have done you any wrong. I hope you won't lose any patients by my making a little fun of your meters and scopes and contrivances. They seem so odd to us outside people. Then the idea of being bronzed all over was such an alarming suggestion. But I did not mean to damage your business, which I trust is now considerable, and I shall certainly come to you again if I have need of the services of a physician. Only don't mention the names of any diseases in English or Latin before me next time. I dreamed about *cutis ænea* half the night after I came to see you.

Dr. Benjamin took my apology very pleasantly. He did not want to be touchy about it, he said, but he had his way to make in the world, and found it a little hard at first, as most young men did. People were afraid to trust them, no matter how much they knew. One of the old doctors asked him to come in and examine a patient's heart for him the other day. He went with him accordingly, and when they stood by the bedside, he offered his stethoscope to the old doctor. The old doctor took it and put the wrong end to his ear and the other to the patient's chest, and kept it there about two minutes, looking all the time as wise as an old owl. Then he, Dr. Benjamin, took it and applied it properly, and made out where the trouble was in no time at all. But what was the use of a young man's pretending to know anything in the presence of an old owl? I saw by their looks, he said, that they all thought *I* used the stethoscope wrong end up, and was nothing but a prentice hand to the old doctor.

— I am much pleased to say that since Dr. Benjamin has had charge of a dispensary district, and been visiting forty or fifty patients a day, I have reason to think he has grown a great deal more practical than when I made my visit to his office. I think I was probably one of his first patients, and that he naturally made the most of me. But my second trial was much more satisfactory. I got an ugly cut from the carving-knife in an affair with a goose of iron constitution in which I came off second best. I at once adjourned with Dr. Benjamin to his small office, and put myself in his hands. It was astonishing to see what a little experience of miscellaneous practice had done for him. He did not ask me any more questions about my hereditary predispositions on the paternal and maternal sides. He did not examine me with the stethoscope or the laryngoscope. He only strapped up my cut, and informed me that it would speedily get well by the "first intention," — an odd

phrase enough, but sounding much less formidable than *cutis ænea.*

I am afraid I have had something of the French prejudice which embodies itself in the maxim, "young surgeon, old physician." But a young physician who has been taught by great masters of the profession, in ample hospitals, starts in his profession knowing more than some old doctors have learned in a lifetime. Give him a little time to get the use of his wits in emergencies, and to know the little arts that do so much for a patient's comfort, — just as you give a young sailor time to get his sea-legs on and teach his stomach to behave itself, — and he will do well enough.

The Old Master knows ten times more about this matter and about all the professions, as he does about everything else, than I do. My opinion is that he has studied two, if not three, of these professions in a regular course. I don't know that he has ever preached, except as Charles Lamb said Coleridge always did, for when he gets the bits in his teeth he runs away with the conversation, and if he only took a text his talk would be a sermon ; but if he has not preached, he has made a study of theology, as many laymen do. I know he has some shelves of medical books in his library, and has ideas on the subject of the healing art. He confesses to having attended law lectures and having had much intercourse with lawyers. So he has something to say on almost any subject that happens to come up. I told him my story about my visit to the young doctor, and asked him what he thought of youthful practitioners in general and of Dr. Benjamin in particular.

I 'll tell you what, — the Master said, — I know something about these young fellows that come home with their heads full of "science," as they call it, and stick up their signs to tell people they know how to cure their headaches and stomach-aches. Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber, if he has common sense on the ground-floor. But if a man has n't got plenty of good common sense, the more science he has the worse for his patient.

— I don't know that I see exactly how it is *worse* for the patient, — I said.

— Well, I 'll tell you, and you 'll find it 's a mighty simple matter. When a person is sick, there is always something to be done for him, and done at once. If it is only to open or shut a window, if it is only to tell him to keep on doing just what he is doing already, it wants a man to bring his mind right down to the fact of the present case and its immediate needs. Now the present case, as the doctor sees it, is just exactly such a collection of paltry individual facts as never was before, — a snarl and tangle of special conditions which it is his business to wind as much thread out of as he can. It is a good deal as when a painter goes to take the portrait of any sitter who happens to send for him. He has seen just such noses and just such eyes and just such mouths, but he never saw exactly such a face before, and his business is with that and no other person's, — with the features of the worthy father of a family before him, and not with the portraits he has seen in galleries or books, or Mr. Copley's grand pictures of the fine old tories, or the Apollos and Jupiters of Greek sculpture. It is the same thing with the patient. His disease has features of its own ; there never was and never will be another case in all respects exactly like it. If a doctor has science without common sense, he treats a fever, but not this man's fever. If he has common sense without science, he treats this man's fever without knowing the general laws that govern all fevers and all vital movements. I 'll tell you what saves these last fellows. They go for weakness, whenever they see it, with stimulants and strengtheners, and they go for over-action, heat, and high pulse, and the rest, with cooling and reducing remedies. That is three quarters of medical practice. The other quarter wants science and common sense too. But the men that have science only, begin

too far back, and, before they get as far as the case in hand, the patient has very likely gone to visit his deceased relatives. You remember Thomas Prince's "Chronological History of New England," I suppose? He begins, you recollect, with Adam, and has to work down five thousand six hundred and twenty-four years before he gets to the Pilgrim fathers and the Mayflower. It was all very well, only it did n't belong there, but got in the way of something else. So it is with "science" out of place. By far the larger part of the facts of structure and function you find in the books of anatomy and physiology have no immediate application to the daily duties of the practitioner. You must learn systematically, for all that; it is the easiest way and the only way that takes hold of the memory, except mere empirical repetition, like that of the handicraftsman. Did you ever see one of those Japanese figures with the points for acupuncture marked on it?

— I had to own that my schooling had left out that piece of information.

Well, I 'll tell you about it. You see they have a way of pushing long, slender needles into you for the cure of rheumatism and other complaints, and it seems there is a choice of spots for the operation, though it is very strange how little mischief it does in a good many places one would think unsafe to meddle with. So they had a doll made, and marked the spots where they had put in needles without doing any harm. They must have had accidents from sticking the needles into the wrong places now and then, but I suppose they did n't say a great deal about those. After a time, say a few centuries of experience, they had their doll all spotted over with safe places for sticking in the needles. That is their way of registering practical knowledge. We, on the other hand, study the structure of the body as a whole, systematically, and have no difficulty at all in remembering the track of the great vessels and nerves, and knowing just what tracts will be safe and what unsafe. It is just the same thing with the geologists. Here is a man close by us boring for water through one of our ledges, because somebody else got water somewhere else in that way; and a person who knows geology or ought to know it, because he has given his life to it, tells me he might as well bore there for lager-beer as for water.

— I thought we had had enough of this particular matter, and that I should like to hear what the Master had to say about the three professions he knew something about, compared each with the others.

What is your general estimate of doctors, lawyers, and ministers? — said I.

— Wait a minute, till I have got through with your first question, — said the Master. — One thing at a time. You asked me about the young doctors, and about our young doctor. They come home *très bien chaussés*, as a Frenchman would say, mighty well shod with professional knowledge. But when they begin walking round among their poor patients, — they don't commonly start with millionnaires, — they find that their new shoes of scientific acquirements have got to be broken in just like a pair of boots or brogans. I don't know that I have put it quite strong enough. Let me try again. You 've seen those fellows at the circus that get up on horseback so big that you wonder how they could climb into the saddle. But pretty soon they throw off their outside coat, and the next minute another one, and then the one under that, and so they keep peeling off one garment after another till people begin to look queer and think they are going too far for strict propriety. Well, that is the way a fellow with a real practical turn serves a good many of his scientific wrappers, — flings 'em off for other people to pick up, and goes right at the work of curing stomach-aches and all the other little mean unscientific complaints that make up the larger part of every doctor's business. I think our Dr. Benjamin is a worthy young man, and if you are in need of

a doctor at any time I hope you will go to him; and if you come off without harm, I will — recommend some other friend to try him.

— I thought he was going to say he would try him in his own person, but the Master is not fond of committing himself.

Now, I will answer your other question, he said. — The lawyers are the cleverest men, the ministers are the most learned, and the doctors are the most sensible.

The lawyers are a picked lot, "first scholars" and the like, but their business is as unsympathetic as Jack Ketch's. There is nothing humanizing in their relations with their fellow-creatures. They go for the side that retains them. They defend the man they know to be a rogue, and not very rarely throw suspicion on the man they know to be innocent. Mind you, I am not finding fault with them; every side of a case has a right to the best statement it admits of; but I say it does not tend to make them sympathetic. Suppose in a case of Fever *vs.* Patient, the doctor should side with either party according to whether the old miser or his expectant heir was his employer. Suppose the minister should side with the Lord or the Devil, according to the salary offered and other incidental advantages, where the soul of a sinner was in question. You can see what a piece of work it would make of their sympathies. But the lawyers are quicker witted than either of the other professions, and abler men generally. They are good-natured, or, if they quarrel, their quarrels are above-board. I don't think they are as accomplished as the ministers, but they have a way of cramming with special knowledge for a case which leaves a certain shallow sediment of intelligence in their memories about a good many things. They are apt to talk law in mixed company, and they have a way of looking round when they make a point, as if they were addressing a jury, that is mighty aggravating, as I once had occasion to see when one of 'em, and a pretty famous one, put me on the witness-stand at a dinner-party once.

The ministers come next in point of talent. They are far more curious and widely interested outside of their own calling than either of the other professions. I like to talk with 'em. They are interesting men, full of good feelings, hard workers, always foremost in good deeds, and on the whole the most efficient civilizing class, working downwards from knowledge to ignorance, that is, — now and then upwards, also, — that we have. The trouble is, that so many of 'em work in harness, and it is pretty sure to chafe somewhere. They too often assume principles which would cripple our instincts and reason and give us a crutch of doctrine. I have talked with a great many of 'em of all sorts of belief, and I don't think they have fixed everything in their own minds, or are as dogmatic in their habits of thought as one would think to hear 'em lay down the law in the pulpit. They used to lead the intelligence of their parishes; now they do pretty well if they keep up with it, and they are very apt to lag behind it. Then they must have a colleague. The old minister thinks he can hold to his old course, sailing right into the wind's eye of human nature, as straight as that famous old skipper John Bunyan; the young minister falls off three or four points and catches the breeze that left the old man's sails all shivering. By and by the congregation will get ahead of *him*, and then it must have another new skipper. The *priest* holds his own pretty well; the *minister* is coming down every generation nearer and nearer to the common level of the useful citizen, — no oracle at all, but a man of more than average moral instincts, who, if he knows anything, knows how little he knows. The ministers are good talkers, only the struggle between nature and grace makes some of 'em a little awkward occasionally. The women do their best to spoil 'em, as they do the poets; you find it very pleasant to be spoiled, no doubt; so do they. Now and then one of 'em

goes over the dam ; no wonder, they 're always in the rapids.

By this time our three ladies had their faces all turned toward the speaker, like the weathercocks in a northeaster, and I thought it best to switch off the talk on to another rail.

How about the doctors ? — I said.

— Theirs is the least learned of the professions, in this country at least. They have not half the general culture of the lawyers, nor a quarter of that of the ministers. I rather think, though, they are more agreeable to the common run of people than the men with black coats or the men with green bags. People can swear before 'em if they want to, and they can't very well before ministers. I don't care whether they want to swear or not, they don't want to be on their good behavior. Besides, the minister has a little smack of the sexton about him ; he comes when people are *in extremis*, but they don't send for him every time they make a slight moral slip, — tell a lie for instance, or smuggle a silk dress through the custom-house ; but they call in the doctor when a child is cutting a tooth or gets a splinter in its finger. So it does n't mean much to send for him, only a pleasant chat about the news of the day ; for putting the baby to rights does n't take long. Besides, everybody does n't like to talk about the next world ; people are modest in their desires, and find this world as good as they deserve ; but everybody loves to talk physic. Everybody loves to hear of strange cases ; people are eager to tell the doctor of the wonderful cures they have heard of ; they want to know what is the matter with somebody or other who is said to be suffering from " a complication of diseases," and above all to get a hard name, Greek or Latin, for some complaint which sounds altogether too commonplace in plain English. If you will only call a headache a *Cephalalgia*, it acquires dignity at once, and a patient becomes rather proud of it. So I think doctors are generally welcome in most companies.

In old times, when people were more afraid of the Devil and of witches than they are now, they liked to have a priest or a minister somewhere near to scare 'em off ; but nowadays, if you could find an old woman that would ride round the room on a broomstick, Barnum would build an amphitheatre to exhibit her in ; and if he could come across a young imp, with hoofs, tail, and budding horns, a lineal descendant of one of those " dæmons " which the good people of Gloucester fired at, and were fired at by " for the best part of a month together " in the year 1692, the great showman would have him at any cost for his museum or menagerie. Men are cowards, sir, and are driven by fear as the sovereign motive. Men are idolaters and want something to look at and kiss and hug, or throw themselves down before ; they always did, they always will ; and if you don't make it of wood, you must make it of words, which are just as much used for idols as promissory notes are used for values. The ministers have a hard time of it without bell and book and holy water ; they are dismounted men in armor since Luther cut their saddle-girths, and you can see they are quietly taking off one piece of iron after another, until some of the best of 'em are fighting the devil (not the zoölogical Devil with the big D) with the sword of the Spirit, and precious little else in the way of weapons of offence or defence. But we could n't get on without the spiritual brotherhood, whatever became of our special creeds. There is a genius for religion, just as there is for painting or sculpture. It is half-sister to the genius for music, and has some of the features which remind us of earthly love. But it lifts us all by its mere presence. To see a good man and hear his voice once a week would be reason enough for building churches and pulpits. — The Master stopped all at once, and after about half a minute laughed his pleasant laugh.

What is it ? — I asked him.

I was thinking of the great coach and team that is carrying us fast enough, I don't know but too fast,

somewhere or other. The D. D.'s used to be the leaders, but now they are the wheel-horses. It 's pretty hard to tell how much they pull, but we know they can hold back like the —

— When we 're going down hill, — I said, as neatly as if I had been a High-Church curate trained to snap at the last word of the response, so that you could n't wedge in the tail of a comma between the end of the congregation's closing syllable and the beginning of the next petition. They do it well, but it always spoils my devotion. To save my life, I can't help watching them, as I watch to see a duck dive at the flash of a gun, and that is not what I go to church for. It is a juggler's trick, and there is no more religion in it than in catching a ball on the fly.

I was looking at our Scheherazade the other day, and thinking what a pity it was that she had never had fair play in the world. I wish I knew more of her history. There is one way of learning it, — making love to her. I wonder whether she would let me and like it. It is an absurd thing, and I ought not to confess, but I tell you and you only, Beloved, my heart gave a perceptible jump when it heard the whisper of that possibility overhead! Every day has its ebb and flow, but such a thought as that is like one of those tidal waves they talk about, that rolls in like a great wall and overtops and drowns out all your landmarks, and you, too, if you don't mind what you are about and stand ready to run or climb or swim. Not quite so bad as that, though, this time. I take an interest in our Scheherazade. I am glad she did n't smile on the pipe and the Bohemian-looking fellow that finds the best part of his life in sucking at it. A fine thing, is n't it, for a young woman to marry a man who will hold her

> "Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse,"

but not quite so good as his meerschaum? It is n't for me to throw stones, though, who have been a Nicotian a good deal more than half my days. Cigar-stump out now, and consequently have become very bitter on more persevering sinners. I say I take an interest in our Scheherazade, but I rather think it is more paternal than anything else, though my heart did give that jump. It has jumped a good many times without anything very remarkable coming of it.

This visit to the Observatory is going to bring us all, or most of us, together in a new way, and it would n't be very odd if some of us should become better acquainted than we ever have been. There is a chance for the elective affinities. What tremendous forces they are, if two subjects of them come within range! There lies a bit of iron. All the dynamic agencies of the universe are pledged to hold it just in that position, and there it will lie until it becomes a heap of red-brown rust. But see, I hold a magnet to it, — it looks to you like just such a bit of iron as the other, — and lo! it leaves them all, — the tugging of the mighty earth; of the ghostly moon that walks in white, trailing the snaky waves of the ocean after her; of the awful sun, twice as large as a sphere that the whole orbit of the moon would but just girdle, — it leaves the wrestling of all their forces which are at a dead lock with each other, all fighting for it, and springs straight to the magnet. What a lucky thing it is for well-conducted persons that the maddening elective affinities don't come into play in full force very often!

I suppose I am making a good deal more of our prospective visit than it deserves. It must be because I have got it into my head that we are bound to have some kind of sentimental outbreak amongst us, and that this will give a chance for advances on the part of anybody disposed in that direction. A little change of circumstance often hastens on a movement that has been long in preparation. A chemist will show you a flask containing a clear liquid; he will give it a shake or two, and the whole contents of the flask will become solid in an instant. Or you

may lay a little heap of iron-filings on a sheet of paper with a magnet beneath it, and they will be quiet enough as they are, but give the paper a slight jar and the specks of metal will suddenly find their way to the north or the south pole of the magnet and take a definite shape not unpleasing to contemplate, and curiously illustrating the laws of attraction, antagonism, and average, by which the worlds, conscious and unconscious, are alike governed. So with our little party, with any little party of persons who have got used to each other; leave them undisturbed and they might remain in a state of equilibrium forever; but let anything give them a shake or a jar, and the long-striving but hindered affinities come all at once into play and finish the work of a year in five minutes.

We were all a good deal excited by the anticipation of this visit. The Capitalist, who for the most part keeps entirely to himself, seemed to take an interest in it and joined the group in the parlor who were making arrangements as to the details of the eventful expedition, which was very soon to take place. The Young Girl was full of enthusiasm; she is one of those young persons, I think, who are impressible and of necessity depressible when their nervous systems are overtasked, but elastic, recovering easily from mental worries and fatigues, and only wanting a little change of their conditions to get back their bloom and cheerfulness. I could not help being pleased to see how much of the child was left in her, after all the drudgery she had been through. What is there that youth will not endure and triumph over? Here she was; her story for the week was done in good season; she had got rid of her villain by a new and original catastrophe; she had received a sum of money for an extra string of verses, — painfully small, it is true, but it would buy her a certain ribbon she wanted for the great excursion; and now her eyes sparkled so that I forgot how tired and hollow they sometimes looked when she had been sitting up half the night over her endless manuscript.

The morning of the day we had looked forward to promised as good an evening as we could wish. The Capitalist, whose courteous and bland demeanor would never have suggested the thought that he was a robber and an enemy of his race, who was to be trampled underfoot by the beneficent regenerators of the social order as preliminary to the universal reign of peace on earth and good-will to men, astonished us all with a proposal to escort the three ladies and procure a carriage for their conveyance. The Lady thanked him in a very cordial way, but said she thought nothing of the walk. The Landlady looked disappointed at this answer. For her part she was on her legs all day and should be glad enough to ride, if so be he was going to have a carriage at any rate. It would be a sight pleasanter than to trudge afoot, but she would n't have him go to the expense on her account. — Don't mention it, madam, — said the Capitalist, in a generous glow of enthusiasm. As for the Young Girl, she did not often get a chance for a ride, and liked the idea of it for its own sake, as children do, and she insisted that the Lady should go in the carriage with her. So it was settled that the Capitalist should take the three ladies in the carriage, and the rest of us go on foot.

The evening behaved as it was bound to do on so momentous an occasion. The Capitalist was dressed with almost suspicious nicety. We pedestrians could not help waiting to see them off, and I thought he handed the ladies into the carriage with the air of a French marquis.

I walked with Dr. Benjamin and That Boy, and we had to keep the little imp on the trot a good deal of the way in order not to be too long behind the carriage party. The Member of the Haouse walked with our two dummies, — I beg their pardon, I mean the Register of Deeds and the Salesman.

The Man of Letters, hypothetically

so called, walked by himself, smoking a short pipe which was very far from suggesting the spicy breezes that blow soft from Ceylon's isle.

I suppose everybody who reads this paper has visited one or more observatories, and of course knows all about them. But as it may hereafter be translated into some foreign tongue and circulated among barbarous, but rapidly improving people, people who have as yet no astronomers among them, it may be well to give a little notion of what kind of a place an observatory is.

To begin then: a deep and solid stone foundation is laid in the earth, and a massive pier of masonry is built up on it. A heavy block of granite forms the summit of this pier, and on this block rests the equatorial telescope. Around this structure a circular tower is built, with two or more floors which come close up to the pier, but do not touch it at any point. It is crowned with a hemispherical dome, which, I may remark, half realizes the idea of my eggshell studio. This dome is cleft from its base to its summit by a narrow, ribbon-like opening, through which is seen the naked sky. It revolves on cannon-balls, so easily that a single hand can move it, and thus the opening may be turned towards any point of the compass. As the telescope can be raised or depressed so as to be directed to any elevation from the horizon to the zenith, and turned around the entire circle like the dome, it can be pointed to any part of the heavens. But as the star or other celestial object is always apparently moving, in consequence of the real rotatory movement of the earth, the telescope is made to follow it automatically by an ingenious clock-work arrangement. No place, short of the temple of the living God, can be more solemn. The jars of the restless life around it do not disturb the serene intelligence of the half-reasoning apparatus. Nothing can stir the massive pier but the shocks that shake the solid earth itself. When an earthquake thrills the planet, the massive turret shudders with the shuddering rocks on which it rests, but it pays no heed to the wildest tempest, and while the heavens are convulsed and shut from the eye of the far-seeing instrument it waits without a tremor for the blue sky to come back. It is the type of the true and steadfast man of the Roman poet, whose soul remains unmoved while the firmament cracks and tumbles about him. It is the material image of the Christian; his heart resting on the Rock of Ages, his eye fixed on the brighter world above.

I did not say all this while we were looking round among these wonders, quite new to many of us. People don't talk in straight-off sentences like that. They stumble and stop, or get interrupted, change a word, begin again, miss connections of verbs and nouns, and so on, till they blunder out their meaning. But I did let fall a word or two, showing the impression the celestial laboratory produced upon me. I rather think I must own to the "Rock of Ages" comparison. Thereupon the "Man of Letters," so called, took his pipe from his mouth, and said that he did n't go in "for sentiment and that sort of thing. Gush was played out."

The Member of the Haouse, who, as I think, is not wanting in that homely good sense which one often finds in plain people from the huckleberry districts, but who evidently supposes the last speaker to be what he calls "a tahlented mahn," looked a little puzzled. My remark seemed natural and harmless enough to him, I suppose, but I had been distinctly snubbed, and the Member of the Haouse thought I must defend myself, as is customary in the deliberative body to which he belongs, when one gentleman accuses another gentleman of mental weakness or obliquity. I could not make up my mind to oblige him at that moment by showing fight. I suppose that would have pleased my assailant, as I don't think he has a great deal to lose, and might have made a little capital out of me if he could have got a laugh out of the Member or either of the dummies, — I beg their pardon again, I mean the two undemonstrative

boarders. But I will tell *you*, Beloved, just what I think about this matter.

We poets, you know, are much given to indulging in sentiment, which is a mode of consciousness at a discount just now with the new generation of analysts who are throwing everything into their crucibles. Now we must not claim too much for sentiment. It does not go a great way in deciding questions of arithmetic, or algebra, or geometry. Two and two will undoubtedly make four, irrespective of the emotions or other idiosyncrasies of the calculator; and the three angles of a triangle insist on being equal to two right angles, in the face of the most impassioned rhetoric or the most inspired verse. But inasmuch as religion and law and the whole social order of civilized society, to say nothing of literature and art, are so founded on and pervaded by sentiment that they would all go to pieces without it, it is a word not to be used too lightly in passing judgment, as if it were an element to be thrown out or treated with small consideration. Reason may be the lever, but sentiment gives you the fulcrum and the place to stand on if you want to move the world. Even "sentimentality," which is sentiment overdone, is better than that affectation of superiority to human weakness which is only tolerable as one of the stage properties of full-blown dandyism, and is, at best, but half-grown cynicism; which participle and noun you can translate, if you happen to remember the derivation of the last of them, by a single familiar word. There is a great deal of false sentiment in the world, as there is of bad logic and erroneous doctrine; but it is very much less disagreeable to hear a young poet overdo his emotions, or even deceive himself about them, than to hear a caustic epithet flinger repeating such words as "sentimentality" and "entusymusy," — one of the least admirable of Lord Byron's bequests to our language, — for the purpose of ridiculing him into silence. An over-dressed woman is not so pleasing as she might be, but at any rate she is better than the oil of vitriol squirter, whose profession it is to teach young ladies to avoid vanity by spoiling their showy silks and satins.

The Lady was the first of our party who was invited to look through the equatorial. Perhaps this world had proved so hard to her that she was pained to think that other worlds existed, to be homes of suffering and sorrow. Perhaps she was thinking it would be a happy change when she should leave this dark planet for one of those brighter spheres. She sighed, at any rate, but thanked the young astronomer for the beautiful sights he had shown her, and gave way to the next comer, who was That Boy, now in a state of irrepressible enthusiasm to see the Man in the Moon. He was greatly disappointed at not making out a colossal human figure moving round among the shining summits and shadowy ravines of the "spotty globe."

The Landlady came next and wished to see the moon also, in preference to any other object. She was astonished at the revelations of the powerful telescope. Was there any live creatures to be seen on the moon? she asked. The young astronomer shook his head, smiling a little at the question. Was there any meet'n'-houses? There was no evidence, he said, that the moon was inhabited. As there did not seem to be either air or water on its surface, the inhabitants would have a rather hard time of it, and if they went to meeting the sermons would be apt to be rather dry. If there were a building on it as big as York minster, as big as the Boston Coliseum, the great telescopes like Lord Rosse's would make it out. But it seemed to be a forlorn place; those who had studied it most agreed in considering it a "cold, crude, silent, and desolate" ruin of nature, without the possibility, if life were on it, of articulate speech, of music, even of sound. Sometimes a greenish tint was seen upon its surface, which might have been taken for vegetation, but it was thought not improbably to be a reflection from the vast forests

of South America. The ancients had a fancy, some of them, that the face of the moon was a mirror in which the seas and shores of the earth were imaged. Now we know the geography of the side toward us about as well as that of Asia, better than that of Africa. The astronomer showed them one of the common small photographs of the moon. He assured them that he had received letters inquiring in all seriousness if these alleged lunar photographs were not really taken from a *peeled orange.* People had got angry with him for laughing at them for asking such a question. Then he gave them an account of the famous moon-hoax which came out, he believed, in 1835. It was full of the most barefaced absurdities, yet people swallowed it all, and even Arago is said to have treated it seriously as a thing that could not well be true, for Mr. Herschel would have certainly notified him of these marvellous discoveries. The writer of it had not troubled himself to invent probabilities, but had borrowed his scenery from the Arabian Nights and his lunar inhabitants from Peter Wilkins.

After this lecture the Capitalist stepped forward and applied his eye to the lens. I suspect it to have been shut most of the time, for I observe a good many elderly people adjust the organ of vision to any optical instrument in that way. I suppose it is from the instinct of protection to the eye, the same instinct as that which makes the raw militia-man close it when he pulls the trigger of his musket the first time. He expressed himself highly gratified, however, with what he saw, and retired from the instrument to make room for the Young Girl.

She threw her hair back and took her position at the instrument. Saint Simeon Stylites the Younger explained the wonders of the moon to her, — Tycho and the grooves radiating from it, Kepler and Copernicus with their craters and ridges, and all the most brilliant shows of this wonderful little world. I thought he was more diffuse and more enthusiastic in his descriptions than he had been with the older members of the party. I don't doubt the old gentleman who lived so long on the top of his pillar would have kept a pretty sinner (if he could have had an elevator to hoist her up to him) longer than he would have kept her grandmother. These young people are so ignorant, you know. As for our Scheherazade, her delight was unbounded, and her curiosity insatiable. If there were any living creatures there, what odd things they must be. They could n't have any lungs, nor any hearts. What a pity! Did they ever die? How could they expire if they did n't breathe? Burn up? No air to burn in. Tumble into some of those horrid pits, perhaps, and break all to bits. She wondered how the young people there liked it, or whether there were any young people there; perhaps nobody was young and nobody was old, but they were like mummies all of them — what an idea — two mummies making love to each other! So she went on in a rattling, giddy kind of way, for she was excited by the strange scene in which she found herself, and quite astonished the young astronomer with her vivacity. All at once she turned to him.

Will you show me the double star you said I should see?

With the greatest pleasure, — he said, and proceeded to wheel the ponderous dome, and then to adjust the instrument, I think to the one in Andromeda, or that in Cygnus, but I should not know one of them from the other.

How beautiful! — she said as she looked at the wonderful object. — One is orange red and one is emerald green.

The young man made an explanation in which he said something about complementary colors.

Goodness! — exclaimed the Landlady. — What! complimentary to our party?

Her wits must have been a good deal confused by the strange sights of the evening. She had seen tickets marked *complimentary*, she remembered, but

she could not for the life of her understand why our party should be particularly favored at a celestial exhibition like this. On the whole, she questioned inwardly whether it might not be some subtle pleasantry, and smiled, experimentally, with a note of interrogation in the smile, but, finding no encouragement, allowed her features to subside gradually as if nothing had happened. I saw all this as plainly as if it had all been printed in great-primer type, instead of working itself out in her features. I like to see other people muddled now and then, because my own occasional dulness is relieved by a good solid background of stupidity in my neighbors.

— And the two revolve round each other? — said the Young Girl.

— Yes, — he answered, — two suns, a greater and a less, each shining, but with a different light, for the other.

— How charming! It must be so much pleasanter than to be alone in such a great empty space! I should think one would hardly care to shine if its light wasted itself in the monstrous solitude of the sky. Does not a single star seem very lonely to you up there?

— Not more lonely than I am myself, — answered the Young Astronomer.

— I don't know what there was in those few words, but I noticed that for a minute or two after they were uttered I heard the ticking of the clock-work that moved the telescope as clearly as if we had all been holding our breath, and listening for the music of the spheres.

The Young Girl kept her eye closely applied to the eye-piece of the telescope a very long time, it seemed to me. Those double stars interested her a good deal, no doubt. When she looked off from the glass I thought both her eyes appeared very much as if they had been a little strained, for they were suffused and glistening. It may be that she pitied the lonely young man.

I know nothing in the world tenderer than the pity that a kind-hearted young girl has for a young man who feels lonely. It is true that these dear creatures are all compassion for every form of human woe, and anxious to alleviate all human misfortunes. They will go to Sunday schools through storms their brothers are afraid of, to teach the most unpleasant and intractable classes of little children the age of Methuselah and the dimensions of Og the King of Bashan's bedstead. They will stand behind a table at a fair all day until they are ready to drop, dressed in their prettiest clothes and their sweetest smiles, and lay hands upon you, like so many Lady Potiphars, — perfectly correct ones, of course, — to make you buy what you do not want, at prices which you cannot afford; all this as cheerfully as if it were not martyrdom to them as well as to you. Such is their love for all good objects, such their eagerness to sympathize with all their suffering fellow-creatures! But there is nothing they pity as they pity a lonely young man.

I am sure, I sympathize with her in this instance. To see a pale student burning away, like his own midnight lamp, with only dead men's hands to hold, stretched out to him from the sepulchres of books, and dead men's souls imploring him from their tablets to warm them over again just for a little while in a human consciousness, when all this time there are soft, warm, living hands that would ask nothing better than to bring the blood back into those cold thin fingers, and gently caressing natures that would wind all their tendrils about the unawakened heart which knows so little of itself, is pitiable enough and would be sadder still if we did not have the feeling that sooner or later the pale student will be pretty sure to feel the breath of a young girl against his cheek as she looks over his shoulder; and that he will come all at once to an illuminated page in his book that never writer traced in characters, and never printer set up in type, and never binder enclosed within his covers! But our young man seems further away

from life than any student whose head is bent downwards over his books. His eyes are turned away from all human things. How cold the moonlight is that falls upon his forehead, and how white he looks in it! Will not the rays strike through to his brain at last, and send him to a narrower cell than this egg-shell dome which is his workshop and his prison?

I cannot say that the Young Astronomer seemed particularly impressed with a sense of his miserable condition. He said he was lonely, it is true, but he said it in a manly tone, and not as if he were repining at the inevitable condition of his devoting himself to that particular branch of science. Of course, he is lonely, the most lonely being that lives in the midst of our breathing world. If he would only stay a little longer with us when we get talking; but he is busy almost always either in observation or with his calculations and studies, and when the nights are fair loses so much sleep that he must make it up by day. He wants contact with human beings. I wish he would change his seat and come round and sit by our Scheherazade!

The rest of the visit went off well enough, except that the "Man of Letters," so called, rather snubbed some of the heavenly bodies as not quite up to his standard of brilliancy. I thought myself that the double-star episode was the best part of it.

I have an unexpected revelation to make to the reader. Not long after our visit to the Observatory, the Young Astronomer put a package into my hands, a manuscript, evidently, which he said he would like to have me glance over. I found something in it which interested me, and told him the next day that I should like to read it with some care. He seemed rather pleased at this, and said that he wished I would criticise it as roughly as I liked, and if I saw anything in it which might be dressed to better advantage to treat it freely, just as if it were my own production. It had often happened to him, he went on to say, to be interrupted in his observations by clouds covering the objects he was examining for a longer or shorter time. In these idle moments he had put down many thoughts, unskilfully he feared, but just as they came into his mind. His blank verse he suspected was often faulty. His thoughts he knew must be crude, many of them. It would please him to have me amuse myself by putting them into shape. He was kind enough to say that I was an artist in words, but he held himself as an unskilled apprentice.

I confess I was appalled when I cast my eye upon the title of the manuscript, "Cirri and Nebulæ."

— Oh! oh! — I said, — that will never do. People don't know what Cirri are, at least not one out of fifty readers. "Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts" will do better than that.

— Anything you like, — he answered, — what difference does it make how you christen a foundling? These are not my legitimate scientific offspring, and you may consider them left on your doorstep.

— I will not attempt to say just how much of the diction of these lines belongs to him, and how much to me. He said he would never claim them, after I read them to him in my version. I, on my part, do not wish to be held responsible for some of his more daring thoughts, if I should see fit to reproduce them hereafter. At this time I shall give only the first part of the series of poetical outbreaks for which the young devotee of science must claim his share of the responsibility. I may put some more passages into shape by and by.

WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

Another clouded night; the stars are hid,
The orb that waits my search is hid with them.
Patience! Why grudge an hour, a month, a year,
To plant my ladder and to gain the round

That leads my footsteps to the heaven of fame,
Where waits the wreath my sleepless midnights won?
Not the stained laurel such as heroes wear
That withers when some stronger conqueror's heel
Treads down their shrivelling trophies in the dust;
But the fair garland whose undying green
Not time can change, nor wrath of gods or men!

With quickened heart-beats I shall hear the tongues
That speak my praise; but better far the sense
That in the unshaped ages, buried deep
In the dark mines of unaccomplished time
Yet to be stamped with morning's royal die
And coined in golden days, — in those dim years
I shall be reckoned with the undying dead,
My name emblazoned on the fiery arch,
Unfading till the stars themselves shall fade.
Then, as they call the roll of shining worlds,
Sages of race unborn in accents new
Shall count me with the Olympian ones of old,
Whose glories kindle through the midnight sky:
Here glows the God of Battles; this recalls
The Lord of Ocean, and yon far-off sphere
The Sire of Him who gave his ancient name
To the dim planet with the wondrous rings;
Here flames the Queen of Beauty's silver lamp,
And there the moon-girt orb of mighty Jove;
But *this*, unseen through all earth's æons past,
A youth who watched beneath the western star
Sought in the darkness, found, and shewed to men;
Linked with his name thenceforth and evermore!
So shall that name be syllabled anew
In all the tongues of all the tribes of men:
I that have been through immemorial years
Dust in the dust of my forgotten time
Shall live in accents shaped of blood-warm breath,
Yea, rise in mortal semblance, newly born
In shining stone, in undecaying bronze,
And stand on high, and look serenely down
On the new race that calls the earth its own.

Is this a cloud, that, blown athwart my soul,
Wears a false seeming of the pearly stain
Where worlds beyond the world their mingling rays
Blend in soft white, — a cloud that, born of earth,
Would cheat the soul that looks for light from heaven?
Must every coral-insect leave his sign
On each poor grain he lent to build the reef,
As Babel's builders stamped their sunburnt clay,
Or deem his patient service all in vain?
What if another sit beneath the shade
Of the broad elm I planted by the way, —
What if another heed the beacon light
I set upon the rock that wrecked my keel, —
Have I not done my task and served my kind?
Nay, rather act thy part, unnamed, unknown,
And let Fame blow her trumpet through the world
With noisy wind to swell a fool's renown,
Joined with some truth he stumbled blindly o'er,
Or coupled with some single shining deed
That in the great account of all his days
Will stand alone upon the bankrupt sheet
His pitying angel shows the clerk of Heaven.
The noblest service comes from nameless hands,
And the best servant does his work unseen.
Who found the seeds of fire and made them shoot,
Fed by his breath, in buds and flowers of flame?
Who forged in roaring flames the ponderous stone,
And shaped the moulded metal to his need?
Who gave the dragging car its rolling wheel,
And tamed the steed that whirls its circling round?
All these have left their work and not their names, —
Why should I murmur at a fate like theirs?
This is the heavenly light; the pearly stain
Was but a wind-cloud drifting o'er the stars!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

IN EARLIEST SPRING.

TOSSING his mane of snows in wildest eddies and tangles,
Lion-like, March cometh in, hoarse, with tempestuous breath,
Through all the moaning chimneys, and thwart all the hollows and angles
Round the shuddering house, threating of winter and death.

But in my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow
Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with fibres that lift
Bud and blade to the sunward, within the inscrutable shadow,
Deep in the oak's chill core, under the gathering drift.

Nay, to earth's life in mine some prescience, or dream, or desire
(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a moment and goes, —
Rapture of life ineffable, perfect, — as if in the brier,
Leafless there by my door, trembled a sense of the rose.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

IN completion of his Homeric labors, Mr. Bryant now gives us the translation of a work which, although composed in the very diction of the Iliad, varies widely from that poem in feeling, material, and theme. The two epics do not differ as "Paradise Regained," for instance, differs from "Paradise Lost." The Odyssey is correlative to the Iliad, and, in its own way, not inferior. The latter is all fire and action, portraying superbly barbaric manners and glorying in the right of might alone: a succession of lyrical passages, thrown together much at random, which rehearse the councils and warfare of men and gods, and are strong with passion and the noble imagery of an heroic age. The Odyssey has that unity which the Iliad lacks. Its structural purpose, to recount the wanderings of Ulysses, is evenly carried through to the appointed end. Manifestly a somewhat later work, it hints at the repose of civilization, and is almost idyllic in tone. After rising to epic fury, as in the slaying of the suitors, it hastens, regardless of anti-climax, to the scenes and dialogue of pastoral life. In it we see less of "Olympus' hierarchy" than in the Iliad, and more of the nymphs and demigods who dwell on earth and haunt the ways of men. Otherwise considered, the Odyssey is Eastern, almost arabesque; a piece of wonder-lore; a tale of enchantments; a magical journey, involving the real and ideal geography of the ancient world. It moves from island to island, and from town to town, never straying far from the ocean; delighting to visit many peoples and to cleave the hoary brine.

* *The Odyssey of Homer, translated into English Blank Verse.* By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 2 vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871–72.

Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The Thief in the Night. By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

Christian Theology and Modern Skepticism. By the DUKE OF SOMERSET, K. G. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

The New View of Hell. Showing its Nature, Whereabouts, Duration, and how to escape it. By B. F. BARRETT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

The Infinite and the Finite. By THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

Radical Problems. By REV. C. A. BARTOL, D. D. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

A Manual of English Literature: a Text-Book for Schools and Colleges. By JOHN S. HART, LL. D. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother. 1872.

Three Centuries of English Literature. By CHARLES DUKE YONGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

Poems. By MRS. JULIA C. DORR. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

It would seem natural for the poet of our own forests and waters to find himself more in sympathy with the spirit of the Odyssey; yet, in his translation of the Iliad, Mr. Bryant entered, as if endowed with new and dramatic inspiration, upon the fervid action of the martial song. He now tells us that, executing his present task, he has "certainly missed in the Odyssey the fire and vehemence of which" he "was so often sensible in the Iliad, and the effect of which was to kindle the mind of the translator." We will look for compensation to those exquisite descriptive passages, which, scattered through the Odyssey, stimulate the copyist to put forth all his powers. As Mr. Bryant's version of the Iliad was greatest where most strength and passion were required, so we observe that in the selectest portions of the Odyssey he warms up to his work, and is never finer than at a critical moment. The reader of these volumes will be charmed with the perfect grace and beauty of many scenic descriptions, where the translator's command of language seems most enlarged, and the measure flows with the rhythmic perfection of his original poems. Take, for illustration, an extract from the passage in the Fifth Book, familiar through the verse of many English minstrels, who have not essayed a complete reproduction of the Homeric songs: —

"But when he reached that island far away,
Forth from the dark-blue ocean-swell he stepped
Upon the sea-beach, walking till he came
To the vast cave in which the bright-haired nymph
Made her abode. He found the nymph within;
A fire blazed brightly on the hearth, and far
Was wafted o'er the isle the fragrant smoke
Of cloven cedar, burning in the flame,
And cypress-wood. Meanwhile, in her recess,
She sweetly sang, as busily she threw
The golden shuttle through the web she wove.
And all about the grotto alders grew,
And poplars, and sweet-smelling cypresses.
In a green forest, high among whose boughs
Birds of broad wing, wood-owls, and falcons built
Their nests, and crows, with voices sounding far,
All haunting for their food the ocean-side,
A vine, with downy leaves and clustering grapes,
Crept over all the cavern rock. Four springs
Poured forth their glittering waters in a row,
And here and there went wandering side by side.
Around were meadows of soft green, o'ergrown
With violets and parsley. 'T was a spot
Where even an immortal might awhile
Linger, and gaze with wonder and delight."

This is far more literal than the favorite translation by Leigh Hunt, and excels all others in ease and choice of language. The following extract will show how effectively Mr. Bryant substitutes, for the Greek color and swelling harmony, the gloom and vigor of our Saxon tongue: —

"The steady wind
Swelled out the canvas in the midst; the ship
Moved on, the dark sea roaring round her keel,
As swiftly through the waves she cleft her way.
And when the rigging of that swift black ship
Was firmly in its place, they filled their cups
With wine, and to the ever-living gods
Poured out libations, most of all to one,
Jove's blue-eyed daughter. Thus through all that night
And all the ensuing morn they held their way."

The general characteristics of Mr. Bryant's Odyssey are those which have rendered eminent his translation of the Iliad, — fidelity to the text; genuine simplicity of thought and style; successful transfusion of the heroic spirit; above all, a purity of language which is, from first to last, a continual refreshment to the healthy-minded reader. The diction is not copious, neither — in a modern sense — was that of Homer; and there is no lack of minstrels, nowadays, who ransack their vocabularies to fill with "words, words," our jaded ears. As a presentment of English undefiled, the value of this translation is beyond cavil. Indeed, a main distinction of its author is that he belongs to the natural, abiding school. He does not consider too curiously, nor mistake suggestion for imagination; and his style is of that quality which, as vogue after vogue has its day, and the world cries out for a new departure, may often serve as a standard by which to gauge the integrity of our poetic art.

The simplicity of his manner is unaffected. It is *simplicité*, not *simplesse*, — the distinction between which has been illustrated by Professor Arnold in a comparison of Wordsworth and Tennyson. There is, it seems to us, much that is common to the genius of the Homeric poems and that of their present translator, — a broad and general way of regarding man and nature, a largeness of utterance, and an imagination always luminous and sufficient to the theme.

The office of a translator is now well understood. It is, to reproduce literally the matter of his author, and to convey the manner and movement to the utmost extent permitted by the limitations of his own tongue. Until the latter has been accomplished, there is always room and a welcome for new effort. Respecting Mr. Bryant's Odyssey we can affirm that he has gone beyond his predecessors. He has equalled, and generally excelled, the literal-

ness of Cowper, and, so far as manner is concerned, has achieved a better general effect than Chapman, Pope, or Worsley. Yet Worsley's Spenserian version has many delightful features. In view of the romantic nature of the Odyssey, it was a happy thought to render it into the graceful mediæval stanza: a verse redolent with the sensuous enchantment of a period when half the world was yet unknown, when personal adventure and travel were the desire of youth and age, and the chosen measure of Spenser was the medium of their poetic narration. It is slow to pall upon the senses, and Worsley has handled it deliciously. But in his Odyssey the matter is constantly sacrificed to the translator's art, and the whole effect is Elizabethan rather than Homeric.

Nothing can be more clear and fascinating than Mr. Bryant's narrative, conveyed in the true epic manner with regard to directness and nobility of style. In striking passages, whose original beauty is high-sounding and polysyllabic, he most frequently obtains a corresponding English effect by reliance upon the strength of monosyllabic words: —

> "For his is the black doom of death, ordained
> By the great gods."
>
> "Hear me yet more:
> When she shall smite thee with her wand, draw forth
> Thy good sword from thy thigh and rush at her
> As if to take her life, and she will crouch
> In fear."
>
> "I hate
> To tell again a tale once fully told."

But occasionally he uses to advantage the Latinism peculiar to his reflective poems. Such lines as Shakespeare's,

> "The multitudinous seas incarnadine,"

show by what process the twin forces of our English tongue are fully brought in play. Verses of this sort, formed by the juxtaposition of the numerous Greek particles with ringing derivative and compound words, make up the body of the Homeric song. Mr. Bryant accordingly varies his translation with lines which remind us of "Thanatopsis" or "A Forest Hymn": —

> "The innumerable nations of the dead."
>
> "That strength and these unconquerable hands."
>
> "And downward plunged the unmanageable rock."

His paraphrases of the Greek idioms are noticeable for English idiomatic purity, so much so that the idea of a translation frequently absents itself from the reader's mind. While in one respect this is the perfection of such work, in another it is the loss of that indefinable charm pertaining to the sense of all rare things which are foreign to our own mode and period. His self-restraint, also, is carried to the verge of sterility by the repetition of certain adjectives as the equivalents of Greek words varying among themselves. The words "glorious" and "sagacious," for example, not uncommon in this translation, do not always represent the same, or even synonymous expressions in the original text. But most of Mr. Bryant's epithets and renderings — such as "the large-souled Ulysses," "the unfruitful sea," "passed into the Underworld," and his retention of Cowper's noble paraphrase of γέρων ἅλιος, "the Ancient of the Deep" — give an elevated and highly poetical tone to the whole work. The modern translator of Homer possesses a great advantage in the establishment of the text and the concordance of scholars upon the interpretation of obscure passages; but we find evidence that Mr. Bryant often has looked to the primitive meaning of a word, the result being some original and felicitous rendering.

The exquisitely written Preface to this volume contains a forcible argument in defence of the author's retention of those Roman names by which the deities of Grecian mythology have been popularly known. Mr. Bryant's decision is in keeping with the habit of his mind, and highly authoritative, yet we trust that our regret that it should have been thus given does not savor of pedantry. We suspect that book-lovers, of the rising generation, are more familiar than he conceives them to be with the Hellenic proper names. They could not well be otherwise, reading Grote, Tennyson, and the Brownings, not to include Swinburne and the younger host of poets at home and abroad. And if Lord Derby in England, and Mr. Bryant in America, had adopted that nomenclature which, after all, is the only truthful one, the transition would have been complete, and the existing confusion brought to a conclusive end.

We have paid homage to the excellence of this translation, and briefly endeavored to show in what its power and beauty consist. It seems eminently proper that its author should have adopted blank-verse as the measure for his use. The English reader is wonted to this verse as the metre for a sustained epic poem. Probably in no other, at this stage of our poetic art, can the text of Homer be so faithfully rendered and his

manner so nearly reached. It is the one, above all others, in which Mr. Bryant, its born master, was sure to achieve success. Finally, no blank-verse translation, at all commensurate with the limits of this stately measure, has hitherto been given us. There was a void which needed filling, but it exists no longer. Had Mr. Tennyson undertaken the full translation of Homer, after the manner indicated by that magnificent early production, the "Morte d'Arthur," we are sure that something very fine would have been the result. Bryant's verse is noticeably different from that of Tennyson. Only in an occasional passage, like the following, the one reminds us of the other: —

> "The formidable baldric, on whose band
> Of gold were sculptured marvels, — forms of bears,
> Wild boars, grim lions, battles, skirmishings,
> And death by wounds, and slaughter."

But Mr. Tennyson himself would be the first now to recognize the fact that a great blank-verse translation has been written, and that for another there can be no well-founded demand.

A point still remains unsettled, even by the work under review. Are we prepared to assert that all has been done which can be done to represent Homer to the English ear? The question which Mr. Bryant put to himself was, not whether the Greek epics could be adequately translated, for that can never be, but whether the resources of the language afford any better medium for their translation than that of heroic blank-verse. This he has decided in the negative, giving his reasons therefor; and the argument on that side is further extended by Mr. Lewis in a brilliant review of Bryant's Iliad and the nature of the Homeric poems.

Many, with even a superficial knowledge of the Greek text, will confess that, while delighted with the unequalled merits of this translation, they still are conscious of something yet to be achieved. What is the one thing wanting? We have intimated that its absence is least felt in those elevated passages, the fiery glow of which for a time lifts us above contemplation of the translator's art. But in the more mechanical portions blank-verse cannot of itself, by the music and flexibility of its structure, have the converse effect of holding us above the level of the theme. Here the deficiency is felt. And for this reason, amongst others, that in Greek the names of the most common objects are imposing and melodious. Hence those lines whose poverty of thought is greatest, upborne by the long roll of the hexameter, have a quality as aristocratic as the grace and dignity of a Spanish beggar. Undoubtedly Mr. Bryant has perceived the weakness of blank-verse in those intercalary lines, which are such a feature in Homer, and constitute a kind of refrain, affording rest at intervals along the torrent of the song. In the best lyric and epic poetry of all nations a disdain of minor changes is observable; but Mr. Bryant, seeing that blank-verse does little honor to a purely mechanical office, often has varied his translations of such lines, instead of following the Homeric method of recurrence to one chosen form. The very directness of his syntax, leading to the rejection, even, of such inversions as Tennyson's,

> "To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath,"

has made it almost prosaic in this respect. Such lines as

> "Telemachus, the prudent, thus rejoined,"
> "And then discreet Telemachus replied,"
> "Ulysses, the sagacious, answered her,"

are tame substitutes for the courtly and sonorous interludes,

Τὴν δ' αὖ Τηλέμαχος πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
Τὴν δ' ἀπομειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·

and lower the poetical tone of the general translation. We feel still more the indefinite shortcomings of blank-verse in the paraphrases of those resonant dactylic lines, which make up so large a portion of the Iliad and Odyssey, and give splendor to the movement of whole cantos. We might cite innumerable examples, like the following: —

Ἦμος δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς.

> "But when the Morn,
> The rosy-fingered child of Dawn, looked forth.

Μήνιος ἐξ οὗ δὴ Γλαυκώπιδος ὀβριμοπάτρης,
Ἧτ' ἔριν Ἀτρείδῃσι μετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔθηκεν

> "The fatal wrath of her,
> The blue-eyed maid, who claims her birth from Jove.
> 'T was she who kindled strife between the sons
> Of Atreus."

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ποταμοῖο λίπεν ῥόον Ὠκεανοῖο
Νηῦς, ἀπὸ δ' ἵκετο κῦμα θαλάσσης εὐρυπόροιο.

> "Now when our bark had left Oceanus
> And entered the great deep."

All this points to the one deficiency in a blank-verse translation, and this, unquestionably, relates to the *movement*. Can a version in our slow and stately iambics, which are perfectly adequate to represent the dialogue of the Greek dramas, approxi-

mate to the rhythmic effect of a measure which originally was chanted or intoned? The rush of epic song has been partially caught by Chapman, Pope, and others, at the expense of both matter and style; and it may be owing to the pleasure afforded by this quality, that Pope's translation has held so long the regard of English readers. But only in one instance, that we now recall, has modern blank-verse attained to anything like the Homeric swiftness. A study of the tournament-scene, which closes the Fifth Book of "The Princess," will show to what we refer; yet even the splendid movement of this passage is unrestful, and like the fierce spurt of a racer that can win by a dash, but has not the bottom needed for a three-mile heat.

There are two forms of English verse in which, we think, the Homeric *rhythmus* may be more nearly approached. A good objection has been made to our rhymed heroic measure, as used by Pope (and by Dryden in his Virgil), that it disturbs the force of the original by connecting thoughts not meant to be connected; that it causes a "balancing of expression in the two lines of which it consists, which is wholly foreign to the Homeric style." Professor Hadley has suggested that this may be obviated by a return to the measure as written by Chaucer, not pausing too often at the rhymes, but frequently running the sentences over, with the cæsura varied as in blank-verse. This usage, in fact, was revived by Keats and Leigh Hunt, and is notable, of late, in William Morris's flowing poetry, to which Mr. Hadley refers for illustration. Chapman translated the Odyssey upon this plan, but in a slovenly fashion, not to be compared with his other Homeric work. There is room, perhaps, for a new translation of Homer into the rhymed Chaucerian verse.

Lastly, and at the risk of losing the regard of the reader who may have gone with us thus far, we have a word to say in behalf of that much-abused form of verse known as the "English hexameter": a measure far more out of favor with the critics than with the poets or the majority of their readers. Before its name even was known in this country to other than scholars, Mr. Longfellow's "Evangeline" appeared, and found its way to the public heart as no American poem of equal length ever had done before. Our people made no difficulty in reading it, troubling themselves very little with the strictures of classical reviewers, and it has not yet outlived its original welcome.

The fact is that, to properly estimate the so-called English hexameter, one must, to a certain extent, get the Greek and Latin quantities out of his mind. Professor Arnold and Mr. Lewis, among the rest, have contributed to the discussion on this subject, the one for, and the other against, the employment of hexameter in translation. Neither of them, it seems to us, succeeds in looking at the question from an independent point of view. Mr. Arnold would have our hexameter more spondaic and classical. Mr. Lewis sees that it cannot be written classically, but does not abuse it much on that account. He says that "it is peculiar among English metres, because it is so very like prose. It is less metrical than any form of English verse. Blank-verse," he adds, "can stoop to the simplest speech without approaching prose." True, but it does not always do so. Run together the opening lines of Mr. Bryant's Odyssey, which in Greek are made highly poetical by the structure and sound, and see if they have not a somewhat prosaic effect: —

"Tell me, O Muse, of that sagacious man who, having overthrown the sacred town of Ilium, wandered far and visited the capitals of many nations, learned the customs of their dwellers, and endured great suffering on the deep."

Now where, in Mr. Kingsley's "Andromeda," — a fair specimen of English hexameter, with exquisite cadences throughout, — can five lines be made to read like that? Mr. Bryant has made the most of his material; the barrenness is in the verse.

No master of the natural English hexameter has yet arisen who has brought it to the perfection which charms both scholars and laymen; no translation of Homer has been made which affords any assistance to our side of the argument by surpassing the excellence of Mr. Bryant's work. Asserting, then, that he has achieved a triumph in the only direction open at this period, we nevertheless venture to predict, that a resonant, swift metre will be developed, from elements now felt by our best poets to exist, which will have six accentual divisions, and hence may be called English hexameter verse; that it will partake of the quantitative nature of the intoned classical measures only through those natural dactyls not uncommon in our tongue, and through a resemblance which some

of our trochees bear to the Greek spondaic feet; that it will be so much the more flexible, giving the poet liberty to shift his accents and now and then prefix redundant syllables; finally, that it often will have the billowy roll of the classical hexameter (as we moderns read the latter accentually), and by its form will be equal to the reproduction of Homer, line for line. If Mr. Taylor, who, by argument and practice, has proved the value of Form to the translator's work, can reach so near his mark in rendering the hundred metres of "Faust," surely there is encouragement for a future attempt to represent more closely the one defiant measure of heroic song. To the point made that English is too consonantal for such representation, we reply that it is no more consonantal in hexameter than in pentameter verse, and that, of the two kinds, the former is nearer to the verse of Homer. This objection would apply more forcibly to the still harsher German; yet we conceive Voss's Iliad to have given German readers a truer idea of the original than any English translation has yet conveyed to ourselves.

Such a metre, then, will be added to our standard verse-forms. It will be accepted by poets and critics, and the world will read it, arguing no more of dactyls and spondees than it now argues of iambics in blank-verse. Nor will any new English Homer tread upon the renown of Mr. Bryant's crowning work, until the English hexameter — with all its compensating qualities, by which alone we can preserve delicate shades of meaning and the epic movement — has been firmly established among us, and a great poet, imbued with the classical spirit, has become its acknowledged master.

Until then, Mr. Bryant's noble translation has filled the literary void. A host of English readers will long return to it with admiration and delight. Let us revere and cherish the fame of our eldest bard. He still remains among us, unchanged and monumental, surrounded by the unsettled, transitional art of the later generation, — as some Doric temple remains, in a land where grotesque and artificial structures have sprung up for a time, — an emblem of the strength of a more natural period, teaching the beauty of simplicity, and the endurance of that which is harmonious and true.

It would be hard to say what chiefly delights the reader of Hawthorne's Italian Note-Books, unless it is the simple charm of good writing. There is very little of that wonderful suggestiveness which the American Note-Books had, with their revelations of the inventive resource and the habitual operation of the romancer's genius, and rarely that sympathy with which the descriptions in the English journals were filled. To the last, Hawthorne confessedly remained an alien in Italy, afflicted throughout by her squalor, her shameless beggary, her climate, her early art, her grimy picture-frames, and the disheartening absence of varnish in her galleries. We suppose that his doubt whether he was not bamboozling himself when he admired an old master, is one which has occurred, more or less remotely, to most honest men under like conditions; but it is odd that his humor did not help him to be more amused by the droll rascality and mendicancy with which a foreigner's life in Italy is enveloped. His nature, however, was peculiarly New-Englandish; the moral disrepair, like the physical decay, continually offended him beyond retrieval by his sense of its absurdity. He abhorred an intrusive beggar as he did a Giotto or a Cimabue, and a vile street was as bad to him as a fresco of the thirteenth century. But even the limitations of such a man are infinitely interesting, and, as one reads, one thanks him from the bottom of his soul for his frankness. Most of us are, by the will of heaven, utterly ignorant of art, and it is vastly wholesome to have this exquisite genius proclaim his identity with us, and in our presence to look with simple liking or dislike upon the works he sees, untouched by the traditional admiration of all ages and nations. The affectation of sympathy or knowledge is far more natural to our fallen humanity, and the old masters send back to us every year hordes of tiresome hypocrites, to whom we recommend Hawthorne's healing sincerity. It is not that we think him right in all his judgments, or many of them; but that if any one finds in the varnish and bright frames of the English galleries greater pleasure than in the sacredly dingy pictures of Italian churches and palaces, or thinks Mr. Brown finer than Claude, his truth in saying so is of as good quality as in his declaration that he loves Gothic better than classic architecture.

At times Hawthorne's feeling about art seems capable of education, but he appears himself to remain nearly always in doubt

about it, and to find this misgiving a kind of refuge. It is true that in regard to sculpture he has not so much hesitation as he has about different paintings. The belief that it is an obsolete art, hinted in "The Marble Faun," is several times advanced in these journals, and he affirms again and again his horror of nudity in modern sculpture, — a matter in which, we think, he has the better of the sculptors, though it is not easy to see how the representation of the nude is to be forbid without abolishing the whole art. It is a fact, which tells in favor of such critics as believe sculpture to be properly an accessory of architecture and nothing more, that though Hawthorne's sympathies with other forms of art were slight and uncertain, he instinctively delighted in good and noble architecture. This is probably the case also with most other refined people who have no artistic training, and it is doubtful if either painting or sculpture can have any success among us except in union with architecture, — the first of the arts in appealing to the natural sense of beauty.

The reader of these Notes will not learn more of Italian life than of Italian art; it is Hawthorne's life in Italy, and often without contact with Italy, that is here painted. But it is not his most intimate life; it is his life as an author, his intellectual life; and one often fancies that the record must have been kept with a belief that it would some day be published; for with respect to his literary self, Hawthorne was always on confidential terms with the world, as his frank prefaces show. It has nothing of carelessness, though nothing of constraint in the mental attitude, while in the midst of its grace and delightfulness there is frequent self-criticism. He says after a somewhat florid passage, "I hate what I have written," and he considers and reconsiders his ideas throughout, like a man conscious of daily growth. Sometimes, but quite rarely, there is a glance of *personal* self-examination, as where, with a half-humorous air, he gives his impression that Miss Bremer thinks him unamiable: "I am sorry if it be so, because such a good, kindly, clear-sighted, and delicate person is very apt to have reason at the bottom of her harsh thoughts when, in rare cases, she allows them to harbor with her."

An amusing trait of the literary consciousness with which the journal is written is the author's habit of introducing his quaint or subtile reflections with that unnatural, characteristic "methinks" of his, which, like Mr. Emerson's prose "'t is," is almost a bit of personal property. But if Hawthorne tells little of himself, he atones for it as far as may be by so sketching ever so many other interesting people, and the queer at-odds life foreigners lead in Italy. There is a precious little picture of a tea-drinking with Miss Bremer in her lodging near the Tarpeian Rock, which precedes the passage we have just quoted, and the account of a ride with Mrs. Jameson, which we would fain transfer hither, but must leave where they are. Story, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Powers, and a host of minor celebrities are all painted with that firm, delicate touch, and that certain parsimony of color which impart their pale charm to the people of Hawthorne's romances. Most prominent is the sculptor Powers, for whom the author conceived a strong personal liking, and by whose universal inventiveness and practical many-mindedness his imagination was greatly impressed. He listened with so much respect and conviction to all the sculptor's opinions upon art, that the dismay into which he falls when Mr. Powers picks the Venus de' Medici to pieces, just after Hawthorne has taught himself to adore her, is little less than tragical, and there is something pathetically amusing in his subsequent efforts to rehabilitate her perfection. At the same time the reader's sense of Hawthorne's own modesty and sincerity is indefinitely deepened. In the whole range of art he is confident of but one or two things, — that modern nude sculptures are foolish and repulsive, and that the works of Giotto and Cimabue are hideous, and had better be burnt. Yet we think that his journals might be read with greater instruction upon art than many critical works.

The life at Florence, with its poetical and artistic neighborhood, its local delightfulness, its ease, its cheapness, is temptingly sketched; but perhaps the reader of "The Marble Faun" will not be quite content to find Donatello's Tower in the Villa Montauto on Bello-Sguardo. Not that the place is not beautiful enough for any romance, but that most will have conceived of a wilder and remoter Monte Beni. It is interesting, by the way, to note that it is not till Hawthorne's fourth or fifth visit to the Capitol that he seems to have observed the statue which suggested his romance. Then at last he says: "I looked

at the Faun of Praxiteles, and was sensible of a peculiar charm in it; a sylvan beauty and homeliness, friendly and wild at once. The lengthened, but not preposterous ears, and the little tail, which we infer, have an exquisite effect. . . . . A story, with all sorts of fun and pathos in it, might be contrived on the idea of one of their species having become intermingled with the human race. . . . . The tail might have disappeared by dint of constant intermarriages with ordinary mortals; but the pretty hairy ears should occasionally reappear, ... and the moral and intellectual characteristics of the faun might be most picturesquely brought out, without detriment to the human interest of the story. Fancy," he concludes, "this combination in the person of a young lady!" Here it is evident that he thinks merely of a short story, with no shadow of tragedy in it. Afterwards how the idea expanded and deepened and darkened! And is it not curious to reflect that Donatello *might* have been a girl?

At times, in reading these journals, the romance seems the essence not only of what was profound in Hawthorne's observation in Italy, but also his notice of external matters, such as the envy and mutual criticism of artists; all the roots of the book are here, and the contrast of them with their growth there above ground is a valuable instruction.

It belongs to criticism of "The Marble Faun," rather than these Note-Books, to remark how the strictly Italian material of Hawthorne's experience scarcely sufficed for the purposes of the romancer; but it is true that he remained Gothic and Northern to the last moment in the classicistic South, even to the misspelling of nearly all Italian words. We believe, however, that he describes not only himself in Italy when he says: "I soon grew so weary of admirable things that I could neither enjoy nor understand them. My receptive faculty is very limited; and when the utmost of its small capacity is full, I become perfectly miserable, and the more so the better worth seeing are the objects I am forced to see." This is the picture of our whole race in that land.

Among the fictions with which the press teems, Mrs. Spofford's "Thief in the Night" is not one of the least deplorable. It appears to us that her fancy is so vivid as to need always a very realistic theme to tone it down to such a pitch as the senses can bear. Loosed upon space as it is in this romance, in a story without locality or any tie to probability, there is a glare and clash in its effects which only the nerves of youth are strong enough to encounter. With maidens of seventeen and young men of twenty, it may seem admirable for Mrs. Beaudesfords of Beaudesfords to find her husband dead in a bedstead which is a mass of carved mother-of-pearl, and has white silk curtains with heavy gold fringe; but after-life would rather take out the price of this luxurious upholstery in a little truth to nature, which belongs to romance as well as to other things. Of course it *could* happen that an unfathomably opulent gentleman like Beaudesfords should marry a woman who did not love him, and then make a permanent guest of his friend whom she did love, and then kill himself (to all appearance) that they might wed; and of course it is *not* beyond the range of facts indexed in Mr. Charles Reade's scrap-books that Mrs. Beaudesfords, suddenly loathing her lover, should fling herself upon her husband's silent heart, and recall him to life, love, and lasting happiness; but after all, there seems a lack somewhere. Perhaps it is in us, who vastly prefer from our author such realities as "Knitting Sale Socks," and "Miss Moggaridge's Provider." Even in romance there must be some rest for the sole of the foot, to which the heliotrope-beds of the Villa Beaudesfords do not give sufficient support. A little character in romance is not so bad, either; and if the paint were *not* quite so fresh, and the flowers did *not* rattle so like cambric and tissue-paper! We should not be so exacting if Mrs. Spofford were not equal to much more than is asked of her.

The press teems with fictions; but it is also scarcely less fertile in theological and scientific essays. In fact we are not sure that the books discussing the problem of man's origin and destiny are not even more numerous than those dealing with the question whether this certain young man will marry that certain young woman; though it is to be confessed with regret that the theologians and scientists do not solve their problems so satisfactorily as the novelists. However, they are in earnest, and their inquiry is pursued with a toleration and good temper not consistent before our time with depth of conviction. The *savans* behave themselves like Christians, and the divines have all the tolerance of *savans*. We do not mean by this to imply

that topics of religious thought are handled solely by the clergy. On the contrary, the laity claim their full share in the debate; and so eminent a layman as the Duke of Somerset has contributed an interesting little book on "Christian Theology and Modern Skepticism," which states the reasons of the latter against the former, in their clearest and most succinct shape. "We have this treasure," says the author, speaking of the truth of the New Testament, "in earthen vessels, and it is so deeply impressed with the imperfections of the earth, that the restoration of the actual history is now a hopeless task." It can be said, we suppose, without offence to those who give least credit to his assertions (that the various parts of the New Testament are incoherent and contradictory), that they are urged with great temperance and something like reluctance. From a church which disposes of all these troubles by the authority of a subsequent revelation specifying the inspired portions and giving a science for the supernatural interpretation of Scripture, we have Mr. Parsons's interesting essay on "The Infinite and the Finite," and Mr. Barrett's "New View of Hell," which we think will not be found more comforting by sinners than the old view, however it may commend itself to logicians. It is simply the well-known Swedenborgian doctrine that a man's life on earth leads him to heaven or hell under the infinite love that does the utmost for his happiness in either state, and could not save him against the tenor of his life and desires, any more than it could damn him, without destroying him. What Mr. Barrett does is to assemble the points of Swedenborg's teaching, and present them forcibly and briefly. To represent another phase of religious thought, almost if not quite as remote from that of Mr. Parsons and Mr. Barrett as the Duke of Somerset's is, we have the "Radical Problems" of Dr. Bartol, in which our chief spiritual concerns are treated in the light of advanced Unitarianism.

Several literary histories and compendiums and manuals have followed M. Taine's more considerable work. That of Dr. Harte is a rapid survey of the whole field of English literature, from "the simple rhyming chronicle of the semi-Saxon age down to the 'In Memoriam' of Tennyson, and the thundering periods of the 'London Times.'" It is arranged chronologically; a slight sketch of the life of each writer is given; and there is cursory criticism of his works, sometimes by Dr. Harte, sometimes by more famous critics. It must have been a great labor to compile the book, and we suppose it will be the reference if not the reliance of many beginners: all the more therefore do we lament the commonness of some of the critical opinions where fineness was much to be desired. However, this part of the work is generally as well done as could have been hoped with reason, and the student might easily find books on literary history of which he would have much more to unlearn in after life. In his "Three Centuries of English Literature," Mr. Yonge begins his feeble disquisitions with Shakespeare, and expands in watery insipidity of comment as he slowly eddies down to our own time. He gives what they call copious extracts; and perhaps this is a merit. But he really seems to have no vocation to his work. His criticisms are in the last degree trite and unimportant, and his style is involved, incoherent, and — which is worse for a Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast — incorrect. He says of Gray: "Thomas Gray is one of those to whom allusion has been made as having confined himself exclusively to lyric poetry"; and of Charles Lamb: "Very different from the profound terseness of Bacon, from the didactic solemnity of Johnson, and even from the humor of Addison and Goldsmith, were the mind and style of the playful writer of whom it is now the turn to have a few words said of him: differing also from them in that it is as an essayist alone that he is known to us." This is exactly the style in which we should like our enemy to write a book; though we wish it to be understood that we should never ask this exquisite private gratification at the expense of the public.

The poems of Mrs. Dorr have the merits of easy and pleasant verse; and if she nowhere touches very profound meanings, it is to be said in her favor that she never causes her meaning, like Mr. Tennyson's chord of self, to "pass in music out of sight." We think there is not a conundrum in the book; and we are quite sure of much earnest and some delicate feeling. The worst about it all is that there are too many words and too many morals. The greater number of the poems teach each one a lesson at a length implying forgetfulness of the fact that lessons are tedious at the best; but there are certain narrative poems, or

ballads, which have greatly compensated us, being done with spirit, brevity, and dramatic form, with an emotion that passes at once to the reader's heart. The best of these is "Elsie's Child; a Legend of Switzerland," which is very simple, direct, and touching indeed, and worthy of Mrs. Dorr's continual study and emulation. "Margery Gray" is another ballad (not quite so good), that makes us think she could give us all a great deal of pleasure if she turned her skill in verse to account in such-like narrative poetry. In fact we wish that none but the greatest poets would ever write any other sort of poetry. (Of course no living poet will consider himself adjured by this.)

Relinquishing infallibility, as we do, to the Pope of Rome and the literary weeklies, we have no shame in owning in May that we did Mr. Paul H. Hayne injustice in April. We intimated that his "Daphles" and "Wife of Brittany" were the results of his study of Mr. Morris's unending, if not immortal, poems; and we have since been very credibly informed that they were both written before any of Mr. Morris's poems were published. We have the less reluctance in making this correction, because we conceive that some reasoning based upon our error is not affected by having the ground thus taken from under it. It is merely left poised in air by its own excellent qualities, — like Mahomet's coffin.

French and German.*

The latest novel of MM. Erckmann and Chatrian, *L'Histoire du Plébiscite*, a translation of which into English has appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine," and in this country in the "Living Age," is by no means the best that these authors have given us. It is an account of the late war, which is supposed to be told by the mayor of a village near Phalsbourg. The story begins well, with all the simplicity of construction and narration that makes these novels so lifelike, but, while there are points that deserve praise throughout the book, as a whole it grows very monotonous and tiresome. It shows a venomous hatred of the Germans, which may be natural and patriotic, but which also can only breed discontent and suffering. Besides, it is too much a dry record of the war, too like the newspaper correspondent's story. It would have been infinitely more surprising if it had escaped these almost unavoidable faults; for a novel, like a picture, demands perspective, and one written before the air is clear of powder will be sure to lack a discrimination between what is of temporary importance and what will always interest the reader. But, in spite of these faults, the little story around which are spun these patriotic outbursts is prettily told. There is the Alsatian girl with her lover at the wars, with her double hatred of the German soldiers, who are always represented as the cringing slaves of drunken officers; then the rumors that spread among the peasants, their early belief in the Emperor, — in all that these writers have already had much experience. But of all this there is not enough. What the novel reader wants is a story, not an incentive to the hatred of Germany. It is late in the day to praise the other works of these authors, but they are all admirable for their pathos, humor, and charming simplicity. There is a certain monotony about them; in time one grows somewhat tired of the honest rustic who is always sipping his beer or wine and filling his pipe, but, unless taken to excess, they are more than readable. They may serve to remove some of the opprobrium attaching to the "French novel." From Feydeau we have, we are happy to say, not another of his novels, which have certainly done good service in maintaining this not unfounded prejudice, but a little volume called *Consolation*, which contains his reveries on his sick-bed, and very different they are from

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Histoire du Plébiscite racontée par un des 7,500,000 Oui. Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris. 1872.

Consolation. Par Ernest Feydeau. Paris. 1872.

Moralistes et Philosophes. Par Ad. Franck de l'Institut. Paris. 1872.

Aspasie de Milet. Par M. L. Becq de Fouquières. Paris. 1872.

L'Instruction publique aux États-Unis. Par C. Hippeau. Paris. 1872.

Handbuch der Æsthetik und Geschichte der bildenden Künste. Von Joseph Dippel. Regensburg. 1871.

Goethe in seinem Verhältnisse zur Musik. Von W. von Bock. Berlin. 1871.

Aus den Tagen der Occupation. Von Theodor Fontane. 2 Bände. Berlin. 1872.

Die Darwin'sche Theorie. Elf Vorlesungen von Dr. Georg Seidlitz. Dorpat. 1871.

Das Norddeutsche Theater. Von Henrich Laube. Leipzig. 1872.

Gesammelte Philosophische Abhandlungen zur Philosophie des Unbewussten. Von E. V. Hartmann. Berlin. 1872.

his reveries when he strolled upon the boulevards and wrote those stories which were printed "on gray paper with blunt type." From its nature the book is egotistic; it has not the merit of any great profundity, but it does not lack a pathetic interest from its very contrast with the author's previous work or play. M. Franck of the Institute has published a volume of essays entitled *Moralistes et Philosophes*, and it is a book that may be read with pleasure and profit. He writes about Petrarch, Galileo, Descartes, Spinoza, Goethe, Victor Cousin, and many other later men in a fascinating style, and with remarkable discrimination. Not that any one of the essays pretends to be exhaustive, but each one takes up some point in the life, character, or work of the person who is discussed, and examines it with great intelligence and delicacy. Thus, of Goethe he speaks for but a few pages of his Spinozism, about Spinoza he writes more at length, and with much warmth defending him against the rather shallow attacks of M. Nourrisson in his work on that author; he writes about Petrarch's claims to be considered a Platonic lover, — but yet, though often briefly, always without scrappiness. *Aspasie de Milet* is the title of a book by M. Becq de Fouquières. It is a defence of the character and good name of Aspasia against the prejudices which began to exist more than two thousand years ago, when she was regarded very much as certain well-known women reformers are nowadays regarded by the majority of people. In English, Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia," a book that is now a classic and experiencing the usual fate of a classic in being more admired than read, has already done her full justice, and exalted her into the place she owns as one of the few great women of the world.

We do not know any American book that in the same compass contains so full and accurate an account of the schools and colleges of this country as that of M. Hippeau entitled *L'Instruction publique aux États-Unis*. It is in the form of a report addressed to the minister of public instruction, and is an excellent, if somewhat enthusiastic, manual of the state of education in this country.

Of German books we have Dippel's *Handbuch der Æsthetik* remaining over from last month. It is too ponderous a work to be discussed in a quarter of a column; but we can say that, although it goes over well-worn ground, it is a serious book and one of value. The style is good and clear. *Goethe in seinem Verhältnisse zur Musik* is the title of a book that, without committing ourselves, we recommend to those who know something of this art to make their own minds about it. At any rate, whatever opinion one may come to about Goethe's musical knowledge, we find here apparently all the material there is for forming a decision. Whether it will be found with music as with other art that Goethe's interest was greater than his comprehension we do not know, but it seems highly probable. From the title of this book, which is but an humble contribution to the immense Goethe literature, one is reminded of Fontenelle's remark about Leibnitz, quoted by M. Franck in the essay on Goethe to which we have alluded above: "De plusieurs Hercules l'antiquité n'en a fait qu'un, et du seul M. Leibniz nous ferons plusieurs savans."

We shall but mention the names of some other books on music: *Bunte Blätter* by A. W. Ambros, a series of essays principally of different composers, a letter of Wagner's to the *Deutsche Wagner-Verein*, and *Das Musikalische Urtheil und seine Ausbildung durch die Erziehung*. There is the usual number of histories of the war. Fontane's *Aus den Tagen der Occupation* is perhaps as interesting as any. He will be remembered as the writer of a very accurate and entertaining account of the war of 1866. Seidlitz's *Darwin'sche Theorie* is an excellent, clearly written discussion of Darwinism, in the form of lectures, and so brought down to a clearer comprehension by the public mind. *Das Norddeutsche Theater*, by Heinrich Laube, is an account of the author's struggles as manager of the theatre at Leipsic, together with a brief sketch of the German stage since the time of Goethe. The author is an intelligent man and is known as the author of many good plays.

Dr. Hartmann, the author of the *Philosophie des Unbewussten*, a work of which we have briefly spoken before, has published a thin volume of additions to his greater work. The subjects are not certainly of general interest; they treat of Hegel's and Schopenhauer's philosophy, of Dynamism and Atomism, etc.; but there is one chapter in answer to the question, "Is the pessimistic monism comfortless?" in which he endeavors to show that it does not necessarily demand black despair. Whatever may be said against this author, he certainly de-

serves credit for the scientific ground that he takes in all the subjects that he treats, not carrying science over where it does not belong, but using it as an aid where most people rely merely on their own impressions, hopes, and yearnings. Although he might be called a follower of Schopenhauer, he by no means avoids sharp criticism of his master, and especially for the sourness of his pessimism. He says, "Schopenhauer's pessimism is as false and one-sided as Leibnitz's and Hegel's optimism." In this essay he tries to redeem annihilation from some of the odium that clings to it, — a thankless task.

Norwegian.*

Jonas Lie, the author of "The Man of Second-Sight," or "The Seer," has for several years been known to the literary world of Norway as a poet, in the more restricted sense of a writer of verse ; and this is, as far as we know, his first prose publication. His poems, at the time of their first publication, excited considerable interest, no less for their own intrinsic value than for close adherence to the national poetic school newly founded by Björnstjerne Björnson, whose first works, *Synnöve Solbakken* and *Arne*, had just then come before the public, and had been hailed throughout the Scandinavian kingdoms as the promise of a brighter era in the national literature. The growth and development of Lie's genius is, indeed, so closely connected with that of Björnson's, that we could hardly understand the one without knowing the other. In Lie's earlier productions, the influence of Björnson is so clearly perceptible as to suggest direct imitation ; and there are those who insist that Lie has "out-Björnsoned" Björnson himself. But, whatever may have been the merits or demerits of previous productions, in the present work we can trace no borrowed inspiration. The style, purged of mannerism and eccentricities, moves gracefully onward in an almost rhythmic sympathy with the sentiment, and swells with a strong inherent life into an emotional tide, which bears the reader onward with irresistible fascination.

The scene of the story is laid far up toward the Pole, in the northern fishing-districts of Norway, the natural aspects of which are painted with a wonderful and loving truthfulness. The plot, if indeed its succession of scenes and incidents can lay claim to such a title, is single and unpretending, dealing only with the commonest occurrences of every-day life, and that in its primitive Northern simplicity. The hero, whose birthplace is one of those innumerable little trading-posts which lie scattered along the western shore of Norway, has inherited the unfortunate gift of second-sight. His childish associations are of the saddest and most depressing character, his father being a stern, gloomy, and unhappy man, and his mother hopelessly insane. The influence of a host of fantastic legends contributes to make him morbidly dreamy and superstitious. The sunshine amid all this gloom is the pastor's daughter Susanna, between whom and the hero a strong attachment springs up. After two years of absence, at college, in which they have had no communication, he again returns to his native place ; all his hopes, his fears, his longings, his life, are in and for Susanna. In the mean time he has had many plain forewarnings of his hapless inheritance, and at length, not without a grievous struggle, determines upon the heroic course of abandoning his dream of earthly love and happiness. Susanna, however, with touching simplicity, assures him of her strength to share his misfortune, and they again resolve to brave fate together. But the sphere of the book is tragic from the beginning ; the very first chord struck is in a minor key, and the occasional transitions into major are but brief and unessential. We are therefore not even at this point lured to hope for any lasting happiness for David ; and Susanna's sudden death in the storm is neither wholly unlooked for nor in any way discordant with the prevailing tone of the story. His life was all in her ; hers was the stronger nature ; and when he at length follows her, we have no other reason for regret, than that it necessarily brings the book to its close.

Such are the leading features of this charming Norse tale. The material is rich in itself ; but the reader will own that it is skilfully managed and turned to good account. The author's genius is eminently picturesque, but numerous little touches throughout the book, indicate deep poetic feeling and dramatic powers of no ordinary scope.

* *Den Fremsyute, eller Billeder fra Nordland.* (*The Man of Second-Sight, or Pictures from Northland.*) By Jonas Lie. Copenhagen. 1871.

ART.

DR. LODGE has so far made good his word, given more than twenty years ago, that we have now three volumes of his translation of Winckelmann's "History of Ancient Art,"* with the promise of the fourth and final volume next year. The second volume, which was published as long ago as 1849, will probably remain with general readers the favorite of the series, owing to its dealing exclusively with the comparatively familiar works of Greek art; but we imagine that few who are conversant with its pages will deny themselves the teaching of the entire work, which involves a fair education in the plastic art of at least three great nations, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, (Winckelmann does not, however, divide the art of the two latter,) and a partial acquaintance with the Etruscan and Persian, though more recent discoveries have added greatly to our knowledge of these, particularly the first.

The Life of Winckelmann, by the German editor, which is included in the first volume, not only gives a history of the work before us, his masterpiece, but is in itself an interesting piece of reading. It seems to be a real labor of love, — though set down in a very matter-of-fact way, — by one who could fully appreciate Winckelmann's genius, and who has added greatly to the value of the History by his own researches, given in the form of explanatory notes. The biography does not read at all like a fairy tale, bu it is nevertheless the record of a great 'ıansformation. Winckelmann's father was a cobbler (the author insists that he was not even a shoemaker) in an obscure German town, and had no thought that cobbling was not good enough trade for his son; but in this case the bending of the twig had little effect on the growth of the tree. The life is a picture of extraordinary devotion to an ideal. The desire of comprehending the spirit of ancient art and literature was early fixed in Winckelmann's mind, and never left him after he was fairly launched in the world. In whatever situation he was placed, as student, teacher, or librarian, his work was made preparatory to this grand design. Even his country and his religious liberty he held second to this. Such devotion produced its adequate result. It lifted the poor cobbler's son to the level of the world's highest learning; it gave him princes and cardinals for friends; it made him, as his biographer says, "the greatest connoisseur and teacher of the beautiful in plastic art." The biography is brief, and gives little detail, excepting such as refers to Winckelmann's dominant purpose; but we cannot help being deeply interested in the struggle ending in his formal adoption of the Papal religion, and it is curious to see how bigoted a Romanist he finally became through his love of art, insomuch that he seems to regard Rome as the only abiding-place of liberty in modern times, "where the people under priestly rule enjoy unrestrained freedom," and where he thinks it would be easy to collect a band of "most intrepid and valiant warriors, who would face death like their forefathers." Once established in Rome, among the monuments which are the object of his life's effort, he can never be weaned from the city; and once only does he return to Germany, — his final journey, — on which occasion, though he receives marked attention from rank and learning, and the ties of friendship press him to remain a reasonable time, he is wretched until his face is set Romeward again. He is so homesick that he is down with fever. Even the magnificent mountains of his native land disgust him, and he cannot abide the steep roofs of the houses. There is something childlike and extremely touching in his eagerness to go back, unconscious of the terrible fate awaiting him on the journey which is never to be finished. The particulars of his tragic end at Trieste — where he was murdered for a few dollars' worth of medallions, which he had incautiously exposed — are given with simplicity and feeling; and the whole work of the Life is done, it seems to us, with good taste and directness: it is neither too much nor too little.

Winckelmann's labors in the museum of Baron Stosch at Florence undoubtedly gave him an excellent foundation of knowledge whereon to base his great work, and to the facts acquired there he makes constant reference in the "Ancient Art." In this ex-

* *The History of Ancient Art.* By J. J. WINCKELMANN. Translated from the German by G. Henry Lodge, A. M., M. D. With numerous illustrations. 3 vols. Boston: J. R. Osgood. 1872.

traordinary collection there were no less than twenty-eight thousand impressions from engraved gems, chiefly antique, and of these he made a critical catalogue. Some of the results of his investigations here are quite curious: as that all engraved gems representing Roman incidents are modern; that the ancient lapidaries wrought with wheels in the modern manner; and that the ancient artists never designed any merely ideal pictures, excepting those of Bacchanalia, dances, or the like, "but that all are referable to the mythology of the gods or of the heroes."

A brief dissertation on the origin of art opens the work, and in this the author describes carefully the earliest forms of sculpture, or rather formative art, concerning which there is any reliable evidence. Very nearly all that is known regarding work in clay, in wood, in ivory, and in bronze, the curious combinations of materials, the customs of painting and gilding statues, and even of clothing them with real cloth, etc., is here given, with such dates as can be verified. The remarks upon ancient glass will be surprising to those who have not studied the subject: it is Winckelmann's opinion that glass manufacture was much more widely applied by the ancients than the moderns. From this overture, if it may be so called, he passes to the art of the Egyptians; and here, being surrounded by abundant examples, he is entirely at home, and his facts and reflections are of the highest importance to the antiquarian and the artist. The observations upon the inflexibility of Egyptian art, — tracing it to the political and religious institutions of the country, — are, without doubt, just; but those who have been fully impressed by the noble conventionality of this art, its grand architectonic character, never in the least swerving towards triviality or prettiness, will hardly be satisfied with what he has to say on this point. We cannot here avoid the suspicion that he is so permeated with the love of the Greek, that what appears to him in that system as a noble severity takes form in the Egpytian as the result of ignorance or of tyranny. He is, however, not above expressing his admiration of their beautiful treatment, in sculpture, of animals, and refers with enthusiasm to the grand Egyptian lions, still to be seen at Rome, at the Campidoglio and the Fontana Felice. When in conclusion he comes to speak of dress, of materials, and of mechanical execution, in Egyptian art, it is impossible to admire too highly the patient research he has here expended, and the careful detail with which it is presented; and though it is certain that modern discovery has revealed new facts concerning these matters, we imagine that they controvert Winckelmann's judgment in very few essential points, while on questions incapable of settlement by such discoveries his opinions remain of the highest value.

The chapters on Etruscan art which follow the few remarks on that of Phœnicia and Persia, and conclude the first volume, will be found of less interest probably than those preceding, inasmuch as the author treats all Etruscan art as infused and modified with the Greek spirit. Thus whatever the achievement of this wonderful people, the glory, as in Roman art, must be given to the Greeks; therefore all that is said on the subject, however learned, lacks that enthusiastic reverence and confidence which is so delightful in other portions of the work. Modern discovery has in this case somewhat abated the weight of our author's observations; not indeed that they were incorrect, but that in Winckelmann's time little was known of Etruscan art in comparison with what has since been discovered. And it is not incredible that even so great a connoisseur should fail to appreciate at that time an art which was largely of a decorative character. It is probable that the finest specimen of Japanese work might have been quite abhorrent to him. Though any system of art may be profitably considered from the decorative standpoint, Winckelmann would have been the last man to do it. He judged all systems by the loftiest isolated works of a single people, and he derived his standard almost exclusively from their sculpture. It seems impossible that under such circumstances full justice can be done to any art developed under totally different conditions. He is, however, willing to admit that the art of Etruria takes precedence, in point of antiquity, to that of Greece; but he is much inclined to pass over all that part of it not referable to Greek influence. Herein we think it will be found that many good critics are unable to sympathize with him, as, however little doubt there may be of community between the two nations, there is certainly much that is beautiful and original in native Etruscan art.

Of the second volume, it is almost unnecessary to speak distinctively, it has been so long familiar to the American public. It is

devoted wholly to Greek art, principally to the drawing of the nude figure; and it is in the chapters given to the consideration of the "Essential of Art" that Winckelmann's genius rises to its highest flight. Though few will be able to agree with all his notions concerning beauty, no one can read these chapters without wishing that our own art were already guided, so far as is possible under such different conditions, by the principles here elucidated. The teaching of this volume should be familiar to every artist who strives for the highest, and to every individual who would embelish life with good taste. What he says of *decorum*, and of repose or stillness (Book V. Chap. III.), is to our thinking worthy of the very first consideration by the artists, especially our sculptors, whose productions, we humbly suggest, savor too much of the instantaneous photograph. The figures of modern statuaries are often given such unnecessary and trivial action, that it seems the study of an art dealing so constantly with the immutable gods, must act as a happy antidote. An undignified sculpture is detestable. Wherever the least action is exhibited in marble or bronze, there must also be shown a worthy and sufficient cause. In this matter of decorum or the fitness of things, the best Greek artists were never at fault, and Winckelmann does not fail to enforce this point strongly. It has become so common to see trivial ideas represented in marble and bronze, that the dignity of materials is almost forgotten; and unity in modern work of respectable and even beautiful details is among things hoped for but rarely seen. Under this head it is worth while to note also what Winckelmann says of accessories at the close of the volume. One might wish that he had more fully elaborated this point, as also a certain *naïveté* or boldness which the Greeks showed during the best period of art, in relation to the support of detached portions of figures and groups, not hesitating to introduce an undisguised prop of marble between the trunk and the arm, or wherever else it was necessary, — an aid of which modern art in its pride and feebleness is ashamed. But this second volume remains to this day almost a complete guide to Greek plastic art, and its masterly analysis of principles is yet the quarry of modern commentators. The reader will find here minute description of many of the best known figures and heads: he cannot fail to be delighted with what is said of the Ludovisan Juno, and the Capitoline Ariadne (now in Paris), albeit the author insists that this is a head of Bacchus. (See the very able discussion of the matter by the German editor in the notes.) His comments upon the Pallas of the Albani villa, in the grand style, are enthusiastic and inspiring, and lead us to connect it with the glorious Minerva Medica of the Vatican. Reading these noble criticisms upon the noblest statuary, we can hardly help regretting that Winckelmann lived too soon to see some of the very finest relics of Greek art, as, for instance, the Venus of Melos, and the wonderful Athlete (with the strigil) in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican. But he has established his claim to them all, and they fall at once into the classification which he invented. Apart from the value of this classification as an indispensable aid to the study of remaining antique work, there is equally important good to be obtained by the students of plastic art from this volume; the teaching of unremitting study of nature, and the formation of a style which, by the unity of various beauties in a single figure or countenance, shall be superior to simple imitation, or in other words the passage from mere natural beauty to a grand conventionality.

This "grand style" is more elaborately discussed in Book VIII., which forms the conclusion of Vol. III., and is given to the exposition of the "Rise and Fall of Greek Art." Winckelmann places it relatively to the growth of the nation "at the time when Greece attained its highest degree of refinement and freedom." The principal artists mentioned are Phidias, Polycletus, Scopas, Alcamanes, Myron. This style is followed by and merges in that which he calls the "Beautiful," of which Praxiteles was the first great apostle. The knowledge and union of the two, it seems to us, has produced the most glorious work which remains of antique plastic art. For, to cite familiar examples, it cannot be denied that the element of grace enters largely into the sculptures of the Parthenon, heroic as they are; and it is obvious that the simple and somewhat formal treatment observed in the celebrated half-figure Cupid in the Vatican belongs to an earlier period than that which Praxiteles, to whom the work is attributed, is supposed to represent. The wonderful beauty and nobleness of these works, partaking of both styles, and showing that conventionality which *follows* the most intimate knowledge of nature, instead of being the result of ignorance, is beyond

representation in words ; but, so far as possible, Winckelmann analyzes and illustrates it. It is to be regretted that so many of our artists have not sufficiently studied this grandest phase of Greek art to learn that temperance in finishing which knows just when to *stop* the chisel, as well as how to guide it. The brows and nose of the lovely "Genius of the Vatican" are left with firm, sharp edges ; a modern artist could not have held his hand here, — he would rather have polished off the nose finely, and very likely would have modelled the hair of the brows. We can hardly imagine a greater disfigurement of this head, or that of the inimitable Ariadne before mentioned. This simple, or, if one chooses to call it so, "severe" style of treatment introduced into our plastic art, might detract something from its prettiness, but would add infinitely to its purity and dignity. It is founded upon a most just principle, — that of the recognition of materials in all good art ; a simple acknowledgment of the fact that marble is not flesh, and cannot with impunity be treated as if it were.

The remainder of the third volume is given to a learned and exhaustive description of Greek drapery (as shown in the relics of sculpture and painting), and a treatise on the mechanical part of Greek art. The latter will be exceedingly interesting to both artist and connoisseur. Nearly all the modes of working marble and bronze now known appear to have been in use among the ancients ; and indeed it is not unlikely that they possessed means of cutting the harder stones, such as basalt and porphyry, with which we are unacquainted. The manner of finishing marble does not seem to have greatly changed, unless it be in the use of files, now so common ; and no artists in these days venture to give the finishing touches with chisels, as, according to our author, did a few of the ancients. In Winckelmann's time the ancient practice of rubbing the surface with wax was universal ; that barbarism, at least, has now disappeared. The remarks on various kinds of stone are interesting, and show how indefinite a term "Parian" had become even in Winckelmann's time. We think our modern sculptors will hardly agree with him that the finest quarried and whitest marble is the best for statuary purposes. A certain degree of visible crystallic organization, and a slight tinge of warmth in the color, adds much, in our opinion, to the beauty of any fine work in marble. This crystallic lustre of a coarser grain more than compensates for the possible finer finish, which is in itself of a doubtful advantage. The author mentions the expediency of finishing the hair and mane of the lion with the chisel solely : we think the experiment may be successful with *all* hair in marble, and we have already seen it treated beautifully in this way in several modern statues.

With many of Winckelmann's notions on aside topics the modern reader will be unable to agree ; it is only in Greek art that the great connoisseur is infallible. Nobody in these days will think of subscribing to the dictum, that we are to thank the Romans for all we possess of Greek art, or that three is the magic number in the proportions of the human figure, or that an excess of attention to portraiture indicates the decline of art, or that Raphael Mengs was the greatest artist of all time, or that the heads of Madonnas should be copied from the Amazons of the Greeks, or that the Carracci are specially to be lauded for representing Christ as a beardless youthful hero of the Greek type. Unacceptable statements of this sort are alien to the form and purpose of the History, and are easily explained by circumstances belonging to the author's time and location. Such defects, in a work which is, and will probably ever remain, the most admirable guide to Greek art and exponent of its laws, are hardly worth mentioning.

With regard to the form in which the book is presented by the publishers, it should be said that it is in accordance with the character of the work. The letter-press is elegant ; and the engravings of the second volume, including an exquisite frontispiece, the Capitoline Ariadne, are very carefully and admirably done. We fancy — perhaps it is only a fancy — that the illustrations of the third volume are hardly so satisfactory, the lines representing the shaded parts being "strengthened" in that way which so surely weakens pure outline drawing. And we think our fancy may be confirmed by observing the delicate double line which Andrews uses in the engraving of the head of Zeus, or the firm, temperate outline of the beautiful head of Mercury, both in the second volume.

MUSIC.

SINCE Gounod's *Faust* was first brought out in America with Miss Kellogg and Signori Mazzoleni, Biachi, and Bellini in the leading parts, no operatic novelty has created such general enthusiasm as has Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*,* with Miss Nilsson, Mademoiselle Duval, and M. Capoul. We mention thus particularly the most prominent features in the casts of both operas, as their almost immediate popularity was probably in a great degree due to the singers themselves. Without Miss Kellogg as Marguerite, and Signor Biachi as Mephistopheles, an opera in a then so unaccustomed style as Gounod's *Faust*, with such a marked tendency to embrace the *arioso* and recitative forms, and to discard the set forms of *cavatina*, *caballetta*, and *aria*, could hardly have sprung so rapidly into popular favor as it actually did. With the exception of the March, the Waltz, and Siebel's "Flower-song," there was little, if anything, in *Faust* immediately to catch the popular ear; and the real great beauties in the opera were probably only appreciated some time after it had already become firmly established as a general favorite. What of poetical and dramatic beauty remained in Goethe's story after its distortion by the operatic prism of MM. Barbier and Carré, helped greatly, no doubt, to make the opera popular; but the story of Faust, well known as it was to our public, had not become so interwoven with our daily intellectual life as it had in Germany, and the characters of Margaret and Mephisto were too vague in our minds to have appealed so directly to our sympathies, unless presented to us with the vivid dramatic force that they were by Miss Kellogg and Signor Biachi.

What Miss Kellogg and Signor Biachi did for *Faust*, Miss Nilsson and M. Capoul have done for *Mignon*. MM. Barbier and Carré have treated Goethe's story this time with even less respect than before. As the Berlin *Kladderadatsch* said when *Mignon* was brought out there: "Wilhelm Meister went not long ago to Paris, and there he met two Frenchmen by the name of Barbier and Carré who put him into such a state that on his return even his most intimate friends did not know him." Indeed the French librettists have succeeded in turning out nothing better than quite a good *libretto*, "*as libretti go.*" Better than most *libretti*, inasmuch as the scenes follow each other in a natural, unforced way, and have some connection with each other instead of being merely a series of disconnected tableaux, such as we see in "Scenes from the life of St. A——," in old German and Italian compartment pictures. *No* better than the generality of *libretti*, inasmuch as the characters, with the exception of Mignon herself, are no characters at all, merely dressed-up puppets that serve as convenient vehicles for a given amount of music and quasi-dramatic action.

As for the music, the prevailing impression that we received from hearing the opera was that of having heard it all before. Without perhaps laying himself open to the charge of direct plagiarism, M. Thomas has so benefited by the example of Meyerbeer and Gounod, that one finds it difficult to see any individuality in his music. Every number of the opera bears marks of the most careful elaboration, and throughout the work we find passages which prove the composer to be a contrapuntist who has, to say the least, studied carefully and conscientiously. His themes, although rarely distinctly original, are generally very pleasing, especially many of those little strains in the minor which have a quaint, piquant, gypsy air, if not quite free from a certain French artificiality and stagy refinement that rather lead us to mistrust their spontaneity and genuineness, and make us feel much as the old lady from the country did about Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle in the last act, when she exclaimed, "My! how clean he *hev* kep' his linen all this time!" The one stroke of originality in the opera is the first theme of Philine's *Polonaise* "*Je suis Titania la blonde*," which is thoroughly charming, the opening phrase alighting on an inversion of the chord of the ninth being particularly bewitching. The second theme of the same number is very pretty, light, and taking, though it somewhat lacks the *cachet* of the first; but it is treated with great skill, and

* *Mignon*, Opéra comique en trois actes et cinq tableaux, paroles de MM. MICHEL CARRÉ et JULES BARBIER, musique de AMBROISE THOMAS. Paris: au Ménestrel, Heugel, & Cie.

the little accent upon the last note of the bar saves it from being entirely commonplace. The *allegro* of the overture is principally built upon these two motives. The opening *polonaise* theme is skilfully, although perhaps too heavily, instrumented for its light character, and is quite effectively worked up, though without any pretension to contrapuntal display or particularly elaborate treatment. In the treatment of the second theme M. Thomas has come to grief on that rock which has shattered the respectability of so many modern French and Italian composers, namely, the abuse of the *cornet à pistons*. The nature of the figure itself, composed as it is of the notes of the common triad, seemed to invite the crackling little instrument to try its voice upon it, and the fatal ease which modern mechanism has given the cornet of lending itself indiscriminately to melodic passages in any key made the temptation too strong for the composer to resist, and the lively little theme which on the violins or some of the lighter wind instruments might have been thoroughly fascinating even if trivial, on the cornet becomes vulgarized to a mere quadrille tune, worthy of nothing better than a circus or a dance-hall. The last eighteen or twenty bars of the overture seem hardly in keeping with anything else in the opera, and must be regarded rather as a gratuitous display of fireworks to give *éclat* to the performance and astonish the audience.

The most perfect number in the opera, though not the most original, is the little *entr'acte* before the second act, which is in every respect worthy of old Father Haydn himself. But after all there is something unsatisfactory in most of the music. We feel too often the want of an internal necessity in the musical development, and there is hardly a passage in the opera that seems to have sprung spontaneously either from a dramatic or purely musical necessity, hardly a progression that seems to hold its place by the divine right of fitness, and because it and nothing else could satisfy the demands of the situation. The counterpoint has rather the air of having been thrown upon the themes than of being the natural outgrowth of the themes themselves, and we find ourselves often inwardly groaning over the amount of work the composer has lavished upon merely ornamental details, instead of being carried away by the beauty of an elaborately perfected whole. The sextet in the first act, which is perhaps the most pretentious number in the opera, is little more than an agglomeration of musical phrases of the sort that contrapuntists call "passage-work," — a series of modulations, sometimes of great beauty, it is true, but only beautiful *as modulations*, gathering nothing from their mutual relations as parts of an organic structure. It is rather like one of those pages of "Studies from the Antique" in drawing-books, where arms, legs, and other disjointed members of the human body are thrown together in artless confusion, interesting to the student and connoisseur from their intrinsic beauty, but wanting the master-hand to combine them into a living organism.

As for the character of Mignon herself, both librettists and composer have mercifully done as little about her as possible. The part is both musically and dramatically very like those blank patches in the half-worked specimens of worsted-work that we see exhibited in the shop windows, and which the purchaser can fill out as her fancy dictates. That the part as performed here is so irresistibly charming is wholly due to Goethe and Miss Nilsson. Composer and librettists sink into utter insignificance in comparison. The most important part musically is that of Philine. With the exception of the duet with Lothario, *Légères hirondelles*, which is charming in melody and skilfully worked out, the music assigned to Mignon is as uninteresting as may be. The song, *Connais tu le pays?* and almost all the music of the third act, that is, almost all the music that is written in any other than the light *opéra-comique* vein, is but a weak dilution of Gounod and Meyerbeer, that is, at times, almost painful from its want of either musical or dramatic force and interest. The music of Lothario is so hopelessly dismal, that the otherwise inoffensive old man becomes a perfect incubus before the opera ends. In the *Berceuse*, "*De son cœur j'ai calmé la fièvre*," M. Thomas has made one of those dreary attempts at so-called "classical" purism that one meets with sometimes in modern French composers. Here he has imitated Meyerbeer in one of his most questionable tendencies. After having half crazed his audience by setting off at once all the musical pyrotechnics at his command, Meyerbeer would sometimes do penance in some bit of musical crust and water of most ascetic simplicity, and hurl it at the heads of his bewildered critics as if in proof of his own artistic respectability. As an

accomplished contrapuntist, M. Thomas no doubt also wanted to show what he could do *dans le style sévère*, and write something after the manner of "the old masters," with a sop to Cerberus, to be sure, in the shape of a lazily persistent drone-bass, in order that an audience accustomed to float languidly down the tide of Gounod's sensuous, dreamy sentimentality might not be frightened away by this display of ungarnished erudition. But in imitating "the old masters" M. Thomas, like his predecessor Meyerbeer, has fallen into the error of the man who thought he could become a painter by working with one of Albert Dürer's brushes. He has worked with their tools instead of reproducing their workmanship, and in place of a composition has given us a carefully written exercise. The music allotted to Wilhelm is easily fascinating throughout, and quite in keeping with the small amount of individuality that the *libretto* has allowed him. The *Romance* in the third act, *Elle ne croyait pas*, is beautiful in its opening phrase, and, although it may somewhat lack vital decision of outline, is the most successful piece of sentimental writing in the opera.

One of the most valuable additions to the musical literature of the day is Dr. Hans v. Bülow's edition of Beethoven's Pianoforte works,* beginning with Opus 53. This edition deserves a high place among the many contributions to art and science which the world owes to German industry and perseverance. The first part, which now lies before us, contains all the sonatas from Op. 53 to Op. 111, inclusive; two sets of *Bagatelles*, Op. 119 and Op. 126; thirty-three variations upon a waltz by Diabelli, Op. 120; and the posthumous *Rondo a Capriccio* in G, Op. 129. All these works are accompanied by the most copious and exhaustive explanatory foot-notes, by the editor. Explanatory, not in the quasi-transcendental Berlioz fashion of finding various poetical, *extra* musical suggestions in the music, but from the more purely musical point of view of one who has, after a long course of faithful study, grown to understand and to reverence the great master for what he really was, rather than for what he possibly might have been. For where Berlioz, in his perfectly sincere, though superficial subjectivity, found in Beethoven's compositions only a strong magnifying mirror wherein he saw reflected with hundred-fold intensity his own poetical fancy, Von Bülow has found a transparent glass through which he looks objectively at the vivifying musical germ beneath. As a pupil of Liszt, and a musician who has lived and studied under influences in a great degree opposed to the tendencies of the Leipzig and Western German schools of to-day, Von Bülow might well have been expected to approach his subject in a spirit more congenial to that of Beethoven's later works, than any of the disciples of what has, with a certain grim irony, been called the "Modern-Romantic" school. But in keeping clear of the Scylla of antiquarian pedantry, he has taken good care not to be drawn into the Charybdis of sentimentalism, which latter extreme might have been feared for one of the followers of Franz Liszt. Unfortunately for those students who do not read German with great ease, Von Bülow has clothed his thoughts in that curiously involved diction in which German science delights to find expression; but in defence of this may be said that, however much the German *Kathederstyl* lacks perspicuity, it is certainly unrivalled in exactness of expression. The sentences have the definiteness of algebraic *formulæ*, though like them they often have to be carefully worked out before the meaning is clearly intelligible. The constant use of French and Italian words and expressions might be called affected by some, but the author has never used a foreign word where a German one would have been equally expressive, and, far from quarrelling with what at first might seem a blemish in style, we are often compelled to admire the wonderful appropriateness of the terms he uses.

Besides explanations of the musical significance of the compositions, the author has given most minute directions for the technical part of performance, which, coming from a pianist of his vast executive ability and experience as a teacher, cannot be estimated too highly. We would heartily recommend this edition to all Beethoven lovers and students.

* *Beethovens Werke für Pianoforte solo von Op. 53 an* in kritischer und instructiver Ausgabe, mit erläuternden Anmerkungen für Lehrende und Lernende, von Dr. Hans v. Bülow. Erster Theil. Stuttgart: Verlag bei der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung. 1871.

SCIENCE.

READERS who were interested some years ago in Dr. Forbes Winslow's little book on the "Physiological Influence of Light," would do well to read General Pleasonton's accounts of his experiments on "The Influence of the Blue Color of the Sky in developing Animal and Vegetable Life." For more than ten years, General Pleasonton has been engaged in experiments which have consisted in subjecting growing plants and animals to an artificially increased intensity of the violet rays of the spectrum, or those rays which lie nearest to the invisible actinic rays. Cuttings of grape-vines, for example, one year old, were placed under a roof in which every eighth row of panes was violet-colored; and under these circumstances the growth of the vines went on with astonishing rapidity. At the end of five months many vines had attained a length of more than forty-five feet. In the second season, not only was the growth even more rapid than this, but in addition the vines were heavily loaded with enormous bunches of very large-sized and healthy grapes. Now, after ten years, the vines are still growing luxuriantly, and though they have borne immense crops, sometimes estimated at more than two tons, without intermission since their first crop, they as yet show no signs of old age. Of especial interest is the fact that the incessant production of such large crops has not interfered with the regular formation of woody fibre or with the growth of a dense foliage. It is a general law, in the vegetable as well as in in the animal kingdom, that the exercise of the reproductive function is a serious hindrance to the growth or development of the individual; and the fact that, under an increased supply of violet light, a plant will continue to grow rapidly even while it is incessantly producing large numbers of seeds, shows most strikingly to what an extent its vital energy has been increased.

In 1869, General Pleasonton proceeded to experiment upon the effects of the violet ray in stimulating animal life. Out of a litter of eight young pigs he placed four in a piggery containing violet glass in three sides and in the roof, while the other four were placed in a piggery exactly similar in construction but containing ordinary white glass instead of the violet. At the end of six months, during which both sets of pigs had been supplied with exactly the same quantities of food, and subjected in general to the same kind of treatment, the superior growth of the pigs kept under the violet glass had become very remarkable. In similar wise, by furnishing an extra supply of violet rays, General Pleasonton has caused a sickly and puny bull-calf to develop into an animal of magnificent size and strength. It is to be hoped that these interesting experiments will be continued on a still larger scale.

In a recent address before the Entomological Society of London, Mr. Wallace calls attention to the very ingenious and plausible hypothesis propounded some time ago by Mr. Herbert Spencer, to account for the origin of the annulose or articulated sub-kingdom of animals. According to this hypothesis any annulose animal is in reality a compound organism, each of its segments representing what was originally a distinct individual. In other words, an annulose animal is a colony or community of animals which have become integrated into an individual animal. Strong *prima facie* evidence of such a linear joining of individuals primevally separate is furnished by the structure of the lowest annelids. Between the successive segments there is almost complete identity, both internal and external. Each segment is physiologically an entire creature, possessing all the organs necessary for individual completeness of life; not only legs and branchiæ of its own, but also its own nerve-centres, its own reproductive organs, and frequently its own pair of eyes. In many of the intestinal worms each segment has an entire reproductive apparatus, and being hermaphrodite, constitutes a complete animal. Moreover in the development of the embryo the segments grow from one another by fission or gemmation, precisely as colonies of compound animals grow. At the outset the embryo annelid is composed of only one segment. The undifferentiated cells contained in this segment, instead of being all employed in the formation of a heterogeneous and coherent structure within the segment, as would be the case in an animal

of higher type, proceed very soon to form a second segment, which, instead of separating as a new individual, remains partially attached to the first. This process may go on until hundreds of segments have been formed. Not only, moreover, does spontaneous fission occur in nearly all the orders of the annulose sub-kingdom, but it is a familiar fact that artificial fission often results in the formation of two or more independent animals. So self-sufficing are the parts, that when the common earthworm is cut in two, each half continues its life as a perfect worm. Very significant is the fact that in some genera, as in chætogaster, where the perfect individual consists of three segments, there is formed a fourth segment, which breaks off from the rest and becomes a new animal.

All these facts, together with many others of like implication, point unmistakably to the conclusion that the type of annulosa has arisen from the coalescence, in a linear series, of little spheroidal animals primevally distinct from one another. How, now, are we to explain, or to classify, such a coalescence? Obviously, the coalescence is to be classified as *a case of arrested reproduction by spontaneous fission.* In other words, whereas the aboriginal annaloid had been in the habit of producing by gemmation a second individual which separated itself at a certain stage of growth, there came a time when such separation became arrested before completion; so that, instead of a series of independent organisms, the result was a colony of organisms, linked together in a linear chain. Let us observe that by this brilliant explanation the origin of the annulose type is completely assimilated to the origin of the lowest animal and vegetable types. The primordial type alike of the vegetable and of the animal, is a single spherical or spheroidal cell, which reproduces itself by spontaneous fission. That is, it elongates until room is made for a second nucleus, after which a notch appears in the cell-wall between the nuclei; and this notch deepens until the old and new cells are quite separated from each other. Now when many such primordial cells are enclosed in a common membrane, so that, instead of achieving a complete separation, they multiply into a jelly-like or mulberry-like mass, there is formed — whether the case be taken in the animal or in the vegetable kingdom — an organism of a type considerably higher than the simple cell. There is an opportunity for differently conditioned cells comprised in the same mass to become differently modified, and thus to subserve various functions in the economy of the organism. There is a chance for division and combination of labor among the parts. Now the progress achieved when the spheroidal members of an annaloid compound remain partly connected, instead of separating, is precisely similar to this. Among the indubitably compound animals of cœleuterate or molluscoid type, in which the fission is not arrested, it is but seldom that the individuals stand related to one another in such a way that there can be any need of their severally performing diverse and specialized functions. For instance, among the hydrozoa, each member of the compound can get food for itself, can expand or contract its tentacles in any way without affecting the general welfare of the compound. But now, if the members of such a compound as the hypothetical primitive annaloid are grouped in a linear series, there must arise a difference between the conditions which affect the extreme members of the series and the conditions which affect the intermediate members. And consequently there will ensue an advantage to the compound in the struggle for life, if the members, instead of continuing to perform identical functions separately, become sufficiently united to allow of their performing different functions in concert. Hence we obtain the lowest actual type of annaloid, in which the segments are mere repetitions of each other, with the exception of the extreme front and rear segments, which subserve different functions related to the well-being of the aggregate.

Viewed in this light, the various great classes of the annulose sub-kingdom beautifully illustrate that progressive co-ordination of parts becoming more and more unlike one another, which is the chief characteristic of progress in the organic world. In very low annelids, such as the intestinal worms, we see hardly any specialization among the parts; and as we proceed upwards through the lower types, ending with the myriapoda, of which the centipede is the most familiar representative, we meet with a great but varying number of segments, which show but little specialization, save in the head and tail. The same is, in general, true of the larvæ and caterpillars of the higher types. But as we rise to the adult forms of the insect group, — comprising crustaceans, arachnoids, and true insects,

— we find the number of segments reduced to just twenty. And while this number remains unvarying, the modifications undergone by different segments in conformity to the requirements of the aggregate are almost endless in variety, the extremes, both of concentration and of specialization, being seen in the ant, the spider, and the crab. In many of the details of this gradual fusion of distinct individuals into a coherent whole, we see the hypothesis interestingly illustrated and justified. In the annelids of low type, each segment has its own spiracles which have no internal communication with one another. On the other hand, in the insect group there is a complete system of vessels connecting the respiratory systems. While in the intermediate myriapoda we find, as might be expected, a partial communication.

For fuller information on this subject the reader may consult Mr. Wallace's Address, or the second volume of Mr. Spencer's "Principles of Biology." We are glad that attention has again been directed to this very suggestive hypothesis, which, whether it prove adequate or not to explain all the facts of morphology in the annulose sub-kingdom, cannot fail to be of great service in the study of this branch of biology. Now that the origin of the order of insects has become such a conspicuous subject of discussion, it is time that this line of explanation should be further pursued and more thoroughly tested.

In this connection we may remark upon an apparent fallacy which occurs in M. Joachim Barraude's recent work on "Trilobites." In this laborious and well-elaborated monograph, the learned author regards it as a difficulty in the way of the derivation-theory of organic forms, that many of the oldest known trilobites possess a great number of segments, while, at the same time, the embryonic forms of trilobites in general possess but few segments. And so, argues M. Barraude, there is a violation of the rule that animals, in the course of their embryonic development, should repeat the forms of their ancestors. We had supposed it to be generally understood that such repetition is hardly ever, if ever, strictly literal, but is always, or nearly always, merely approximative. Until it has been shown that all caterpillars must possess segments at least as numerous as those of the lowest known annelids, it is difficult to see what new weight can be accorded to M. Barraude's objection.

For the rest, in spite of its rather antiquated zoölogical theorizing, we may cordially recommend M. Barraude's monograph, which contains an excellent summary of the development of trilobites, and especially a comparative view of the occurrence of cephalopods and trilobites in the Silurian system of Bohemia.

POLITICS.

AS the time for the Presidential conventions draws near, newspaper readers are beginning to be reminded of their political duties; and it becomes obligatory upon the great editorial body to issue a series of manifestoes, urging their subscribers to stand by or rally round some one; to nail the colors to the masthead, and fight the ship to the last; to keep their fire until they see the whites of the enemies' eyes, and so on.

One of the most singular of these bugle-calls (to use the term by which they are commonly known in the profession) with which we have ever met was lately issued by the late collector of the port of Philadelphia, in his Washington newspaper. We ought perhaps to say that the design of this bugle-call is to assist the administration party. According to Colonel Forney, it seems that at the time of the nomination of General Grant in 1867, by himself, Mr. Justice Cartter, and Senator Thayer, General Grant's chief of staff, who conducted the negotiations with the nominee, wished to know what was to become of General Grant "after his second Presidential term, what indeed during his administration? He is receiving from seventeen to twenty thousand dollars a year as general of the armies of the Republic, — a life salary. To go into the Presidency at twenty-five

thousand dollars a year for eight years is, perhaps, to gain more fame; but what is to become of him at the end of his Presidency? He is not a politician. He does not aspire to the place. Eight years from the 4th of March, 1869, he will be about fifty-six years old. Of course, he must spend his salary as President. England, with her Wellington, her Nelson, and her other heroes on land and sea, has never hesitated to enrich and ennoble them through all their posterity. Such a policy is in accordance with the character of the English government; but in our country the man who fights for and saves the Republic would be a beggar if he depended upon political office; and, mark it, if Grant takes anything from the rich, whose vast fortunes he has saved, after he is President, he will be accused as the willing recipient of gifts."

The moral of this story is, that when we elect a man to office we at the same time unconsciously encourage others to tear him to pieces. What public character can escape calumny? Our best candidates for office are not saints, our best representatives and senators in Congress are not divinities. President Washington, when he closed his second term, was regarded as a usurper, and the end of his administration declared a great national relief. If we establish an angelic standard for our public men, we are not only sure to fail, but perhaps to end in making an hereditary monarchy necessary to govern and subdue a dissatisfied people.

The bugle-call, managed in this manner, is not likely to prove a success. It may satisfy the intellect, but it cannot be expected to fire the heart. The bugle-call in times past has always taken the form of a stirring appeal. The citizen has been adjured by his altars and fires, by the memories of his ancestors, by his hatred of tyranny and oppression, by his love of liberty and right. His sentiments of honor, of patriotism, of justice, have been appealed to. Colonel Forney is, we believe, the first American statesman who has discarded these traditions, and urged the American people to re-elect a President on purely economical grounds. In this he seems to us to make a mistake. We certainly are a commercial people, and have a keen sympathy with the love of money; but we doubt whether even in America a President can secure a re-election by showing that he went into the Presidency at a loss, and needs a term of eight years in order to enable him to "cover."

The replies of the friends of the administration to the charges made against the President have been from the first, considered merely as replies, singularly ineffective. The official reply to the charge of nepotism was that, instead of having appointed twenty-four relatives to office, the President had only appointed twelve. But the difficulty with this method of meeting the accusation was that it did not go far enough. Obviously the question was not whether the number of these appointments had been exaggerated, but what the proportion was between the whole number of appointments actually made and the whole number of relatives. If the President has two thousand relatives clamorous for office, the appointment of twelve (it may possibly have been eleven) was not very large. On the other hand, if he has only thirteen relatives who seek offices, and are eligible under the Constitution, the appointment of twelve shows a different spirit. To have made its reply complete, the official organ in New York ought to publish not only a complete list of all the relatives of the President and Mrs. Grant, but at the same time furnish full information on the other points we have indicated. To the most serious charge of all, that of these family appointees, several were incompetent to discharge the duties of their offices in a fit and honest manner, one of them being the notorious Casey of New Orleans, no reply has been made. The country has as yet been spared hearing by way of official answer that these indecent appointments were not in reality four in number, as had been reported, but only three. In the second place, the charge that, in the face of repeated remonstrances, the President has allowed an obscure and impudent adventurer to amass a fortune by a systematic system of plunder, under the protection of the authorities of the government, it was replied that the general-order system would soon be modified. And it has been modified, and no one knows to-day whether Leet retains the control of it or not. To the charge that the President took no interest in the most important political question of the day, that of civil-service reform, it was replied that a board of eminent men had been appointed to consider the subject, and that the President would be guided by their conclusions. Their report was made, and adopted by the President, and a great flourish of

trumpets was made over this reform, which might quite as easily have been introduced three years before; and it had hardly been adopted when it was announced that the rules would be temporarily suspended whenever the administration thought proper. And lastly, to the charge of present-taking, the reply made is, that the whole matter was talked over in 1867 by Colonel Forney, Mr. Justice Cartter, and Senator Thayer and General Grant's chief of staff, and it was decided that, as General Grant has saved the rich a great deal during the war, it was only fair that he should get some of it himself.

All these accusations, however, are merely matters of detail. Those who distrust the administration have an underlying ground of complaint, which it would require a great deal to remove. It has often been repeated, but repetition does not weaken its force. It is, that when General Grant was elected, four years ago, it was the popular belief and understanding that he would bend all his energies to the work of purifying the government, — of redeeming it from the corruption into which it has fallen, of assisting those whose object it is to make politcal life in America once more respectable and honorable. Instead of doing this, he has allied himself with the very men whose names are by-words throughout the country for those vices which he professed his desire to root out; he has lent his warm assistance to petty factions warring, not for any political objects, but for the control of plunder, and he now demands his re-election on the strength of these services to the country.

If Mr. Thomas Nast could have died when the Tammany Ring did, he would have ended his career with a reputation unequalled in the history of political caricature. In the opinion of many people, the author of the vigorous cartoons in Harper's Weekly divided with the New York Times the honor of the overthrow of Tweed and his confederates. His fame, too, unlike that of most caricaturists, was not confined to his own country; spreading at once to England, it outshone itself, and the name of Nast was coupled in admiring comparisons with those of "H. B.," of Gilray, and even of Hogarth. Mr. Nast, however, survived the Ring, and in his new character as caricaturist of the anti-administration senators seems likely to ruin the reputation which Tammany brought him. There are many indications that he has not now the hold he had six months since either on the popular sense of humor or the popular indignation. Doubts are beginning to be expressed of his artistic power. He is criticised for the want of what might be called parabolic significance in his cartoons. He is taken to task for their want of delicacy, and worst of all for their want of point. In one of his recent cartoons he has represented the members of the "Senatorial Cabal" in the character of Roman statesmen conspiring the murder of Cæsar, and he has been much criticised for the absurdity of a comparison between what was by common consent a patriotic act of self-devotion and what he wishes to have considered a low intrigue for place. In short Mr. Nast, having tasted the sweets of popularity in art, is now probably doomed to know the bitterness of the opposite.

The merits of his pictures, however, remain the same, whichever side he draws for, and their great cleverness and effectiveness we have no desire to dispute. But Mr. Nast, judged from any point of view, is by no means a great caricaturist. From the time of his first caricatures he has always had one great defect, which is perhaps most observable in the picture we have just alluded to, but which may be seen in dozens of others. With all his ability, his draughtsmanship, and his grasp of character, he continually fails in expressing in his caricatures the precise idea he wishes to convey, or rather, to speak more correctly, fails adequately to conceive his idea himself. In one of his cartoons published during the war upon Tammany, called, if we remember right, "The Tammany Tiger loose," this is quite apparent. The scene represents an amphitheatre with Tweed as imperator, and Sweeny and the rest of the gang near him as spectators, looking down upon the arena, in the middle of which is the Tammany tiger glaring over the prostrate figure of Liberty. Now this picture either means nothing at all, or it means that there is no hope for New York, — certainly not the feeling which Mr. Nast wished to excite. Tweed and his fellow-spectators are calmly enjoying the scene, while the tiger has nothing in the world to do but to finish what remains of the life of Liberty, if any of it is left, and as to this the candid observer cannot help entertaining the gravest doubts. It was a picture which, except for the carica-

tured faces, might almost have better been published for private circulation among the members of the Ring themselves. It was no doubt effective. But it was effective in spite of itself. The mental associations connected with the Roman amphiteatre are those of irresistible power, irresistible cruelty. The victim in the arena never survived, the bloodthirsty spectators always took their fill of the cruel spectacle. The Roman games were simple slaughter for the amusement of the Roman people. But the people of New York and the Ring were not, at the time this cartoon was drawn, in any such relation to each other. They were in a state of open war, and it was not the business of caricature to represent them in the relation of master and slave, or, to speak more correctly, of master and murdered slave. Not that Mr. Nast ought to have introduced any suggestion of hope or escape into this picture; that would have been ridiculous. But the picture itself ought never to have been drawn. It may be urged in reply to this criticism that the people of New York are not classical enough to be affected by such considerations. But this does not really meet the question. An artist is governed quite as much by the laws of his subject as by the ignorance of his audience.

It is however rather of the caricature as a political weapon than of Mr. Nast's merits as an artist that we have to speak. The future of political caricature, in view of its recent successes in this country, is a subject of not a little interest. Are we not on the eve of a great extension and development of this method of political warfare? Hitherto in modern communities caricature has been confined to the pages of illustrated journals. There are many indications that it will soon leave those narrow limits and take a wider range. In ancient times, before the existence of types, the spirit of caricature had other means of finding expression; in Greece it took possession of the theatre. "Political events, such as those of the Peloponnesian War, and magnificent projects of universal empire, like that which drove the Athenians out of their senses at the time of the Sicilian expedition, were brought upon the stage in the most amusing manner, and often with more effect than followed the political discussions in the Ecclesia. Grand schemes of revolution and reform, of annexation and re-annexation, and wild speculation of any and every kind, which were constantly coming to the surface of the seething caldron of Athenian life, were dramatized with infinite wit and unsparing ridicule. Public men were brought upon the stage by name; and the actors, by the aid of portrait masks and costumes imitated from the dresses actually worn, represented in the most minute particulars the personages themselves. Socrates, whose strange person and grotesque manners offered irresistible temptations to the wits of the comic stage, is said to have been present when he was brought out in the play of 'The Clouds,' and to have stood up before the audience with imperturbable good-humor, that they might compare the original with the mimic semblance on the stage. . . . . A large part of the function of the comic theatre consisted in discussing dramatically, and with all the liveliness that art and sarcasm could lend, and all the force that party passion inspired, the measures and men that occupied the public attention for the moment." It is proverbially dangerous to draw parallels between ancient and modern societies. Three months since who would have dared to suggest the reappearance in any modern city of the *Vetus Comœdia?* And yet it has reappeared on the French stage. Lest we should be suspected of over-subtlety in the comparison, we give the account as it is given by a native of the country: "The fashion now in Paris is against the men of the 4th September, consequently Sardou has promptly made a new piece against them, under the name of 'Rabagas.' This personage is a type composed half of Emile Ollivier and half of Gambetta: he is the lawyer, the politician *par excellence*, who flatters the passions of the multitude, but only wants to get into power and to find himself in the gilded drawing-rooms of royalty, — in what the English call the cold shade of aristocracy. The scene is in Monaco, and the present Duke of Valentinois, the Prince of Monaco, is actually brought on the stage in a truly Aristophanic manner. I hear that the Duke wrote a letter to Sardou, which is much to his credit, in which he simply objects to his being called familiarly Florestan on the stage." The play contains, among other political hits, a "transparent allusion to the scenes in the Hôtel de Ville on the 4th September, the 31st October, and the 18th March," which was cheered with fury. The Duke, the representative of royalty, appears as a dissolute old man, who keeps a mistress in his own palace, and makes

her the companion of his daughters, who receives secretly in her apartments one of the officers of the guards. Every liberal appears as a charlatan; the Bonapartists have taken the theatre of the Vaudeville for their head-quarters, where they cheer telling phrases for ten minutes at a time. In short the play is a great political success.

If we were a dramatic people, if we had any stage or theatre, it would be difficult to imagine a better field than America offers for the reintroduction of this old form of comedy. Nowhere in the world are the vices of public men greater, nor the contempt in which they are held more genuine; nowhere in the world is the law of libel more completely a dead letter, or political life more extraordinary. What an admirable character for the comic drama is offered by General Butler, with his military campaign before Richmond, his powdership, his descent upon Gloucester, his entrance into political life on the credit of his military failures, his management of the Impeachment, his barrel full of telegrams, his reconciliation with Grant, his repudiation campaign in the fifth district, under the banners of an anti-repudiation party, and last but not least his domestic campaign for the governorship, and his final acquiescence in the will of the majority, and the announcement of his determination to "carry on the war against sin and corruption inside the ranks" of his party. When we think, too, of his admirable make-up on the stage, it is impossible not to regret that he cannot go down to posterity immortalized by ridicule. The career of General Sickles, beginning in the very dregs of society, and working his way up by the processes we all know to the position of a distinguished reformer, — the ministerial and commercial adventures of General Schenck, — to say nothing of such delightful incidents as the occupation of Chicago by the satrap Sheridan, or such magnificent opportunities as that afforded by the management of the Alabama claims, in which last case the eminent men of two nations might be brought on to the stage, — all these are subjects which lend themselves so easily to dramatic caricature, that we cannot surrender them without a sigh.

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SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

VI.

IT is not in our power, nor in our wish, to produce the original form, nor yet the spirit, of a production which is better lost to the world: because it was the expression of a human intellect originally greatly gifted and capable of high things, but gone utterly astray, partly by its own subtlety, partly by yielding to the temptations of the lower part of its nature, by yielding the spiritual to a keen sagacity of lower things, until it was quite fallen; and yet fallen in such a way, that it seemed not only to itself, but to mankind, not fallen at all, but wise and good, and fulfilling all the ends of intellect in such a life as ours, and proving, moreover, that earthly life was good, and all that the development of our nature demanded. All this is better forgotten; better burnt; better never thought over again; and all the more, because its aspect was so wise, and even praiseworthy. But what we must preserve of it were certain rules of life and moral diet, not exactly expressed in the document, but which, as it were, on its being duly received into Septimius's mind, were precipitated from the rich solution, and crystallized into diamonds, and which he found to be the moral dietetics, so to speak, by observing which he was to achieve the end of earthly immortality, whose physical nostrum was given in the recipe which, with the help of Doctor Portsoaken and his Aunt Keziah, he had already pretty satisfactorily made out.

"Keep thy heart at seventy throbs in a minute; all more than that wears away life too quickly. If thy respiration be too quick, think with thyself that thou hast sinned against natural order and moderation.

"Drink not wine nor strong drink; and observe that this rule is worthiest in its symbolic meaning.

"Bask daily in the sunshine, and let it rest on thy heart.

"Run not; leap not; walk at a steady pace, and count thy paces per day.

"If thou feelest, at any time, a throb of the heart, pause on the instant, and analyze it; fix thy mental eye steadfastly upon it, and inquire why such commotion is.

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"Hate not any man nor woman; be not angry, unless at any time thy blood seem a little cold and torpid; cut out all rankling feelings, they are poisonous to thee. If, in thy waking moments, or in thy dreams, thou hast thoughts of strife or unpleasantness with any man, strive quietly with thyself to forget him.

"Have no friendships with an imperfect man, with a man in bad health, of violent passions, of any characteristic that evidently disturbs his own life, and so may have disturbing influence on thine. Shake not any man by the hand, because thereby, if there be any evil in the man, it is likely to be communicated to thee.

"Kiss no woman if her lips be red; look not upon her if she be very fair. Touch not her hand if thy finger-tips be found to thrill with hers ever so little. On the whole, shun woman, for she is apt to be a disturbing influence. If thou love her, all is over, and thy whole past and remaining labor and pains will be in vain.

"Do some decent degree of good and kindness in thy daily life, for the result is a slight pleasurable sense that will seem to warm and delectate thee with felicitous self-laudings; and all that brings thy thoughts to thyself tends to invigorate that central principle by the growth of which thou art to give thyself indefinite life.

"Do not any act manifestly evil; it may grow upon thee, and corrode thee in after-years. Do not any foolish good act; it may change thy wise habits.

"Eat no spiced meats. Young chickens, new-fallen lambs, fruits, bread four days old, milk, freshest butter, will make thy fleshy tabernacle youthful.

"From sick people, maimed wretches, afflicted people, — all of whom show themselves at variance with things as they should be, — from people beyond their wits, from people in a melancholic mood, from people in extravagant joy, from teething children, from dead corpses, turn away thine eyes and depart elsewhere.

"If beggars haunt thee, let thy servants drive them away, thou withdrawing out of ear-shot.

"Crying and sickly children, and teething children, as aforesaid, carefully avoid. Drink the breath of wholesome infants as often as thou conveniently canst, — it is good for thy purpose; also the breath of buxom maids, if thou mayest without undue disturbance of the flesh, drink it as a morning-draught, as medicine; also the breath of cows as they return from rich pasture at eventide.

"If thou seest human poverty, or suffering, and it trouble thee, strive moderately to relieve it, seeing that thus thy mood will be changed to a pleasant self-laudation.

"Practise thyself in a certain continual smile, for its tendency will be to compose thy frame of being, and keep thee from too much wear.

"Search not to see if thou hast a gray hair; scrutinize not thy forehead to find a wrinkle; nor the corners of thy eyes to discover if they be corrugated. Such things, being gazed at, daily take heart and grow.

"Desire nothing too fervently, not even life; yet keep thy hold upon it mightily, quietly, unshakably, for as long as thou really art resolved to live, Death, with all his force, shall have no power against thee.

"Walk not beneath tottering ruins, nor houses being put up, nor climb to the top of a mast, nor approach the edge of a precipice, nor stand in the way of the lightning, nor cross a swollen river, nor voyage at sea, nor ride a skittish horse, nor be shot at by an arrow, nor confront a sword, nor put thyself in the way of violent death; for this is hateful, and breaketh through all wise rules.

"Say thy prayers at bedtime, if thou deemest it will give thee quieter sleep; yet let it not trouble thee if thou forgettest them.

"Change thy shirt daily; thereby thou castest off yesterday's decay, and imbibest the freshness of the morning's life, which enjoy with smelling to roses

and other healthy and fragrant flowers, and live the longer for it. Roses are made to that end.

"Read not great poets; they stir up thy heart; and the human heart is a soil which, if deeply stirred, is apt to give out noxious vapors."

Such were some of the precepts which Septimius gathered and reduced to definite form out of this wonderful document; and he appreciated their wisdom, and saw clearly that they must be absolutely essential to the success of the medicine with which they were connected. In themselves, almost, they seemed capable of prolonging life to an indefinite period, so wisely were they conceived, so well did they apply to the causes which almost invariably wear away this poor, short life of men, years and years before even the shattered constitutions that they received from their forefathers need compel them to die. He deemed himself well rewarded for all his labor and pains, should nothing else follow but his reception and proper appreciation of these wise rules; but continually, as he read the manuscript, more truths, and, for aught I know, profounder and more practical ones, developed themselves; and, indeed, small as the manuscript looked, Septimius thought that he should find a volume as big as the most ponderous folio in the college library too small to contain its wisdom. It seemed to drip and distil with precious fragrant drops, whenever he took it out of his desk; it diffused wisdom like those vials of perfume which, small as they look, keep diffusing an airy wealth of fragrance for years and years together, scattering their virtue in incalculable volumes of invisible vapor, and yet are none the less in bulk for all they give; whenever he turned over the yellow leaves, bits of gold, diamonds of good size, precious pearls, seemed to drop out from between them.

And now ensued a surprise which, though of a happy kind, was almost too much for him to bear; for it made his heart beat considerably faster than the wise rules of his manuscript prescribed. Going up on his hill-top, as summer wore away (he had not been there for some time), and walking by the little flowery hillock, as so many a hundred times before, what should he see there but a new flower, that during the time he had been poring over the manuscript so sedulously had developed itself, blossomed, put forth its petals, bloomed into full perfection, and now, with the dew of the morning upon it, was waiting to offer itself to Septimius? He trembled as he looked at it, it was too much almost to bear; — it was so very beautiful, so very stately, so very rich, so very mysterious and wonderful. It was like a person, like a life! Whence did it come? He stood apart from it, gazing in wonder; tremulously taking in its aspect, and thinking of the legends he had heard from Aunt Keziah and from Sybil Dacy; and how that this flower, like the one that their wild traditions told of, had grown out of a grave, — out of a grave in which he had laid one slain by himself.

The flower was of the richest crimson, illuminated with a golden centre of a perfect and stately beauty. From the best descriptions that I have been able to gain of it, it was more like a dahlia than any other flower with which I have acquaintance; yet it does not satisfy me to believe it really of that species, for the dahlia is not a flower of any deep characteristics, either lively or malignant, and this flower, which Septimius found so strangely, seems to have had one or the other. If I have rightly understood, it had a fragrance which the dahlia lacks; and there was something hidden in its centre, a mystery, even in its fullest bloom, not developing itself so openly as the heartless, yet not dishonest, dahlia. I remember in England to have seen a flower at Eaton Hall, in Cheshire, in those magnificent gardens, which may have been like this, but my remembrance of it is not sufficiently distinct to enable me to describe it better than by saying that it was crimson, with a

gleam of gold in its centre, which yet was partly hidden. It had many petals of great richness.

Septimius, bending eagerly over the plant, saw that this was not to be the only flower that it would produce that season; on the contrary, there was to be a great abundance of them, a luxuriant harvest; as if the crimson offspring of this one plant would cover the whole hillock, — as if the dead youth beneath had burst into a resurrection of many crimson flowers! And in its veiled heart, moreover, there was a mystery like death, although it seemed to cover something bright and golden.

Day after day the strange crimson flower bloomed more and more abundantly, until it seemed almost to cover the little hillock, which became a mere bed of it, apparently turning all its capacity of production to this flower; for the other plants, Septimius thought, seemed to shrink away, and give place to it, as if they were unworthy to compare with the richness, glory, and worth of this their queen. The fervent summer burned into it, the dew and the rain ministered to it; the soil was rich, for it was a human heart contributing its juices, — a heart in its fiery youth sodden in its own blood, so that passion, unsatisfied loves and longings, ambition that never won its object, tender dreams and throbs, angers, lusts, hates, all concentrated by life, came sprouting in it, and its mysterious being, and streaks and shadows had some meaning in each of them.

The two girls, when they next ascended the hill, saw the strange flower, and Rose admired it, and wondered at it, but stood at a distance, without showing an attraction towards it, rather an undefined aversion, as if she thought it might be a poison flower; at any rate she would not be inclined to wear it in her bosom. Sybil Dacy examined it closely, touched its leaves, smelt it, looked at it with a botanist's eye, and at last remarked to Rose, "Yes, it grows well in this new soil; methinks it looks like a new human life."

"What is the strange flower?" asked Rose.

"The *Sanguinea sanguinissima*," said Sybil.

It so happened about this time that poor Aunt Keziah, in spite of her constant use of that bitter mixture of hers, was in a very bad state of health. She looked all of an unpleasant yellow, with bloodshot eyes; she complained terribly of her inwards. She had an ugly rheumatic hitch in her motion from place to place, and was heard to mutter many wishes that she had a broomstick to fly about upon, and she used to bind up her head with a dish-clout, or what looked to be such, and would sit by the kitchen fire even in the warm days, bent over it, crouching as if she wanted to take the whole fire into her poor cold heart or gizzard, — groaning regularly with each breath a spiteful and resentful groan, as if she fought womanfully with her infirmities; and she continually smoked her pipe, and sent out the breath of her complaint visibly in that evil odor; and sometimes she murmured a little prayer, but somehow or other the evil and bitterness, acridity, pepperiness, of her natural disposition overcame the acquired grace which compelled her to pray, insomuch that, after all, you would have thought the poor old woman was cursing with all her rheumatic might. All the time an old, broken-nosed, brown earthen jug, covered with the lid of a black teapot, stood on the edge of the embers, steaming forever, and sometimes bubbling a little, and giving a great puff, as if it were sighing and groaning in sympathy with poor Aunt Keziah, and when it sighed there came a great steam of herby fragrance, not particularly pleasant, into the kitchen. And ever and anon, — half a dozen times it might be, — of an afternoon, Aunt Keziah took a certain bottle from a private receptacle of hers, and also a teacup, and likewise a little, old-fashioned silver teaspoon, with which she measured three teaspoonfuls of some spirituous liquor into the teacup, half filled

the cup with the hot decoction, drank it off, gave a grunt of content, and for the space of half an hour appeared to find life tolerable.

But one day poor Aunt Keziah found herself unable, partly from rheumatism, partly from other sickness or weakness, and partly from dolorous ill-spirits, to keep about any longer, so she betook herself to her bed; and betimes in the forenoon Septimius heard a tremendous knocking on the floor of her bedchamber, which happened to be the room above his own. He was the only person in or about the house; so, with great reluctance, he left his studies, which were upon the recipe, in respect to which he was trying to make out the mode of concoction, which was told in such a mysterious way that he could not well tell either the quantity of the ingredients, the mode of trituration, or in what way their virtue was to be extracted and combined.

Running hastily up stairs, he found Aunt Keziah lying in bed, and groaning with great spite and bitterness; so that, indeed, it seemed not improvidential that such an inimical state of mind towards the human race was accompanied with an almost inability of motion, else it would not be safe to be within a considerable distance of her.

"Seppy, you good-for-nothing, are you going to see me lying here dying, without trying to do anything for me?"

"Dying, Aunt Keziah?" repeated the young man. "I hope not! What can I do for you? Shall I go for Rose? or call a neighbor in? or the doctor?"

"No, no, you fool!" said the afflicted person. "You can do all that anybody can for me; and that is to put my mixture on the kitchen fire till it steams, and is just ready to bubble; then measure three teaspoonfuls — or it may be four, as I am very bad — of spirit into a teacup, fill it half full, — or it may be quite full, for I am very bad, as I said afore; six teaspoonfuls of spirit into a cup of mixture, and let me have it as soon as may be; and don't break the cup, nor spill the precious mixture, for goodness knows when I can go into the woods to gather any more. Ah me! ah me! it's a wicked, miserable world, and I am the most miserable creature in it. Be quick, you good-for-nothing, and do as I say!"

Septimius hastened down; but as he went, a thought came into his head, which it occurred to him might result in great benefit to Aunt Keziah, as well as to the great cause of science and human good, and to the promotion of his own purpose, in the first place. A day or two ago he had gathered several of the beautiful flowers, and laid them in the fervid sun to dry; and they now seemed to be in about the state in which the old woman was accustomed to use her herbs, so far as Septimius had observed. Now, if these flowers were really, as there was so much reason for supposing, the one ingredient that had for hundreds of years been missing out of Aunt Keziah's nostrum, — if it was this which that strange Indian sagamore had mingled with his drink with such beneficial effect, — why should not Septimius now restore it, and if it would not make his beloved aunt young again, at least assuage the violent symptoms, and perhaps prolong her valuable life some years, for the solace and delight of her numerous friends? Septimius, like other people of investigating and active minds, had a great tendency to experiment, and so good an opportunity as the present, where (perhaps he thought) there was so little to be risked at worst, and so much to be gained, was not to be neglected; so, without more ado, he stirred three of the crimson flowers into the earthen jug, set it on the edge of the fire, stirred it well, and when it steamed, threw up little scarlet bubbles, and was about to boil, he measured out the spirits, as Aunt Keziah had bidden him, and then filled the teacup.

"Ah, this will do her good; little does she think, poor old thing, what a rare and costly medicine is about to be given her. This will set her on her feet again."

The hue was somewhat changed, he thought, from what he had observed of Aunt Keziah's customary decoction; instead of a turbid yellow, the crimson petals of the flower had tinged it, and made it almost red; not a brilliant red, however, nor the least inviting in appearance. Septimius smelt it, and thought he could distinguish a little of the rich odor of the flower, but was not sure. He considered whether to taste it; but the horrible flavor of Aunt Keziah's decoction recurred strongly to his remembrance, and he concluded that, were he evidently at the point of death, he might possibly be bold enough to taste it again; but that nothing short of the hope of a century's existence, at least, would repay another taste of that fierce and nauseous bitterness. Aunt Keziah loved it; and as she brewed, so let her drink.

He went up stairs, careful not to spill a drop of the brimming cup, and approached the old woman's bedside, where she lay, groaning as before, and breaking out into a spiteful croak the moment he was within ear-shot.

"You don't care whether I live or die," said she. "You 've been waiting in hopes I shall die, and so save yourself further trouble."

"By no means, Aunt Keziah," said Septimius. "Here is the medicine, which I have warmed, and measured out, and mingled, as well as I knew how; and I think it will do you a great deal of good."

"Won't you taste it, Seppy, my dear?" said Aunt Keziah, mollified by the praise of her beloved mixture. "Drink first, dear, so that my sick old lips need not taint it. You look pale, Septimius; it will do you good."

"No, Aunt Keziah, I do not need it; and it were a pity to waste your precious drink," said he.

"It does not look quite the right color," said Aunt Keziah, as she took the cup in her hand. "You must have dropped some soot into it." Then as she raised it to her lips, "It does not smell quite right. But, woe 's me! how can I expect anybody but myself to make this precious drink as it should be?"

She drank it off at two gulps; for she appeared to hurry it off faster than usual, as if not tempted by the exquisiteness of its flavor to dwell upon it so long.

"You have not made it just right, Seppy," said she in a milder tone than before, for she seemed to feel the customary soothing influence of the draught, "but you 'll do better the next time. It had a queer taste, methought; or is it that my mouth is getting out of taste? Hard times it will be for poor Aunt Kezzy, if she 's to lose her taste for the medicine that, under Providence, has saved her life for so many years."

She gave back the cup to Septimius, after looking a little curiously at the dregs.

"It looks like bloodroot, don't it?" said she. "Perhaps it 's my own fault after all. I gathered a fresh bunch of the yarbs yesterday afternoon, and put them to steep, and it may be I was a little blind, for it was between daylight and dark, and the moon shone on me before I had finished. I thought how the witches used to gather their poisonous stuff at such times, and what pleasant uses they made of it, — but those are sinful thoughts, Seppy, sinful thoughts! so I 'll say a prayer and try to go to sleep. I feel very noddy all at once."

Septimius drew the bedclothes up about her shoulders, for she complained of being very chilly, and, carefully putting her stick within reach, went down to his own room, and resumed his studies, trying to make out from those aged hieroglyphics, to which he was now so well accustomed, what was the precise method of making the elixir of immortality. Sometimes, as men in deep thought do, he rose from his chair, and walked to and fro, the four or five steps or so that conveyed him from end to end of his little room. At one of these times he chanced to look in the little looking-glass that hung between the windows, and was startled at the paleness of his face. It was

quite white, indeed. Septimius was not in the least a foppish young man; careless he was in dress, though often his apparel took an unsought picturesqueness that set off his slender, agile figure, perhaps from some quality of spontaneous arrangement that he had inherited from his Indian ancestry. Yet many women might have found a charm in that dark, thoughtful face, with its hidden fire and energy, although Septimius never thought of its being handsome, and seldom looked at it. Yet now he was drawn to it by seeing how strangely white it was, and, gazing at it, he observed that since he considered it last, a very deep furrow, or corrugation, or fissure, it might almost be called, had indented his brow, rising from the commencement of his nose towards the centre of the forehead. And he knew it was the brooding thought, his fierce, hard determination, his intense concentrativeness for so many months, that had been digging that furrow; and it must prove indeed a potent specific of the life-water that would smooth that away, and restore him all the youth and elasticity that he had buried in that profound grave.

But why was he so pale? He could have supposed himself startled by some ghastly thing that he had just seen; by a corpse in the next room, for instance; or else by the foreboding that one would soon be there; but yet he was conscious of no tremor in his frame, no terror in his heart; as why should there be any? Feeling his own pulse, he found the strong, regular beat that should be there. He was not ill, nor affrighted; not expectant of any pain. Then why so ghastly pale? And why, moreover, Septimius, did you listen so earnestly for any sound in Aunt Keziah's chamber? Why did you creep on tiptoe, once, twice, three times, up to the old woman's chamber, and put your ear to the keyhole, and listen breathlessly? Well, it must have been that he was sub-conscious that he was trying a bold experiment, and that he had taken this poor old woman to be the medium of it, in the hope, of course, that it would turn out well; yet with other views than her interest in the matter. What was the harm of that? Medical men, no doubt, are always doing so, and he was a medical man for the time. Then why was he so pale?

He sat down and fell into a revery, which perhaps was partly suggested by that chief furrow which he had seen, and which we have spoken of, in his brow. He considered whether there was anything in this pursuit of his that used up life particularly fast; so that perhaps, unless he were successful soon, he should be incapable of renewal; for, looking within himself, and considering his mode of being, he had a singular fancy that his heart was gradually drying up, and that he must continue to get some moisture for it, or else it would soon be like a withered leaf. Supposing his pursuit were vain, what a waste he was making of that little treasure of golden days, which was his all! Could this be called life, which he was leading now? How unlike that of other young men! How unlike that of Robert Hagburn, for example! There had come news yesterday of his having performed a gallant part in the battle of Monmouth, and being promoted to be a captain for his brave conduct. Without thinking of long life, he really lived in heroic actions and emotions; he got much life in a little, and did not fear to sacrifice a lifetime of torpid breaths, if necessary, to the ecstasy of a glorious death!

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[*It appears from a written sketch by the author of this story, that he changed his first plan of making Septimius and Rose lovers, and she was to be represented as his half-sister; and in the copy for publication this alteration would have been made.* — ED.]

. . . . .

And then Robert loved, too, loved his sister Rose, and felt, doubtless, an immortality in that passion. Why could not Septimius love too? It was forbidden! Well, no matter; whom

could he have loved? Who, in all this world, would have been suited to his secret, brooding heart, that he could have let her into its mysterious chambers, and walked with her from one cavernous gloom to another, and said, "Here are my treasures. I make thee mistress of all these; with all these goods I thee endow." And then, revealing to her his great secret and purpose of gaining immortal life, have said: "This shall be thine, too. Thou shalt share with me. We will walk along the endless path together, and keep one another's hearts warm, and so be content to live."

Ah, Septimius! but now you are getting beyond those rules of yours, which, cold as they are, have been drawn out of a subtle philosophy, and might, were it possible to follow them out, suffice to do all that you ask of them; but if you break them, you do it at the peril of your earthly immortality. Each warmer and quicker throb of the heart wears away so much of life. The passions, the affections, are a wine not to be indulged in. Love, above all, being in its essence an immortal thing, cannot be long contained in an earthly body, but would wear it out with its own secret power, softly invigorating as it seems. You must be cold, therefore, Septimius; you must not even earnestly and passionately desire this immortality that seems so necessary to you. Else the very wish will prevent the possibility of its fulfilment.

By and by, to call him out of these rhapsodies, came Rose home; and finding the kitchen hearth cold, and Aunt Keziah missing, and no dinner by the fire which was smouldering, — nothing but the portentous earthen jug, which fumed, and sent out long, ill-flavored sighs, she tapped at Septimius's door, and asked him what was the matter.

"Aunt Keziah has had an ill turn," said Septimius, "and has gone to bed."

"Poor auntie!" said Rose, with her quick sympathy. "I will this moment run up and see if she needs anything."

"No, Rose," said Septimius, "she has doubtless gone to sleep, and will awake as well as usual. It would displease her much were you to miss your afternoon school; so you had better set the table with whatever there is left of yesterday's dinner, and leave me to take care of auntie."

"Well," said Rose, "she loves you best; but if she be really ill, I shall give up my school and nurse her."

"No doubt," said Septimius, "she will be about the house again to-morrow."

So Rose ate her frugal dinner (consisting chiefly of purslane, and some other garden herbs, which her thrifty aunt had prepared for boiling), and went away as usual to her school; for Aunt Keziah, as aforesaid, had never encouraged the tender ministrations of Rose, whose orderly, womanly character, with its well-defined orb of daily and civilized duties, had always appeared to strike her as tame; and she once said to her, "You are no squaw, child, and you 'll never make a witch." Nor would she even so much as let Rose put her tea to steep, or do anything whatever for herself personally; though, certainly, she was not backward in requiring of her a due share of labor for the general housekeeping.

Septimius was sitting in his room, as the afternoon wore away; because, for some reason or other, or, quite as likely, for no reason at all, he did not air himself and his thoughts, as usual, on the hill; so he was sitting musing, thinking, looking into his mysterious manuscript, when he heard Aunt Keziah moving in the chamber above. First she seemed to rattle a chair; then she began a slow, regular beat with the stick which Septimius had left by her bedside, and which startled him strangely, — so that, indeed, his heart beat faster than the five-and-seventy throbs to which he was restricted by the wise rules that he had digested. So he ran hastily up stairs, and behold, Aunt Keziah was sitting up in bed, looking very wild, — so wild, that you would have thought she was going

to fly up chimney the next minute; her gray hair all dishevelled, her eyes staring, her hands clutching forward, while she gave a sort of howl, what with pain and agitation.

"Seppy! Seppy!" said she, "Seppy, my darling! are you quite sure you remember how to make that precious drink?"

"Quite well, Aunt Keziah," said Septimius, inwardly much alarmed by her aspect, but preserving a true Indian composure of outward mien. "I wrote it down, and could say it by heart besides. Shall I make you a fresh pot of it? for I have thrown away the other."

"That was well, Seppy," said the poor old woman, "for there is something wrong about it; but I want no more, for, Seppy dear, I am going fast out of this world, where you and that precious drink were my only treasures and comforts. I wanted to know if you remembered the recipe; it is all I have to leave you, and the more you drink of it, Seppy, the better. Only see to make it right!"

"Dear auntie, what can I do for you?" said Septimius, in much consternation, but still calm. "Let me run for the doctor, — for the neighbors? something must be done!"

The old woman contorted herself as if there were a fearful time in her insides; and grinned, and twisted the yellow ugliness of her face, and groaned, and howled; and yet there was a tough and fierce kind of endurance with which she fought with her anguish, and would not yield to it a jot, though she allowed herself the relief of shrieking savagely at it, — much more like a defiance than a cry for mercy.

"No doctor! no woman!" said she; "if my drink could not save me, what would a doctor's foolish pills and powders do? And a woman! If old Martha Denton, the witch, were alive, I would be glad to see her. But other women! Pah! Ah! Ai! Oh! Phew! Ah, Seppy, what a mercy it would be now if I could set to and blaspheme a bit, and shake my fist at the sky! But I'm a Christian woman, Seppy, — a Christian woman!"

"Shall I send for the minister, Aunt Keziah?" asked Septimius. "He is a good man, and a wise one."

"No minister for me, Seppy," said Aunt Keziah, howling as if somebody were choking her. "He may be a good man and a wise one, but he's not wise enough to know the way to my heart, and never a man as was! Eh, Seppy, I'm a Christian woman, but I'm not like other Christian women; and I'm glad I'm going away from this stupid world. I've not been a bad woman, and I deserve credit for it, for it would have suited me a great deal better to be bad. O, what a delightful time a witch must have had, starting off up chimney on her broomstick at midnight, and looking down from aloft in the sky on the sleeping village far below, with its steeple pointing up at her, so that she might touch the golden weathercock! You, meanwhile, in such an ecstasy, and all below you the dull, innocent, sober humankind; the wife sleeping by her husband, or mother by her child, squalling with wind in its stomach; the goodman driving up his cattle and his plough, — all so innocent, all so stupid, with their dull days just alike, one after another. And you up in the air, sweeping away to some nook in the forest! Ha! What's that? A wizard! Ha! ha! Known below as a deacon! There is Goody Chickering! How quietly she sent the young people to bed after prayers! There is an Indian; there a nigger; they all have equal rights and privileges at a witch-meeting. Phew! the wind blows cold up here! Why does not the Black Man have the meeting at his own kitchen hearth? Ho! ho! O dear me! But I'm a Christian woman and no witch; but those must have been gallant times!"

Doubtless it was a partial wandering of the mind that took the poor old woman away on this old-witch flight; and it was very curious and pitiful to witness the compunction with which she returned to herself and took herself to

task for the preference which, in her wild nature, she could not help giving to harum-scarum wickedness over tame goodness. Now she tried to compose herself, and talk reasonably and godly.

"Ah, Septimius, my dear child, never give way to temptation, nor consent to be a wizard, though the Black Man persuade you ever so hard. I know he will try. He has tempted me, but I never yielded, never gave him his will; and never do you, my boy, though you, with your dark complexion, and your brooding brow, and your eye veiled, only when it suddenly looks out with a flash of fire in it, are the sort of man he seeks most, and that afterwards serves him. But don't do it, Septimius. But if you could be an Indian, methinks it would be better than this tame life we lead. 'T would have been better for me, at all events. O, how pleasant 't would have been to spend my life wandering in the woods, smelling the pines and the hemlock all day, and fresh things of all kinds, and no kitchen-work to do, — not to rake up the fire, nor sweep the room, nor make the beds, — but to sleep on fresh boughs in a wigwam, with the leaves still on the branches that made the roof! And then to see the deer brought in by the red hunter, and the blood streaming from the arrow-dart! Ah! and the fight too! and the scalping! and, perhaps, a woman might creep into the battle, and steal away the wounded enemy of her tribe and scalp him, and be praised for it! O Seppy, how I hate the thought of the dull life women lead! A white woman's life is so dull! Thank Heaven, I 'm done with it! If I 'm ever to live again, may I be whole Indian, please my Maker!"

After this goodly outburst, Aunt Keziah lay quietly for a few moments, and her skinny claws being clasped together, and her yellow visage grinning, as pious an aspect as was attainable by her harsh and pain-distorted features, Septimius perceived that she was in prayer. And so it proved by what followed, for the old woman turned to him with a grim tenderness on her face, and stretched out her hand to be taken in his own. He clasped the bony talon in both his hands.

"Seppy, my dear, I feel a great peace, and I don't think there is so very much to trouble me in the other world. It won't be all housework, and keeping decent, and doing like other people there. I suppose I need n't expect to ride on a broomstick, — that would be wrong in any kind of a world, — but there may be woods to wander in, and a pipe to smoke in the air of heaven; trees to hear the wind in, and to smell of, and all such natural, happy things; and by and by I shall hope to see you there, Seppy, my darling boy! Come by and by; 't is n't worth your while to live forever, even if you should find out what 's wanting in the drink I 've taught you. I can see a little way into the next world now, and I see it to be far better than this heavy and wretched old place. You 'll die when your time comes; won't you, Seppy, my darling?"

"Yes, dear auntie, when my time comes," said Septimius. "Very likely I shall want to live no longer by that time."

"Likely not," said the old woman. "I 'm sure I don't. It is like going to sleep on my mother's breast to die. So, good night, dear Seppy."

"Good night, and God bless you, auntie!" said Septimius, with a gush of tears blinding him, spite of his Indian nature.

The old woman composed herself, and lay quite still and decorous for a short time; then, rousing herself a little, "Septimius," said she, "is there just a little drop of my drink left? Not that I want to live any longer, but if I could sip ever so little, I feel as if I should step into the other world quite cheery, with it warm in my heart, and not feel shy and bashful at going among strangers."

"Not one drop, auntie."

"Ah, well, no matter! It was not quite right, that last cup. It had a queer taste. What could you have put into it, Seppy, darling? But no

matter, no matter! It's a precious stuff, if you make it right. Don't forget the herbs, Septimius. Something wrong had certainly got into it."

These, except for some murmurings, some groanings and unintelligible whisperings, were the last utterances of poor Aunt Keziah, who did not live a great while longer, and at last passed away in a great sigh, like a gust of wind among the trees, she having just before stretched out her hand again and grasped that of Septimius; and he sat watching her and gazing at her, wondering, and horrified, touched, shocked by death, of which he had so unusual a terror, — and by the death of this creature especially, with whom he felt a sympathy that did not exist with any other person now living. So long did he sit, holding her hand, that at last he was conscious that it was growing cold within his own, and that the stiffening fingers clutched him, as if they were disposed to keep their hold, and not forego the tie that had been so peculiar.

Then rushing hastily forth, he told the nearest available neighbor, who was Robert Hagburn's mother; and she summoned some of her gossips, and came to the house, and took poor Aunt Keziah in charge. They talked of her with no great respect, I fear, nor much sorrow, nor sense that the community would suffer any great deprivation in her loss; for, in their view, she was a dram-drinking, pipe-smoking, cross-grained old maid, and, as some thought, a witch; and, at any rate, with too much of the Indian blood in her to be of much use; and they hoped that now Rose Garfield would have a pleasanter life, and Septimius study to be a minister, and all things go well, and the place be cheerfuller. They found Aunt Keziah's bottle in the cupboard, and tasted and smelt of it.

"Good West Indjy as ever I tasted," said Mrs. Hagburn; "and there stands her broken pitcher on the hearth. Ah, empty! I never could bring my mind to taste it; but now I 'm sorry I never did, for I suppose nobody in the world can make any more of it."

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

IRIS

I.

I AM born from the womb of the cloud,
And the strength of the ardent sun,
When the winds have ceased to be loud,
And the rivers of rain to run.
Then light, on my sevenfold arch,
I swing in the silence of air,
While the vapors beneath me march
And leave the sweet earth bare.

II.

For a moment I hover and gleam
On the skirts of the sinking storm,
And I die in the bliss of the beam
That gave me being and form.
I fade, as in human hearts
The rapture that mocks the will;
I pass, as a dream departs,
That cannot itself fulfil!

III.

Beyond the bridge I have spanned
The fields of the poet unfold,
And the riches of fairyland
At my bases of misty gold!
I keep the wealth of the spheres,
Which the high gods never have won;
And I coin, from their airy tears,
The diadem of the sun!

IV.

For some have stolen the grace
That is hidden in rest or strife,
And some have copied the face
Or echoed the voice of Life;
And some have woven of sound
A chain of the sweetest control,
And some have fabled or found
The key to the human soul:

V.

But I, from the blank of the air
And the white of the barren beam,
Have wrought the colors that flare
In the forms of a painter's dream.
I gather the souls of the flowers,
And the sparks of the gems, to me;
Till pale are the blossoming bowers,
And dim the chameleon sea!

VI.

By the soul's bright sun, the eye,
I am thrown on the artist's brain;
He follows me, and I fly;
He pauses, I stand again.
O'er the reach of the painted world
My chorded colors I hold,
On a canvas of cloud impearled,
Drawn with a brush of gold!

VII.

If I lure, as a mocking sprite,
I give, as a goddess bestows,
The red, with its soul of might,
And the blue, with its cool repose;
The yellow that beckons and beams,
And the gentler children they bear:
For the portal of Art's high dreams
Is builded of Light and Air!

Bayard Taylor.

RED REMINISCENCES OF THE SOUTHWEST.

The Morrisons.

FROM the hour I saw the three Morrisons, brothers they were, Sam, Bob, Tom, hanging in a row from the same limb, I have never been able to pass a tree of that kind without seeing again upon its peculiar boughs the same sepulchral fruit! Long before the Morrisons were hung, I used to pass, upon certain journeys of mine, a tree of the same diabolical convenience of lower bough by the roadside, two yards or so of the rope still dangling therefrom with which Judge Lynch had hung his man. In this case the criminal had killed a teamster while gambling with him by the camp-fire one night, burying the body beneath the turf upon which they had been seated while at their cards. In less than twenty-four hours after the murderer, hung upon the limb of the live-oak just overhead, had been laid beside his victim exactly beneath. It was somewhat monotonous to me, those long rides upon horseback day after day, but for miles before and after passing that spot there was food for reflection sufficient to diversify the same!

After witnessing the actual executions of the Morrisons the idea of death by violence connects itself in my mind inseparably and forever with the live-oak! The cypress brings to mind monumental marble; the willow recalls the winding funeral, the tolling bell, the officiating clergyman, the widow weeping, her orphans beside her. But with the live-oak comes the roaring mob; the struggling criminal; the frightened negro, compelled to climb the tree and adjust the rope; the exceeding anxiety of Judge Lynch in his successful effort to distribute himself into as many different persons as possible; the leaving, when the deed is done, so much more rapid than the coming together; the dead swinging with that motion peculiar forever to the hung, revolving to the right and to the left as they swing!

May a very slight contribution, in these days of Buckle, Draper, and Darwin, be made just here to science? Why is it that there is no species of tree, east of the Mississippi, from where the Ohio strikes it, upon which a man can be hung? The elm and the hickory, and all those species of oak peculiar to that region, lift their boughs too vertically as well as too far out of reach for this. As to the maple and the pine, you could not bend them from their towering pride to such service as this, however desperate the needs of the criminal in your hands. There *is* a wonderful association of things, if we could understand it! Just where the earth bristles with the cactus and the bayonet-plant is found grass, too, studded upon every blade with thorns; the very cattle running into enormous horns; the least frog covered, too, with spikes; the very fish sprouting the same from snout to extremity of tail! Possibly the law of association which explains all the rest will explain likewise the intimate union of Lynch law with trees upon every hand so exactly adapted to and ready for the purposes of that Rhadamanthus!

I cannot recall, there were so very many cases of the kind, exactly why the Morrison brothers were put to death. Very likely they deserved death, had it been inflicted after fair trial by law. And this was to me the part of their execution most shocking, that, in being hurried through the streets to execution, the languid governor of the State, smoking his cigar upon the sidewalk as they passed, could have laid his very hand upon them as they were led by him, in arm's reach, to illegal death. He merely smoked his cigar and continued his

conversation! Poor man, the feeblest among the sons of men, he rises before me as from the dead while I write these lines! Tall, thin, sandy haired, colorless of eye, consumptive, no man ever came in this life to larger heritage of astonishment than did this man when, by some sudden legerdemain of politics, he found himself governor of the State! He may have been an excellent man in every sense before! Placed upon that giddy eminence, he endeavored to stimulate himself up to the needed energy and manhood by perpetual drink, soon making an end of himself, the pale moth of a very brief moment! As those miserable Morrisons swept by, appealing in vain to him as the representative of the law, had he but had soul or even brandy enough in him for the emergency, what a name he could have made for himself! Five minutes' speech upon the goods-box lying by him as he stood there would have rallied a *posse* more than enough for his purpose. Had the man thrown down his cigar and planted himself in the path of the mob, he could, single-handed, have stayed their crime until the law could have come in to decide in the matter. It would have made him the most popular man in the State; it would have guaranteed, had he lived, his re-election. From the days of Aaron swept away by *his* mob, how many leaders have failed, in the same way, to rise instead upon the crest of the billow; their very elevation upon and above the rolling mass being the measure, in that case, of the depth beneath it under which they would otherwise have been, and alas, were, submerged and drowned!

And there is the case of those

BURROWS BROTHERS.

A world of wisdom, believe me, and in reference to just this matter, is to be learned from the case of Saul Duden and the Burrows brothers. That wisdom lies in coming to know that Nature has the power of righting herself in the end; *vis medicatrix naturæ*, the doctors call it in the instance of disease. Divesting the fact of its drapery, the God who made the world governs it also! By human law where that exists. Where that does not exist, or exists in crippled condition, he rules men by principles within themselves underlying all human arrangements and as eternal and essential as himself.

Saul Duden, for instance. I am forced to begin with Saul. If one only knew the facts, no doubt the links of the chain of cause and effect could be traced back from Saul to Adam. Beginning with Saul, the case was this. One sultry afternoon I am told that Saul is shot, is dying, and wants to see me. His widowed mother is a member of our church, and I hasten to her house to find Saul lying upon a pallet in the hall which runs through the centre of her house, as it does through the centre of every house in all that region. Yes, Saul is shot, is dying; one glance at his pallid face as he lies reveals that. The first rush of the curious crowd is over, and his miserable mother sits upon the pallet, his head in her lap, weeping convulsively. On the other side of Saul, who was some twenty years old, an hour before in burly, square-shouldered health, lies a young girl. I do not observe who she is, in my anxiety for the departing soul; for we all know how very, very far from being a Christian Saul has been up to date. And in reply to my earnest efforts in view of this, Saul, whose glazing eyes are fixed eagerly upon me, beckons me to put my ear to his lips. Surely he is anxious to tell me of his sincere repentance, of his hope in the Saviour pressed upon him!

As I stoop down he takes in his own the hand of the weeping girl lying beside him and only says, "Marry us! Soon 's you can!"

Equally prompt, I reply, "No, Saul. Not now. If you get well!"

Because in the instant it all flashed upon me that his widowed and aged mother would need every cent of his property, which would, if I did as he asked, go to his wife instead; pro-

vided a mere ceremony, without license from court, would have been legal; concerning which I am not certain.

The girl weeps silently, the mother also. A brief prayer is put up to the One who alone can help in a crisis so tremendous and so swift as this, and I open my eyes to see that Saul has gone with it to God! No syllable ever passed between the survivors and myself afterward in reference to the refusal of Saul's request. It would be more artistic to describe the betrothed as lingering on in widowed maidenhood till death. Only she did nothing of the kind. In a year she was married, lives to-day with a home full of children, and very happily, indeed, so far as is known.

And his broken-hearted mother lived on too. I often asked myself, For what? For she was very poor, in wretched health. The day I heard of the killing of the Burrows brothers I thought I understood why! These two brothers, Burrows by name, had stood side by side, emptying their revolvers together into the body of Saul Duden; the nature of the quarrel being something I have wholly forgotten as irrelevant in comparison with that wherein lies the pith of the matter. Side by side they stood while killing Saul. Side by side were they killed!

It was years, however, after Saul's death. The community had forgotten the whole affair, because, as a matter of course, the brothers had been acquitted. Quite an established ritual for all such cases as that. First, a storm of indignation against the murderers, nothing but hanging from the nearest tree the course for them. Second, the rescue of the murderers by personal friends in temporary alliance with friends of law. Third, and last, the utter cooling down of popular feeling; reaction, in fact, in the other direction, easily followed by legal acquittal.

And, restored again to society, the elder of the brothers makes, years after, dishonorable advances to a married lady; mistakenly encouraged thereto, as he pleads in dying, by a remark from the lady of a meaning wholly different from that which he attaches to the same. The sequel is very swift. The husband is rapidly recalled, from the point across the continent to which he had gone upon business, by a letter from his insulted wife. Coming, the evening of his arrival, upon the brothers in the streets, he shoots down one. The other, standing beside him, is also shot down, lest he avenge his brother's death, dying in total ignorance of the meaning of the matter. Side by side they slew Saul Duden; upon the very spot in the street where that slaying took place so long before, side by side are they slain. As if it had been but for that she was waiting, the aged mother of their former victim hears of their death and dies.

There was a man in my knowledge, who pointed out to a crowd, with the glee of a marksman who takes pride in his accuracy of aim, how exactly his ball had hit and killed a certain man they were lynching, but who had escaped from them and run. Next week this same marksman was as accurately killed by a ball in precisely the same vital spot of *his* body. So with the retribution in the case of these brothers. Yet how shall we account for the fact that a ball from the weapon of the exasperated husband, in the act of slaying them, misses its aim to pass through the brain, as it did, of a boy of twelve years old, hurrying by on an errand for his aged and widowed and poverty-stricken mother, of whom he was the sole dependence? Enough of manifest purpose in events to prove beyond all hesitation the government of the Great King; sufficient inexplicability in that Providence to remind us, likewise, that all is the interweaving of threads which reach from beginning to end of the life of the race, to be comprehended perfectly now only by the Being that, of all apparent complexity, will bring before the eyes of the universe the perfect design at last! Where it is unbounded wisdom which weaves, be sure it is love as infinite which colors, too, all the mani-

fold threads of the glorious result! It is greatly to be doubted whether Goethe got his catechism, longer or shorter; yet of the imperial robe now making for the King of kings, even Goethe can sing, as uttering the words of the Worker: —

"Thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,
And weave the garment thou seest me by!"

Possibly one mode, be it cause or result, by and in which the manifold threads of existence are woven into one, may be found in that subtle law of association which defies all analysis.

Two Instances thereof.

The writer happened one bright day to arrive from a distance upon a visit to a certain distinguished and greatly beloved clergyman, it matters not of what city or State. He was received, although unexpected, with the cordiality natural to said clergyman, and from which he derives in large measure his great success. It was impossible, however, not to remark the extreme nervousness of my excellent host even from the first. His parlor was immediately over a business office and upon the leading street of the city. As we conversed, my friend walking up and down the room, the voices of some children passing by upon the sidewalk beneath the open window were heard. I should not have noticed it at all, had not my host hastened across the room at the sound, put his head out of the window and called in sharpest tones, "Silence there! cease that noise this instant!" which command, as they were merely laughing and talking along the public street, must have amazed them as much as it did myself. The next moment he said to me, in much the same tones, "This is Wednesday. You must take charge of my lecture to-night!"

For certain reasons I began to decline.

"Silence!" thundered my friend. "You *shall* do it!" And so I did, heartily forgiving my reverend brother, or rather father, when I learned next day that, while conversing with me, his son, also a person of distinction, although in a different line from his father, was during all that day engaged in another city in the punctilious preliminaries and carrying out of a duel, from which, however, he escaped, unkilling and unkilled. No doubt the father had some knowledge, greater or less, at the time of what was going on. But it was not the natural anxiety shown, it was the kindred *fierceness* rather, the heat in the veins because the same blood, though miles away, was in boiling rage! Since science encourages you to believe in an otherwise wholly unknown ether, by whose undulations light is conveyed to us through measureless and empty abysms from the farthest suns, why may there not be, perhaps by the same medium, subtlest communication, quite around the globe, of kindred flesh and spirit?

Leaving the analysis of the mystery to yourself, let one instance of it be related which came under the immediate knowledge of the writer. It has reference to a lady remarkable for noble *physique*, perfect health, and vigorous common sense. One night, for the first time in her life, she suddenly awoke from deep and healthy sleep in anguish of mind, declaring that her lover, then at a distance and to whom she was shortly to be married, was dying in agony! In vain the whole household reasoned with her that he was known, almost up to date, to be in health as well established as her own. During all that memorable night she walked the floor, weeping and exclaiming in agonies only less than if she were herself dying. By morning she had settled down into a sullen certainty of the death of her lover. Although the writer is by no means as old as you might gather therefrom, this was before the days of the telegraph, there being, thus, no means of proving or disproving the apprehensions of the afflicted lady. Two weeks after a knock was heard at the door, but one of many every day. Immediately the lady arose in her fixed sorrow and said in accents of entire certainty, "It is the messen-

ger to tell me of the death of John!" — her lover.

It is but relating simple fact to say that this was the case! During all her night of suffering, her far-away lover, suddenly attacked by the cholera, a disease of the very existence of which in the country she had not heard, lay in the agonies of collapse and death!

But this was death merely, while murder is the precise theme in hand. In direct connection with that, then, allow the mention of another instance of that mysterious power of association which so aids to blend the life of the race into one; this case also coming under the direct knowledge of the writer.

One night I arrived at the hotel in a certain city in company with a fellow-traveller, both of us exceedingly fatigued by the ride of days and nights in a stage. Shown, soon after supper, to my room, I tumbled into bed, and by the same act into the deepest depths of sleep. Waking late next morning, entirely refreshed, I went to the room of my friend, in a distant part of the building. To my surprise I found him pacing the floor, not having slept, he assured me, at all during the night! A more haggard man one does not often see.

"I *could n't* sleep!" he said emphatically. "I never was so tired and sleepy in my life as when I came in here. I can't tell whether it is in the bed, in the room, or in me! I opened all the windows, unmade and made over again the bed, said the multiplication-table over backwards and forwards, dozens of times, and walked the room as if for a wager! I thought there might be something in the points of the compass, and have made my bedstead box all the points of the compass around and around. Something horrible in the room or in me! Not a wink of sleep the entire night. I would n't pass such another night for thousands!"

"Pshaw, I know the reason!" I said; and, turning down the disordered bed-clothing, I entered upon certain rapid entomological researches. Nothing of the kind. Yet, as I tossed the sheets back, my eye caught certain faint marks upon the pillow-case. I glanced eagerly at the curtain of the window near by, at the wall! The same very faint stains! No wonder! And I gave my astonished friend ample explanation in two words, "Judge Jaynes!"

"You unprincipled individual!" I thundered at the negro servant who answered the bell. "Tell the truth. Is n't this the room in which Judge Jaynes —"

"Law, massa, yes. But how did you find it out? We whitewash an' whitewash an' whitewash! Scrub? We scrub de carpet, de curtains, de bedclothes, till dey scrubbed nearly to nothin'. Law, massa, how *did* you find it out?" Superstition largely developed in eyes and accents. You see, he was only a negro, superstition is the word for *him;* we who are white and exceedingly advanced in the sciences are, of course, superior to all that!

Yet, so far, I have written but the unvarnished facts of the case. The rest of them are these. Everybody had read with horror about Judge Jaynes. You could not have induced any man living to pass the night in that room, knowing it to have been the one in which it all took place. My friend and I were but strangers, the wayfarers of a night. No fear of our finding it out.

For Judge Jaynes was a man of great former eminence and ability and natural ambition; I dare say an excellent man in many senses of the term. I saw him but once, at the seat of government of the State, and during the exciting election in the Legislature for United States senator. Dressed, as I had observed when introduced to him, in a perfectly new suit of broadcloth, and exceedingly agreeable in his manner, as well as of grave and senatorial demeanor, I needed not the information that he was a candidate for the Senate. Yet who would have dreamed of the catastrophe brewing under the cold exterior of that gray-complexioned, white-headed, Quaker-

mannered man? However, of all lands on earth, it is from under the snows of Iceland that Geysers spout their boiling torrents and that volcanoes rage. Once before he had rendered great service to the State, and would have made, I dare say, as good a senator as the one, — I have n't the least idea who it was — who was elected. Whatever other causes may have conspired with this I know not; hundreds who read these pages could tell far more about *that* than myself. Everybody knows that, soon after his return, defeated, from the capital, he blew out his brains with his own hand, after retiring to bed at his hotel one night; and was found in bed in the morning, lying in his blood. But everybody does not know the experience of my friend therein, as herein recorded with more than stenographic fidelity. Nor lives there a human being who can explain *why* my friend was kept wide awake as he was. Superstitious? O no, not for the world! All that we leave to low and uneducated people. It is purely a question of icy science. As a matter for dissection upon the open table in broad day of the most positive Positivism, will some *savant* please say *why*, in utter ignorance of the history of his room, my friend passed such a night there as he never did before or since?

Doubtless there is, also, sufficient reason why such an experience happened to us and through us, in a sense, to every person who reads this truthful statement of the same. Yet, in all the wonderful interweaving of men's experiences into one, there is something remarkable in the way in which the million-fold threads not only cross, but sometimes exactly *miss* one another!

One day the writer rang at the door of a certain stately house upon Fifth Avenue, New York, upon a visit to a friend. He had barely been admitted when a crash upon the doorstep he had just quitted announced the fall of a shutter from the fourth-story window overhead. Upon the exact spot on which he had stood waiting for minutes to be admitted lay the fragments of the thoroughly shattered shutter!

But it is intended that all the personal experiences herein related shall be strung upon the scarlet thread of murder. The case, then, of the

JACKSON SLAUGHTER

may illustrate this matter of the close and amazing misses as well as the very palpable hits of life.

One morning the writer awoke with a very clear sense of its being his immediate duty to visit, in a pastoral way, the house of Mrs. Jackson. Not that there was not a Mr. Jackson, the husband, but that, by a singular usage in that section, you always spoke of going to the house of *Mrs.* Smith or *Mrs.* Jones, instead of that of *Mr.* Smith or *Mr.* Jones; because, it was explained, the law of the State exempted the homestead from legal seizure for debt, regarding it as the peculiar property of the wife, never to be alienated without her entire consent. Besides, Mrs. Jackson was a member of the church and an excellent woman; while, I fear, Mr. Jackson was very much the reverse, very profane, never at church, a man of stormy character at home and abroad.

The home of Mrs. Jackson being distant about two miles in the country, I was rather annoyed, after having got some hundreds of yards upon my way thither, by being recalled; one of the children hurried after me for the purpose, to attend to some forgotten but indispensable matter about the house. After exactly twenty minutes, by my watch, of detention, I started once again; that twenty minutes being my preservation, as by the hand of the little one who recalled me, from, in all probability, a terrible death! For, just as I arrived at the Jackson house, the negro cook, after laying the dead body of Mrs. Jackson upon one bed, and that of Laura Jackson, also dead, upon another, had succeeded in lifting Mr. Jackson, bleeding to death, upon the floor of the hall which divided the two rooms of the log-house.

It is all a story easily told. A runaway negro had come in a starving condition to the house the night before. Mr. Jackson had managed, it is not known how, to secure "the boy" in an outhouse, intending to get word to his master next day and thus secure the reward. The runaway had succeeded, soon after breakfast, in obtaining — that, also, was never explained — a large knife; had cut his cords, forced the window of his prison, and was in the act of leaping the front fence, when Mr. Jackson sprang upon him. But the negro was a Hercules in size, and then, his terrible knife! Mrs. Jackson, and afterward Laura, a girl of sixteen, rush to his assistance! About twenty minutes from first to last, and the negro leaps the fence and disappears in the Postoak woods, leaving the dying and the dead behind! Just twenty minutes, as the dying man himself told me! As it was, a negro passing by and seeing me leaning upon the floor of the hall beside the dying man, gallops to my house, calls my household to the fence, and with the unspeakable eagerness of every soul of us to impart news of any kind, informs them that I have been murdered! Yes, somewhat, to some degree, we *do* know in reference to matters taking place, however far away from us; provided they be matters of a decided nature and connected with those in whom we are most interested. Not for a moment, at least, did a member of the household believe the tale; it met with a total unbelief instead, which drove the messenger off in something of disgust in search of listeners more sympathetic.

Not always, however, do we find this singular knowledge in regard to the absent. Was it not but a few weeks since that Mrs. Smith was telling me about the manner in which she had received the tidings of the death of her husband, who had dropped dead of heart disease while away from her? Not the slightest suspicion of the fact, even when friends tried to break the terrible news to her.

"And when, at last, they said, 'Mrs. Smith, your husband is dead!'" the lady told me, "I had no sense of personal pain at all! My one thought and feeling was of pity for myself, as if I was but a friend of the widow. I only said, 'Poor, poor Mrs. Smith, you and your fatherless children, what will you, will you do!' Days upon days before I could realize that my husband, who had left me but a few hours before in perfect health, was indeed and actually dead! I almost fear the shock has injured my reason," the poor lady added; "but I find it impossible to realize it *now*. I know it, but have a singular deadness of feeling in regard to it!"

Even as Dr. Livingstone tells us he had only a singularly dreamy sense, pleasurable even, when lying in the paws of an African lion, the very violence of the shock deadening all pain! Or just as a person, who had accidentally shot a companion while hunting, told me, "The report of my gun sounded to me as if it were miles off; even while my friend lay bleeding beside me, it seemed as if he and the whole accident were in another country!" So mercifully is the edge of sorrow blunted in proportion to its very violence! All of which is a digression, excusable only upon the principle that what one writes most naturally will be read most easily.

And to return to that house spotted throughout with blood. Mrs. Jackson and her daughter had been killed with the knife on the spot. But Mr. Jackson lying there in the hall, his head propped up against the log wall, his life steadily flowing away, the soul passing rapidly from earth! So far as human eye can discern, no readiness whatever for that other life, so like yet so exceedingly unlike this! Suppose upon *you*, there beside that bleeding man, devolved the effecting in him all the essential change. For nature is so wretchedly unritualistic as to allow quite a number of most important matters to take place wholly outside any church, never a bell tolled, a candle lighted, an organ touched, a surpliced clergyman ready thereat!

With that man's eyes fastened on yours, hungry for life and for eternal life; during that tremendous ten minutes only God and you left to him, and God himself only through you, — what are you to say to him? How would a few of the most striking apothegms from the profoundest of the moral philosophers of the day do for the nonce? If you only had the latest volume of the most popular sermons in hand, while he dies so fast, suppose you try to satisfy those thirsting ears with the most brilliant passages therefrom! Quite a sensation they made in the congregation when delivered; not a man there but soon to die also, liable, too, to die any moment. Though you had climbed the sciences quite past the God of vulgar belief, just there and then, and by an instinct as irrepressible in you as the wail of a babe for its mother, you would have called upon that God, though to you only some twenty centuries less obsolete than Jupiter, for help! Yes, and though you rank Jesus but as a later Socrates, not only would his simplest words, in preference to all others ever spoken on earth, have forced themselves through your lips there, but your cry to God would have been a cry to Christ! Nor would it have hurt you to have been thus driven, as in the very rescue of the drowning, through all the roaring and ever-changing froth of things, to the primal facts! Amazing how the whole world revolves, in moments as supreme as these, and exclusively upon its two poles, — sin, Saviour!

Let this be added. Betrayed under a haystack by the negro cook, the cause and dire effect, too, of his visit to the Jacksons, the murderer is right swiftly taken and hung. Whether by Judge Lynch, just then upon the Supreme Bench there, or by his half-brother, Judge Law, cannot now be remembered. What does it so much matter at last? The entire case and all the parties involved have gone up, as do all cases and parties by the universal appeal, to the last as He is the highest Judge of all!

As no house is a complete house without a child or two therein, so not even a paper for a magazine, notwithstanding it be upon a topic as red as this, can be considered true to nature without

A Child or so.

As I passed on my way home from the scene of blood, the path lay over a certain spot which brought kindred memories to mind. The fact is, after living long in one neighborhood, it becomes to you like a book of memories; scarce a part thereof but is as a page recalling to you, whenever you pass it, some definite event, pleasurable or the reverse. The spot now alluded to was in sight from my back yard. One morning I ran from the latter to the former, called thither by the crack of a revolver, followed by such a scream as one hardly hears twice during life. When I arrived there was nothing there but a negro girl of twelve lying upon the ground, and a girl of the same color and age screaming beside her. A brief examination shows that the one upon the earth is dead; but the perplexity is, where did the bullet strike? Guided by the blood oozing from the lips, the mouth when opened shows that the ball struck the palate, passing out through the spine, causing instant death. While "making a mouth" at a certain white boy on the other side of a fence near by, the bullet from his revolver, with singular accuracy of aim, had entered the opened lips. It was said to have been "an accident." The boy was sent abroad to school, and further this deponent knoweth nothing! Doubtless the pain endured by the parents of the child, who came screaming over fence and field to the spot a moment after my arrival, was less than that endured by the parents of the boy, possibly by the boy himself as long as he lives.

Since the plural is used in the heading of these lines, let but one other case be mentioned, — Albert Johnson. If, while a boy is bathing, another boy hides his clothes, it is not considered wonderful if the first boy, after finding

them, seizes an early opportunity to retaliate in some way. But suppose the boy has heard all his life of killing as the frequent retaliation for wrong, as Albert certainly had. And suppose, as was the case with Albert, your little son has owned and used a revolver from his earliest years. Possibly even your darling boy might have done as Albert Johnson did, take the revolver from the clothes when found, and shoot his aggressor dead as he comes up the bank, dripping and laughing from his swim! Amid the natural horror inspired by an event so almost unprecedented was mingled the perplexity of the question, What in the world is to be done with a murderer not ten years of age? A problem which ultimately solves itself by the doing with him, in the upshot, nothing whatever!

A Prophecy

must be inserted here, though it be driven in like a wedge, to make this article as complete and truthful and therefore strong as possible!

There is another form of murder from any mentioned here, no drop of blood about it, entirely deliberate, prompted by a passion colder and stronger than anger, possibly more disastrous in the result, and disastrous to a larger number than merely to the slayer and to the slain. No man denies that the politicians have halted this government upon the highway as with pistol and bludgeon, and, with the gauziest of crape over their faces, are rifling it of its property! And men are despairing of a rescuer. Here, then, let this prophecy be made. There is a certain section of this Republic in which passion has prompted to many a deed of blood; yet, in that section, the passion for plunder is *not* the characteristic. Rather a scorn for gold gained by corruption! If this Republic is to be rescued from the hands of its public plunderers, may it not be by the arrival, just in the emergency, of men in places of power with, at least, other forms of passion than that of greed? If the North rescued the South from one evil which was destroying it and the nation, in the unceasing and eternal compensation and balance of things may it not be possible that the South may one day rescue the North and the nation from that evil which now has its harpy clutch upon its vitals? Laugh at "chivalry," if you please; in corruption there is nothing to laugh at at all! Rather Don Quixote himself, than Sancho Panza with his clutch and his entire soul in the pots and pans of Camacho the rich! But is it not by the unity of the two, mutually correcting each the other, that the perfect result is reached?

As illustrative in the winding up thereof of a certain force adequate to the compelling of this same in the case of the Republic, allow me right here to introduce to your better acquaintance my former foe and friend,

Tige Clarke.

And long, lean, gaunt, ever on the move, terrible exceedingly is the particular Mr. Clarke, who wears, as a deserved compliment, this quite other than Christian name given him by some admiring jackal. Nothing in nature more like him than a hungry tiger, pacing forever up and down behind the bars of his cage, with now and then a tremendous bound against said bars, always more than ready for mischief. Juvenal paints just such in Rome as wholly unable to sleep at night, unless after doing somebody a deadly mischief. Many a man had Tige Clarke killed before I knew him. His first victim may possibly have been slain in self-defence; as may possibly have been the case with the tiger's. Certainly ever after there was a craving for blood with Tige Clarke, and a craving after blood shed in new ways. At least, there was singular variety in his "difficulties"; a dead man being the invariable result, but always killed in a way unlike that of his predecessor. Somehow, such men, like the salamander, make the fire in which they live a sustenance also, for no man ever saw axe or hoe in Tige Clarke's hand; as

natural as a hammer to the hand of a carpenter, a book to the grasp of a student, was bowie-knife and revolver to the horny palms of Tige; these and cards being, literally, the tools of his trade.

But one day Tige finds himself in the gutter of a certain town, riddled with balls and slashed with a knife, the result of an effort upon the part of a sturdy citizen to arrest him for a murder, summoned to do so by the sheriff, who had occupied during the attempt a singularly unofficial position out of harm's reach.

Imagine a message from such a man, requesting you to come immediately, reaching you as you sit at breakfast, ignorant of the whole transaction. You know on the spot that the wounded man makes no such request at all. At a glance you know it is the miserable wife instead. Like many a Beast, Tige, too, has a Beauty to wife. Not a Beauty in the bodily sense at all; such a life as Tige has led her would have turned a Venus into the poor, pale-faced, haggard creature Mrs. Clarke is, — her beauty lying in the loveliness, superior to all else, of sincerest piety. Weeping and praying beside her dying husband, dragged out of the gutter into a barber's shop near by, she imagines Tige really wants to see a Christian minister, when the desire is exclusively her own.

That minister does not tell her so, but his first visit is to the wounded man who succeeded, since that was the only way to do so, in making the arrest. Thanking him heartily for his fearless vindication of law, after rendering him all help he can, the minister hastens to Tige. The usual crowd of eager lookers-on are coming and going; while the dying man lies on a mattress upon the floor, writhing in the agony of wounds getting cold.

"O, talk to him, pray with him!" the wife exclaims to the minister as he presses his way through and stands by her side. "He is not fit to die so! But he was in the right in *this* difficulty! They have murdered him, — murdered him for nothing at all!"

Not the smallest opening for surplice, sermon, or any of the formal proprieties just here.

"Why, Tige Clarke! Sorry to see you so hurt! In much pain?" the minister says, sinking the official as much as possible in the mere friend.

"Pain?" Tige replies in the same tones. "You bet! I am in hell!" For the man writhes in torture.

After preparing the way by further attempt at inducing Tige to forget the mere clergyman in the friend, his visitor adds, "You can live but a few moments longer, Tige. You are about entering quite another world, in which you are to stay forever. Any objections to my asking you a question or two, and praying with you? God, you know, is the only one can help you now!"

"O yes, perfectly willing! — Tom, old fel, how do *you* feel about it all?" This to a well-known desperado standing with arms folded upon his breast near by, whose face Tige catches on the instant as he writhes upon his mattress.

"Me? *Me*, Tige? Mighty bad, feel *mighty* bad!" says Tom, with a sorrowful shake of his head. Judge Lynch has hung Tom since; devoted friends in life, in death they were not far divided. Just this word here about Tom. A noble-hearted man had taken him, a boy then of sixteen, into his trade and to his table, trying to rescue him from a drunken father who was half his time in jail.

"Tom," this friend said to him one morning at breakfast, "did you know the jail was burned down last night?"

"An' the old man in it?" said Tom, with brightening eyes; "no, I had n't!" as at glad news. "I do *hope* he was burnt up in it!" with all sincerity.

"Only a question or two," the minister says to Tige Clarke, as he writhes toward him. "Do you believe in the Bible, in religion?"

"Certainly I do, every word of it! Why, of *course* I do. Think I 'm a heathen?"

"Well, then, Tige, you acknowledge yourself to be a sinner against God?" in kindest tones.

"Acknowledge *what?*" Tige, ceasing his writhing, looks at the questioner steadily.

"Acknowledge yourself to be a sinner, a sinner, Tige, against a holy God!" question pressed in manner as little offensive as possible.

"*No*, SIR!" Tige replies with all the emphasis left in him. "A sinner!" with utmost indignation. "*No*, SIR!" very angry. "I *may* have done some things a little out of the way, — driven to it," the dying man adds with an air of magnanimity and gentlemanly candor; "but a *sinner?* a sinner against *God?*" anger rapidly rising again. The hand of the questioner holds that of the deeply offended man, finger upon pulse. The body rolls and turns, doubles up and in and out like the incessant writhing, coiling, uncoiling of a wounded snake. But the gray haze creeping over the eyes is dispelled by the flashing up of the soul again therein. "*Acknowledge!*" in accents of sarcasm..... "A *sinner* against God!" the tones as of one re-stating an assertion as preposterous as it was insulting! A moment more to collect sufficient vehemence therefor. "No, SIR!" with a violence which hurls the man out of his body! In the eyes the fire is utterly gone, — only haze there. From the writhing body all motion is instantly passed, no stone stiller than that. For fire and unceasing motion were of the man himself. With that bound of the pulse, Tige Clarke had gone, taking with him all he is, leaving nothing at all behind him but that riddled body, really no more an essential part of him than the jeans clothing he wore, also riddled with balls and cuts. At ten o'clock this man was alive here and was Tige Clarke! I looked at my watch in the instant of that last wave of life's red ebb and flow which receded, leaving him ashore elsewhere. Half a minute after ten. If, body excepted, he did not stand upon that shore the same Tige Clarke he was the half-minute before, please explain how a thing so exclusively physical as death effects also a moral change. Or, if it is more than the mere separation of Tige Clarke from his body, please prove it. Who denies the sensation this long, lank, notorious desperado would have made had he suddenly walked down the aisle of any church, revolver and bowie-knife begirdled, say upon a bright and quiet Sabbath morning in the midst of the service. Now, imagine, if you dare, the sudden leap of this wild animal out of this world into the very centre of white angels and serene saints in full heaven of service and song. True, his knives and revolvers are left behind. But every passion which prompted to the use of them. The effect of such entrance upon such company, upon himself? The eternal absurdity of the same reaches the insanity of laughter!

And this as a matter of scientific inquiry. To what degree do men in general share Tige Clarke's ignorance upon *that* point of his personal standing elsewhere? But this further: a Divine power specially given could alone have enlightened Tige Clarke herein. To what degree can your ignorance and mine in the same direction dispense with that same peculiar power?

Surely it is not often given to anybody to ride at the head of such a procession as bore Tige Clarke's body to the grave next day. Emerged like vermin from who knows what lurking-places; bound by who knows what fraternity to Tige and to one another, with jingling spurs they rode along, upon sorry scrubs of horses, twenty strong, jeans-clad, full-bearded, slouch-hatted, revolver-and-bowie-knife-girdled desperadoes, every man of them. Through the community flowed the funeral, like the Mississippi through the purer waves of the Gulf; for the good people of that region bear the same proportion to such a crew as these, as does the Gulf deep and broad to the muddy Mississippi flowing through it; the mass of those looking upon us as we rode being as thor-

oughly superior to and separate from Tige Clarke and his clan as any who read these lines.

As we stood around the open grave there came to the mind of the minister a sermon he had before preached to a like congregation in an extremer West. It was an effort to demonstrate to every man there that he was the direct reverse of a child of God, unless he repented and reformed. There was a horse-thief sitting among the congregation that day, the sheriff having brought him to church, the jail being too insecure for him to trust his charge out of his sight. With every clank of the criminal's chains, the speaker himself winced lest he should have hurt the feelings of the prisoner by the exceeding pungency of his train of thought. That it was presented with all due caution and tenderness may be hoped, however, from the fact that, the next day, one of the worst of all present sought out the speaker to say, "Look here, passon, you said yesterday we was children of the Devil—"

"Yes, my dear sir, but—" attempts the clergyman, in persuasive accents.

"An' you told the square fact! About *me* at least. Now, look here," continued the man, with gravest meaning, "if I don't quit from this day bein' a son of Satan, may I be—" a tremendous oath. "Because, you know an' I know I will be just *that*, if I don't quit off!"

One can be a vast deal more at rest in reference to the recording angel in this case that in that of Uncle Toby. His whole after life, as well as the tears that sprang to his eyes as he spoke, proved the omnipotence in his case, as of myriads, of the very peculiar Power!

Therefore, as respectfully and lovingly as a man naturally speaks when addressing demons who may change to angels, the minister told, at the open grave, exactly what he thought concerning those present if they did not change. This wind, however, bloweth where it listeth; that very night these same mourners break into a certain treasury with sledge-hammers and cold chisels, each man filling his wool hat with gold, scattering the same over the ground as he runs. One was shot as he ran. Something of Roman grandeur in the man, dying for days with sealed lips as to his associates. He had stood too near me at the grave for me not to know who all the rest were. Ah, if we could but enlist the heroes of darkness, *all* of the Sauls of Tarsus, into the ranks of light!

The Hon. Alexander Anderson deserves your attention, in this connection, for something more than the having been a brilliant lawyer and former member of Congress. When he had his famous difficulty with Jefferson English, he was member and pillar too of a certain church. Yet when his pastor eagerly sought an interview with him, the day before the "affair," what could that pastor say, at last? Jefferson English had already had his terrible card printed, denouncing the Hon. Alexander Anderson, the "Hon." being in the largest type the market afforded, as scoundrel, coward, liar. In vague hopes of arresting the inevitable, a friend of both sides, one of the truest gentlemen in the world, had caused a copy, yet damp from the press, to reach the hands of said pastor. There was a shade even of the ludicrous in the sudden and utter halt to which that pastor was reduced after he had been closeted with the Hon. Alexander for an hour; after he had showed him the card, which would be posted next morning upon every wall in town; after he had exhausted all the abundant arguments which Christianity supplies for the successful use, it is generally held, at least of a clergyman in the case of parishioner who is also a pillar, in such a case as this. Exhaustion upon both sides; blank silence upon both sides, from want of anything which can possibly be said under such circumstances. The pastor is as anxious as a man can be to save his personal associate and friend from almost certain death in the affray which dawns with and as certainly as the next morning; especially as the church, in any case, will receive

such shock from the same. And the Hon. Alexander is, on these, on all accounts, fully as anxious, although there is no man braver than he, to avoid a difficulty. But what can possibly be done? In the gathering night, there in the parlor of the Hon. Alexander, they sit in painful silence, endeavoring to solve the irresolvable.

Very easy for you to suggest that the pastor should quietly inform the authorities, or should induce mutual friends to arrange the matter. Had he only thought of that before coming! But, then, the card had been shown him only after a solemn pledge that no one but the Hon. Alexander should know of it; the vague hope being that *he*, being a pillar, would "fix it up" in some way other than by battle. Besides, now that the pastor is in the house of his friend, that friend has distinctly informed him that he cannot leave the house unless under pledge, having been there, not to make any effort to arrest the result; people would say the Hon. Alexander had, in a cowardly manner, suggested the same!

"But consider the disastrous influence your killing English will have upon our church!" the clerical friend suggests yet again, after a long pause.

"You know perfectly well, sir, my *not* fighting him would have a worse influence upon St. Samuel's! Why, sir," the lawyer continues, in tones of cool statement of undeniable fact, "not only would it almost kill St. Samuel's, in that case, to have me as an officer, but there is hardly a woman, even among the communicants, would take, say, the bread or the wine from my hand, after my refusing to kill English, under the circumstances!"

The clergyman yet again, with tears, with vastly more eloquence than ever in the pulpit, urges at length the Sermon on the Mount, the Death on another Mount, the One himself, as acknowledged to be the Master! Had he been speaking of Balder or Epictetus, it would have had as much and as little weight under the circumstances. You observe, "What is the *use?*" It is replied, "Pardon me, but you know I have my will to write, and it must be near midnight. If there was any *practical* suggestion—" For the Hon. Alexander has risen to his feet.

"But to think of leaving your wife a widow!" the impracticable friend will venture to suggest for the third time.

"As I told you before, I could never look in my wife's face if I did *not* fight. She loves me as much as a woman can; yet, you know as well as I do, she would go back to her father, the General, the day I backed out, and neither the General nor herself would speak to me again as long as I lived!"

"Do you think, sir," says the clergyman, with affected sharpness, "the people will vote you again to Congress, a man whose hand is red with the blood—"

"I run next time for judge of the Supreme Court, and you know as well as I, not one vote will I get if I incur even the suspicion of backing down in this matter!" the Hon. Alexander replies in judicial tones. "True, a regular duel would disqualify for office, so we 'll make it a chance rencontre instead!" he adds in business accents.

"But your children, my dear friend!" his persistent companion begins, "darling little Lutie, bright little Charlie! and, pardon me, I 'm afraid you will not have much to bequeath them in that will."

"'Beggars all, Sir John,'" the other quotes. "Yet what *is* the use? You know so well," he continues, wearied of his reasoning as with a child, "that, if I showed the white feather to-morrow, I could not make a dollar for them in my profession! Besides, as they grew up, Lutie and Charlie would despise me more and more." Yes, both acknowledge the same. Napoleon, and Hannibal before him, managed to get over the Alps: obstacle here which leaves no alternative!

When the minister hears the rapid revolver shots the next morning, where he sits in a convenient room in waiting for the same, there is positive relief after painful suspense. Possibly to

Mrs. Anderson also; for, with heartiest approval of her husband's course, — as what other possible alternative is there? — she, too, waits near by, Lutie and Charlie with her, in case a last farewell with their father is necessary.

"Had English killed Alec," she tells her pastor next day, stroking the head of Charlie, standing at her knee, "I would have begun to-day putting Charlie in practice with his father's revolver. I would have laid everything else by to train him till he could be certain of killing English at the first shot!" And she says it with no violence, though she is a lovely brunette, but with the repose of a blonde. No member of the church could be more devoted and energetic than beautiful Mrs. Anderson. And you might almost as well blame the poor chameleon with being red when all the woods are scarlet in autumn, as blame the Hon. Alec and herself, under the circumstances! And we will say it is all changed now, these events taking place — will a thousand years ago do?

Only, the remark was made in the privacy of the vestry and is wholly irrelevant!

Returning to our "difficulty," strange to say the parties had accidentally passed each other in the early morning. The "card" had not as yet been posted, however, and nothing could have been more *suave* than the demeanor of the gentlemen to each other, both perfectly aware of the approaching event. "Gentlemen!" Yes, to save your life, you cannot give the name to the polished plunderers in public life to-day any more than you can refrain from giving "that grand old name" to these, however great their defects. There is a fragrance, old-fashioned as its perfume to daisy and buttercup, which will cling to men with these ideas of honor and courage, in distinction from Cassius with his ticklish palm, so long as buttercup and daisy bloom upon the earth!

Why sing at length an Iliad which lasted scarce ten minutes? After the "card" had been duly posted, by an instinct so unanimous as to be of the nature of harmony, the poster and the posted meet in the most public part of the public street, and, keeping marvellous time, open fire upon each other! Five shots to a revolver, two revolvers each, twenty shots! A good many beside Mrs. Anderson and the pastor kept account with painful accuracy, the simultaneousness of the reports requiring a nice ear for the same.

All the town had converged to the arena in a thrill of excitement. The very negroes, too; for here, all on a sudden, was Fourth of July, circus, Christmas, all at once and not a cent to pay! True, as the assailants perpetually changed their position in reference to each other as they fired, the balls whizzed never twice in the same direction among the encircling crowd, keeping up a perpetual expectation and movement among the same, which gave to the lookers-on all the zest of being themselves, also, actually engaged.

The twentieth shot! Highly unclerical for a minister to be on the scene during the battle; exceedingly proper for him to be there immediately after. To qualify the dying, you observe, for death. But when the clergyman hurried to the spot on the signal of silence, he found, not so strange to say to one familiar with the statistics of duels, neither man killed! That would have mitigated the disgust of the crowd. At least, one of them wounded? Not even that.

Apart from intimate friends, the crowd had with the last shot as instantly resolved itself into its three constituents as ever water does under the battery of the chemist.

Class A. "It is perfectly outrageous that men should assault each other thus in the public street, endangering our lives! The only regret is that they did not kill each other!" Yet Class A had taken its gold-headed cane and walked eagerly down to see, enjoyed it as much as any, would not have missed it for the world!

CLASS B. "I do solemnly declare," leaning against the nearest support in convulsions of laughter, "it was the funniest thing I ever saw in my life. I laughed here while it was going on till I cried. The way they twisted and dodged and stooped and jumped while they fired! Talk of the circus! And the way they let fly at each other with their empty revolvers! I'm sorry, of course, that nobody was killed, but it certainly *was* the funniest thing!" Laughter at the very idea for weeks after.

CLASS C. Profoundly indignant. Personally mortified. Seriously hurt. "Sir, that those two men should have had all the time for preparation they had, and neither killed, or even grazed at last! So near each other, too. Two revolvers,—*two* each!" Deep contempt. "Why not four apiece? Better still, double-barrel shot-gun full of buck-shot. It's a shame! If it was me I'd never show my face again in *this* community!" And these never recur to the painful failure to draw blood without deep indignation!

Before night another "card" was pasted over the first, everywhere announcing that, friends interposing, the Hon. Alexander and General Jefferson did hereby mutually withdraw everything said about the other. Amazing power in a "card" either way. Yet, somehow, we cannot merely laugh at such men. This, at least, can be repeated. Men of the sort of these may be in Congress, upon leading committees therein, before very long; as sure as you approach them, however adroitly, with a bribe of money or land, so surely will you feel their hasty right hand full in your face! Certainly, dead opposition to you henceforth in that "little matter of mine now pending in Washington."

If you are justly dissatisfied with a reminiscence of so pale a red as this last, indulge the artist if he drops the unskilful pen, grasps, as it were, the pencil instead, and tries to sketch in outline

JUDGE LYNCH IN LAWN.

Possessing the fine imagination you do, dear reader, conceive yourself upon a brilliant Sunday morning in the spring, in the centre of the vast Cypress Swamp, west of the Mississippi River. You are one of a large camp of emigrants from east of the father of waters, on your way with the twenty-two households composing the camp to a new home upon the banks of the White River. Be deliberate in acceding to this imagination, since, if you do, it makes you a member of a church, for the camp is not only a neighborhood afloat, a future town upon White River in the air, it is also a regularly organized church, pastor, officers, members, and all. In that large red wagon with the close covering, off to the right, is a particularly large and new trunk containing the pulpit-cushion, the communion-service and font, the huge gilt Bible, the church records, and all the lesser volumes for the psalmody and the Sabbath school of the building for worship, which, by the by, will be the very first structure erected when this church itinerant shall have reached its selected resting-place.

Look around you! If the woods are nature's churches, these gigantic live-oaks and cypresses which environ the closely clustered tents and wagons of the camp, with their limbs interlocking overhead, draped in great banners of hanging moss of the peculiar gray of an old man's beard, make up to-day a cathedral. Nor is the dim religious light wanting, so dense is the hanging moss and the foliage above and around.

Nor is actual worship lacking. The men and women in their Sunday demeanor and clothing are seated in a semicircle, of which a rude pulpit is the centre, upon the hide-bottomed chairs, brought along largely for this very purpose. A baby being carefully hushed upon its mother's bosom there, an aged woman here, a white-headed patriarch supporting his chin as he sits upon the horn-handled top of his cane,

his right hand hollowed behind his ear, that he may lose none of the sermon, — these, with others of every age, make up the congregation; one more solemn and deeply serious meets nowhere else in the world this Sunday morning.

Breathless solemnity, even, for the venerable pastor is just closing a sermon upon the divine command from creation to slay the murderer; and, immediately before him, beside some long object supported by a horse-trough under each end, and covered with a quilt of white Marseilles, sits the murderer, already condemned to die, and to be hung as soon as the benediction is pronounced! The facts being simply these: John Armstrong, a sandy-haired, huge-limbed, resolute Scotch-Irishman, pillar of this church, and born leader among men, was the getter up of this move of the church from its worn-out lands in North Carolina to the new and fertile location selected by himself, after years of careful examination out West, sent out by the church for the purpose. As the leader of the party he always rides a few hours in advance of the camp, along the military road upon which they are journeying through the swamp, to select a camping spot for each night. Now, only last Monday, they stayed in Memphis a day or so, making the last purchases before leaving all civilization behind and plunging into a world almost as new as if created the year before. At that date Memphis swarmed with desperadoes, flying from the older States, unwilling to go on to Texas if they could possibly avoid it. One of these, Beauty Harmon by name, chances in Memphis upon John Armstrong while making his purchases, for Armstrong is treasurer of the colony as well as everything else; sees him in possession of large sums; follows him upon his lonely ride in advance; shoots him from behind upon this very spot; rides on with his plunder only to be ridden down and captured by the young men of the colony, for escape is impossible in such a swamp, no turning off to the right or the left from the embankment for the military road through the same, and the horses of the pursuers were freshest and swiftest. And so, there the murderer sits! But far from silent.

Now it is impossible for the camp to halt while the criminal is guarded back to civilization. A long trial tarried for, almost certain escape from the log jail there while awaiting trial! Besides, the colony are wholly satisfied that no jury can be found just now in Memphis which will not be a "hung jury," whatever the evidence, even if it does not acquit the murderer, leaving him free to wreak after-vengeance upon them; associated, as they have every reason to believe he is, with the "Murrell Gang," then the terror of that region. No! The matter has been thoroughly discussed all the Saturday night by the men of the colony, the pastor presiding, and with frequent prayer for Divine guidance. Are they not a town? The having not yet reached, and actually turned their tents into log-cabins upon their town site, — what difference does that make? And who doubts or denies the guilt of the murderer? Money, watch, memorandum-book, well-worn pocket Testament even, of the murdered man found upon him! And Beauty Harmon never denies the crime at all; only curses and strikes and spits at them till he is exhausted, boasting all the time of what "the boys" will do to them for his death, bewailing only the fact that he separated himself from "the boys," and "took to rough gambling" by himself!

Very easily could the criminal have had his case at least postponed, for he is not twenty years old; "the most perfectly handsome human being *I* ever saw," one of the men afterwards told the writer. He had but to acknowledge all, beg and pray, and promise for the future, and over the very body of his victim, possibly, — by the women first, the men afterward, — he would have been held, at least, under advisement. But he has driven the women into silence from the first by his obscene curses upon them; simply a beautiful

wild animal, a sleek and spotted panther, utterly untamable, too wicked and dangerous to let loose!

And so the sermon is ended, not without doxology and benediction. The weeping pastor attempts a beseeching exhortation to the condemned, till cursed by him into despairing silence. The women uncover the face of the dead for a last look, but are hastened from it by the brutal language of the murderer. Then the men, the pastor following in the rear, bear the murdered and the murderer to the live-oak beneath which the body was found, and where a wide grave has been already dug, a stout halter from one of the horses already secured to the limb overhead. It is wholly useless, the attempted prayer of the pastor, for Beauty Harmon gives way to a fiercer frenzy of cursing, possibly to keep his courage up to the last, — cursing which ceases only when a sudden blow upon the horse on which he is seated with the rope about his neck, leaves him struggling in the Sunday light, in a few minutes to hang revolving to right and left, — dead! And so the two are laid side by side in the same grave. The women, too, cluster about the dead now and lend their tears and their voices to the funeral Psalm. Another prayer in which both of the dead are left in the hand of God, with humble entreaty for forgiveness if any sin has been committed in the matter. The doxology and benediction yet again, and the service is ended!

It was years after, that one of the officers of the church, now an old man, told the writer the whole story with no shade of regret as to the course they had pursued!

"And, you see, we wrote to Beauty Harmon's people as soon 's we could learn where they lived, told them the whole story just how it happened," the old pioneer said to me in continuation.

"And what did they write?" I asked.

"They never wrote. The old man, the boy's father, *he* came out here. You see, we had kept the boy's saddle-bags, an' did n't know what to do with the things. Mighty bad boy Beauty always was, desperate bad boy, the old man said!" my aged friend added.

"But what did he say to your hanging his son?" I ventured to ask. And how the exact words of my informant's reply linger to this hour in my ear!

"O, the old man, he grumbled about that mightily! It was such a cold-blooded murder, and John Armstrong he was such a good man, real valuable man, I had no more feeling in hanging that young wild-cat, — what a Beauty he was, eyes and claws and satin skin!" my friend added after a long silence. "But when we came to examine his saddle-bags closely after he was buried, we found one little bundle. The women they had a cry over it. I could n't help feeling some myself!"

"But what was it?"

"O, nothing in the world! In that saddle-bag was loaded dice, decks of marked cards, books full of the dirtiest pictures you ever saw. But that little bundle! Nothing at all, at last, but a pair of little red baby shoes tied up very carefully in a bit of white paper all to themselves. It is mighty foolish I know," added my friend, taking out his large, black, greasy pocket-book, selecting a crumpled bit of paper therefrom and putting the same in my hand, "but I 've kept *that*, tied up in the shoes it was, ever since, a reminder like!"

I carefully unrolled the worn paper, and could hardly make out the faded words. What a foolish old man he was! Nothing at last written there but the words, "A nise pare of littul shoose bought by Beauty for his deer littul Babby bruther!"

William M. Baker.

THE LAUNCH OF THE VALKYRIE.

"BUILD me a swift avenger,
Now, for my royal dead!
Build me a ship, O master,
Whose name shall breathe disaster,
Whose soul shall wed with danger!
Build a sea-scourge!" she said.

Hard by the eagle's eyry
They felled the witch's pine.
"Now, may the gods have pity
On seaboard thorp and city,
When that this fiend Valkyrie
Is loosed upon the brine!"

So spake the master-builder,
Who, daily at his toil,
Trembled to feel the yearning
Of pulses seaward turning,
Beneath the gyves that held her
Bound to the sluggish soil;

Till, of a glad gray morning,
Folding his arms, "'T is done,"
He said; and the sea-king's daughter
Down by the green sea water,
Pale in her sad, sweet mourning,
Rose, and came with the sun.

"O ship of hope and passion!"
She sang; "O ship of doom!
From winds and waters listening
This saga for thy christening,
How shall we frame and fashion
A song of days to come!

"In whirl of shouting weather
Thy chief delight shall be,
When plumed Niorder urges
His racing, tossing surges,
With ringing spur and tether,
On foamy shoals of sea;

"When swift with nodding motion,
And chime of smiting mail,
Uprise and ride together,
With blowing robe and feather,
Down rainy rims of ocean,
The squadrons of the gale.

"Through nights ringed round with thunder,
When, landward, gull and loon
Go by thee, gray and wailing,
Thou shalt be sailing, sailing,
By lone sea-reaches, under
The rainy yellow moon;

"And death-lights, night and morning,
Shall burn upon thy spars,
And hollow, hollow, hollow,
Adown thy wake shall follow
A wind of fear, and warning,
Of tempests, and of wars.

"So sail! The tides shall slumber
About thy keel no more,
And vainly for thee, ever,
The harbor light shall quiver,
Through years no man may number,
Till thy great quest is o'er."

. . . . .

Gone is the toiling master;
Gone are the workmen old;
And princess proud, and maiden,
With years and sorrow laden,
Have crept from life's disaster
Beneath the turf and mold;

But oft, from crag and eyry,
When winds are whirled with snow,
And headlands blend together,
The watchers through the weather
Still hail the ship Valkyrie,
And mark her canvas blow;

And eyes of lone sea torches
Espy her sailing down,
And bells, with horror shaken,
On midnight coasts awaken,
And clamor from their porches
To sleeping thorp and town.

Wm. W. Young.

JEFFERSON IN THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

SIXTY gentlemen, in silk stockings and pigtails, sitting in a room of no great size in a plain brick building up a narrow alley, — such was the Continental Congress; "the Honorable Congress," as its constituents made a point of calling it; "the General Congress at Philadelphia," as Lord Chatham styled it, when he told an incredulous House of Lords that no body of men had ever surpassed it "in solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion." The present generation of Philadelphians has seen the hall wherein Peyton Randolph presided and Patrick Henry spoke, a second-hand furniture salesroom, and none too large for the purpose; while the committee-rooms up stairs, to which Franklin and Samuel Adams repaired for consultation, were used for a school. The principal apartment must have been well filled when all the members were present; and we may be sure that the Society of House Carpenters, to whom the building belonged, did not violate the proprieties of the Quaker City so far as to furnish it sumptuously.

The Congress was not an assemblage of aged sires with snowy locks and aspect venerable, such as art has represented the Roman Senate. Old men could neither have done the work nor borne the journeys. Franklin, the oldest member, was seventy-one, though still ruddy and vigorous; and there were two or three others past sixty; but the members generally were in the prime of their years and powers, with a good sprinkling of young men among them, as there must be in representative bodies which truly represent. John Jay was thirty, not too old to be a little vain of the papers he drew. Maryland had sent two young men, — Thomas Stone, thirty-two, and William Paca, thirty-five. From South Carolina came eloquent John Rutledge, thirty-six, and his brother, Edward Rutledge, twenty-six. Patrick Henry was not quite forty; John Adams, only forty; John Langdon, thirty-five; and Jefferson, thirty-two. Nor could the Congress be called a learned body, though about one half of the members had had college and professional training. By various paths these men had made their way to the confidence of their fellow-citizens; and the four powers that conjointly govern the world — knowledge, character, talents, and wealth — were happily combined, as well in the whole body as in some individuals. Franklin had them all. Patrick Henry wielded one most brilliant and commanding gift; and there were two or three members, now dropped even from biographical dictionaries, who fulfilled the definition of "good company" reported by Crabb Robinson, — persons who "lived upon their own estates and other people's ideas." Some sturdy characters were there, who had fought their way from the ranks, like Roger Sherman of Connecticut, farmer's son, shoemaker's apprentice, store-keeper, surveyor, lawyer, judge, member of the Congress; or like John Langdon of New Hampshire, another farmer's son, mariner and merchant till the British cruisers drove him ashore and to the Congress. It was, indeed, a wonderful body of sixty men, that could send forth to command its armies one of its own members, and retain orators like Lee, Henry, John Adams, and John Rutledge; writers of the grade of Dickinson, Jefferson, William Livingston, and Jay; lawyers like Sherman, Wilson, and Chase; men of business such as Hopkins, Langdon, and Lewis; a philosopher like Franklin; and such an embodiment of energetic and untiring will as Samuel Adams.

The new member from Virginia was most welcome in the Congress. Be-

sides being the bearer of encouraging news from home, he brought with him a kind of reputation which then gave perhaps even more prestige than it does at present, — "a reputation," as John Adams records, "for literature, science, and a happy talent for composition." Even now a new member of good presence and liberal fortune would be regarded as an acquisition to Congress and to the capital, concerning whom it should be whispered about that, besides the usual Latin and Greek, he had acquired French, Italian, and Spanish, and was going on to learn German, and even Gaelic if he could only get the books from Scotland; a gentleman of thirty-two who could calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, plan an edifice, try a cause, break a horse, dance a minuet, and play the violin. The papers which he had written for the Virginia Legislature, one of which he brought with him and another of which had been widely scattered in both countries, were known to members. Moreover, he was an accession to the radical side. His mind was keeping pace with the march of events. There were orators enough already, and no lack of writers; but Jefferson came, not only surcharged with that spirit which was to carry the country through the crisis, but full of the learning of the case, up in his Magna Charta, versed in the lore of the lawyers of the Commonwealth, and conversant with Virginia precedents. He could only take part in conversational debates; there was neither fluency nor fire in his public utterances; but, to quote again the language of John Adams, "he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive upon committees and in conversation, — not even Samuel Adams was more so, — that he soon seized upon my heart." He was a Virginian, too; and that was a proud title then, and most dear to the people of New England. Massachusetts and Virginia, — Massachusetts oppressed and Virginia sympathizing, — that was the most obvious fact of the situation. And Virginia had espoused the cause of persecuted Boston with so eloquent a tongue, and poured supplies into her lap with a hand so bountiful and untiring, and brought to her support so respectable a name and such imposing wealth and numbers, and sent men to the Congress of such splendid gifts and various worth, that to be a Virginian was itself an honorable distinction. Jefferson, too, united in himself the method and plod of a Yankee lawyer with the ease and grace which man began to acquire when he first bestrode the horse.

The prodigious greatness of this Congress is shown in its consideration for its weakest member. An ordinary parliament is controlled by its strongest; but this Congress deliberately allowed itself to be dominated by John Dickinson of Pennsylvania, timidest of gentlemen, though a man of ability and worth. He dared not face the crisis. "Johnny," his mother used to say to him (so reports John Adams), "you will be hanged; your estate will be forfeited and confiscated; you will leave your excellent wife a widow, and your charming children orphans, beggars, and infamous." And this, too, while the excellent wife stood by with confirmatory anguish visible in her countenance. Mr. Adams confesses that, if *his* wife and mother had held such language, it would have made him the most miserable of men, even if it did not render him an apostate. The Congress, if it could not regard Mr. Dickinson's scruples as purely disinterested and patriotic, knew that they were representative, and felt the necessity of opposing to the king's insensate obstinacy a united front. Hence it was that, when these lions and lambs sat down together, it was a little child that led them; and for his sake they committed the sublime imbecility of a second petition to the king. It was a wonderful condescension. "Ben Harrison" expressed the feeling of nearly every member when he said, in reply to Dickinson's exulting remark, that there was but one word in the petition which he disapproved, and that was the word *Congress*, "There is

but one word in the paper, Mr. President, of which I approve, and that is the word *Congress*." It is only the great who can thus bend and accommodate themselves to the scruples of the little.

Nor was it timidity alone that influenced the excellent ladies of Mr. Dickinson's family. It was sentiment as well. In looking over the newspapers of that year, 1775, we gather the impression that the Ministry endeavored to turn to account the personal popularity of the king and queen, which was very great, particularly with mothers; for were they not the parents of ten children, — the oldest thirteen, the youngest a baby in arms? It is not possible for the scoffing readers of this generation to conceive of the tender emotions awakened in the maternal bosom of 1775 upon reading paragraphs in the newspapers describing the family life led at Kew by the royal parents and their numerous brood: how their Majesties rose at six in the morning, and devoted the next two hours, which they called *their own*, to Arcadian enjoyment; how, at eight, the five elder children were brought from their several abodes to breakfast with their illustrious parents. "At nine," as one reporter of the period has it, "the younger children attend to lisp or smile their good-morrows; and while the five eldest are closely applying to their tasks, the little ones and their nurses pass the whole morning in Richmond Gardens. The king and queen frequently amuse themselves with sitting in the room while the children dine, and, once a week, *attended by the whole offspring in pairs*, make the little delightful tour of Richmond Gardens"! Who but a republican savage could resist such a picture? The same faithful reporter bade a loyal empire take note that the Prince of Wales, aged thirteen, and the Bishop of Osnaburgh, aged twelve, promised to excel the generality of mankind as much in learning as in rank, for they were kept at their books eight hours a day, and were *so* fond of their lessons! "All the ten are indeed fine children."

We observe, also, that there was much petitioning this year, both for and against the Americans; which gave the king opportunities to indicate his own sentiments: for when a petition was presented adverse to the royal policy, no notice was taken of it; but when a delegation came to the palace charged to say that a malignant spirit of resistance had gone forth in America, fomented by selfish men resolved to rise upon the ruins of their country; or when a committee of aldermen gave utterance to the opinion that clemency was thrown away upon colonists who raised parricidal hands against a parent state to which they owed existence and every blessing; or when nine tailors from Tooley Street laid "their lives and fortunes at the foot of the throne," for a gracious king to employ in maintaining the authority of Parliament in every part of the Empire; — then the Majesty of Britain unknit its troubled brow, and the newspapers were enabled to state that "his Majesty received the address very graciously, and the gentlemen of the deputation had the honor to kiss his Majesty's hand." The king's deliberate opinion of the troubles in America was that Washington, Patrick Henry, the Adamses, Jefferson, Peyton Randolph, John Dickinson, and the Congress generally, had entered into "a desperate conspiracy," to use the language of the royal speech of 1775, for the purpose of wresting from him a valuable part of his dominions. All this petitioning and all these tender or timid scruples of the Dickinson party, he thought, were "meant to amuse" a too confiding British people; while the leaders, Dickinson himself being one of them, were "preparing for a general revolt." Thus do the stupid usually interpret the wise.

Mr. Jefferson's talent for composition was called into requisition on the fifth day of his attendance. The Congress was extremely solicitous concerning the wording of the documents which

they issued, not because they felt the eyes of the universe to be upon them, though everything they published *was* printed in all the newspapers of Christendom that dared insert it, but because they had, in all their formal utterances, to avoid many possible errors, and try for many desirable objects. They were resolved to remain in the right, to be the party sinned against, and they meant to make this clearly appear. They had to satisfy English Whigs without giving a handle to English Tories, and express the feeling of Samuel Adams without repelling John Dickinson. They had to resist General Gage, without appearing as rebels in the eyes of kings whose countenance and succor might become important to them. Hence, nothing was so much valued at the moment, next to the art of making saltpetre, as skill in the use of written words.

On the very day when Jefferson took his seat came the first tidings of Bunker Hill. How powerless is language to recall the thrill, the alarm, the rapture, the apprehension, the triumph, the tumult, of those days when the tremendous and incredible details were arriving! One thousand and fifty-four of the king's own red-coated soldiers dead or wounded! Thirteen officers bearing the king's commission killed and seventy wounded! The king's general and army shut up in Boston, impotent. The Honorable Congress felt it necessary to get upon paper at once the correct theory of these events, with which the world would soon be ringing; for there had never before been such a slaughter as this in British America; not in the bloodiest of the Indian fights, nor when Wolfe completed the conquest of Canada on the Plains of Abraham. A committee was appointed to draw up a statement of the causes of taking up arms. This committee, on June 24th, Jefferson's third day in the Congress, presented a draft, written by a great orator, John Rutledge. Great orators have not the desk-patience to be great writers. The paper not being approved, the committee, two days after, was ordered to try again; and two gentlemen noted for their writing talent, John Dickinson and Thomas Jefferson, were added to the committee.

The members of this famous Congress, nobly as they acquitted themselves of their task, were not exempt from the foibles of human nature. They had their little vanities, antipathies, and resentments, like the rest of our limited race.

When the Congress adjourned that day, the members of the committee remained, and Jefferson found himself next to William Livingston of New Jersey, a lawyer of about his own age, much admired for the sweeping vigor of his written style. Jefferson regarded him with particular interest. Among the papers issued by the first Congress, the one he had liked best was the Address to the People of Great Britain, the most extensive and complete version of the case yet given to the world. Without being particularly well written, it was a plain, straightforward piece of work, free from those reserves and softenings supposed to be requisite in petitions to the king. When the Virginia delegates returned, he had inquired concerning the authorship of a paper so much to his mind, and Ben Harrison had told him that William Livingston was the author. Hence he now turned to Livingston and urged him to undertake the important and difficult draft committed to them. The member from New Jersey excused himself, and proposed the work to Jefferson. Upon this he renewed his request with such urgency that Livingston was puzzled. "We are as yet but new acquaintances, sir," said the Jerseyman; "why are you so urgent for my doing it?" He replied, "Because I have been informed that you drew the Address to the People of Great Britain, a production, certainly, of the finest pen in America." Livingston had, indeed, presented the paper to the house, but as it was the composition of John Jay of New York, he was compelled to waive the compli-

ment. "On that, perhaps, sir," said he, "you may not have been correctly informed."

The next morning, as Jefferson himself reports, he discovered that Mr. Jay was not disposed to lose the honor of his performance. As he was walking about in the hall before the house had been called to order, he observed Mr. Jay leading towards him, "by the button of his coat," Mr. R. H. Lee of Virginia. These gentlemen were not the best friends. "I understand, sir," said Jay to Jefferson, when he had brought up the Virginian orator, "that this gentleman informed you that Mr. Livingston drew the Address to the People of Great Britain." Mr. Jefferson set him right on the point; but Jay and Lee remained "ever very hostile to one another."

It is a relief to catch Mr. John Jay, who comes down to us with a reputation for austerest virtue, behaving so much like a sophomore. The truth is, however, that at thirty he was a merry gentleman enough, who smoked his pipe, loved his jest, could be vain of his "composition," and was actually — if the reader can believe it — called by his intimate friends Jack!

The committee asked the new member from Virginia to try his hand at the draft; i. e. to put Lexington and Bunker Hill into documentary form for general circulation. He did his best, but his usual ill-luck pursued him. Mr. Dickinson thought the paper "too strong." No one as yet expected or desired any other ending of the controversy than reconciliation with Great Britain on the old terms. Why, then, asked Dickinson, make reconciliation more difficult by offensive words? "He was so honest a man," says Mr. Jefferson, "and so able a one, that he was greatly indulged even by those who could not feel his scruples." The committee asked him to take Mr. Jefferson's draft, which all seem to have approved but Dickinson, and put it into a form he could adopt. The result was a much better document for the purpose than either of them alone could have prepared; for in nothing that man does is the old saying truer, than in the preparation of official documents, that two heads are better than one. Mr. Dickinson restated the course of events, but appended to his mild version of the facts four and a half paragraphs of Jefferson's flowing eloquence, which came in well when the document was read in town meetings and at the head of departing regiments. But Mr. Dickinson's part was not less effective. The very awkwardnesses of a piece of writing have convincing power when they arise from the struggle of an honest mind to get upon paper the exact truth. How effective and affecting some of Mr. Lincoln's messages for this very reason! It was not eloquent to describe the affair of Lexington as "an unprovoked assault upon the inhabitants of the said Province, as appears by the affidavits of a great number of persons"; nor was it a fine stroke of rhetoric to speak of the battle of Bunker Hill as a butchery of *our* countrymen (saying nothing of the 1,054 *British* dead and wounded); but Homer could not have stated it in a better way to reach the minds of the plain, scrupulous people of Pennsylvania. The committee and the Congress adopted Mr. Dickinson's draft. If the reader will turn to the document, he will easily discover the precise point where Dickinson's labored statement ends and Jefferson's glowing utterance begins.

There is one word of three letters in Mr. Jefferson's portion which I wonder the cautious Pennsylvanian did not erase. It is the word of threat italicized in this passage: "We mean not to dissolve that union which has so long and so happily subsisted between us, and which we sincerely wish to see restored. Necessity has not *yet* driven us into that desperate measure, nor induced us to excite any other nation to war against them. We have not raised armies with ambitious designs of separating from Great Britain, and establishing independent States." These words render the date of the document

interesting. The attested copy bears date July 6, 1775. If John Hancock had found it convenient to sign two days before, he would have furnished the orators and historians of future ages with a "point"! A year later he put his name to a document of different tenor.

Toward the close of the session, it fell to Jefferson to do for the Congress what he had already done for Virginia, draft an answer to Lord North's Conciliatory Proposition. As there was no Dickinson upon the committee, his draft was approved; and the adoption of this paper was among the last acts of the session. August 1st, seventy-one days after Jefferson had taken his seat, the Congress adjourned.

Besides participating in the daily unreported debates, he had penned two important papers, one of which had been rejected and the other accepted. His presence in the house was his best service to the cause. His clear conception of the situation, his knowledge of the laws and precedents bearing on the controversy, the native fearlessness of his intellect, his curious freedom from some of the troublesome foibles of our nature, particularly his indifference as to who should have the *credit* of doing the best thing, provided the best thing was done, and a certain conciliatory habit of mind and manner, made him a valuable member of such a body as this; and he was happy, too, in being in a situation where his special gift was the one in request. With the good-will of all his colleagues, he set out for Virginia, Ben Harrison riding with him in his carriage, and the other Virginia delegates not far behind. These Virginians were wanted at home. They were waited for and anxiously desired.

For, in the church of St. John, on the loftiest height of Richmond, the Virginia Convention had been for several days in session, electing colonels to the regiments, examining specimens of saltpetre, preparing to frustrate the fell designs of Dunmore, and yet reluctant to go on until the arrival of the honorable delegates from Philadelphia. Patrick Henry, in grateful remembrance of his powder exploit, was elected colonel of the First Regiment.

It took the delegates eight days to perform the journey from Philadelphia to Richmond. August 9th, in the midst of the morning session, four of them, as the Journal records, "Patrick Henry, Edmund Pendleton, Benjamin Harrison, and Thomas Jefferson, Esquires, appeared in Convention and took their seats, and the gentlemen appointed to represent their counties, in their necessary absence, retired." At once the four gentlemen were added to the important committee of the moment, and resumed legislative duty. On the 11th arrived another delegate, R. H. Lee, who took his seat; and this was the last of the arrivals, for George Washington was on other duty, and was not expected home that summer.

It was a great day in the Convention, this 11th of August, meagre as the record is. Again the Convention was to elect seven members to represent the Colony in the next Congress, which was to meet in September. First, three of the last delegation, no longer eligible, — General Washington, Colonel Patrick Henry, and Edmund Pendleton, the last named being in infirm health, — were solemnly thanked by the chairman, on behalf of the Convention, for their services in the Congress. The new soldier and the old lawyer becomingly responded, and then the chairman was "desired to transmit the thanks of this Convention by letter to his Excellency General Washington." These high courtesies performed, the balloting began. The result showed that Virginia was well pleased with the youngest of her representatives: Peyton Randolph, eighty-nine; R. H. Lee, eighty-eight; Thomas Jefferson, eighty-five; Benjamin Harrison, eighty-three; Thomas Nelson, sixty-six; Richard Bland, sixty-one; George Wythe, fifty-eight. Thus the delegate who, a few months before, had been sent to the Congress to fill a brief vacancy, stood

now third in the list; above Nelson, one of the richest men in Virginia; above Harrison, the favorite representative of the planting interest; above Wythe, his instructor in the law; above Bland, long regarded as the ablest political writer in Virginia, now venerable in years.

Virginia, we observe, stood by her faithful servants. The fatal notion of rotation in office had not yet been evolved. The delegates who could no longer serve were publicly applauded; those who could were re-elected with a near approach to unanimity, except in the case of Mr. Bland, whose age and infirmities rendered him incapable of efficient service. His re-election was probably only another form of honorable dismission. Calumnious reports had been circulated of late, casting doubt upon the sincerity of his attachment to the great cause. The Convention, promptly yielding to his demand for an investigation, had "considered it their duty to bear to the world their testimony, that the said Richard Bland had manifested himself the friend of his country, and uniformly stood forth an able asserter of her rights and liberties." Copies of this vindication were ordered to be sent to the Congress, and to Arthur Lee, the London agent of the Province, in whose suspicious mind the slanders had probably originated. The re-election was an additional testimony which touched the old man's heart. The next morning he rose in the Convention to decline the honor conferred upon him. This fresh instance of the approval of the Convention, he said, was enough for an old man, almost deprived of sight, whose highest ambition had ever been to receive, when he should retire from public life, "the plaudit of his country"; and he begged the Convention to appoint "some more fit and able person to supply his place." The Convention declared that their thanks were due to Richard Bland for his able and faithful service, and that they were induced to accept his resignation only by consideration for his advanced age. The old man then rose, and remained standing, while the chairman pronounced the thanks of the Convention in fit, impressive words. A community is not apt to be ill-served that treats its servants in this spirit.

Impatient for his home, Jefferson obtained leave of absence on the fifth day of his attendance in the Convention; but before he left Richmond he gave his voice and vote for a measure which proved to be the beginning of a revolution in Virginia of which he was to be the soul and director. Dissenters from the Established Church had, as yet, neither rights nor recognition, and, in ordinary times, both would have been denied them. But, at such a time as this, when the fundamental rights of man become living truths in all but the dullest minds, enthusiasm lifts men above the trivialities of sectarian difference, and enables them to lay aside sectarian arrogance. August 16, 1775, an address from the Baptists was presented to the Convention. Of this, the most numerous body of dissenters in the Colony, Rev. John Clay, father of the renowned Kentuckian, was then an active member, and doubtless his name was appended to the document. Differ as we may, said the Baptists of Virginia in this petition, we are nevertheless members of the same community, — a community now menaced with oppression and devastation, — and "we have considered what part it will be proper for us to take in the unhappy contest." The result of their deliberations was: 1. That, "in some cases, it is lawful to go to war"; and, 2. That this was one of the cases. Consequently many of their numbers had enlisted, and many more desired to enlist, who "had an earnest desire their ministers should preach to them during the campaign." Their petition was, that four Baptist ministers should be allowed to preach to Baptist soldiers, "without molestation or abuse." The Convention passed a resolution which both granted the request and conceded the principle: —

"*Resolved*, That it be an instruction

to the commanding officers of regiments or troops to be raised, that they permit dissenting clergymen to celebrate divine worship, and to preach to the soldiers or exhort, from time to time, as the various operations of the military service may permit, for the ease of such scrupulous consciences as may not choose to attend divine service as celebrated by the chaplain."

Thus began religious equality in Virginia.

Jefferson lingered another day in the Convention; perhaps to witness the election of a new chairman, R. C. Nicholas, in the place of Peyton Randolph, whom ill-health had compelled to withdraw; perhaps to cast his vote in favor of his brother-in-law, Francis Eppes, for the office of major of the First Regiment, of which Patrick Henry was colonel; perhaps to assist in the election of the great Committee of Safety, a body of eleven men, the ruling power in Virginia from the adjournment of the Convention till Dunmore was expelled and a new order of things instituted. The four personages of the Convention who are designated in the brief record as "Mr. Richard Henry Lee, Mr. Henry, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Jefferson," were appointed to count the ballots on this high occasion. Jefferson's old friend, John Page, — styled still "the Honorable," from his having been one of Dunmore's Council, — was elected a member of the controlling committee. I wonder if, at that stirring time, Jefferson and "dear Page" ever found time to recall the happy, miserable days when, both being crossed in love, Jefferson sought solace in Ossian and old Coke, and dear Page went home to his baronial hall and paid successful court to another; which Jefferson would not believe till he heard it from Page's own lips, well knowing that, for his own part, he had done with love forever!

Jefferson, at least, still played the violin. A violinist now of fifteen years' standing, extremely fond of music, an indefatigable practiser, and inheriting a touch of singular delicacy, he had become a superior performer. For journeys he had one of those minute violins formerly called kits, with a tiny case, which could be packed in a portmanteau or even carried in a large pocket. Wealthy Virginians were late risers in those easy-going, luxurious times; but he was always an early riser; and he found his kit a precious resource in the long mornings while he was waiting, at country-houses, for the family to come down to breakfast. At night, too, he and his kit could whisper together without disturbing the occupants of adjacent rooms. If the absorbing political events of the period had much interrupted his playing, he now owed to them the acquisition of the finest violin, perhaps, in the Colonies, upon which he had fixed covetous eyes years before.

To say that this instrument belonged to John Randolph conveys no information, because there are so many John Randolphs of note in Virginia history, that the name has lost its designating power. We are obliged to say, John Randolph, the king's attorney-general, son of Sir John, and brother of Peyton Randolph, Speaker. This precious violin, brought from a foreign land by its proprietor, could not, in ordinary times, have become the object of vulgar sale; but the attorney-general, feeling doubtless that the best fiddle should properly belong to the best fiddler, had entered into a compact, four years before, by which the instrument should fall to Jefferson's possession, after his own death. An agreement was drawn up in legal form, signed and sealed by the parties, attested by seven of their friends, most of whom were young members of the bar, George Wythe and Patrick Henry among them, and duly recorded in the minutes of the General Court, to this effect: —

"It is AGREED between John Randolph and Thomas Jefferson, that, in case the said John shall survive the said Thomas, the executors of the said Thomas shall deliver to the said John 80 pounds sterling of the books of the said Thomas, to be chosen by the said John: and, in case the said Thomas

should survive the said John, that the executors of the said John shall deliver to the said Thomas the violin which the said John brought with him into Virginia, together with all his music composed for the violin." *

To the merry attestors of this unique document the transaction may have seemed a joke; but to Jefferson himself it was so serious, that he provided for the fulfilment of the compact in his will, and bequeathed a hundred pounds to "the said John" besides.

This paper was drawn in the piping times of peace, when, as yet, Jefferson was "Tom" to his familiars, and Patrick Henry was master of the Christmas revels; the whole party unknown beyond their native Province. But now the times were out of joint. John Randolph, like most men who held places under the crown, sided with the king so far as to think it his duty to leave the country, and, before leaving, sold his exquisite violin to Jefferson for thirteen pounds. This important bargain was concluded on this last day of his attendance in the Convention, and he carried the instrument home with him to Monticello, where it remained, a precious possession, for fifty-one years.

Short, indeed, was the vacation he now enjoyed, though it was longer than he meant it to be. August 19th he reached Monticello; and Congress was to meet at Philadelphia September 5th; leaving him only ten days to stay on his mountain-top, where he had a house enlarging, a family of thirty-four whites and eighty-three blacks to think for, half a dozen farms to superintend, and a highly complicated and extensive garden to overlook. Probably he did not on this occasion much enjoy his new violin. A few days after reaching home, however, he played upon its late proprietor by writing him a letter upon public affairs, which seems to have been designed to be shown in England, to aid in the correction of errors prevalent there. Like many other Americans, Jefferson was puzzled to account for the wonderfully absurd conduct of the home government. "What could *possess* rational beings, that they should go on, year after year, repelling, alienating, the most valuable and loyal Colonies a nation had ever had, — Colonies that cost nothing, never had cost anything, and poured into the mother-country a clear revenue estimated at two millions sterling a year; which enriched seaport towns, nourished manufactures, and covered the land with new wealth? It must be ignorance, he thought; the Ministry had been deceived by their servants on this side of the Atlantic. But why the American governors and other official persons should *want* to deceive their employers, he declared, was a mystery to him. Why should they keep writing home that the American opposition was a mere faction, when they knew it was the whole brain and heart of the country? Without attempting to solve this enigma, he seized the occasion of the attorney-general's departure to write a letter which might assist individuals in England to arrive at the truth respecting America.

When he had finished his statement, he told his Tory friend that, though he still preferred a just union with Britain to independence, yet, rather than submit to the claims of Parliament, he would lend his hand to sink the island of Great Britain in the ocean. He added a prophecy which has been fulfilled: "Whether Britain shall continue the head of the greatest Empire on earth, or shall return to her original station in the political scale of Europe, depends, perhaps, on the resolutions of the succeeding winter." Happily for us, for the world, and for herself, Britain *has* returned to her original station in the political scale of Europe; and assists the progress of the human race in a nobler way by her Farradays, Spencers, Huxleys, Buckles, Mills, Darwins, and George Eliots.

The day named for the meeting of the Congress found the family at Monticello anxious for the preservation of a flickering life, precious to them all.

* Abbreviated from 1 Randall, 131.

Jefferson's eldest child, Martha, was now three years old. His second, Jane, aged seventeen months, died in this month of September, 1775. Detained from his seat by this event, he made such haste, when at last he did set out, that he performed the journey from Monticello to Philadelphia in six days, arriving September 25th. This was a feat that must have tasked both horses and rider severely; for the distance in a straight line appears to exceed two hundred and fifty miles, and much of the road was little more than a "blazed" path through the wilderness.

He might as well have travelled leisurely; for when he reached Philadelphia, the great news from England, for which Congress and the country were waiting with extreme anxiety, had not arrived; and nothing decisive could be intelligently considered until it did. The midsummer ships had carried to England the news of Bunker Hill, with that incongruous accompaniment, Mr. Dickinson's Second Petition to the king. How could Congress have doubted what the response would be? At the beginning of a war, it is bloodshed that takes the controversy out of the domain of reason and consigns it to that of mania. Before he had been many days in his seat, he had to send news to his brother-in-law, Major Eppes, that the Ministry were going to push the war with all the might of the British Empire. The Tower of London was despoiled of its cannon for use against the rebellious Colonies; two thousand troops were just embarking in Ireland; ten thousand more were to come in the spring; most of the garrison of Gibraltar, to be replaced by Hessians, were to swell the army of General Gage. And there was a piece of news still more alarming to Virginians: a fleet of frigates and small vessels, which Dunmore had expressly and most earnestly asked for, was coming to lay waste the plantations on the Virginia rivers. Soon arrived intelligence of Lord Dartmouth's reply to the agent who had delivered into his hands the absurd Second Petition: "No answer will be given." The curiously perverse king's speech to Parliament was not long behind; in which his Majesty afforded Colonel Barré a text for an oration which the boys of three generations have been well pleased to declaim. The king was so unfortunate as to speak of the Colonies as having been "planted with great industry" by the mother country, "nursed with great tenderness, encouraged with many commercial advantages, and protected and defended at much expense of blood and treasure." Colonel Barré's reply is remarkable for this: it is one of the most eloquent passages ever spoken, and it is, at the same time, a perfectly unexaggerated statement of facts. The king added to the many other politic and conciliatory passages of his speech a delightful offer of "tenderness and mercy" to the "unhappy and deluded multitude" as soon as they should become "sensible of their error." The worst of the news from England was, that the people, wounded in their pride by the slaughter at Bunker Hill, were supporting the government with enthusiasm and seeming unanimity.

Jefferson was no longer so much puzzled to account for the conduct of the Ministry. He began to get that insight into the nature of personal government — "the folly of heaping importance upon idiots" — which became, in later years, so clear and vivid. And yet, with what strange pertinacity his radical nature clung to the connection with Great Britain! As late as November 29, 1775, he could still write to his kinsman, John Randolph, that there was not a man in the British Empire who more cordially loved a union with Great Britain than he did! Love it as he might, he had probably ceased to think it possible. "It is an immense misfortune to the whole Empire," he wrote, "to have such a king at such a time. We are told, and everything proves it true, that he is the bitterest enemy we have. His minister is able, and that satisfies me that ignorance or wickedness somewhere controls him." The last remark is interesting as show-

ing that Jefferson, at a time when the fact was not generally known, felt that a man of the calibre of Lord North was out of place in the Cabinet of George III., and did not in his heart approve the king's policy. "To undo his Empire," Jefferson continued, "the king has but one more truth to learn, — that after colonies have drawn the sword, there is but one more step they can take!"

This autumn of 1775 was a period of intense excitement. All America was drilling, the Philadelphia companies twice a day. Everybody with a tincture of science in his composition was brooding over the ingredients of gunpowder, and discussing with kindred spirits the great saltpetre problem. No day passed without something of deep interest coming up in the Congress. When there was no news from England to consider, the army around Boston, its destitution, its dwindling numbers, its defective organization, was an ever-present topic. Once more it was proved that militia are incapable of prolonged service in the field, and are useless except to hold important points while a proper army is forming. Bull Run was inexcusable; for we ought not to have been so ignorant or unmindful of General Washington's reiterated and most emphatic warnings on this point as to have hurled a miscellaneous multitude of citizens in soldier-clothes against a fortified position.

How curiously ignorant were those peaceful colonists of the art of war! Philadelphia seems to have confided implicitly in Dr. Franklin's row-galleys and marine *chevaux-de-frise* as a defence against the British fleet. Jefferson, doubtless, was one of the congressional party who went down the river to inspect them, when seven of the galleys were paraded and performed their evolutions. The names of the galleys, as John Adams records, were the Washington, the Effingham, the Dickinson, the Franklin, the Otter, the Bull-dog, and "one more which I have forgot." Mr. Jefferson, it is to be hoped, went in the Bull-dog with Mr. Adams; for in that vessel were two gentlemen whom he would have found interesting. One was Mr. Hillegas, treasurer to Congress, "a great musician," says Adams, "talks perpetually of the forte and piano, of Handel, and songs and tunes." And besides, "He plays upon the fiddle." The other was the famous Rittenhouse, who, Mr. Adams informs us, was a mechanic, a mathematician, a philosopher, an astronomer; "a tall, slender man, plain, soft, modest, no remarkable depth or thoughtfulness in his face, yet cool, attentive, and clear." Then there was Mr. Owen Biddle, another member of the Philosophical Society. A delightful day Mr. Jefferson would have had upon the broad and placid Delaware with such companions; to say nothing of the galleys, and the *vaisseaux-de-frise*, and Dr. Franklin's explanations of the same. If some gentlemen questioned the efficacy of the galleys, all seemed convinced that the *chevaux-de-frise* (three rows of heavy timber, barbed with iron, anchored to the bottom of the river) would puzzle a British admiral extremely. Perhaps they did. Nevertheless, before two years were past, a British fleet lay at anchor off Philadelphia, in a line nearly two miles long.

In the midst of all this bustle, excitement, and alarm, Congress sat with closed doors, no reporter present; and Jefferson sat with them, serving laboriously on committees and doing his part. Merely to be present in the Congress, when he had at his distant home an infirm mother, a sickly and most tenderly beloved wife, a little child, and a great brood of dependent relatives, cost him the most painful self-sacrifice. It was only by chance that he could get a letter from or to his mountain-top. When he had been seven weeks away from home, he had still to write: "I have never received the scrip of a pen from any mortal in Virginia since I left it, nor been able by any inquiries I could make to hear of my family." The suspense in which he lived was "too terrible to be endured." "If anything

has happened," he added, "for God's sake, let me know it!"

It fell to his lot, this November, 1775, to witness the beginning of the long connection between France and America, which was destined to control, not the destinies of his country only, but his own career as a public man. That "French influence," according to the report of Mr. John Jay, to whom we owe our knowledge of it, had an almost ludicrous beginning. The scene, indeed, would be effective in a comedy. No sooner had the tidings arrived of the rejection of the Second Petition, than Congress began to receive mysterious notifications that there was a FOREIGNER in Philadelphia who desired to make to them an important and confidential communication. When this intimation had been several times repeated, Congress condescended to name a committee, Mr. Jay, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Jefferson, to receive the message. At the appointed hour, in a committee-room of Carpenters' Hall, this distinguished committee met the stranger, "an elderly lame man," as Mr. Jay describes him, "having the appearance of an old, wounded French officer." After preliminary civilities, the Lame Unknown delivered his communication. The king of France, he said, had heard with pleasure of the exertions made by the Colonies in defence of their rights, wished them success, and would manifest his friendship for them openly whenever it should become necessary. The committee, of course, asked him what authority he had for making these assurances; but the old gentleman only answered by drawing his hand across his throat, and saying, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head." The committee inquired what proofs of friendship the Congress might expect from the king. "Gentlemen," was the reply, "if you want arms, you shall have them; if you want ammunition, you shall have it; if you want money, you shall have it."

This would have been comforting if the stranger would only have exhibited something in the way of credentials. The committee said as much; but no response could be obtained except, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head." The interview terminated, and, to use the romantic language of Mr. Jay, "he was seen in Philadelphia no more." His bearing and appearance, however, gained for him some credit; for Congress speedily appointed that ever-memorable secret committee to correspond with the friends of America in foreign lands, which had such momentous consequences. The mysterious stranger was indeed an emissary from the French government, — his name, De Bonvouloir, — an old courtier of noble lineage, who had been in America last year at the outbreak of the Revolution. He could indeed show no credentials, for his instructions were verbal. His duty in America was threefold: 1. To get exact information; 2. To convey warm assurances of sympathy; 3. To assure the Congress that they were quite welcome to get Canada if they could, for the French had ceased to think of it. On his return to France, he told the minister that the Americans were practically unanimous, and his report produced as important effects there as his presence had here.

As the winter drew on, it became distressing beyond measure for a Virginian with a large household to be absent from home. The Province was filled with alarm. A struggle was in progress between Dunmore and the Convention for the possession of the slaves; the governor proclaiming freedom to all of them who would join him, and the Convention threatening all who did join him with severest punishment. The Convention triumphed in this contest; but the mere attempt to seduce the slaves carried terror to hundreds of those isolated Virginia homes, the guardians of which were absent in camp, in Convention, and in Congress. The plantations then were almost all open to the ravages of a naval force, as every considerable plantation was of necessity within reach of a navigable stream, by which also the negroes could easily escape to Dunmore's head-quarters. It

seems, from the Journal of the Convention, that only twenty-nine slaves joined Dunmore; namely, Ishmael, Africa, Europe, Romeo, Tawley, Cato, Derry, Cuff, Jasper, Luke, and several Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, who were ordered to be sold into eternal exile in the West Indies or at Honduras.

Dunmore was successful in nothing except alarming the timid and exasperating the brave. Even his blockade of Hampton Roads did not prevent the Virginia "cruisers" in December from making the timely and precious capture of fifty-six hundred bushels of salt. Salt was getting very scarce in the Province; owing, as the Journal of the Convention assures us, "to the many illegal seizures of vessels laden with that article by his Majesty's ships of war, and sundry piratical vessels fitted out by Lord Dunmore." Having obtained this salt, the Convention disposed of it in a singularly wise and just manner. It was divided among all the counties of the Province according to their population, and consigned to the several Committees of Safety to be *sold* to the families most in need of salt at five shillings a bushel; and if it should be found that the captured salt belonged to persons "not inimical to this Colony," it was to be paid for at the rate of four shillings a bushel. It was a scant supply divided among thirty-one counties. Warwick County's share was only fourteen bushels, and populous Botecourt's but two hundred and ninety-seven. Mrs. Jefferson, perhaps, got a little, for Albemarle was assigned a hundred and forty-four bushels.

In all the proceedings of Virginia's little parliament, we find a most happy blending of courtesy, good sense, and rectitude. In the midst of Dunmore's savage and stupid war against the Province (only a few days before it culminated in the infernal bombardment and burning of Norfolk) a British frigate arrived in the Roads with a crew of four hundred men. The captain of this vessel, with an effrontery seldom paralleled, sent a flag on shore to ask leave to take in a supply of fresh provisions; averring that he had no wish "to shed the blood of the innocent and helpless," but, if his men "should break loose in the uncontrollable pursuit of fresh and wholesome nourishment, the result must be obvious to every one." The reply of the Convention was politeness itself. They desired the captain to be informed that they were sensible of the hardship which many innocent people on board the frigate were suffering from the want of fresh provisions, and that nothing could prevent their permitting a supply but patriotic duty. The captain, they continued, was probably a stranger in Virginia; and hence they wished him to be further informed that "this country hath ever, till of late, considered the officers and men of his Majesty's navy as their friends, and have always had great pleasure in showing them every hospitality and civility; but many very recent and unwarrantable instances of the hostile behavior of some of the navy towards our inhabitants justify us in suspicions which we would not otherwise entertain. Who are the 'innocent and helpless' whose blood Captain Bellew would not wish to shed, we cannot from his expressions determine; but they carry with them the strongest implication, that the effusion of the blood of *some* of our countrymen is the object of his voyage to this country." If, however, Captain Bellew would condescend to satisfy them that he had come to Virginia on a friendly errand, the Convention would take every opportunity to pay proper respect to a gentleman in his station, and use every means in their power to render his stay as agreeable as possible. But if, on the contrary, Captain Bellew's design was to further the views of our enemies, "he must excuse the inhabitants of Virginia if they totally decline contributing towards their own destruction."

Three days after, — January 1, 1776, — Norfolk, the richest and most populous city in Virginia, was bombarded, set on fire, and nine tenths of it consumed, — a loss in money of three

hundred thousands sterling. Five thousand people were made homeless and houseless in the middle of winter, and those people as innocent of offence as are to-day the inhabitants of the most peaceful seaport town on the coast of Norway. The Convention, when this intelligence reached them, ordered the troops to evacuate the site, and, before doing so, to destroy the few houses which had escaped the fire. Norfolk accordingly was obliterated from the face of the earth. This event, and the burning of Falmouth on the coast of Maine, weaned all hearts from an unnatural "mother-country." It was not merely the unlettered portion of the people that were so deeply moved. Franklin's old heart was fired; he never forgot Falmouth and Norfolk; and, before he was many months older, he and Paul Jones were concerned in those "reprisals" that, for three or four years, kept the coasts of Great Britain in alarm, from John O'Groat's house to Land's End. Independence never could have been carried in 1776, but for these two conflagrations.

Jefferson heard this maddening news while he was on his way home from Philadelphia. Virginia did not require the constant attendance of all her seven delegates in Congress, but only of "any four" of them; and hence they took turns in going home. Nor was it desirable, in that critical time, for so many as seven of the most influential persons on the popular side to be absent from the Province at once. After three months' attendance, therefore, Jefferson bade farewell to his colleagues, and passed the rest of the winter in Virginia, raising further supplies for the people of Boston, collecting money for the purchase of powder, concerting measures for the relief of the inhabitants of Norfolk, entertaining relations and friends compelled to abandon their homes in the lower country, and preparing the public mind for that "one more step" which Colonies can take "after they have drawn the sword." What a houseful he must have had, with his brother-in-law's family, besides his own multitude! His mother died in March, 1776, aged fifty-five, after a widowhood of eighteen years, — an occurrence which may have prolonged his absence from Philadelphia.

The march of events was swift that spring. General Washington took Boston, the country read Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," and Virginia instructed her delegates to propose independence to Congress.

May 13, 1776, Jefferson, after an absence of four months and a half, resumed his seat in Congress. It was the week when a committee of three gentlemen went from house to house in Philadelphia, buying old lead for bullets at sixpence a pound, but excusing families from giving up their clock-weights, because "the iron weights to replace them are not yet made." No one was *compelled* to give up his lead; O, by no means! but the public were notified that "if any persons should be so lost to all sense of the public good as to refuse, a list of their names is directed to be returned to the Committee of Safety!"

Before Mr. Jefferson had been many days in his place, came the intelligence, so long waited for, that the Virginia Convention were unanimous for independence. A kind of premature Fourth of July broke out everywhere, as the news spread from town to town. First, at Williamsburg, where the Convention sat, there were "military parades, discharges of artillery, civic dinners, toasts, illuminations"; and when "the Union flag of America proudly waved upon the Capitol, every bosom swelled with generous sentiments and heroic confidence." At Philadelphia, some gentlemen, as we read in the newspapers of the week, made "a handsome collection for the purpose of treating the soldiery"; and there was a grand parade on the ground since called Independence Square; and a glorious hoisting of the "Union flag of the American States" upon the Capitol; after which the troops enjoyed the repast provided for them, and the day ended with illuminations. Great

Virginia had spoken; it was enough. "Every one," said the "Pennsylvania Journal" of May 29th, "seems pleased that the domination of Great Britain *is now at an end!*" The newspaper poets kindled into song:

"Virginia, hail! Thou venerable State!
In arms and council still acknowledged great.
When lost Britannia in an evil hour
First tried the steps of arbitrary power,
Thy foresight then the continent alarmed,
Thy gallant temper ev'ry bosom warmed."

Independence was the only topic now. Members of Congress still held back, but the feeling "out of doors" was pressing them to take the inevitable step. Mr. Jefferson has recorded a long list of the reasons brought forward in debate by the Dickinsonians against a final severance of the tie that bound the Colonies to Great Britain, but to us those reasons seem mere pretexts for delay. Perhaps the true arguments against independence were those given as a burlesque in one of the radical newspapers: "1. I shall lose my office; 2. I shall lose the honor of being related to men in office; 3. I shall lose the rent of houses for a year or two; 4. We shall have no more rum, sugar, tea, or coffee, except at a most exorbitant price; 5. No more gauze or fine muslins; 6. The New England men will turn Goths and Vandals, and overrun all the Southern Colonies; 7. The Church will have no king for a head; 8. The Presbyterians will have a share of power in this country; 9. I shall lose my chance of a large tract of land in a new purchase; 10. I shall want the support of the first officers of government in my insolence, injustice, and villany; 11. The common people will have too much power in their hands." To this last reason the writer added a note of explanation: "N. B. The common people are composed of tradesmen and farmers, and include nine tenths of the people of America."

It was on the 7th of June that Mr. R. H. Lee obeyed the instructions of the Virginia Legislature by moving that Congress should declare Independence. Two days' debate revealed that the measure, though still a little premature, was destined to pass; and therefore the further discussion of the subject was postponed for twenty days, and a committee of five was appointed to draft a declaration, — Thomas Jefferson, Dr. Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston. Mr. Jefferson was naturally urged to prepare the draft. He was chairman of the committee, having received the highest number of votes; he was also its youngest member, and therefore bound to do an ample share of the work; he was noted for his skill with the pen; he was particularly conversant with the points of the controversy; he was a Virginian. The task, indeed, was not very arduous or difficult. Nothing was wanted but a careful and brief recapitulation of wrongs familiar to every patriotic mind, and a clear statement of principles hackneyed from eleven years' iteration. Jefferson made no difficulty about undertaking it, and probably had no anticipation of the prodigious celebrity that was to follow from so slight an exercise of his faculties.

The public seem to have had some intimation of what was transpiring in Congress. On June 11th, the day after the committee was appointed, and perhaps the very day on which Jefferson began to write the draft, he doubtless read in the newspaper of the morning that "the grand question of independency" was proposed to two thousand Philadelphia volunteers on parade; when the whole body voted for independence, except four officers and twenty-five privates. One lieutenant, however, was so much opposed to the proceeding, that he refused to put the question; which "gave great umbrage to the men, one of whom replied to him in a genteel and spirited manner." Jefferson may have witnessed this scene from his window. He lived then in a new brick house out in the fields, near what is now the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, a quarter of a mile from Independence Square. "I rented the second floor," he tells us, "consist-

ing of a parlor and bedroom, ready furnished," rent, thirty-five shillings a week; and he wrote this paper in the parlor, upon a little writing-desk three inches high, which still exists.

He was ready with his draft in time. His colleagues upon the committee suggested a few verbal changes, none of which were important; but during the three days' discussion of it in the house, it was subjected to a review so critical and severe, that the author sat in his place silently writhing under it, and Dr. Franklin felt called upon to console him with the comic relation of the process by which the sign-board of *John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money*, was reduced to the name of the hatter and the figure of a hat. Young writers know what he suffered, who come fresh from the commencement platform to a newspaper office, and have their eloquent editorials (equal to Burke) remorselessly *edited*, their best passages curtailed, their glowing conclusions and artful openings cut off, their happy epithets and striking similes omitted. Congress made eighteen suppressions, six additions, and ten alterations; and nearly every one of these changes was an improvement. The author, for example, said that men are endowed with "inherent and inalienable rights." Congress struck out *inherent*, — an obvious improvement. He introduced his catalogue of wrongs by these words: "To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world, *for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.*" It was good taste in Congress to strike out the italicized clause; for it was beneath such a body to use language of that nature. If gentlemen of the press, who are in secret revolt against chiefs insensible to the charms of eloquence, will turn to the first volume of Mr. Jefferson's works, and go carefully over the passages suppressed or changed in his draft of the Declaration of Independence, they may become more reconciled to a process by which writers suffer and the public gain.

That the passage concerning slavery should have been stricken out by Congress has often been regretted. But would it have been decent in this body to denounce the king for a crime in the guilt of which the Colonies had shared? Mr. Jefferson wrote in his draft: —

"He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of INFIDEL powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the LIBERTIES of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the LIVES of another."

Surely, the omission of this passage was not less right than wise. New England towns had been enriched by the commerce in slaves, and the Southern Colonies had subsisted on the labor of slaves for a hundred years. The foolish king had committed errors enough, but it was not fair to hold so limited a person responsible for not being a century in advance of his age; nor was it ever in the power of any king to compel his subjects to be slave-owners. It was Young Virginia that spoke in this paragraph, — Wythe, Jefferson, Madison, and their young friends, — not the public mind of America, which was destined to reach it, ninety years after, by the usual way of agony and blood.

One omitted passage, perhaps, might

have been retained, in which Jefferson gave expression to the mighty throb of wounded love which American Englishmen had suffered when they heard that foreign mercenaries had been hired to wage war upon them: —

"Our British brethren are permitting their chief magistrate to send over, not only soldiers of our common blood, but Scotch and foreign mercenaries to invade and destroy us. These facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us to renounce forever these unfeeling brethren. We must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. We might have been a free and a great people together; but a communication of grandeur and of freedom, it seems, is below their dignity. Be it so, since they will have it. The road to happiness and to glory is open to us, too. We will tread it apart from them, and acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our eternal separation."

Even this passage, so creditable to the author's feelings, was perhaps better suppressed; for, after all, the mother-country of America, as Paine remarked, was not Great Britain, but Europe; and, since the burning of Falmouth and the bombardment of Norfolk, such words were not expressive of the feelings of the people.

The "glittering generality" of the document, "all men are created equal," appears to have been accepted, without objection or remark, as a short and simple reprobation of caste and privilege. Readers are aware that it has not escaped contemptuous comment in recent times. It would have been easy for the author of the Declaration — and I wish he had done so — to put the statement in words which partisan prejudice itself could not have plausibly pretended to misunderstand; for, as the passage stands, its most obvious meaning is not true.

The noblest utterance of the whole composition is the reason given for making the Declaration, — "A DECENT RESPECT FOR THE OPINIONS OF MANKIND." This touches the heart. Among the best emotions that human nature knows is the veneration of man for man. This recognition of the Public Opinion of the World — the sum of human sense — as the final arbiter in all controversies, is the single phrase of the document which Jefferson alone, perhaps, of all the Congress, would have originated; and in point of merit, it was worth all the rest.

During the 2d, 3d, and 4th of July, Congress were engaged in reviewing the Declaration. Thursday, the 4th, was a hot day; the session lasted many hours; members were tired and impatient. Every one who has watched the sessions of a deliberative body knows how the most important measures are retarded, accelerated, even defeated, by physical causes of the most trifling nature. Mr. Kinglake intimates that Lord Raglan's invasion of the Crimea was due rather to the after-dinner slumbers of the British Cabinet, than to any well-considered purpose. Mr. Jefferson used to relate, with much merriment, that the final signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened by an absurdly trivial cause. Near the hall in which the debates were then held was a livery-stable, from which swarms of flies came into the open windows and assailed the silk-stockinged legs of honorable members. Handkerchief in hand, they lashed the flies with such vigor as they could command on a July afternoon; but the annoyance became at length so extreme as to render them impatient of delay, and they made haste to bring the momentous business to a conclusion.

After such a long and severe strain upon their minds, members seem to have indulged in many a jocular observation as they stood around the table. Tradition has it, that when John Hancock had affixed his magnificent signature to the paper, he said, "*There*, John Bull may read *my* name without spectacles!" Tradition, also, will never relinquish the pleasure of repeating that, when Mr. Hancock reminded

members of the necessity of hanging together, Dr. Franklin was ready with his, "Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or else, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately." And this may have suggested to the portly Harrison — a "luxurious, heavy gentleman," as John Adams describes him — his remark to slender Elbridge Gerry, that when the hanging came he should have the advantage; for poor Gerry would be kicking in the air long after it was all over with himself.

French critics censure Shakespeare for mingling buffoonery with scenes of the deepest tragic interest. But here we find one of the most important assemblies ever convened, at the supreme moment of its existence, while performing the act that gives it its rank among deliberative bodies, cracking jokes, and hurrying up to the table to sign, in order to get away from the flies. It is precisely so that Shakespeare would have imagined the scene.

No composition of man was ever received with more rapture than this. It came at a happy time. Boston was delivered, and New York, as yet, but menaced; and in all New England there was not a British soldier who was not a prisoner, nor a king's ship that was not a prize. Between the expulsion of the British troops from Boston and their capture of New York was the period of the Revolutionary War when the people were most confident and most united. From the newspapers and letters of the time, we should infer that the contest was ending rather than beginning, so exultant is their tone; and the Declaration of Independence, therefore, was received more like a song of triumph than a call to battle.

The paper was signed late on Thursday afternoon, July 4th. On the Monday following, at noon, it was publicly read for the first time, in Independence Square, from a platform erected by Rittenhouse for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus. Captain John Hopkins, a young man commanding an armed brig of the navy of the new nation, was the reader; and it required his stentorian voice to carry the words to the distant verge of the multitude who had come to hear it. In the evening, as a journal of the day has it, "our *late* king's coat-of-arms were brought from the hall of the State House, where the said king's courts were formerly held, and burned amid the acclamations of a crowd of spectators." Similar scenes transpired in every centre of population, and at every camp and post. Usually, the militia companies, the Committee of Safety, and other revolutionary bodies marched in procession to some public place, where they listened decorously to the reading of the Declaration, at the conclusion of which cheers were given and salutes fired; and in the evening there were illuminations and bonfires. In New York, after the reading, the leaden statue of the *late* king in Bowling Green was "laid prostrate in the dirt," and ordered to be run into bullets. The debtors in prison were also set at liberty. Virginia, before the news of the Declaration had reached her (July 5, 1776), had stricken the king's name out of the Prayer-Book; and now (July 30th) Rhode Island made it a misdemeanor to pray for the king *as* king, under penalty of a fine of one hundred thousand pounds!

The news of the Declaration was received with sorrow by all that was best in England. Samuel Rogers used to give American guests at his breakfasts an interesting reminiscence of this period. On the morning after the intelligence reached London, his father, at family prayers, added a prayer for the *success* of the Colonies, which he repeated every day until the peace.

The deed was done. A people not formed for empire ceased to be imperial, and a people destined to empire began the political education that will one day give them far more and better than imperial sway.

Fourteen governments were now to be created, fourteen constitutions formed, fourteen codes established, even fourteen seals engraved. Heavens! what

a perplexity some of the new governors were in about a seal! No seal, no commission! Could an ensign or lieutenant's commission have the least validity without a dab of sealing-wax, with some letters and figures stamped upon it? Obviously not. George Wythe and John Page had devised a proper seal for Virginia; but not in all the Province, nor anywhere in America south of the Delaware, was there a creature who had the least idea how to engrave it. "Can you get the work done in Philadelphia?" writes Page to his old comrade, Jefferson, in this month of July. "If you can, we must get the favor of you to have it done immediately. . . . . The engraver may want to know the size. This *you* may determine, unless Mr. Wythe should direct the dimensions. He may also be at a loss for a *Virtus* and *Libertas*, but you may refer him to Spence's Polymetis, which must be in some library in Philadelphia." The work, however, could not be done there, and the Legislature was obliged to pass an act empowering the governor to issue commissions without a seal, until one could be engraved in Europe. The words to be engraved upon this mystic piece of metal — words suggested by the gentlest and most benevolent of men, George Wythe — acquired a mournful and horrible celebrity in 1865, *Sic semper Tyrannis.*

While Jefferson was going about Philadelphia in these burning summer days looking for an engraver, he was himself brooding over a design for a seal; Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and himself having been appointed a committee to devise a seal for the central power. But Congress, too, had to do without a seal for some years. The committee, by combining their ideas, achieved a most elaborate design, with the Red Sea in it, and Pharaoh, and a sword, and a pillar, and a cloud brilliant with the hidden presence of God. All of their suggestions were finally rejected, except the very best legend ever appropriated, *E Pluribus Unum.*

Jefferson could not remain in Congress at such a time. Besides that the condition of his wife and household now made his presence in Virginia, as he said, "indispensably necessary," he had been elected to his old seat in the Legislature, where duties of the most interesting nature invited him. Twice he asked to be released, before his request was granted and a successor appointed. In September, 1776, he left Congress, and went home to assist in adjusting old Virginia to the new order of things.

James Parton.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND.

LAZILY, through the warm gray afternoon,
We sailed toward the land;
Over the long sweep of the billows, soon,
We saw on either hand
Peninsula and cape and silver beach
Unfold before our eyes,
Lighthouse and roof and spire and wooded reach
Grew clear beyond surmise.
Behind us lay the islands that we loved,
Touched by a wandering gleam,
Melting in distance, where the white sails moved
Softly as in a dream.

Drifting past buoy and scarlet beacon slow,
We gained the coast at last,
And up the harbor, where no wind did blow,
We drew, and anchor cast.
The lovely land! Green, the broad fields came down
Almost into the sea;
Nestled the quiet homesteads warm and brown,
Embraced by many a tree;
The gray above was streaked with smiling blue,
The snowy gulls sailed o'er;
The shining golden-rod waved, where it grew,
A welcome to the shore.
Peaceful the whole, and sweet. Beyond the sand,
The dwelling-place I sought
Lay in the sunshine. All the scene I scanned
Full of one wistful thought:
Saw any eyes our vessel near the shore
From vine-draped windows quaint?
Waited my bright, shy darling at the door,
Fairer than words could paint?
I did not see her gleaming golden head,
Nor hear her clear voice call;
As up the beach I went with rapid tread,
Lonely and still was all.
But on the smooth sand printed, far and near,
I saw her footsteps small;
Here had she loitered, here she hastened, here
She climbed the low stone wall.
Such pathos in those little footprints spoke,
I paused and lingered long;
Listening as far away the billows broke
With the old solemn song.
"The infinite hoary spray of the salt sea,"
In yet another tide,
Should wash away these traces utterly;
And in my heart I cried,
"O thou Creator, when thy waves of Time,
The infinite hoary spray
That sweeps life from the earth at dawn and prime,
Have swept her soul away,
How shall I know it is not even as these
Light footprints in the sand,
That vanish into naught? For no man sees
Clearly what thou hast planned."
And sadly musing, up the slope I pressed,
And sought her where she played,
By breeze and sunshine flattered and caressed,
A merry little maid.
And while I clasped her close and held her fast,
And looked into her face,
Half shy, half smiling, wholly glad at last
To rest in my embrace,

From the clear heaven of her innocent eyes
Leaped Love to answer me, —
Divinely through the mortal shape that dies
Shone immortality!
What the winds hinted, what the awful sky
Held in its keeping, — all
The vast sea's prophesying, suddenly
Grew clear as clarion call.
The secret nature strives to speak, yet hides,
Flashed from those human eyes
To slay my doubt; I felt that all the tides
Of death and change might rise
And devastate the world, yet I could see
This steady-shining spark
Should live eternally, could never be
Lost in the unfathomed dark!
And when beneath a threatening sunset sky
We trimmed our sails and turned
Seaward again, with many a sweet good-by,
A quiet gladness burned
Within me as I watched her tiny form
Go dancing up and down,
Light as a sandpiper before the storm
Along the beach-edge brown,
Waving her little kerchief to and fro,
Till we were out of sight,
Sped by a wild wind that began to blow
Out of the troubled night.
And while we tossed upon an angry sea,
And round the lightning ran,
And muttering thunder rolled incessantly
As the black storm began,
I knew the fair and peaceful landscape lay
Safe hidden in the gloom,
Waiting the glad returning of the day
To smile again and bloom.
And sure as that the morrow's sun would rise,
And day again would be,
Shone the sweet promise of those childish eyes
Wherein God answered me.

Celia Thaxter.

WHO WON THE PRETTY WIDOW.

A CONFEDERATE'S STORY OF THE CONFEDERACY.

II.

CHAPTER V.

MISTRESS and maid both slept, but when the gray of morning came, they were up, anxious and observant. "Did you hear or see anything, Lucy, after I went to sleep?" asked the widow.

"Seed de fire; yond' 't is now. See de red? Spec dey done burnt de barn," said the colored girl.

"No! it is more likely the house. Well, let it go. I am very thankful. Can we go out now, do you think?" said Lucy.

"S'pos'n' I see," said the maid; but going, she soon returned with news that the figures and horses of the ruffians were still to be seen in the yard and grounds. It was twelve o'clock before they ventured cautiously out, and, avoiding the smoking ruins of Malvoisee, Lucy's dwelling, sought shelter at the Bucks, the Shandy place. They were very hungry, and, while the maid rummaged about for food and cooking-vessels in a bachelor's kitchen, Lucy strolled into her mother's old room. It was used apparently as a bedroom. There were pantaloons slung over the bed-post, a boot and some old crutches in one corner, a violin-case on a table, and above the mantel-piece a small, vigorous sketch of a female head. Lucy took it to the light. It was the face of a middle-aged lady with a mild, sweet face, that must have been very pretty once and was lovely even now. She placed it carefully back in its place, and then, a-tiptoe, opened the violin-case. Loose papers were scattered over the instrument, and she picked up one sheet. It was the commencement of some verses, — love-verses, too. "Whom does John Shandy write love-verses to?" she asked herself, when her eye caught something that looked as if it might be another sketch. She picked the papers up, for there were several, and stepped smiling to the light. She started. It was her own fair face; there was no mistaking it. "The eyes are too large," said Lucy to herself, softly, "and the lashes too long, and it is altogether too pretty, but —" But she felt there might have been a time when she looked like that. How did John Shandy see it? Had he eyes to see what might have been behind what was? She looked further, they were all the same. She blushed, for she had a thought that she knew to whom John Shandy wrote love-verses. But a familiar and irregular step startled her, and she hastily restored the sketches. It was John Shandy, she knew, and she waited a moment to recover her composure. She heard him enter the adjoining chamber and throw himself into a chair, crying in agony, "O my darling, my darling, why did I go away, why did I leave you!" and then bursting into threats of vengeance on the bandit, that made her tremble. It would not do to meet him now. Black Lucy must first break the news of her safety, and she stole out of the room. After the good news was conveyed to him, they met, and the propriety of that meeting would have pleased even your fastidious taste, madam.

Lucy resolved upon a line of affectionate, sisterly conduct towards John Shandy after this; but there are some wilful men, not subject to the most wisely planned treatment. John Shandy was one of these, and Lucy's notable plan for his peace and happiness fell through. He brought her, a few days later, the news of the capture of the bandit and his gang by the officer detailed, at his request, for the pur-

pose, and things resumed their old way.

Mr. Melden came back, and Mrs. Melden came back. The mother's account of her son's valor and sufferings in Lucy's behalf was positive eloquence, and Lucy spoke her little speeches of gratitude; she was very good at little speeches, and the tea-fights went on, as usual. It vexed John Shandy, and he spoke about it in a way that irritated the little widow. She "did n't care what the gossips said"; was she to be deprived of the comforts of religion, and the society of that good man, her preserver? She was her own mistress; widowhood, she said, with tears in her eyes, gave her at least that privilege for all it had taken, and she would do as she pleased. So John Shandy left her, believing she would finally marry the Rev. Mr. Melden.

The preacher was in love, — the mildest infantile form of the pleasing epidemic; but still he had it. "I do think, mother," he had said, — "I do think she prefers me. I 've half a notion to speak."

"Make it a whole notion," said the mother, stoutly. "Of course, she 's got to marry somebody, and who else is there for her to prefer? Of course, she 's got to marry," persisted the widow, indignantly, for she too had been a widow and had married a second time, and she regarded Lucy's continued widowhood as rank treason to a pet theory of her own. This was, that widows must marry. Maids might remain single, but it was the first duty of widowhood, she had chapter and verse for it, to be comforted, and how else could they be comforted? It would be wicked to refuse, and she did not think Lucy was wicked.

So Mrs. Melden would not take tea with her "sweet little friend" that evening, but prayerfully commended her son to Lucy's hospitable care; and her son had a duty to perform he only half liked. He was pledged to make premeditated love, a task hard enough to a braver man. He brought it in awkwardly, though he thought very skilfully, by reference to her recent danger, and having, at last, spoken his mind, got a mild and humble refusal. He persisted, until Lucy replied to a shaft from the maternal quiver, on the duty of marriage: "If I must marry, I will marry a man, and a brave man, like poor Victor."

"Good heavens! Mrs. Shandy, I will not speak of my own courage, but you heard what my mother said," answered he.

"Yes," said she, "but I have thought more of what *you* said. When I called to you, in the hands of that wretch, you replied that you were a minister of the gospel. As I said, if I must marry, I want a man for a husband. Had there been in your place even poor John Shandy — "

But she was not allowed to express an opinion of what her cousin would have done under the circumstances.

"John Shandy!" said the preacher; "why, you do not compare me to that lame man?"

"No," said Lucy, "I never saw but one man to compare to John Shandy, — my husband, his cousin Victor."

"Then you are going to marry John Shandy?" said the mortified suitor, indignantly.

"That is just what is none of your business," said the little widow, plumply. "I will be glad to see you as a friend or pastor, but never come to me as you have done this evening, or to renew this subject."

The Rev. Mr. Melden was suppressed; and Lucy had offended and convinced each of two rivals that she intended to marry the other. Mrs. Melden had charge of this new piece of gossip, and managed it skilfully. "John Shandy was a dissipated little cripple, and almost a MURDERER for that wicked woman; and now she was going to marry him! Well, perhaps it was the best thing she could do. Leon," she added, thankfully, "had escaped her toils providentially."

While these events occurred something was told to John Shandy that

greatly excited and disturbed him. The soldier who had brought the news of poor Victor Shandy's last words was clerking for McCandless at the village store. This had kept him apart from John Shandy, but they were old schoolmates, and sometimes met. On a late occasion the veteran referred to the prevailing rumor in the village.

"Well, Tris," said he, borrowing a nickname from a pleasant old book now almost out of date, "how's the Widow Wadman?"

"Dry up that," said Shandy.

"O, I'm agreeable! Poor Vic. I wonder how he'd like it," said the soldier, not at all agreeably.

"Poor Victor," repeated Shandy, trying to change the conversation. "It was strange, that misprint of 'W. Sanders' for 'V. Shandy,' in the list of killed."

"Never saw it," said the other, curtly; "knew Bill Sanders, though; tall fellow, red hair, but gamy, eh! Salty, very. Why, now I think, Bill was shot at the same place, but not the same day; me an' Vic was knocked over next day."

"Why, was there a 'W. Sanders' in Victor's company, a sergeant? None of us knew it!" exclaimed John Shandy, excitedly.

"Of course not; joined us at Vicksburg, I told you; a regular fire-eater," said the soldier.

"No! you did not tell me," said Shandy. "Did you see Victor after his death?" he inquired.

"How could I?" was the reply; "fainted, and, when I come to, sawbones had me, taking off this other fellow." And he kicked up the footless stump.

"Then Victor may be alive yet," said Shandy. "Was his name in the list of killed, do you know?" he asked.

"Hardly; never saw no list; just pegged off home, soon as I could toddle," said the soldier.

"But, Bob," urged Shandy, "then he may be alive yet. It is possible for him to be alive, you know."

"Yes, if a man can live with a gallon of grape-shot in his body. Ugh! he was mashed all to pieces. O, he's dead, poor fellow, you bet! Besides, you never heard from him since," said the veteran.

"That certainly does look like you are right. But there was a negro boy, Floyd, went with Victor, and he has never come back," said Shandy.

"A nigga. O, they petered out fust fiah! That's no sign," said the veteran.

"Yes," urged Shandy, "but when they petered out, they petered back home. The blacks do that more than the whites. This one may have stayed, and taken up his master."

"Not likely, not at all likely," said the soldier, familiar with the negro character. "Poor Vick's drawn his last ration. No doubt of her being a widow, if *that*'s what you're at. Why, I heard his last words."

But John Shandy saw a doubt that excited him. "I will find it out," thought he, "if I search every battle-field." And so, leaving his companion, and cogitating the plans for a thorough investigation, he sought his fair cousin.

"Lord, Mass John," said her maid, "whar ye been all dis time? Nobody don't come now; miss done kicked de preacher."

"Kicked the preacher!" said Shandy.

"Yes, done guv him de sack; I heered it myself. Da's miss, now," continued the maid.

"Cousin," said Shandy, "I offended you, and you were right to rebuke me."

"Cousin John, you are the only friend and protector I have in the world, and you were right to speak as you did. But Mr. Melden is gone, and will come no more, at least as you thought he came before."

John Shandy reflected. His cousin, then, had no thought of marrying again, and there was no need of revealing his doubts, that would probably end only in renewed sorrow and disappointment.

"Cousin," he said, "I am going to

take a little trip; it may not be a little one, and I wish to know what money you have."

"O, heaps! Where are you going? Will you need some?" said Lucy.

"None for myself; let me see it," said he.

She brought her treasures, — vouchers of the Confederate government, certificates of the cotton loan, Confederate treasury notes, and a small sum in gold and silver.

John Shandy sighed when he saw how small a sum the last was. "I will take these," said he, referring to the notes and securities, "and try to exchange them. I have sold the sugar to Mr. Isaacs. He will pay you to-morrow, when he removes it."

He was going, but she asked, "Will you tell me where you are going?"

"Well, no; I may be disappointed. It is a duty I alone can do," said he.

Lucy reflected. John Shandy had an only sister living in Tennessee. It must be on her account. As he did not choose to speak directly, she would inquire no more; but, meaning a kindness, she said, "Well, John, come back as soon as you can, and if you bring any one with you, you know how welcome she will be." John started. "You see I have guessed your great secret; you know I have a little bird. Well, give her my love." And then they parted for the time.

John wondered what his cousin was at, for a few moments. "Pshaw," said he, "she thinks I am going to get married." And he dismissed the subject.

In the afternoon he handed her fifty dollars in gold, the proceeds of as many hundreds in Confederate securities. "I had to sell to McCandless," said he, "and he skinned you. Isaacs will pay you four hundred and fifty, in cash or draft, for the sugar, in the morning."

She followed him out, and hung about him. Would he be sure and come back soon? She would pray for him and his speedy return. And, yes, she put up her lips and kissed him, as he stooped from the saddle.

"Yes," thought he, "when I return, I will bring you a protector or offer you one." And he was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

THE reader will understand how the months rolled into years, as these events progressed to the last annual season of a wasting war. And now the evil days drew on, and narrowed around the little widow. Her maid would announce, "Uncle Reuben and Aunt Sarah done gone"; or, "George and Lucy done gone, miss": for her slaves were leaving her. Soon none remained but Lucy and her maid; and the crops were wasting in the fields.

She soon found she would have none to gather. The negroes would cut down the green cane in broad day, and the worm consumed the cotton. Her purse began to want filling. Careless in expenditure from habit, she had negligently permitted the sum put in her hands by John Shandy to diminish. Still she had Mr. Isaacs's draft for four hundred and fifty dollars, and she felt easy. She took it out, and observed that it was on McCandless. She disliked this man exceedingly; but she admitted that he was, perhaps, the only person in the neighborhood who could honor a draft for such an amount. She prudently resolved, however, that the money itself was better than McCandless's credit, and she took advantage of an occasional visit of old Mr. Sambre's to get the order cashed. She was explaining its purport to him, when he spoke. He "done done business that-a-way before. McCandless must pay, or he would bring the paper back." And he left on his errand.

He soon returned. "Well, Mr. Sambre," said she, "did you get the money?"

"O yes, ma'am; no trouble about that," said the old man.

Lucy breathed freer as she took the package and opened it. She knew them at once by the numbers, — her own Confederate notes. She had sold

them to McCandless at a cent per cent, and they came back to her dollar for dollar.

There was no redress, nothing but to sit down and endure. It was all her resources gone at one swoop. Her plantation was ruined, her money all gone. She must look out for a living. She could teach music and drawing. Nobody would learn, or could pay for such accomplishments. All Lucy's little graces were useless. She tried a little school, but her patrons could not pay. She tried, and did get a little sewing; and, yes, she assisted black Lucy at the wash-tub.

One day old Mr. Sambre met the poor little woman staggering under a heavy sack. "Bless my soul, Lord bless my soul. Ma'am, gimme that; what is it?" said he.

"It 's very heavy," said Lucy; "it 's potatoes. I did n't know potatoes could be so heavy. I bought them to feed Lucy and myself, and they will last such a little while. We do eat so much!"

Another time Lucy and the black girl sat over their Lenten fare. "Tellee what, missis, I done seed a bee-tree goin' out to wash dis mornin'," said the girl.

"A bee-tree going out to wash! Why, Lu, what is that?" asked Lucy, wondering.

"I don't mean de tree; it 's I'se gwine to wash, and seed de tree," said the other.

"O, that!" said Lucy. "Well, what of it?"

"A heap of it," answered the maid; "dat tree done chock full o' honey, ef we could git it."

"Ah!" sighed Lucy, "but how?"

"Chop down de tree; s'pos'n' le's try; honey 's mighty good, even wid taters," said the other.

"Well, I am willing," said her mistress, "but I don't know how to chop, do you?"

"Chop wood for de kitchen fire," said the black. "You jes come, an' I 'll show ye how."

They did go. They worked at the tree all morning. "How hacked and ugly it looks!" said Lucy, pausing to rest. "I do believe it 's fatter than when we began. Lucy, this tree grows faster than we cut."

"No! it don't, it durs n't. I wish lightnin' done strike it," said the negress, pausing. "S'pos'in' we try ef it won't break now," she continued, after a look.

It was very unpromising, but, with united strength, they propped up a stout sapling, and bore against the lever with all their strength. The tree swayed and cracked. They cheered and panted and pushed, and with a cloud of dust the tree broke, not at the cut, but its rotted roots, and fell with a crash.* Lucy sat down, exhausted as she was, and laughed till she cried, but they got the honey.

As the season advanced cotton-picking begun, and it was a harvest for this little Robinson Crusoe and her woman Friday. They were paid in kind, fifty cents on the hundred pounds, and the two earned perhaps a dollar a day. If the pay was in cotton, the country merchant skinned it, in exchange for groceries, but it was sometimes in vegetables, meat, or meal. The dealings with the store took Lucy to her old enemy McCandless in the village, and there she met with the soldier clerk, Bob Asa. Bob was kind in his way, giving Lucy shockingly partial bargains, and one day, when she was out of work, suggested that McCandless wanted cotton-pickers, and paid well. "He will not see you; his overseer manages it all, and I do the paying," said he, persuasively. Lucy was reluctant, but needs must, and so she and her black companion went to the work. Bob was, for once, mistaken. That day, by accident, McCandless did come out and saw the widow. Poverty had not deepened the soft lines of that delicate face, or distorted the light, active figure. She was fair to look upon, this Ruth gleaning in the cotton,

* This authentic incident occurred in Florida, during the war, and is related with circumstance and addition the writer does not attempt to follow.

and McCandless was quite willing to enact Boaz. He was of a selfish but emotional nature, and very tender of himself over the death of his poor, hard-worked wife. He began his attentions with sufficient skill. Cotton, like other natural products, is governed by the soil, and in the same field it will boll out beautifully or be sparse, according to the nourishment furnished. Observing Lucy and her companion to be toiling on the meagre side of the patch, he changed them to the more luxuriant slope, but did not that day address the mistress. The next day he did refer to his late loss, similar to her own, and shed a few tears; for McCandless thought it hard to lose his wife in the harvest season, and Lucy gave the man credit for a better nature than he possessed.

He came afterwards daily and tried to get up an intimacy. The cotton-picking occupied several weeks, and when it ended another task offered. The Lanfranc and Shandy sugar was famous in those old days, a brand commanding the best market. This was due to the care observed in its boiling, and the just promptitude in removing the mass from the kettles at the true granulating point. Lucy had, in her way, learned all this, and the year previous had made all the sugar of the plantation. It was conceded, by black and white, that she had no equal in this delicate operation, and McCandless desired her services. She refused plumply at first, as it was a task requiring unintermitting attention day and night; but when McCandless proposed to wagon the cane to the Lanfranc sugar-mill, still unimpaired, Lucy, with proviso and exception, consented.

She made Bob Asa her lieutenant in this work, and kept him about as a sort of guard; but he could not, nor could she, altogether keep off McCandless, who inclined more and more to the part of Boaz as this Ruth shrank from that cast for her. Good-natured and coarse, he still had some of the Irish native wit and sentiment under the rough husk, and it flowered out in the reluctant sunshine of the widow's charms. As she spoke civilly and gently to him, with the courtesy of her sex and breeding, the selfish vanity of the man took hope.

The evening the work was finished it rained heavily. McCandless drove up in a handsome new close carriage, with an ugly hand sprawling over the panel, which he was kind enough to inform Lucy was the "arrums of the ould McCandless famuly." She declined, however, to be enclosed in such "arrums," and preferred walking. But he had not brought the money; "Wud the leddy jist stip in; it was as aisy as her own swate ways, to be sure," and they would "rowl down to the shtore for the cash, an' she should go home like in her own carruge, as in ould times."

Lucy was vexed. She was determined to have this money down, and it was too late to walk. But she would not ride alone with McCandless. "Get in, Captain Asa," she said to her body-guard, and in the Confederate stepped, very coolly and leisurely, while the Irishman looked blank at this sudden snapping of his little network plot.

He was not a man, however, to be easily repulsed, and the same evening he called at the widow's shelter. He was refused admittance at first, but, pleading "business," at length was received. The widow stood holding by the sitting-room door, facing him, with a letter which she had, apparently, been interrupted in reading, in the other hand. It was the attitude of one who expected to answer a question or two before closing the door on the speaker, and resuming a previous, more important occupation. If it was premeditated, it was a quiet stroke of genius. It demoralized the enemy, so to speak.

He was excited. There was a purpose, not thoroughly defined, in his mind to win the widow, and on that night. He struggled against the conscious scowl growing on his face at the sight of the thoroughly defensible

position, and slipped into his brogue and blarney: "Sure how can a swate crature be so crule as to shtand widh her purty fate, an' his hear-rut an' her sarvent askin' her to warrum it in her boo-som."

The enemy did not even show her colors to this assault.

"What is your business?" she said; "I am engaged."

"Sure an' that's me business; for ye to be ingaged to be marrid; to meself, I mane." He saw her face chill and harden and her nostrils quiver at this assault, and he again changed. "It's alone ye are here, loike a burred in its cage, an' it's poor ye are; the little penny is soon gone, bad luck to the same, and sorra a bit more to fade thim roses an yer chakes. It wud deloight Terry McCandless to presarve the same; to take the purty burred out o' the cage and set it free in his arrums, with a carruge of its own to roide in, to be sure."

"You may be jesting or drunk, sir, but this house is no place for you," said the widow, only angry as yet.

"Divil a bit has touched my lips, barrin' a mouthful to yer health and for luck, widdy. If it's the gossoon Pathrick, sure an' he can go to the school, or to the Divil, for the matther of that; and if it's manes, sure an' I 'm rich, and plaze the pigs, ef the war goes an, it's more the richer I 'll be; spake, an' we 'll have the praist at wanst. Hear to raison," he continued, pushing in as the widow drew back; "divil a bit can ye live like this; ye must marry, and be dad ye shall marry me," he said, boldly and persistently. "For betther or for wurrus, them 's the wurruds; take me for luve, or be dad for hate, as you loike, but it 's take me you shall." And he looked more brutal as the dark instincts of his nature grew into his face.

"Wretch! do you think me without protection? Who should know better than you that God provides an avenger for the widow. This letter is from John Shandy. He is coming. Villain, will you dare to wait till he hears of this insult?"

The animal in him quailed before the high-spirited Southern beauty, threatening that fierce Southern law of personal redress whose deadly certainty he knew.

"Be gorra, thin, marm, an' I nivir heard before it was an insult to ask a lady to marry," he growled, remonstrating.

"Such asking would be an insult from crowned king or ragged beggar, and from you, — your very presence has been an insult." And she slammed the door on his retreating face, bolted it, and sat down trembling with excitement.

Lucy had threatened this man with John Shandy's coming; but the letter Lucy held, though speaking of his return, did it obscurely, and set no period. She thought of this the next day, and, consulting with her maid, she resolved to offer a room to the lame soldier.

He gladly accepted the offering; and poor Bob Asa being, in this way, so near such a brilliant, intoxicating light, must need flicker in the flame a little, poor moth!

"Why, Captain Asa," said the indignant widow, "I am ashamed of you. I thought you were my friend. I asked you to come on purpose, and now you must go and talk to me just like other men."

"Flanked, by George!" said the discomfited soldier. "Dog on it, Mrs. Shandy, I thought you 'd like it."

"But I don't, you see. I dislike it very much; and you must n't do so any more," said the widow, sharply.

"Curse the luck!" said the soldier; "I thought you hankered after me. Black Lucy told me so, any how."

"Black Lucy is a goose; don't you be one. You see, I don't hanker for you. I don't hanker, as you call it, for anybody. I am a sort of little Southern Confederacy that wants to be let alone, and I wanted you to be my soldier," the little widow replied.

The illustration pleased Bob, and as

he promised "not to do so any more," they got on quite contentedly for a while.

But the sure heavy weight was slowly, slowly coming down. As a man heaves a huge block up with an effort and holds it, you admire the stiffened sinews, the development of muscle in the energy of will and force bent to the elaborate task. But watch the sturdy lifter! Slight, imperceptible quivers shake the muscles; the frame quivers, the smile of triumph fades into doubt. The huge block has done nothing; has remained dumb, quiet, oppressive. It has put out no effort against that great will force, that gallant and graceful play of fibre and muscle; it just weighs and weighs, with a silent, unalterable law, downward, downward.

So I have thought poverty sometimes lies, huge, misshapen, and ponderous, on a gallant soul. We cannot look and admire, for we see the vital force must yield to a weight beyond its strength. So, on poor Lucy the great volume of existence settled more and more heavily.

There was no more cotton-picking, no more sugar-making. Then the Federal Army came in. The ravages of the negroes, bad enough before, became unendurable, destructive. She had to give up her little garden; it was plundered of its vegetables before they were ripe. Her "soldier," as she had called Asa, had been forced to sacrifice his situation or to leave the widow's. Poor fellow, he too had to surrender to the burden beyond his strength. As it was inculcated industriously by their new masters that a common-school education included all the moral virtues, Lucy attempted a little school among those who had been her servants. It was not Bible lessons or the pure morals of a Saviour they wanted. A, B, C, included it all, and these Lucy undertook to teach.

Let any young New England girl, just ventured from a quiet, loving home into the hard world to teach, recall that charge given her, where ignorant and vulgar patrons thought the meagre sums doled out gave them a right to censure and dictate; and let her imagine the coarseness and impertinence hugely exaggerated upon a grosser ignorance, and she will realize some of poor Lucy's trials. The tuition fees were in food, the coarse food of the negroes themselves, and it was grudgingly given. It was slowly starving and slowly killing her, when black Lucy, her maid, broke it up. Lucy thanked her and lay down quietly to die.

But, teaching the blacks, she had become known to some Federal officers having to do with the same poor material; and the evening black Lucy ordered the pupils to "cl'ar out and nebber come back da no mo'," two Federal soldiers inquired for lodgings at the widow's house.

CHAPTER VII.

Lucy's new boarders were an elderly and a young man, father and son. The elder was a grave, quiet man, having some semi-civil, semi-military duties. The son was a brisk, romping fellow of twenty-one or two, full of spirits. It amused Lucy to hear the crisp, cool syllables, so different from the broad, soft vowels and Southern intonation. He would laugh over his college scrapes, his "doing the faculty" out of his diploma by enlisting, his loves and his hates, in a perfectly frank, humorous manner, willing indifferently to be laughed with or laughed at, so she laughed. He would tell how his father enlisted "just to be near him," with tears, and then bubble over with some ridiculous flirtations of the watering-places. He courted the widow, of course, in a week; wrote quite scholarly sonnets to her, and laughed and protested and talked about "the little Yankee girl he was going home to marry when the war was over." It was the champagne of love, iced; but in icing it was tempered in its more intoxicating qualities.

One day he found the widow sad

over a letter. He did what a Southerner would have avoided, by asking her "what was the matter."

"Only a letter from a lady who thinks I am rich, and wants to live with me as housekeeper, poor thing. She says her son was slain in the same battle Victor, my husband, was, and it seems to confirm poor Victor's death. If Malvoisee had a roof, she would be welcome, but it has none for me to offer poor Mrs. — Sanders is the name."

"Malvoisee?" said the officer; "it 's the burned place next here; was it yours?"

"Yes, it is mine," said the widow. "Why?"

"O, I 'm so sorry, it was sold for delayed taxes this morning; a fellow, McCandless, below here, bought it," said the lieutenant.

"It was the widow's home. Do you call that making war, Mr. Endicott?"

The soldier winced. "I don't like it," he said; "but war is war, and the government tries to get paid so as to pay its army."

"That is, my place was sold to get money for the government to pay those who slew my husband, for the slaying. Does your Bible say anything about seething a kid in its mother's milk, Lieutenant?" said the widow, very softly.

The lieutenant was silent. "Hang it, it 's all lost for that rascal, McCandless. I 'll block him. I will see the governor and General ——, and have the thing stopped." But the generous youth was not permitted to carry out his act of chivalrous justice, nor to speak to father or friend in the matter. The unseen shadow that walks beside us all and watches its opportunity was drawing near, and as he talked his winding-sheet was high up on the throat. The Confederates still hung a cloud in the distance, occasionally throwing out a tongue of flame and destruction. That evening, on rumors of such a raid, young Endicott gathered a force of scouts and started to reconnoitre. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the two parties, Federal and Confederate, encountered in a little field in sight of the house. Each party was small, numbering twenty or thirty, but the conflict was short and desperate. Young Endicott fell, and his friends were retreating slowly on the house, when the elder Endicott came up with reinforcements, and the Confederates, in turn, fell back.

The poor young man was brought into the widow's room. She had suffered, as the reader knows, by the war, but it had never before dashed its actual red surf over her threshold. Yet shocked as she was, all feeling gave way in sympathy for the agonized father.

He only walked up and down, up and down, repeating the passionate words of the Hebrew king, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!" over and over again, wrenching his hands all the time, and walking up and down, up and down.

It was with difficulty he was so far soothed as to be removed, while the last soldierly attentions were paid by the young man's comrades. He was laid to rest in the little widow's flower-garden, and the next day the father was calmer. He said to his hostess, with a great sob that contradicted his words, in the language of the heroic king, "I will mourn no more. I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

With a sad difference the old ways returned, but not to him. He was changed and broken. An old man before, the blow had aged him greatly, and he loved to spend his leisure with the poor, lonely little widow. He spoke of his son and then of his wife gone before, and told his life story, of a long love and a late marriage with his first love, and of her death; then of his enlisting, to be near his son. In her sympathy, the poor old man found comfort, and she came to regard him, this alien enemy, with something of filial

solicitude. They were useful to one another, these two people lonely in the world. The little money for his board supplied the table, and he assisted in her garden and gave her protection.

When the peace came, it brought no peace here. The sound was a mockery to them. "I will return to you, my child," said he, "some day."

But Lucy only said, "I know you think so, but you will not. I seem to be enclosed in a charmed circle of sorrow. When I was a foolish girl I had many lovers, who all went away vowing to return. They never came. So father and mother crossed the dark river. Then my uncle went, and never returned. Then I won my Victor, and my charmed circle became sacred; but he, too, went to his duty, and never came back to me. After that I had a noble, true friend who went to bring his sister to us, but he has passed the charmed circle and will never return. You think you will return, but you cannot. The fatal circle is about me and cannot be passed."

He was very much affected. "Sit down," said he, taking her hand; "I am an old man and must speak; first, some sad news, and then some other words, meant to be kind, my child; believe me, meant to be kind. Tell me, is this yours, this place where you live?"

"No," said Lucy, "it is my cousin's, John Shandy's. My place, Malvoisee, has been taken away from me."

"Alas, yes," said the old man; "and, my poor child, this too has been sold for delayed taxes. One McCandless bought it. Is he a friend? Will he —"

"No! he is my hard enemy. Now, indeed, is all shelter gone," sobbed the widow.

"No, my child, not all. Hear me. I am an old man, and past the years of lovers. I will speak plainly. I offer you a home; I ask you, will you be my daughter, under the name of wife? If I was a rich man, I might do better for you, if you would let me, but I am not. I can only take you with me, and guard you under the name of wife; but you shall be my daughter, only my poor widowed daughter; and I am a weak, old man with no other ties." And he was silent. After a while he said, "I will leave you now, my child, to think over what I have said. You know it is sincere; you know I mean to be kind."

"I know you are kind," said Lucy, extending her hand. "I will think about it." And they parted.

She did think of it. She reviewed the past, and saw how fate had narrowed around her. She thought of John Shandy and his love, his goodness to her. It was a crown to her, and something to be very proud of; but her husband's image arose before her, vivid with dear associations; and as the bounty of his manly love flowed through the channels of recollection, old hopes and feelings and expressions flowered up in the kindly moisture. She loved her husband yet, deeply, purely, tenderly, with all the passion of a wife's first love. She loved no one else. The very thought of so loving another was pain, even were it John Shandy. Poor John Shandy!

But this other? She knew without argument, it was different, and knew what the relation would be better than he who offered it. She knew that he was and would be truly all he said. She knew, too, what her part must be. She would be his nurse. She would have the care of him; and there would be irksome duties and hard trials, but she would never be his wife, never be called so by him; she would only be his daughter. She saw that future plainly as in a glass.

There are periods, crises in life, which almost every one can recall, when some innate power acts that is not the reason of logic with cause and effect, nor the discriminating judgment, weighing alternatives. It is neither advocate nor judge. It reveals: it does not argue. We see pictured as

in a mirror a rar future, as if we had lived it. We know, without an effort of reason, but as of recollection, just what events and feelings are to follow from a defined course. It leaves no room for doubt or argument. Judgment only comes in to determine which we will accept.

So it was with Lucy. She saw herself as the nominal wife, the actual daughter and nurse, of old Mr. Endicott. She saw what that life was, that it was not one of ease. She saw years of drudgery, of care, of exceeding patience. She saw the waning age of an old man growing captious, irritable, complaining, and selfish. She saw herself in his house, bearing all, suffering all, in irksome care and silence. She saw a household, sufficient but narrow; hopes, feelings, sentiments, all starved into that existence, and bounded by an old and broken man's narrow economies. She saw years and customs growing on her, and crushing old ways of thought and speech, and knew that she would be altogether different, — different even in herself and to herself, a sad and soured old woman who had missed all the flower of life.

What else? She would live alone. Her life would be her own. Bearing all this cark and care of another, she would bear none of her own. She would be the living, loving wife of Victor Shandy, with no presumptuous image to thrust between her and that dear nourishing sweetness of her existence, her love for her dead husband. But the other alternative? No prophetic clairvoyance was needed here. If she refused the offer, she saw the future in the past, the last bitter year. She knew she had courage, and the will to work, the slave of this cruel body, if she could find the work to do. She could not plough or chop wood or wash; and these comprehended the demands of that impoverished neighborhood. Her accomplishments, in that barren spot, were like Robinson Crusoe's gold: it would buy nothing, it was useless. If she stayed she might teach school, teach the negro children, be the patient, insulted drudge of these poor, ignorant slaves, drunk with new, misunderstood freedom. As all the memory of that sickening endurance and final failure crawled like a loathsome worm over her, she shuddered and brushed it away. It was not the will to do, but the power to do, was in question; and she knew that power was not in her.

Lucy was a brave woman. She had fought the good fight. She had been patient and even cheerful under trials that would have snapped a steel less fine and finely tempered than her own, but Lucy was too wise and too brave not to know and to face the truth. She did not pretend that she could not preserve a sordid existence, at the gates of starvation, by herself, in this corner, but it would be at the expense of degradation to her womanhood, to that preserving purity sustained by womanly occupations. It would cost too much. So this little soldier was prepared to surrender her sword. Not because she was unwilling to fight, but because she saw fighting would not gain what she desired and struggled for. It would only be a species of suicide.

She gave a last sad thought to poor John Shandy. Never in her life did she love and honor him more than when, in this final crisis of life, she weighed his wishes with her power to grant. She knew that she could not marry John Shandy, as she might marry this old man, giving nothing of what he asked in exchange. She knew, if she married him, she ought to give, and he ought to ask, a whole, undivided, wifely love; that it would be a lie to marry him, denying him this. And so, gently and tenderly loving him the more in her tears, she put him away in her thought, and sorrowed for him as for a dear, dead friend. Poor John Shandy!

So she sat in the twilight singing, very low, a strange, old melody she had not recalled for years. It was her own story, the story of a brave wo-

man conquered, and she whispered it softly, —

"And young Jamie at the sea, —
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me."

Mr. Endicott came in. He looked troubled. "Have you thought, my child? Have you thought of any other way I can help you?"

"No, none; none by which I can help you in return," said the widow, softly.

"Ah! well, when you please, you can tell me. Never mind," he said, as the widow made an effort to speak. "There, let me have my way; to-morrow? Well, I have news for you; good news —"

But a noise startled them, and black Lucy came running in, stumbling, and screaming. "Lord, miss," said she, "Floyd's done come; Mass John's done come." And she fell in a fit. No need of announcement. The grave, handsome face and figure of Victor Shandy rose above his cousin's, upon whose shoulder one hand, half embracing, lay lightly as he stood in the doorway. "It is Victor; it is my husband. O Victor, Victor!" and the brave, over-tired little wife fell in his arms.

The two, John and Victor Shandy, had spoken first to old Mr. Endicott, who had come up from his quarters in the village to break the news of her husband's return to his wife; but youth and impatience, as we know, had anticipated the slow, hesitating old man's action. It was as well. Joy does not kill.

Victor Shandy's story must be recorded. Taken up by Floyd, and a prisoner, he was exchanged, after his recovery, and enlisted in a different regiment; was wounded in the retreat from Petersburg, and found by John Shandy sick and heart-broken over a rumor of his wife's marriage. The failure of their frequent letters, mutually written each other, was an occurrence too frequent at that period, in the South, to need explanation or comment. The colored boy, Floyd, to Bob Asa's intense disgust and incredulity, had actually stood by his master to the last; nay, stands by him yet, with a wife to help him who is quite reconciled to "dat nigga's" not having "done got hisself killed"; and they are the servants of Victor and Lucy Shandy, and call them Mars Vic and Miss Lucy.

The pretty widow is won. Is there any more to tell? McCandless is prospering after his kind, in purse and its respectability; and as man, like water, finds his level, he is probably now, or soon will be, in Congress. Is that all?

No. The moon is setting, and sending its long, slant glories through the trees, bringing out the broad galleries of rebuilt Malvoisee in the clear obscure. The child of the old love listens silently at his knee to the soft, melancholy flow of the violin; for John Shandy is playing. A light wind bears the odors of flowers, like incense, from the garden; and Lucy listens in her chamber, silently, in tears, as the harmony of "Auld Robin Gray" floats softly in. She thinks of the poor old man to whom Heaven was kind, in taking him home from a lonely world, and her heart fills with old memories and trials of that sad time. But the music flows on, flows on, in sweeter curves and changes. Sad old plantation airs, with stories of a way of tenderness in life that shall be no more forever, melt from the strings and mingle with the rustle of the leaves. The music sobs like the spirit of the past, about the galleries and deserted cabins. No more that melodious charm will call troops of happy, wondering black faces, from nooks and recesses of the old cabins, to linger entranced at the spell.

But John Shandy plays on. Snatches of old dreams and of an old delight, idealized and purified above the earth, faints in the tender symphonies. The old love has grown and softened into a precious feeling, that belongs to no one on earth, and yet is not all the creation of that tender, loving heart. Born in heaven and nourished on the bounty of a sweet, unselfish nature, it floats on

the long, soft swells and cadences, rising musically, tenderly, in lengthened undulations to its home. As the disk of the setting moon grows broader and broader in the foliage, and the shadows darken around its eclipse, the soft clear voice breaks out, in a sweet old hymn, to the according violin. Does it associate itself with the sympathies and heroes of a Lost Cause, mingled with the devout inspiration of a loving and relying heart?

> "Through sorrow's night and danger's path,
> Among the gathering gloom,
> We, soldiers of an injured king,
> Are marching to the tomb."

And the last faint glimmer of the setting moon is gone, and all is dark.

Will Wallace Harney.

WHY?

EARTH, thou art perfect and fair;
Life, thou art earnest and sweet;
Soul, thou art rightfully heir;
Is not thy rapture complete?
Why, from the manifold joys
That hie to the morning of day,
From sorrows that strengthen and save,
Turn'st thou, expectant, away?

I stand in the fresh morning lands;
Dew-stars in the grass at my feet;
Buds and white bloom in my hands;
About me sweet song-pulses beat.
From the far depths of the sky
A glory is rising for me,
A royal and roseate dawn
Tinting the hills and the sea.

Youth with its gladness is here,
Time with its treasures untold,
Toil with its promise and cheer,
Love that will never grow cold.
Yet out of this sweetness and warmth,
I fade, and I follow afar
A voice that is vague as a dream,
A light that is faint as a star.

Mystery waveth her wand
Over the knowledge I crave,
And the shadow that stayeth her hand
Hovereth over a grave.

Anna Boynton Averill.

DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

(*Enter* ZOÏLUS, *last, the others being already assembled: he throws down a newspaper on the table.*)

ZOÏLUS. There! Read that notice of my last article in ——, and tell me whether such criticism is apt to encourage the development of an American literature!

THE GANNET (*taking the paper*). I see where it is, by the dint of your thumb-nail; there are only half a dozen lines, in what I should call the sneering-oracular style; but, Zoïlus, you have yourself done a great deal of this thing. Now the poisoned chalice is commended to your own lips. It is singular how little sympathy we have for others, in such cases. When I am abused, somebody always sends the paper to me with lines drawn around the article, so that I shall not miss it; and all my friends are sure to ask, "Have you seen what So-and-so says?" When I am praised, nobody sends the paper, and my friends take it for granted that I have read the article. I don't complain of them: they are naturally silent when they agree, and aroused when they disagree, with the criticism.

THE ANCIENT. This notice is not fair, of course; but it is only a part of the prevalent fashion of criticism. One never can be sure, in such cases, whether the writer is really sincere in his judgment, or whether he has seized an opportunity to make a little literary capital for himself at the expense of the author. But I firmly believe in the ultimate triumph of *good work* over all these airs of superior knowledge and patronage and contemptuous depreciation. A friend of mine once devoted a great deal of time to a very careful and thorough article upon a poet who wrote in a dialect with which not ten men in this country are familiar. He afterwards showed me the critical notices it drew forth, and those which treated the subject with the coolest possible air of knowledge were written by men who knew nothing whatever about it.

GALAHAD. Then how is the ordinary reader ever to be enlightened?

THE ANCIENT. Most readers, I imagine, simply like, or dislike, what they read. Authors greatly exaggerate the effect of inadequate criticism. Why, do you know that critical genius is much rarer than poetical? You are not afraid of the crude poets', who publish in newspaper corners, pushing you from your stools of song: why should you be annoyed by the critics who stand upon the same intellectual plane? Let me repeat to you what the greatest of critics, Lessing, said: "What is tolerable in my labors is owing solely to the critical faculty. I am, therefore, always ashamed or grieved whenever I hear anything said to the disadvantage of that faculty. It is said to crush genius, and I flattered myself that I had received in it something akin to genius." After Lessing, we can only accept Jeffrey with certain reservations, until we come to Sainte-Beuve. In this country, I call Lowell the first critic, though Whipple and Ripley have high and honorable places. A true critic must not only be a universal scholar, but as clear-conscienced as a saint and as tenderly impressible as a woman. After that he may be rigid as Minos.

ZOÏLUS. But you will certainly agree with me, that a critical literature of the kind you describe — intelligent, appreciative, sympathetic, and rigidly just — is much needed?

THE ANCIENT. Never more than just now.

ZOÏLUS. What then, frankly, do you

think of the tone of this paper, and the —— and the —— ?

THE ANCIENT (*smiling*). They remind me so much of a little satirical poem of Uhland, "The Spring-Song of the Critic," that I am comforted and amused, when I might otherwise be most annoyed. There never was a more admirable picture of that fine, insidious egotism of the spurious critic, which makes him fear to praise, lest admiration should imply inferiority. I can't remember the original lines, or I would translate it for you; but I might try an American paraphrase.

OMNES. By all means! (THE ANCIENT *writes.*)

ZOÏLUS. I feel as if I had had whiskey poured into an open wound. You made me smart savagely for a few minutes; but I am already getting comfortable.

THE GANNET. There is no real comfort until you grow pachydermatous; I don't envy Galahad the seasoning that awaits him.

GALAHAD. I have part of my experience vicariously, in Zoïlus.

ZOÏLUS. The devil you have! wait, my boy, until you publish your next poem: I 'll return it to you, with interest!

THE ANCIENT. Uhland makes the critic walk out in the spring-time, and patronize Nature in his usual tone, the very tone of which Zoïlus complains. This is a rough imitation: —

H'm! Spring? 'T is popular, we 've heard,
And must be noticed, therefore;
Not that a flower, a brook, or bird
Is what we greatly care for.

The trees are budding: immature!
Yet them, no doubt, admire some:
One leaf comes like another, sure,
And on the whole it 's tiresome.

What kind of bird is this we hear?
The song is vague and mystic;
Some notes, we grant, are smooth and clear,
But not at all artistic.

We 're not quite sure we wholly like
Those ferns that wave and spread so:
'T is safe to doubt the things that strike
The eye at once; we 've said so.

An odor? H'm! it might be worse;
There must be violets nigh us:
Quite passable! (For Shakespeare's verse,
This time, will justify us.)

A native plant! We don't know what:
Some, now, would call it pleasant,
But, really, we would rather not
Commit ourselves, at present.

But further time we will not waste,
Neglecting our position;
To scourge the stupid public taste
Is our peculiar mission.

And if men saw us, and should deem
(Those ignorant human brothers!)
That we the Spring *enjoyed*, we 'd seem
No better than the others!

OMNES. Good! It reads like an original.

THE ANCIENT. It is one, properly: I have not translated any of Uhland's phrases. However, let us change the theme, for this is a dangerous hobby of mine, and we have other work before us. How many names are there still undrawn?

THE GANNET (*looking in the hat*). A dozen yet!

THE ANCIENT (*drawing*). James Russell Lowell, — I must gird up my loins.

THE GANNET. Bayard Taylor.

ZOÏLUS. Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

GALAHAD. George H. Boker.

THE GANNET. The supply will be exhausted in two or three nights more, and then all our fun must come to an end. There will be nothing left for us, but to travesty each other.

THE CHORUS. An excellent idea! Four times four, each doing each other and himself also, will give us sixteen imitations.

ZOÏLUS. No doubt you would enjoy it hugely. Turn to Lucretius for a picture of the delight of sitting on the safe shore and looking at the waves in a storm!

THE CHORUS. "The swelling and falling of the waves is the life of the sea."

ZOÏLUS. Go to, with your quotations! How easy it is to apply a high moral stimulus to somebody else's mind! Every poet, in his secret soul, admits his exquisite, quivering sensitiveness for the children of his brain. He may hide it from the sight of every one; but it is there, or he would not be a poet; and he is always most artlessly surprised at the betrayal of the same feeling in another. *I*, of course, should

coolly bear any amount of travesty; but how would it be with the Ancient, the Gannet, and Galahad?

THE GANNET. Zoïlus, you 're a humbug! Take your pencil and begin your work: see how the Ancient is reeling off his lines!

(*They write steadily for fifteen or twenty minutes; then all have finished except* THE ANCIENT.)

THE ANCIENT. Mine is no easy task, and I 'm afraid I have laid it out on too extensive a plan.

OMNES. Go on: we will wait.

THE ANCIENT (*ten minutes later*). You will sympathize with me, Galahad, for you know how much I like Lowell's poetry. I have followed him from the start, when he seemed like a vigorous young oak, and like an oak he has grown slowly, strongly, and with ever-broadening branches. But one can sport, as well as pray, under your large trees. (*Reads.*)

THE SAGA OF AHAB DOOLITTLE.

Who hath not thought himself a poet? Who,
Feeling the stubbed pin-feathers pricking through
His greenish gosling-down, but straight misdeems
Himself anointed? They must run their course,
These later measles of the fledgling mind,
Pitting the adolescent rose with brown,
And after, leaving scars; and we must bear,
Who come of other stirp, no end of roil,
Slacken our strings, disorient ourselves,
And turn our ears to huge conchyliar valves
To hear the shell-hum that would fain be sea.

O guarding thorn of Life's dehiscent bud,
Exasperation! Did we clip thee close,
Disarm ourselves with non-resistent shears,
And leave our minds demassachusetted,
What fence 'gainst inroad of the spouting throng?
For Fame 's a bird that in her wayward sweep
Gossips to all; then, raven-like, comes home
Hoarse-voiced as autumn, and, as autumn leaves
Behind her, blown by all the postal winds,
Letters and manuscripts from unknown hands.
Thus came not Ahab's: his he brought himself,
One morn, so clear with impecunious gold,
I said: "Chaucer yet lives, and Calderon!"
And, letting down the gangways of the mind
For shipment from the piers of common life,
O'er Learning's ballast meant some lighter freight
To stow, for export to Macarian Isles.
But it was not to be; a tauroid knock
Shook the ash-panels of my door with pain,
And to my vexed "Come in!" Ahab appeared.
Homespun, at least, — thereat I swiftly felt
Somewhat of comfort, — tall, knock-kneed, and gaunt:
Face windy-red, hands horny, large, and loose,
That groped for mine, and finding, dropped at once
As half ashamed; and thereupon he grinned.
I waited, silent, till the silence grew
Oppressive; but he bore it like a man;
Then, as my face still queried, opened wide
The stiff portcullis of his rustic speech,
Whence issued words: "You 'd hardly kalkelate
That I 'm a poet, but I kind o' guess
I *be* one; so the people say, to hum."
Then from his cavernous armpit drew and gave
The singing leaves, not such as erst I knew,
But strange, disjointed, where the unmeasured feet
Staggered allwhither in pursuit of rhyme,
And could not find it: assonance instead,
Cases and verbs misplaced — remediable those —
Broad-shouldered coarseness, fondly meant for wit.
I turned the leaves; his small, gray, hungry eye
Stuck like a burr; agape with hope his mouth.
What could I say? the worn conventional phrase
We use on such occasions, — better wait,
Verse must have time; its seed, like timothy-grass,
Sown in the fall to sprout the following spring,
Is often winter-killed; none can decide;
A single rain-drop prints the eocene,
While crow-bars fail on lias: so with song:
The Doom is born in each thing's primitive stuff.

Perchance he understood not; yet I thrust
Some hypodermic hope within his flesh,
Unconsciously; erelong he came again.
Would I but see his latest? I *did* see;
Shuddered, and answered him in sterner wise.
I love to put the bars up, shutting out
My pasture from the thistle-cropping beasts
Or squealing hybrids, who have range enough
On our New England commons, — whom the Fiend,
Encouragement-of-Native-Talent, feeds
With windy provender, in Waverley,
And Flag, and Ledger, weakly manger-racks.

Months passed; the catbird on the elm-tree sang
What "Free from Ahab!" seemed, and I believed.
But, issuing forth one autumn morn, that shone
As Earth were made October twenty-seventh
(Some ancient Bible gives the date), he shot
Across my path as sped from Ensign's bow,
More grewsome, haggard-seeming than before.
Ere from his sinister armpit his right hand
Could pluck the sheets, I thundered forth, "Aroint!"
Not using the Anglo-Saxon shibboleth,
But exorcismal terms, unusual, fierce,
Such as would make a saint disintimate.
The witless terror in his face nigh stayed
My speech, but I was firm and passed him by.
Ah, not three weeks were sped, ere he again
Waylaid me in the meadows, with these words:
"I saw thet suthin' riled you, the last time;
Be you in sperrits now?" — and drew again —
But why go on? I met him yesterday,
The nineteenth time, — pale, sad, but patient still.

When Hakon steered the dragons, there was place,
Though but a thrall's, beside the eagle-helms,
For him who rhymed instead of rougher work,
For speech is thwarted deed: the Berserk fire
But smoulders now in strange attempts at verse,
While hammering sword-blows mend the halting rhyme,
Give mood and tense unto the well-thewed arm,
And turn these ignorant Ahabs into bards!

ZOÏLUS. Faith! I think each of us imitates most amusingly the very au-

thors whom he most admires. I might have made something fiercer, but it would n't have been more characteristic.

THE GANNET. When you seem dissatisfied with Lowell's work, I can still see that you recognize his genius. I agree with you that he sometimes mistakes roughness for strength, and is sometimes consciously careless; but neither his faults nor his virtues are of the common order. I like him for the very quality out of which both grow, — his evident faith in the inspiration of the poet. In "The Cathedral" he says "second-thoughts are prose," which is always true of the prime conception; but he seems often to apply it to the details of verse. His sympathy with the Norse and Nibelungen elements in literature, and with the old English ballads, is natural and very strong. Perhaps it is not always smoothly fused with the other spirit which is born of his scholarship and taste and artistic feeling. I care less for that: to my mind, he is always grandly tonic and stimulating.

THE ANCIENT. I think the objection which Zoïlus makes comes simply from the fact that many of Lowell's poems are over-weighted with ideas. Instead of pouring a thin, smooth stream, he tilts the bottle a little too much, and there is an impetuous, uneven crowding of thought. But I should rather say that he is like his own "Cathedral," large, Gothic, with many a flying buttress, pinnacles melting in the air, and now and then a grotesque gargoyle staring down upon you. There is a great range between Hosea Biglow and the Harvard Ode.

ZOÏLUS. I confess I don't like unmixed enthusiasm, and I 'm frequently provoked to spy out the weak points of any author who gets much of it. How I should feel if it were bestowed on me, I can't tell; probably as complacent as the rest of you.

THE GANNET. O Zoïlus, when you know that I 'm only considered "brilliant," and get the most superficial praise!

THE ANCIENT. Come, come! This is a sort of personality. Who 's next?

GALAHAD. Zoïlus was ready first.

ZOÏLUS. Yes, and none too soon. Mrs. Barrett Browning was a tough subject for me, and I was glad to get her off my hands. Do you know that it is much more difficult to travesty a woman's poem than a man's? (*Reads.*)

GWENDOLINE.

'T was not the brown of chestnut boughs
That shadowed her so finely;
It was the hair that swept her brows,
And framed her face divinely;
Her tawny hair, her purple eyes,
The spirit was ensphered in,
That took you with such swift surprise,
Provided you had peered in.

Her velvet foot amid the moss
And on the daisies patted,
As, querulous with sense of loss,
It tore the herbage matted:
"And come he early, come he late,"
She saith, "it will undo me;
The sharp fore-speeded shaft of fate
Already quivers through me.

"When I beheld his red-roan steed,
I knew what aim impelled it;
And that dim scarf of silver brede,
I guessed for whom he held it:
I recked not, while he flaunted by,
Of Love's relentless vi'lence,
Yet o'er me crashed the summer sky,
In thunders of blue silence.

"His hoof-prints crumbled down the vale,
But left behind their lava;
What should have been my woman's mail
Grew jellied as guava:
I looked him proud, but 'neath my pride
I felt a boneless tremor;
He was the Beër, I descried,
And I was but the Seemer!

"Ah, how to be what then I seemed,
And bid him seem that is so!
We always tangle threads we dreamed,
And contravene our bliss so.
I see the red-roan steed again!
He looks, as something sought he:
Why, hoity-toity! — *he* is fain,
So *I* 'll be cold and haughty!"

THE ANCIENT. You have done about as well as could be expected; but I am not sure that I should have recognized it, without the red-roan steed and the thunders of blue silence. However, Mrs. Browning's force is always so truly feminine that one cannot easily analyze it. There is an underlying weakness — or, at least, a sense of reliance — when she is most vigorous,

and you feel the beating of an excited pulse when she is most calmly classic. She often slips into questionable epithets and incongruous images, I grant you; but I can see the first form of her thought through them.

GALAHAD. Has any other woman reached an equal height in English poetry?

THE CHORUS. No!

THE GANNET. George Eliot?

ZOÏLUS. Now you bring the two squarely before my mind, I also say, No! I do not rightly know where to place George Eliot.

THE ANCIENT. Among the phenomena, — unsurpassed as a prose writer, and with every quality of the poet except the single one which is born and never acquired. It is amazing to see how admirable her verse is, and how near to high poetry, — as if only a sheet of plate glass were between, — and yet it is *not* poetry. Her lines are like the dancing figures on a frieze, symmetry itself, but they do not move. When I read them I am always on the very verge of recognizing her as a poet, always expecting the warm-blooded measures which sing their way into my own blood, and yet I never cross the invisible boundary.

THE GANNET. Shall we go on? I have Bayard Taylor, who took possession of me readily enough. I know his earlier Oriental better than his later poems. He does n't seem to have any definite place yet as a poet.

ZOÏLUS. Then it comes of having too many irons in the fire.

GALAHAD. He may have made some mistakes; indeed, I think so, myself; but I find signs of a struggle towards some new form of development in his later poems, and mean to give him a little more opportunity. His rhetoric is at the same time his strength and his weakness, for it has often led him away from the true substance of poetry.

THE ANCIENT. There you are right, Galahad. Nature and the sensuous delight of life for a while got the upper hand of him, and he wrote many things which aimed to be more, and were not. I think better of his later direction; but how far it will carry him depends on his industry and faith. Let us have the echo!

THE GANNET. (*Reads.*)

HADRAMAUT.

The grand conglomerate hills of Araby,
That stand empanoplied in utmost thought,
With dazzling ramparts front the Indian sea,
Down there in Hadramaut.

The sunshine smashes in the doors of morn
And leaves them open; there the vibrant calm
Of life magniloquent pervades forlorn
The giant fronds of palm.

The cockatoo upon the upas screams;
The armadillo fluctuates o'er the hill;
And like a flag, incarnadined in dreams,
All crimsonly I thrill!

There have iconoclasts no power to harm,
So, folded grandly in translucent mist,
I let the light stream down my jasper arm,
And o'er my opal fist.

An Adamite of old, primeval Earth,
I see the Sphinx upon the porphyry shore,
Deprived of utterance ages ere her birth,
As I am, — only more!

Who shall ensnare me with invested gold,
Or paper symbols, backed like malachite?
Let gaunt reformers objurgate and scold,
I gorge me with delight.

I do not yearn for what I covet most;
I give the winds the passionate gifts I sought;
And slumber fiercely on the torrid coast,
Down there in Hadramaut!

GALAHAD. That is extravagantly and absurdly like some of his poems. You seem to have had in your mind the very feature I mentioned, — his rhetoric. I doubt whether I shall succeed as well with Boker. He and Bayard Taylor are both Pennsylvanians, of nearly the same age, yet they are not at all alike.

THE ANCIENT. I remember Boker's first volume. There was a flavor of the Elizabethan English about it, which was unusual at the time. Then came his tragedy of "Calaynos," one of the few successful modern plays formed on the old classic models; it ran for nearly a hundred nights in England. But you cannot imitate his best work, which is in this and the later plays; you must choose between his ballads and his sonnets.

GALAHAD. I have tried something half ballad and half song, in his style. (*Reads.*)

PHEBE THE FAIR.

I lie and I languish for Phebe the Fair,
Ah, welladay!
The blue of her eyes, the brown of her hair,
The elbows that dance and the ankles that gleam,
As she bends at her washing-tub there by the stream,
Disdaining to see me, so what can I say
But, ah, welladay!

I met her last night when the moon was at full,
Alas and alack!
Bewitchingly hooded with mufflers of wool;
Her cloak of gray duffle she wore to a charm,
So boldly I offered the maiden my arm,
But she coolly responded, "You take the back track!"
Alas and alack!

Though I 'm but a blacksmith and Hugo a lord,
Sing hey, nonny nonny!
Though I 've but a hammer and he has a sword,
When he leans from his destrier Phebe to greet,
I could smash him to cinders before her white feet,
For lords have no business with maidens so bonny,
Sing hey, nonny nonny!

I 've given up Margery, given up Maud,
Ah, welladay, Phebe!
But the snow of your bosom by love is unthawed;
The hues of my life are all fading, I guess,
As the calico fades in the suds that you bless:
You are scouring the heart of your languishing G. B.,
Ah, welladay, Phebe!

THE GANNET. I remember those ballads, with a curious antique flavor about them; but I am best acquainted with Boker's sonnets. I don't think they have been appreciated as they deserve; but then, there are hardly twelve sonnets in the English language which can be called popular. Take one of Keats, three of Wordsworth, three of Milton, possibly Blanco White's one, and four or five of Shakespeare, and you have nearly all that are familiarly known. I 'll try my hand at an imitation of Boker's grave, sustained measure. (*Writes.*)

THE ANCIENT. No one of our authors is so isolated as he, and it is a double disadvantage. When Philadelphia ceased to be a literary centre, which happened very suddenly and unexpectedly, the tone of society there seemed to change. Instead of the open satisfaction of Boston in her brilliant circle of authors, or the passive indifference of our New York, there is almost a positive depreciation of home talent in Philadelphia. Boker is most disparaged in his native city, and most appreciated in New England. There is always less of petty envy where the range of culture is highest.

ZOÏLUS. No, there is not less, granting the culture to be higher; there is only more tact and policy in expressing it.

THE GANNET. Listen to Boker's 999th sonnet, dictated through me! (*Reads.*)

I charge not with degrees of excellence
That fair revolt which rested on thy name,
Nor burden with uncomprehended blame
The speech, which still eludes my swooning sense,
Though this poor rhyme at least were some defence
Against thy chill suspicion: yet, if Fame
Lift up and burnish what is now my shame,
'T would mitigate a passion so intense.
This trampled verse awhile my heart relieves
From stringent pain, that cleft me as I turned
Away from beauty, graciously displayed;
And still one dominant emotion cleaves
The clouds, whereon thy passing lustre burned,
And leaves behind it gulfs of blacker shade.

GALAHAD. How *could* you echo the tone and atmosphere of a sonnet, without adding one particle of sense?

THE GANNET. Attribute it to my empty head, if you please. I really cannot explain how these imitations arise in my mind. In the "trance condition," you know, one is void of all active consciousness.

ZOÏLUS. If you go on indulging such an idea, you will end by becoming a professional medium.

THE GANNET. Well, — at least I 'll dictate to the world better verse than has ever yet come, in that way, from the unfortunate dead poets.

GALAHAD. Could you equal Demosthenes?

THE ANCIENT. For the sake of Human Reason let us drop that subject! There are some aberrations which dishearten us, and it is best simply to turn our backs on them. For my part, I crave music. Zoïlus, give us Herrick's "Julia," before the stirrup-cup!

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

XII.

In Paris.

THAT certain persons who had every reason to avoid one another, and who were actually in one sense running away from each other, should all find themselves on board the same ship, was certainly a strange coincidence. Under such circumstances, a meeting was of course inevitable; and hence they stumbled upon one another unexpectedly yet naturally enough, in the manner already described, and in a way more embarrassing than agreeable.

After this last meeting between Mrs. Lovell and Mr. Grimes, the weather continued stormy for some days. Maud remained below, partly on account of the weather, and partly for other reasons. The sight of Carrol had produced upon her a new dejection of mind, and his persistent aversion not only wounded but astonished her. In the narrow limits of a ship, while he was so near, it was not very easy to banish his image from her mind; and in spite of the appeals which she constantly made to her pride, the melancholy that arose from wounded affection was too strong to be overcome. Mrs. Lovell, however, was subject to no such weakness; and while Maud moped in her state-room, she sought as usual the breezier atmosphere of the upper deck, where she would sit gazing forth upon the dark heaving sea, looking upward into the unfathomable depths of ether, and generally feeding her soul with thoughts of the Infinite and all that sort of thing; for as a matter of course, when a pretty woman chooses to sit alone gazing into space, the kindest conjecture which one may make about her thoughts is the above; all of which is respectfully submitted.

The result of Mrs. Lovell's profound speculations while thus sitting and gazing into space was not, however, of that elevated and transcendental character which may be fairly considered as the natural outcome of the Infinite. On the contrary, it generally had reference to the finite, the concrete, the visible, and the tangible, in short, to Mr. Grimes.

"He is a failure," she would say, very confidentially, to Maud, after a return from her meditations on deck, — "a total failure. And, Maudie, whenever you choose a friend, do not allow yourself to dwell too much upon him. For you see," Mrs. Lovell would continue, as Maud made no answer, speaking all the time in an abstracted tone, — "you see, Mr. Grimes is so very set, so obstinate, and so perfectly unreasonable. He is altogether too consistent, and he knows nothing whatever of the true spirit of chivalry."

"Chivalry!" exclaimed Maud, on one occasion, "what possible connection can there be between chivalry and a — a person like that."

"Chivalry!" said Mrs. Lovell, with some warmth; "I would have you know, Maudie, that Mr. Grimes is as perfectly chivalrous a man as ever lived. Why, only think how he rushed to help me when I was really almost on the point of being swept overboard! Positively he almost saved my life. And you have so little affection for me, that you sneer at him for that, — for saving my life, — for that is really what he did. Why, Maudie," continued Mrs. Lovell, solemnly, "I do believe you 're made of stone, — I do really."

To this Maud made no reply, and Mrs. Lovell, after waiting for a moment, found her thoughts reverting to their former channel and went on: "Of course, he 's chivalrous and all that, as I said, but then he 's *so* provoking. He 's so fickle, you know, and changeable. But that 's the way with men

always. They never know their own minds. As for Mr. Grimes, he 's so absurdly backward and diffident, that I really wonder how he manages to live. O, he would never do! And really, Maudie, do you know, I 've come to the conclusion that Mr. Grimes is a gigantic failure."

To this Maud made no reply, and Mrs. Lovell gradually wandered off to other subjects.

So the voyage passed away, and neither Mrs. Lovell nor Maud saw anything more of either Grimes or Carrol.

It was near the end of August when they arrived at Havre. Here they took the cars for Paris.

On reaching her destination, Mrs. Lovell drove at once to a place where she had lodged during a previous visit, some three or four years before, and where she expected to find a home during her stay in Paris. She was not disappointed. The house was under the management of a lady who was still at her post, and Madame Guimarin received her former lodger with a mixture of courtesy and enthusiasm that was at once impressive and seductive. To Mrs. Lovell's great joy, she found not only that there were vacant apartments, but that the best rooms in the house, in fact, all the rooms in the house, were entirely at her service. She had only to make her own selection. That selection Mrs. Lovell did accordingly make; and she chose the rooms which had become in a certain sense hallowed by the associations of her former visit, in which rooms she might find not so much a lodging as a home.

Such a reception was most unexpected and most delightful to Mrs. Lovell, who could not but wonder at her good fortune. She told Maud about her previous visit, when it was difficult to get a lodging-place at all, and when the landlady seemed to be granting a favor on admitting her. Now all was changed, and the demeanor of Madame Guimarin seemed to show that the favor was all on Mrs. Lovell's side. The change was wonderful; but what the cause of that change might be, Mrs. Lovell did not stop to consider. She simply settled herself down under the hospitable care of Madame Guimarin, without seeking to know what might be the reason of such cordial and unwonted hospitality.

On reaching Havre, Grimes and Carrol had landed in such an unobtrusive way that they had not been seen by the ladies. At the same time they had no idea of stopping at Havre, and had accordingly started by the very first train for Paris. This was the same train which the ladies had taken, but in the confusion they had not been noticed. And so it was that they reached Paris at the same time, without either party being aware of the proceedings of the other. Nor was it difficult to elude observation, for at every station on the road there were too many objects to attract the attention and engross it. At every station there seemed to be a general haste and uproar which seemed like the wildest confusion, — a gathering of great crowds, and a Babel of many tongues. The train itself seemed an object of interest to many; and as the passengers stared out of the windows, the crowds at the station stared back. The train was a long one at starting, but it received constant additions as it went on, chiefly of a military character, until at length when it arrived at Paris the crowd that poured forth was immense.

In flying to Paris as his city of refuge, Carrol had relied upon two things: the first being the natural safety which any one would have in a city which is the common resort of fugitives from all parts of the world; and the second additional security which an obscure person like himself would have amid the exciting events of a great war.

Now no sooner had he reached Paris and taken one look around, than he found the war at its height, and the nation in the crisis of its great agony. His own affairs had thus far attracted all his thoughts, so that he had none to spare for the struggle between France

and Prussia; but now that he had arrived here, he found himself in the presence of a nation to whose heart a mighty pang of anguish had been flung, in comparison with which his own sorrows were the mere evils of a day.

For this was the beginning of September. The first blows of the war had been struck. France had been defeated and dishonored, and the Prussians were far in the land. Paris was in a state of siege. The armies of France were scattered; the Emperor was wandering about, no one knew where and no one cared. A frantic Ministry was trying to buoy up the hopes of a frantic people by inflated lies. The information which they gave was suspected by all; yet every one tried to force himself to believe it, and every one spoke confidently of the approaching vengeance of France, when she should clothe herself in consuming terror and in her fiery indignation devour the adversary.

Paris was in a state of siege, and preparations were being made by the authorities which showed that to them at least the approach of an enemy did not seem impossible. The environs were devastated; the forts prepared; the bridges blown up; the trees cut down; but this belt of desolation was not visible to the crowds inside the city, and the change was chiefly manifest to those who found themselves cut off from their usual recreation in the Bois de Boulogne.

But to the people who were thus surrounded by this ring of desolation and defence, it was as though these things were not; and the crowds in the streets spoke all day long of nothing but victory and vengeance. Every one had his own theory as to the movements of the French armies. Whether Bazaine's strategy or that of McMahon were the more profound, was a keenly disputed point. So profound was the strategy of each, however, that every one seemed to lose himself in a bottomless abyss whenever he ventured to discuss it. Still the confidence in their hearts was certainly not equal to that which their lips professed, as might easily be seen by the wild rumors that arose from time to time, the tales of sudden disaster, the tidings of fresh defeats, the panic fear that sometimes flashed simultaneously through vast multitudes, blanching their cheeks and stilling to awful silence the uproar of the people, —

> "While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
> Or whispered with white lips, 'The foe!
> They come! They come!'"

Still, these panics, though they were quick to rise, were equally quick to subside; and after each sensation of this sort, the volatile people roused themselves anew to hope and to confidence. And the uproar sounded forth again, and the song arose, and the battle hymn, and the shout, and vengeance was once more denounced upon all the enemies of France.

Everybody was in uniform. There were the citizens who were National Guards. There were the peasants brought in from the country as Moblots. There were the marines, and sailors from the fleet. There were also the members of the ambulance corps, who served to remind the ardent citizen of the darker side of war.

The crowd that had been at the station when Carrol arrived had been immense, but not any larger than usual. For now there was always a great crowd there and at every railway station. There were those who were pouring into the city at the order of the government, soldiers for the field of battle, and peasants flying here from their deserted fields for refuge. There was also another crowd, consisting of those who were desirous of escaping from the city; many of whom were foreigners, but many more of whom were the wives and children of citizens, sent away so as to be out of the reach of that siege which was already anticipated by the citizens, in spite of their confident boasts.

In all these scenes, in the excitement of alternating hope and fear that forever reigned in the thronged streets,

and in the perpetual presence of one dominating and all-pervading idea, Carrol found that distraction of soul which formed the surest relief to his anxiety and remorse. He had so long brooded over his own griefs, that the presence of some engrossing subject outside of himself produced upon him an unmixed benefit. Grimes saw this with great gratification, and declared that Paris was the very place for Carrol.

He also asserted that Paris was the very place for himself. The excitement communicated itself to all of his sympathetic nature. He glowed under it; he revelled in it; he lived in the streets. He flung himself into the life of the people, and shared all their alternations of feeling. His opinion about the fortunes of the war, however, was certainly a little different from that of the average Parisian.

"The Prussian invasion," said he, "is a wholesome thing. It 's good. King William is a fine man. So is the average Prussian. The French are too frivolous. Life can't be got to be made up out of nonsense. You can't do it. The French have got hold of somethin' serious at last, and, mark my words, it 'll do 'em good."

But the day soon came which put a stop to all hope of victory, and in an instant dissipated the vast mass of lying rumors with which the atmosphere of Paris was filled. It was the day of Sedan. The tremendous intelligence could not be concealed or mitigated. It was a revelation of the whole of that black and dismal truth against which the people had shut their eyes. Down to the very last moment they sustained themselves with wild fictions, and then that last moment came and all was known.

Then all Paris rose. Away went the government in flight. The Empress Regent disappeared. The Republic was proclaimed. Down came the Imperial cipher and the Imperial effigy, and every Imperial symbol from every public place; while in their place appeared the words which the Empire had obliterated eighteen years before, "Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité." And the old Republican leaders came forth and volunteered to become the leaders of the nation; old men came back from exile; and the irreconcilables seated themselves upon the throne of their fallen enemy.

Then too the panic, which thus far had been fitful and intermittent, spread itself broadly over the city, till it took possession of every heart. The terror for a time drove out every other feeling. Those who could fly did so as hastily as possible. The peasantry came pouring in from the country in greater numbers. The railroads were taxed to their utmost possible capacity; for now it was known that the conquering Prussians would soon arrive, and then what escape would there be?

But the panic could not last, and did not. Like other sensations, it had its day, and passed; and the new sensation which succeeded it was one universal enthusiasm over the Republic, combined with boundless confidence in the ability of the Republic to atone for the disgraces of the Empire, and to avenge them. The enthusiasm was also for a time accompanied by a pleasing hope that the Prussians would be satisfied with the fall of Napoleon, and come to easy terms with regenerated France; nor was it possible to quell this hope, until they had been very rudely disillusioned.

All these new and startling events only served to increase the effect which Parisian life had produced upon Carrol; and in the excitement that never ceased to be kindled all around him, he found an occupation for his mind that was always new and varied. In the overturn of the government he also found the assurance of greater safety for himself; for with the revolution the old machinery would become a little disarranged, and the French police would necessarily be changed or modified, so that the chances for his escape from capture were greatly increased. His haunting dread of pursuit and arrest was now very much lessened,

and a sense of comparative security came to him.

Grimes and Carrol generally separated for the day. Each made it his sole occupation to saunter about the public places, taking part in the general excitements and sharing in the sensations that from time to time might arise; but each preferred to go alone, and follow the bent of his own inclinations. On one such occasion Carrol was slowly sauntering down the Champs Elysées, looking dreamily around upon the scene, when suddenly he caught sight of something which gave him a greater shock than any that he had felt since his arrival. It was a carriage which was rolling along among many other carriages. In it were two ladies, and in the first glance that he gave he recognized Maud and Mrs. Lovell. In an instant they had rolled by, and he was left standing there, filled with amazement.

Ever since his arrival at Paris he had thought of Maud as being far away. On board of the steamer he had supposed that she was on her way to this city, but after his arrival he had taken it for granted that the perilous situation of the city would of course deter the ladies from coming to it at such a time, and that their most natural course would be to go to their friends in England. Yet now he found them actually here, and saw that they must have come at once to the place. He saw that they were still remaining, and that, too, after the great events that had occurred; after Sedan; after the Republic; at the very time when the minds of all were becoming familiar with the grim prospect of a siege. What this could possibly mean became a problem which occupied his thoughts all the remainder of that day, without his attaining to any satisfactory solution. Could they be aware of the facts of their situation? Of course they must be. What then could make them remain? He could not imagine.

In the evening he mentioned the subject to Grimes. As this was the first time that Carrol had volunteered to talk upon any subject, Grimes regarded this as a very favorable sign, and felt highly gratified.

"See here," said Carrol, "did you know *they* are here?"

"They? Who 's 'they'?" asked Grimes.

"Why, the ladies."

"The ladies? O yes. I knew that. I saw them myself the other day."

"You saw them! Why, you did n't say anything about it. I should think you would have mentioned it."

"O no," said Grimes, coolly. "I did n't seem to see any necessity for mentioning it to you. I knew that it was an exciting topic, and that if I introduced the subject you 'd at once proceed to flare up. You see you always pitch into Miss Heathcote so infernally strong, that I can't stand it. She 's a person that I can't help respectin' somehow, in spite of your tall talk. Mark my words, there 's a mistake somewhere."

Carrol's face flushed at these last words, and he stared sternly at Grimes; but as the other looked away quite indifferently, he said nothing for a few moments. At last he remarked in a low thoughtful voice, "It 's queer, too, — confoundedly queer."

"What 's confoundedly queer?" asked Grimes.

"Why, that they should stay."

"Queer? Why, what is there queer about that?"

"What, don't you think it 's queer for two ladies to come to a city in such a row as this, and stay here through a regular revolution, when the enemy is approaching, and the siege may begin at any time?"

"Queer?" cried Grimes. "Why, I should think it most infernally queer if they did n't stay. This is the very time to be in Paris. Queer? Why, what makes us stay here, and what could induce either you or me to leave this place now and go away?"

"Pooh! Why, there 's all the difference in the world. They 're women."

"Women! and what then? Ain't women human beings? I think so.

You 'll not deny that, I suppose. Yea, more. Have n't women got curiosity? Some. Have n't they got a slight tendency to excitement? Methinks. Don't they occasionally get their feelings roused and grow enthusiastic? Rather. Now, for my part, I imagine that Mrs. Lovell and Miss Heathcote find just as much fun in these proceedin's and in the general row that 's goin' on as either you or I. Yea, more. I don't believe any earthly indoocement would make them leave. Stay? Why, everybody ought to stay. Everybody ought to come here. Now 's the time to visit Paris. There has n't been such a time since the downfall of ancient Rome, and there won't be such another occasion for ever so many hundred years. Mrs. Lovell leave? What! And now? And after takin' all the trouble to come here? No, sir. Not she. Not if she knows it. I 'll bet on her. I tell you what, that woman 's bound to see this thing put through."

"O, come now, really now," said Carrol, "you don't suppose that Mrs. Lovell is superior to all the usual weaknesses of woman. She is as timid as women generally are."

"I deny that women are timid," said Grimes, solemnly.

"O, if it comes to that, why, there 's nothing more to say."

"I deny that they 're timid where their feelings are really concerned. You get a woman regularly excited, and she 'll go through fire and water. She 'll go wherever a man will."

"O, that 's all very well, in a few rare cases, when their affections are engaged, and they get half insane; but there 's really nothing of the kind here, you know, and for my part I confess I 'm puzzled."

"Well, for my part," said Grimes, "I glory in it."

"There 's some mysterious motive," said Carrol, "something under the surface."

"There 's nothing but pure, real, genuine pluck," said Grimes. "She 's clear grit."

Carrol shook his head suspiciously, and finding that Grimes would not help him to discover this supposed dark motive that actuated the ladies, he subsided into a somewhat sullen silence.

XIII.

An Unexpected Call.

The place in which Mrs. Lovell and Maud had taken up their quarters was somewhat remote from the busy centres of Parisian life, and if there was any change in the appearance of the city it was not generally visible. It was only when they went out for a drive that they saw the unusual animation and excitement of the streets, and even then the change did not seem so great as it actually was.

Upon Maud, Paris did not produce that exhilarating effect which it generally does on the new-comer. In fact, since her arrival she seemed to have sunk into deeper dejection. On board the steamer, as long as Carrol was near her, there was a kind of excitement in the idea of that neighborhood which acted as a stimulus to her mind, and was involuntarily associated with faint hopes of a reconciliation. But now he was gone, and her life became dull and dead. There was no longer any hope of reconciliation, nor any expectation of seeing him. She wondered whether he had come to Paris or not, but concluded that he had not. Why, indeed, should he? His hatred of her was so bitter that his only motive would be to avoid her. True, he had followed her to the steamer, but she began to think now that this might have been an accident, and as the days passed by she gradually lost hope.

Mrs. Lovell saw this dejection, and remonstrated with Maud about it.

"Why, really, Maudie," she would say, "I thought you had more pride; after all, your condition is n't as bad as mine. Look at me. Only think how I 've been deceived in Mr. Grimes. Now, I know very well that you 're moping about that wretched Mr. Carrol, but it 's very weak in you. Be like me.

Do as I do. Conquer your feelings, and be bold and brave and heroic."

In the effort to assist Maud to become bold and brave and heroic, Mrs. Lovell urged her to drive out, and so they used to drive out nearly every day. During those drives, Maud's mind was not much impressed with the striking scenes which the great city presented, but was rather occupied by one controlling idea that made her blind to the charm of Parisian life. As she drove through the streets and boulevards and looked out upon the crowds, the idea of Carrol never left her, and she was always searching after his face. She noticed nothing and thought of nothing in all her drives but this, and the noise and the tumult and all the busy preparations for war were disregarded.

But at length, as time passed on, this noise and tumult and these preparations for war grew to such proportions that they forced themselves upon her attention. She saw the doors and windows of the Louvre gradually closing up behind protective barricades. She saw those barricades arising around the statues and monuments of the city, and beautiful groves changing into fields of stumps. A drive to the Bois de Boulogne was sufficient at length to arouse the attention of the most preoccupied soul, and this drive did not fail to impress Maud.

"What can be the meaning of it?" she asked in surprise.

Mrs. Lovell confessed her inability to account for it.

"Something must be going on."

"Perhaps the trees died, and had to be cut down," suggested Mrs. Lovell; "and if so, what a pity! They were so beautiful."

"O no, it must have something to do with the war. Is it possible that they can be preparing for a siege of Paris?"

"A siege of Paris! what utter nonsense! How can there be a siege of Paris?"

"Why, this war may be unfortunate for the French."

"O, that 's absurd! The French made the war for political purposes. It 's all the Emperor, Maudie. He 's a wonderful man. And it was only for political purposes. It 's just the same here as an election is with us."

"I wish I 'd seen some of the papers. Have you seen any, Georgie?"

"The papers? O dear, no! I never read the papers."

"I remember," said Maud, thoughtfully, "I saw a paper the other day and read a little in it. I did n't take much interest in it at the time, but I remember now that something was said about some defeats of the French, and that the defeats would be made good."

"Defeats? Of the French? O, nonsense! The Prussians, you mean?"

"O no! I mean the French. Something of that sort must have happened. And now, when I think of it, the paper certainly spoke of the Prussians being in France, — for it said that none of them should ever escape."

"The Prussians in France?" said Mrs. Lovell, thoughtfully. "Well, really, Maudie, that is better than I expected. How very nice that would be, if it were really so. Why, we would have a chance to see a battle, perhaps, who knows? Why, do you know, Maudie, the greatest desire of my life has always been to see a battle. I think I 'd go miles to see one. Yes, miles. Why, if I really thought the Prussians were here, I think I 'd try to find out in what direction they were coming, and engage rooms there to see the battle. That 's the way Byron did at the battle of Waterloo, and he wrote such a lovely poem; not that I could write a poem, but then, really, Maudie, I sometimes think, do you know, that I have the soul of a poet."

Maud did not seem to be listening. An anxious expression was on her face.

"It 's horrible," she exclaimed, — "it 's too horrible."

"Horrible! What 's horrible?"

"Why, if the Prussians should really be coming to Paris."

"Nonsense."

"Well, I really begin to think that there must be some danger of it. The more I think of it the more certain I feel. The papers spoke so very strangely."

"The papers! But, Maudie, I hope you don't think anything of what the papers say. They 're always saying all sorts of things, you know. For my part, I never believe anything that the papers say, and I never read them."

"But look at all these preparations. Don't they look as though the people here expected a siege or something?"

"My dear Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, confidently, "the people, as you call them, have nothing whatever to do with these preparations. It 's all the Emperor. He does it for effect. He has some deep-laid plan. He 's always contriving something or other to excite the Parisians. The Parisians need some excitement. Now the Emperor sees that they are tired to death of *fêtes* and shows and splendor, so he is defacing the statues, putting up barricades, and chopping down the trees to create a grand sensation. He intends to make himself very popular by all this. He is getting up the pretence of a siege, and then he will come and pretend to save Paris. Something of that sort is his intention I know. That 's the way he always does, you know, and that 's the only way he can manage to retain his power over such an extraordinary people as the Parisians."

To this somewhat singular theory Maud had no objections to make, and Mrs. Lovell, finding the course clear before her, expatiated upon this theme till they returned.

Not long after reaching the house, a gentleman called. He did not give his name, but as this was the only caller they had thus far known, both of the ladies were filled with an excitement which, under the circumstances, was not at all unnatural. At first, Maud thought of Carrol; but a little reflection showed her that such a thing could scarcely be; and so she checked at once that rush of eager emotion which was hurrying her away to greet the caller, and experienced such a reaction of feeling that she resolved not to go down at all. But with Mrs. Lovell the excitement was unalloyed, and there was nothing to disturb the pleasing expectation that filled her mind.

"So you won't come, Maudie," she said, as she was leaving the room. "Well, perhaps you 'd better not. You never could bear him, you were always so prejudiced; though, for my part, I really think that you do injustice to Mr. Grimes's many admirable qualities."

There was a sweet smile on Mrs. Lovell's face as she entered the room, and her face had an expression of quiet yet cordial welcome as she looked toward the caller. But the moment that she caught sight of the caller, a complete change came over her; the smile died away; the look of cordial welcome vanished; and there remained only a look of cold surprise. For the person before her was not Grimes at all.

He was a sharp-featured man, and was dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, which, however, did not give him, by any means, the air of the true professional *militaire*. On the contrary, his clothes were a little ill-fitting, and he showed some uneasiness about his sword. As Mrs. Lovell entered, he sprang toward her with much animation and an air of the greatest *empressement*.

"Madame," said he, "I am mos happy zat I haf ze honneur to salute you."

And with these words he held out both hands. Mrs. Lovell, however, did not at all reciprocate this ardor. On the contrary, she regarded him coolly, taking no notice whatever of his hands, and then gave a stiffish bow. She said nothing, nor did she offer him a chair, or show him any civility whatever. Now, if it was her disappointment about Mr. Grimes that elicited such rudeness from such a gracious lady, then her disappointment must have been very bitter to her; but if it was

merely her dislike to Du Potiron himself that animated her, then her dislike was wonderfully strong to be felt by such a kind-hearted and gentle-mannered person.

But Du Potiron did not notice this, or, if he did, he quite ignored it. On the contrary, he proceeded to go through a series of complicated movements, which seemed to show that monsieur was less a gentleman than a dancing-master. First he put his right hand on his heart, then he made a great sweep of his hat with his left hand, and then he bowed so low that he went quite beneath the line of Mrs. Lovell's vision. After which he raised himself, still keeping his hand on his heart, and made another flourish with his hat.

"Madame," said he, "pardon me, but I sall haf to apologize zat I haf not pay my respects before."

"O, apologies are quite unnecessary!" said Mrs. Lovell, quickly. "I did not expect it at all, I assure you."

"Ze raison haf been," continued Du Potiron, "I haf not been able to find ze place unteel zees moment. Mais à présent, I sall be mos happay."

Mrs. Lovell made no remark at this, but still stood regarding him with a cool and easy stare that would have been embarrassing to any one else.

"Moreovaire, madame," continued Du Potiron, "I haf to offaire mes apologies zat I haf not ze honneur to pay mes respects to you on ze voyage, — mais voyez-vous, madame, cette malheureuse bouleversement et enfeeblement, cette je ne sais quoi du mal de mer haf quite all ze taime put him out of my powaire to saluter you. Hein? Comprennez?"

"Your remarks are totally unintelligible, monsieur," said Mrs. Lovell, "and I am still at a loss to understand the object of this visit."

"Moi," said Du Potiron, "I am Frenchman. Un Français is nevaire noting in ze sea, but in ze land he become heemself. Mais vous, madame, I haf ze hope sincerement zat you haf had ze voyage plaisant."

"Quite, thanks," said Mrs. Lovell, whose patience was beginning to give way.

"Et à present," continued the unterrified one, "ees eet youair intention to haf a stay long?"

"We have not decided."

"Ah, you haf ze intention to leave soon, probablement."

"Not that I am aware of."

"Aha, zat is good, foine, brave, sage, noble, magnifique!" cried Du Potiron, in an enthusiastic outburst, which amazed Mrs. Lovell. "Ma foi! So you haf no fear. C'est charmant; so you weel stay. Aha? Bien," he continued, suddenly subsiding from a tone of exultation to the manner of a dry logician, — "bien, for see you, madame, zaire ees no dang-jaire. Zees war sall go on, and la France moos be victorr. Ze République Française ees invincible! Eh bien. So you sall stay. Eh? Ver well. Zen you sall see ze triomphe, ze exultation, ze enthousiasme irrepressible! You sall see Guillaume a prisoner, a captif, and Moltke and Bismarck and all ze entire army Prussian — "

All this was more unintelligible than ever to Mrs. Lovell; and as her patience was now quite exhausted, she resolved to retire.

"Excuse me," said she, quietly, "but, really, I know nothing of politics, and I have to go."

"Ah, mille pardons," cried Du Potiron, hastily; "what, you go! Ma foi. Mais, permettez-moi. Ah, I am distracte wit chagrin zat I haf not see ze mees charmante. Villa you haf ze favaire to kongvay to her ze mos tendaire — "

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. Lovell, in a more frigid tone than ever.

"Ze mees — ze mees — "

"The what?"

"Ze charmante mees."

"This is quite unintelligible," said Mrs. Lovell.

"Mees Mo," persisted Du Potiron, eagerly, "cette charmante Mo."

"Mo, — Mo?" repeated Mrs. Lovell, in a puzzle.

"Yaiss — Mees Mo — Deetcot —"

"Miss Maud Heathcote," repeated Mrs. Lovell, who at length made out the name. "What of her, pray?"

"Oui, oui," cried Du Potiron, eagerly, "le Mees Mo Deetcot; I beg you to kongvay to cette charmante Mo ze assurance of my esteem ze mos distingué, and my affection ze mos tendaire."

At this Mrs. Lovell's face flushed with indignation. She looked at him for a moment as though preparing some severe rejoinder, but finally seemed to think better of it, and then turning without a word or even a nod she left the room.

At this inexcusable rudeness, Monsieur du Potiron stood for a moment staring after her. Then he shook his fist at the door through which she had retreated. Then he painfully gathered up his sword, and in as graceful a manner as possible left the house.

Great was Maud's surprise at hearing from Mrs. Lovell who the caller had been. Great also was her amazement at Du Potiron's impudence in still hinting at the mistaken acceptance by claiming her in that way; and the contempt which she expressed was limitless and immeasurable. But in the midst of all this the thought occurred to her that possibly Du Potiron might not have received the explanatory letter which she had sent, and might still consider her in all seriousness as his *fiancée*. She mentioned this to Mrs. Lovell, but that lady did not deign to consider the matter.

"What possible difference can it make, Maudie," said she, "what that person thinks? He will never come in our way. You know I always disapproved of your explanations, and certainly I should not like you to commit yourself to any more."

In spite of this, Maud was somewhat troubled as to certain puzzling things which Du Potiron's visit had suggested.

On the following day they were out driving when an incident occurred which had the effect of giving a deeper meaning to Du Potiron's call than before, and of increasing those puzzling questions to which his visit had given rise. This was that incident before referred to, — their meeting with Carrol. The surprise was as great to Maud as to him, and so was the embarrassment. Neither one knew that the other was in Paris. Carrol had supposed that the ladies had some time ago fled from this place of danger; and Maud had not supposed that Carrol had come to Paris at all. But now each one knew that the other was here in this city, within reach and within call.

But their discovery of one another's proximity created very different feelings in each. The effect produced upon Carrol has been mentioned. But upon Maud this discovery had a different result. It at once gave a new meaning to the visit of Du Potiron. One thing from that visit was evident, and it was this, that he still regarded her as his *fiancée*. The only conclusion that she could draw from that was that he had not received her letter of explanation. And if that were so, it now seemed equally probable that Carrol had not received the letter which she had sent to him. The very thought of this agitated her most profoundly, and gave rise to a thousand wild plans of finding him out even now, and of learning for herself in a personal interview what Carrol's sentiments really were.

The greatest puzzle of all was in the voyage. They had all come over together. Carrol, as she thought, had evidently followed her, from what motive she could not imagine. He now seemed to have followed her even to Paris. Du Potiron had come too, and it now appeared as if the Frenchman had come with the purpose of urging his claims upon her. She now began to think it possible that from some cause or other her explanatory letters had not reached either of them, but that both had crossed the ocean under a totally wrong impression. This would account, as she thought, for Du Potiron's pursuit, and for Carrol's inflexible wrath. While thinking of these things she could not help won-

dering whether they had met or not on board the steamer; but a moment's reflection showed her that they could only regard one another as enemies, and that each would avoid any intercourse with the other. It was therefore clearly impossible that they could have had any explanation.

These ideas created the most intense excitement in the mind of Maud. It was a misunderstanding which could so easily be cleared up. Carrol was only laboring under a delusion. If she could only see him, how quickly she could explain. So now the question of her life became how to see him. Should she write? But she did n't know his address. It seemed better to wait, and keep a constant outlook so as to secure a personal interview.

Meantime she kept her thoughts and resolutions to herself, for Mrs. Lovell's want of sympathy with Carrol prevented her from being of any service in securing Maud's desires.

XIV.

An Aggressive Call.

At length the long-expected event took place. The last effort to avert it had failed. The Prussians were approaching and the siege was at hand. The preparations for that siege had reached their last stage and their climax. The full measure of the coming trial might be seen in the vast accumulations of provisions, the immense heaps of grain, and the countless herds of cattle. The flight of the people became more desperate; the influx of the peasantry also reached its height. The overburdened cars carried away all who could go. The government departed. The foreign ambassadors departed, leaving Minister Washburne alone to face the situation. At length the last railroad was intercepted, the last telegraphic wire cut, and Paris lay shut out from the world.

In the mean time Mrs. Lovell and Maud had been living in the same way, varying the quiet of their seclusion by a daily drive. Maud did not again see Carrol in the streets, nor did Mrs. Lovell see Grimes anywhere. Their attention was occasionally arrested by some new construction bearing upon the defence of the city, or by the march of some larger body of troops than usual; but these things did not excite any very deep interest. Mrs. Lovell's opinion as to the state of affairs in Paris, and the perfect safety of that city, she had already given, nor had she changed it; and Maud's one engrossing thought was the discovery of Carrol among the crowds that thronged the streets. And so it was that Paris was shut up at last, without the actual fact being even suspected by either of the ladies.

One day, after they had returned from a drive, a caller was announced. This time their thoughts at once turned to Du Potiron, and they sent word that they were not at home. Upon this the caller, who had not sent up his name before, sent in his card. With some curiosity they examined it. It was simply, M. le Comte du Potiron.

"His impertinence is certainly engaging," remarked Mrs. Lovell, quietly, "but what he can possibly expect to gain by it I cannot imagine."

With this she sent back word that she was engaged.

But the irrepressible Du Potiron was not to be so easily shaken off. He at once sent back a most urgent request for an interview, — just for a little moment, — it was about matters of great importance.

At this persistence Mrs. Lovell was quite annoyed, but at the same time the message which he sent was adapted to excite a little curiosity, so she checked the reply which she was on the point of sending, and decided on seeing for herself what he wanted.

"I shall see what he wants," she said, "and I must at the same time put a stop to his silly persistency in visiting us. I never liked him. I simply tolerated him at Montreal; but here I don't wish to recognize him."

With these words Mrs. Lovell went down. Du Potiron was waiting there, dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, as on the last occasion. He advanced as before with outstretched hands, and with an enthusiastic smile, just as if he and Mrs. Lovell were warm and intimate friends; just as if their last meeting had been perfectly delightful to each of them, and this one was to be the same.

Mrs. Lovell's cool demeanor, however, had the effect of checking his advance, and, as before, he stopped and bowed very elaborately.

"Allow me to haf ze honneur to saluter you, madame, an to expresser ze gratification eet geefs me to fin you here. Eet ees an epoch in ze histoire of ze race humaine."

"Will you be kind enough to inform me to what I am indebted for this visit?" asked Mrs. Lovell. "You stated that you had something of importance to speak of."

"Ah — bien — bon — oui — vrai," replied Du Potiron, rapidly. "One moment. I mus congratuler you on your courage. Eet ees sublime, magnifique, colossal, enorme."

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. Lovell, with some show of temper. "You have something more to speak of than this."

"Eh bien. I wish, madame, to know eef I sal haf ze honneur of to see ze charmante Mo —"

"If you mean Miss Heathcote, sir," said Mrs. Lovell, loftily, "I have to inform you that she declines seeing you."

"Quoi! Grand ciel!" ejaculated Du Potiron. "Declines? Mo! Moi! Mo — la charmante Mo — declines. Madame, zat ees not possible."

"If you have nothing more to say," said Mrs. Lovell, "I shall now excuse myself."

"Mais!" cried Du Potiron. "Mo! — vain sall I see her? Mo — I vish to see Mo."

"You are not to see her at all," said Mrs. Lovell, abruptly.

"Mais, you meestake."

"Not at all. It is you who are mistaken. You do not appear to understand the ordinary usages of society."

"Moi! Ma foi, madame, zees ees incomprehensible. I haf wait too long. I can wait no more. I mus see her some time. She is mine."

"What do you mean by that?"

"She is mine, I say," repeated Du Potiron in quick, energetic tones. "She is my fiancée."

"Your *fiancée?* What nonsense!" cried Mrs. Lovell. "What do you mean? You are not acquainted with her at all."

"Mais, madame, you meestake yourself. She is my fiancée. I haf propose at Montreal. She accept me. I haf ze lettre of acceptance. She write wit affection and empressement. She confess herself charme wit me, an I haf not seen her since. An so, madame, I now haf to wait for her appearance."

"Why, really, this is too absurd," said Mrs. Lovell. "I am aware that you proposed at Montreal when you really had no acquaintance with her, and she had none with you, and also that she declined your proposal."

"Decline? No, no, no," cried Du Potiron. "She accept."

"Accept? O, you allude to that first letter! But that was a mistake; she explained all that."

"First lettaire?" repeated Du Potiron; "meestake? explain? I not comprehend you, madame. I only know zis, zat ze charmante Mo haf accept me, an to prove eet I haf ze lettaire veech I kip by my heart toujours. Voilà!"

And with these words he unbuttoned the breast of his coat, and, inserting his hand into the inside pocket, he proceeded to draw forth a letter very solemnly and slowly. This letter he surveyed for a few moments with an air of pensive yet melodramatic devotion, after which he pressed it to his lips. Then he looked at Mrs. Lovell.

"What letter is that?" asked Mrs. Lovell.

"Ze lettaire of Mo, — she accept me. Do you doubt? You sall read."

"O, you mean that first letter. But did n't you get her other explanatory note?"

"Explanation? what explanation? No, madame. Zis ees ze only lettaire I haf receif from ze charmante Mo. Zere ees notin to explain —"

"But that letter was all a mistake," said Mrs. Lovell. "It was never intended for you at all."

Du Potiron smiled.

"Ah, I see," he said, "zat ze charmante Mo haf deceif you, — a ruse. Aha! Eh bien. I inform you now of ze fact."

"Pooh, it 's too absurd. Let me see that letter," said Mrs. Lovell, advancing nearer. Du Potiron instinctively drew back his hand, as though he was afraid that she intended to snatch it away, but the action and the fear lasted for an instant only. Then he held out the letter with a polite bow and an air of great magnanimity.

Mrs. Lovell took the letter and read it carelessly. Then she looked at the opening words, and finally at the address on the envelope. After which she said, coolly: "It 's rather unfortunate that you never received Miss Heathcote's other note. You left Montreal very suddenly, I think, or you would have certainly got it. The other letter was an explanation of this. For you know this is all an absurd mistake."

"A meestake?" said Du Potiron, with an incredulous smile.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lovell. "My sister explained it all. This was intended for another person."

"Ma foi, madame, you must see zat ees not possible."

"I will soon show you," said Mrs. Lovell; and with these words she directed his attention to the opening words. These words, written in Maud's angular hand, were made up out of letters that were wide-spread, with open loops, and not particularly legible. They were intended to be, "My dear Mr. Carrol." As Mrs. Lovell looked at them now, she saw that they might be read, "My dear M. Count."

"What are those words?" asked Mrs. Lovell, pointing to them. "What do you take them to be?"

Du Potiron looked at them for a moment, and then said, "*My dear Monsieur le Comte.*"

"But it is n't anything of the kind," said Mrs. Lovell.

Du Potiron started, and looked at her uneasily.

"It 's *My dear Mr. Carrol*," said Mrs. Lovell, "and you have been utterly mistaken."

At the mention of this name Du Potiron started back and gave a hurried look around. His old look of easy self-sufficiency passed away altogether, and was succeeded by an air of trouble and apprehension.

"Carrol!" he repeated. "Am I to understand, madame, zat you say zees lettaire was intend for M. Carrol?"

"Certainly; you may see the name there for yourself," said she.

Du Potiron looked at it earnestly for some time, and then looked at Mrs. Lovell.

"Eet ees not possible," said he. "Zees lettaire was for me, and ze charmante Mo ees mine, an sall be mine. Zees Carrol haf notin to do wis her. Moi! I am ze one she wrote ze lettaire. Bien! an now, madame, I haf ze honneur to requess ze plaisir of to see ze charmante Mo."

"Very well, sir," said Mrs. Lovell; "since you refuse to take my explanation, I can only inform you that Miss Heathcote has no acquaintance with you whatever, and will not see you at all."

"Mais, madame, I moos see her. I haf come to take her ondaire my protection."

"*Your protection!*" repeated Mrs. Lovell, in amazement at such prolonged and sustained impudence.

"Oui, madame," continued Du Potiron. "Eet ees ver necessaire. You are bot in danger. Eet ees a time of peril. You haf allow yourself to remain here, and not know zat danger. You haf no protector, an eet ees necessaire for me to interpose to save you from ze enemy."

"Danger! enemy! How perfectly absurd!" said Mrs. Lovell.

"Madame," said Du Potiron, "you are in great danger. Paris is surrounde by ze Prusse. Ze siege haf begun. Ze bombardement moos commencer. Ze shells sall fall on zese houses, an zis cety sall become one grand fortification. Zees ees no place for ladies. You should haf fly before; but since you remain, I mus protect you from ze danger zat you encounter."

Mrs. Lovell was certainly startled at this, though she would not confess it.

"Allow me to remark, sir," said she, after a short pause, "that, even if there should be any danger, which I utterly doubt, I should not put myself under *your* protection. I should be content with the protection of the government."

"Ze govairnement?" said Du Potiron; "but ze govairnement ees gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, to Tours; to escape ze Prusse."

"This is absurd," said Mrs. Lovell, in utter incredulity. "But even if it were true, what of that? There is the British Ambassador."

"Ma foi!" cried Du Potiron. "You seem to be ignorant of everytin, madame. Ees eet possible you don't know zat ze British Ambassador haf run away from ze Prusse, an all ze oder ambassadors aussi?"

At this Mrs. Lovell broke down.

"Monsieur," said she, stiffly, "all this is utterly preposterous. It is useless for me to prolong this interview. I can only say that, if these statements of yours are true, I shall soon find it out, and I shall know what to do, without requiring any assistance from you."

And with these words Mrs. Lovell retired, leaving Du Potiron a prey to various conflicting feelings, prominent among which was a new interest in Maud's letter, which he scrutinized for some time before he departed.

Mrs. Lovell did not go back to Maud at once. Du Potiron's startling information had quite terrified her. She had not the faintest idea of the real state of things, and was fully conscious of her ignorance. Under the circumstances, her first impulse was to find out the truth; and so she went at once to see Madame Guimarin.

She found the good madame very anxious and very agitated. As she heard Mrs. Lovell's questions her agitation increased greatly, and it was some time before she could make any reply. She burst into tears, and sat sobbing convulsively. At last she was able to find words, and told Mrs. Lovell the whole truth. She informed her that her house had been empty for a long time, most of the boarders having fled in order to avoid the troubles that seemed to be ahead. She had received Mrs. Lovell most eagerly, seeing in these two boarders her last hope of escape from utter ruin. She had always put the best appearance upon things, and had never allowed any of the city papers to lie about. Mrs. Lovell would not have read them if she had seen them; but she did not even see them. Maud had caught a glimpse of one or two old ones, but was not able to get at the truth. Thus Madame Guimarin had kept out of her house all indications of danger, and her two new boarders had remained. But the approach of the final catastrophe had overcome Madame Guimarin herself. She saw a long blockade, high prices, scant markets, shops closed, street-fights, mob rule, and a hundred other calamities. Now that she had begun to tell the truth, she poured it all forth without reserve, and Mrs. Lovell at length understood the fullest peril that the most imaginative mind could attach to her present situation.

In spite of the landlady's dark picture, Mrs. Lovell was not without resources. "I will send," she thought, "to Lord Lyons, and get a passport from him, so as to leave the city at once." Upon this resolve she acted as soon as possible. On the return of her messenger she found, to her consternation, that Du Potiron's information was correct, and that the British Ambassador had retired from the city. Thus far she had concealed it all from

Maud; but now it was neither judicious nor was it even possible to keep up any further concealment. So she told Maud all, and to her great delight Maud listened to the news without being overwhelmed or even dismayed.

"Really, Maudie dear," cried Mrs. Lovell, in a joyous tone, "this is very, very delightful, to find you take it so. I thought you 'd be so upset, that I was afraid to tell you. This is really nice of you, and I admire you no end for your bravery and courage and all that. And do you know, Maudie, for my part, I 'm not half so afraid as I ought to be; in fact, I don't know but that I feel just a little bit of a kind of pleasant excitement in our situation. I 've always had quite a longing to be in Paris during a revolution. It must be *so* nice. *Coup-d'états*, you know, Maudie dear, and all that sort of thing. Such fun! And then, do you know, Maudie, there 's another thing that really has a little to do, I think, with my feeling so very free from fear. Do you know, Maudie, I 've an idea that poor dear old Mr. Grimes is wandering about these streets somewhere; and, really, the very thought of that great big man gives me a sense of protection and security. Not, of course, that I think of him in any other way than as a possible assistant in case of an emergency, as a last resort; but then what 's the use," continued Mrs. Lovell, plaintively, — "what 's the use of talking of him as a last resort, when I have n't the faintest idea where I could find him in case of need?"

Maud had no reply to make to these remarks. Her mind was preoccupied, for she was wondering whether Carrol had fled with the rest, or whether he had remained behind to share the fortunes of the besieged city.

James DeMille.

LITTLE GUINEVER.

"When Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench." — *Love's Labor's Lost.*

SWIFT across the palace floor
Flashed her tiny wilful feet;
"Playfellow, I will no more,
Now. I must my task complete."

Arthur kissed her childish hand,
Sighed to think her task severe,
Walked forth in the garden land,
Lonely, till she reappear.

She has sought her latticed room,
Overlooking faery seas,
Called Launcelot from a bowery gloom,
To feast of milk and honey of bees.

"Had we bid Prince Arthur too,
He had shaken his grave head,
Saying, My holidays are few!
May queens not have their will?" she said.

Thus she passed the merry day!
Thus her women spake and smiled:
"All we see we need not say,
For Guinever is but a child."

A. W.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

VI.

I FIND I have so many things in common with the Old Master of Arts, that I do not always know whether a thought was originally his or mine. That is what always happens where two persons of a similar cast of mind talk much together. And both of them gain by the interchange. Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in the other, and a flower, again, dwindles down to a mere weed by the same change. Healthy growths may become poisonous by falling upon the wrong mental soil, and what seemed a nightshade in one mind unfold as a morning-glory in the other.

— I thank God, — the Master said, — that a great many people believe a great deal more than I do. I think, when it comes to serious matters, I like those who believe more than I do better than those who believe less.

— Why, — said I, — you have got hold of one of my own working axioms. I should like to hear you develop it.

The Member of the Haouse said he should be glad to listen to the debate. The gentleman had the floor. The Scarabee rose from his chair and departed ; — I thought his joints creaked as he straightened himself.

The Young Girl made a slight movement ; it was a purely accidental coincidence, no doubt, but I saw That Boy put his hand in his pocket and pull out his popgun, and begin loading it. It cannot be that Our Scheherazade, who looks so quiet and proper at the table, can make use of That Boy and his catapult to control the course of conversation and change it to suit herself! She certainly looks innocent enough ; but what does a blush prove, and what does its absence prove, on one of these innocent faces ? There is nothing in all this world that can lie and cheat like the face and the tongue of a young girl. Just give her a little touch of hysteria, — I don't mean enough of it to make her friends call the doctor in, but a slight hint of it in the nervous system, — and " Machiavel the waiting-maid " might take lessons of her. But I cannot think our Scheherazade is one of that kind, and I am ashamed of myself for noting such a trifling coincidence as that which excited my suspicion.

— I say, — the Master continued, — that I had rather be in the company of those who believe more than I do, in spiritual matters at least, than of those who doubt what I accept as a part of my belief.

— To tell the truth, — said I, — I find that difficulty sometimes in talking with you. You have not quite so many hesitations as I have in following out your logical conclusions. I suppose you would bring some things out into daylight questioning that I had rather leave in the twilight of half-belief peopled with shadows — if they are only shadows — more sacred to me than many realities.

There is nothing I do not question, — said the Master ; — I not only begin with the precept of Descartes, but I hold all my opinions involving any chain of reasoning always open to revision.

— I confess that I smiled internally to hear him say that. The Old Master thinks he is open to conviction on all subjects ; but if you meddle with some of his notions and don't get tossed on his horns as if a bull had hold of you, I should call you lucky.

— You don't mean you doubt everything ? — I said.

— What do you think I question everything for, — the Master replied, — if I never get any answers ? You 've seen a blind man with a stick, feeling his way along ? Well, I am a blind man with a stick, and I find the

world pretty full of men just as blind as I am, but without any stick. I try the ground to find out whether it is firm or not before I rest my weight on it; but after it has borne my weight, that question at least is answered. It very certainly was strong enough once; the presumption is that it is strong enough now. Still the soil may have been undermined, or I may have grown heavier. Make as much of that as you will. I say I question everything; but if I find Bunker Hill Monument standing as straight as when I leaned against it a year or ten years ago, I am not very much afraid that Bunker Hill will cave in if I trust myself again on the soil of it.

I glanced off, as one often does in talk.

The Monument is an awful place to visit, — I said. — The waves of time are like the waves of the ocean; the only thing they beat against without destroying it is a rock; and they destroy that at last. But it takes a good while. There is a stone now standing in very good order that was as old as a monument of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne's day is now when Joseph went down into Egypt. Think of the shaft on Bunker Hill standing in the sunshine on the morning of January 1st in the year 5872!

It won't be standing, — the Master said. — We are poor bunglers compared to those old Egyptians. There are no joints in one of their obelisks. They are our masters in more ways than we know of, and in more ways than some of us are willing to know. That old Lawgiver was n't learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians for nothing. It scared people well a couple of hundred years ago when Sir John Marsham and Dr. John Spencer ventured to tell their stories about the sacred ceremonies of the Egyptian priesthood. People are beginning to find out now that you can't study any religion by itself to any good purpose. You must have comparative theology as you have comparative anatomy. What would you make of a cat's foolish little good-for-nothing collar-bone, if you did not know how the same bone means a good deal in other creatures, — in yourself, for instance, as you 'll find out if you break it? You can't know too much of your race and its beliefs, if you want to know anything about your Maker. I never found but one sect large enough to hold the whole of me.

— And may I ask what that was? — I said.

— The Human sect, — the Master answered. — That has about room enough for me, — at present, I mean to say.

— Including cannibals and all? — said I.

— O, as to that, the *eating* of one's kind is a matter of taste, but the *roasting* of them has been rather more a specialty of our own particular belief than of any other I am acquainted with. If you broil a saint, I don't see why, if you have a mind, you should n't serve him up at your —

Pop! went the little piece of artillery. Don't tell me it was accident. I know better. You can't suppose for one minute that a boy like that one would time his interruptions so cleverly. Now it so happened that at that particular moment *Dr. B. Franklin was not at the table.* You may draw your own conclusions. I say nothing, but I think a good deal.

— I came back to the Bunker Hill Monument. — I often think — I said — of the dynasty which is to reign in its shadow for some thousands of years, it may be.

The "Man of Letters," so called, asked me, in a tone I did not exactly like, whether I expected to live long enough to see a monarchy take the place of a republic in this country.

— No, — said I, — I was thinking of something very different. I was indulging a fancy of mine about the Man who is to sit at the foot of the monument for one or it may be two or three thousand years. As long as the monument stands and there is a city near it, there will always be a man to

take the names of visitors and extract some small tribute from their pockets, I suppose. I sometimes get thinking of the long, unbroken succession of these men, until they come to look like one Man; continuous in being, unchanging as the stone he watches, looking upon the successive generations of human beings as they come and go, and outliving all the dynasties of the world in all probability. It has come to such a pass that I never speak to the Man of the Monument without wanting to take my hat off and feeling as if I were looking down a vista of twenty or thirty centuries.

The "Man of Letters," so called, said, in a rather contemptuous way, I thought, that he had n't got so far as that. He was n't quite up to moral reflections on toll-men and ticket-takers. Sentiment was n't his tap.

He looked round triumphantly for a response: but the Capitalist was a little hard of hearing just then; the Register of Deeds was browsing on his food in the calm bovine abstraction of a quadruped, and paid no attention; the Salesman had bolted his breakfast, and whisked himself away with that peculiar alacrity which belongs to the retail-dealer's assistant; and the Member of the Haouse, who had sometimes seemed to be impressed with his "tahlented mahn's" air of superiority to the rest of us, looked as if he thought the speaker was not exactly parliamentary. So he failed to make his point, and reddened a little, and was not in the best humor, I thought, when he left the table. I hope he will not let off any of his irritation on our poor little Scheherazade; but the truth is, the first person one of this sort of man (if he is what I think him) meets, when he is out of humor, has to be made a victim of, and I only hope our Young Girl will not have to play Jephthah's daughter.

And that leads me to say, I cannot help thinking that the kind of criticism to which this Young Girl has been subjected from some person or other, who is willing to be smart at her expense, is hurtful and not wholesome. The question is a delicate one. So many foolish persons are rushing into print, that it requires a kind of literary police to hold them back and keep them in order. Where there are mice there must be cats, and where there are rats we may think it worth our while to keep a terrier, who will give them a shake and let them drop, with all the mischief taken out of them. But the process is a rude and cruel one at best, and it too often breeds a love of destructiveness for its own sake in those who get their living by it. A poor poem or essay does not do much harm, after all; nobody reads it who is like to be seriously hurt by it. But a sharp criticism with a drop of witty venom in it stings a young author almost to death, and makes an old one uncomfortable to no purpose. If it were my business to sit in judgment on my neighbors, I would try to be courteous at least to those who had done any good service, but, above all, I would handle tenderly those young authors who are coming before the public in the flutter of their first or early appearance, and are in the trembling delirium of stage-fright already. Before you write that brilliant notice of some alliterative Angelina's book of verses, I wish you would try this experiment.

Take half a sheet of paper and copy upon it any of Angelina's stanzas, — the ones you were going to make fun of, if you will. Now go to your window if it is a still day, open it, and let the half-sheet of paper drop on the outside. How gently it falls through the soft air, always tending downwards, but sliding softly, from side to side, wavering, hesitating, balancing, until it settles as noiselessly as a snow-flake upon the all-receiving bosom of the earth! Just such would have been the fate of poor Angelina's fluttering effort, if you had left it to itself. It would have slanted downward into oblivion so sweetly and softly that she would have never known when it reached that harmless consummation.

Our *epizoic* literature is becoming so extensive that nobody is safe from its *ad infinitum* progeny. A man writes a book of criticisms. A Quarterly Review criticises the critic. A Monthly Magazine takes up the critic's critic. A Weekly Journal criticises the critic of the critic's critic, and a Daily Paper favors us with some critical remarks on the performance of the writer in the Weekly, who has criticised the critical notice in the Monthly of the critical essay in the Quarterly on the critical work we started with. And thus we see that as each flea "has smaller fleas that on him prey," even the critic himself cannot escape the common lot of being bitten. Whether all this is a blessing or a curse, like that one which made Pharaoh and all his household run to their toilet-tables, is a question about which opinions might differ. The physiologists of the time of Moses — if there were vivisectors other than priests in those days — would probably have considered that other plague, of the frogs, as a fortunate opportunity for science, as this poor little beast has been the *souffre-douleur* of experimenters and school-boys from time immemorial.

But there is a form of criticism to which none will object. It is impossible to come before a public so alive with sensibilities as this we live in, with the smallest evidence of a sympathetic disposition, without making friends in a very unexpected way. Everywhere there are minds tossing on the unquiet waves of doubt. If you confess to the same perplexities and uncertainties that torture them, they are grateful for your companionship. If you have groped your way out of the wilderness in which you were once wandering with them, they will follow your footsteps, it may be, and bless you as their deliverer. So, all at once, a writer finds he has a parish of devout listeners, scattered, it is true, beyond the reach of any summons but that of a trumpet like the archangel's, to whom his slight discourse may be of more value than the exhortations they hear from the pulpit, if these last do not happen to suit their special needs. Young men with more ambition and intelligence than force of character, who have missed their first steps in life and are stumbling irresolute amidst vague aims and changing purposes, hold out their hands, imploring to be led into, or at least pointed towards, some path where they can find a firm foothold. Young women born into a chilling atmosphere of circumstance which keeps all the buds of their nature unopened and always striving to get to a ray of sunshine, if one finds its way to their neighborhood, tell their stories, sometimes simply and touchingly, sometimes in a more or less affected and rhetorical way, but still stories of defeated and disappointed instincts which ought to make any moderately impressible person feel very tenderly toward them.

In speaking privately to these young persons, many of whom have literary aspirations, one should be very considerate of their human feelings. But addressing them collectively a few plain truths will not give any one of them much pain. Indeed, almost every individual among them will feel sure that he or she is an exception to those generalities which apply so well to the rest.

If I were a literary Pope sending out an Encyclical, I would tell these inexperienced persons that nothing is so frequent as to mistake an ordinary human gift for a special and extraordinary endowment. The mechanism of breathing and that of swallowing are very wonderful, and if one had seen and studied them in his own person only, he might well think himself a prodigy. Everybody knows these and other bodily faculties are common gifts; but nobody except editors and schoolteachers and here and there a literary man knows how common is the capacity of rhyming and prattling in readable prose, especially among young women of a certain degree of education. In my character of Pontiff, I should tell these young persons that most of them labored under a delusion. It is very hard to believe it; one feels so full

of intelligence and so decidedly superior to one's dull relations and schoolmates; one writes so easily and the lines sound so prettily to one's self; there are such felicities of expression, just like those we hear quoted from the great poets; and besides one has been told by so many friends that all one had to do was to print and be famous! Delusion, my poor dear, delusion at least nineteen times out of twenty, yes, ninety-nine times in a hundred.

But as private father confessor, I always allow as much as I can for the one chance in the hundred. I try not to take away all hope, unless the case is clearly desperate, and then to do it by directing the activities into some other channel.

Using kind language, I can talk pretty freely. I have counselled more than one aspirant after literary fame to go back to his tailor's board or his lapstone. I have advised the *dilettanti*, whose foolish friends praised their verses or their stories, to give up all their deceptive dreams of making a name by their genius, and go to work in the study of a profession which asked only for the diligent use of average, ordinary talents. It is a very grave responsibility which these unknown correspondents throw upon their chosen counsellors. One whom you have never seen, who lives in a community of which you know nothing, sends you specimens more or less painfully voluminous of his writings, which he asks you to read over, think over, and pray over, and send back an answer informing him whether fame and fortune are awaiting him as the possessor of the wonderful gifts his writings manifest, and whether you advise him to leave all, — the shop he sweeps out every morning, the ledger he posts, the mortar in which he pounds, the bench at which he urges the reluctant plane, — and follow his genius whithersoever it may lead him. The next correspondent wants you to mark out a whole course of life for him, and the means of judgment he gives you are about as adequate as the brick which the simpleton of old carried round as an advertisement of the house he had to sell. My advice to all the young men that write to me depends somewhat on the handwriting and spelling. If these are of a certain character, and they have reached a mature age, I recommend some honest manual calling, such as they have very probably been bred to, and which will, at least, give them a chance of becoming President of the United States by and by, if that is any object to them. What would *you* have done with the young person who called on me a good many years ago, — so many that he has probably forgotten his literary effort, — and read as specimens of his literary workmanship lines like those which I will favor you with presently? He was an able-bodied, grown-up young person, whose ingenuousness interested me; and I am sure if I thought he would ever be pained to see his maiden effort in print, I would deny myself the pleasure of submitting it to the reader. The following is an exact transcript of the lines he showed me, and which I took down on the spot: —

> "Are you in the vein for cider?
> Are you in the tune for pork?
> Hist! for Betty 's cleared the larder
> And turned the pork to soap."

Do not judge too hastily this sincere effort of a maiden muse. Here was a sense of rhythm, and an effort in the direction of rhyme; here was an honest transcript of an occurrence of daily life, told with a certain idealizing expression, recognizing the existence of impulses, mysterious instincts impelling us even in the selection of our bodily sustenance. But I had to tell him that it wanted dignity of incident and grace of narrative, that there was no atmosphere to it, nothing of the light that never was and so forth. I did not say this in these very words, but I gave him to understand, without being too hard upon him, that he had better not desert his honest toil in pursuit of the poet's bays. This, it must be confessed, was a rather discouraging case. A young person like

this may *pierce*, as the Frenchmen say, by and by, but the chances are all the other way.

I advise aimless young men to choose some profession without needless delay, and so get into a good strong current of human affairs, and find themselves bound up in interests with a compact body of their fellow-men.

I advise young women who write to me for counsel, — perhaps I do not advise them at all, only sympathize a little with them, and listen to what they have to say (eight closely written pages on the average, which I always read from beginning to end, thinking of the widow's cruse and myself in the character of Elijah) and — and — come now, I don't believe Methuselah would tell you what he said in his letters to young ladies, written when he was in his nine hundredth and sixty-ninth year.

But, dear me! how much work all this private criticism involves! An editor has only to say "respectfully declined," and there is the end of it. But the confidential adviser is expected to give the reasons of his likes and dislikes in detail, and sometimes to enter into an argument for their support. *That* is more than any martyr can stand, but what trials he must go through, as it is! Great bundles of manuscripts, verse or prose, which the recipient is expected to read, perhaps to recommend to a publisher, at any rate to express a well-digested and agreeably flavored opinion about; which opinion, nine times out of ten, disguise it as we may, has to be a bitter draught; every form of egotism, conceit, false sentiment, hunger for notoriety, and eagerness for display of anserine plumage before the admiring public; — all these come in by mail or express, covered with postage-stamps of so much more cost than the value of the waste words they overlie, that one comes at last to groan and change color at the very sight of a package, and to dread the postman's knock as if it were that of the other visitor whose naked knuckles rap at every door.

Still there are experiences which go far towards repaying all these inflictions. My last young man's case looked desperate enough; some of his sails had blown from the rigging, some were backing in the wind, and some were flapping and shivering, but I told him which way to head, and to my surprise he promised to do just as I directed, and I do not doubt is under full sail at this moment.

What if I should tell my last, my very recent experience with the other sex? I received a paper containing the inner history of a young woman's life, the evolution of her consciousness from its earliest record of itself, written so thoughtfully, so sincerely, with so much firmness and yet so much delicacy, with such truth of detail and such grace in the manner of telling, that I finished the long manuscript almost at a sitting, with a pleasure rarely, almost never experienced in voluminous communications which one has to spell out of handwriting. This was from a correspondent who made my acquaintance by letter when she was little more than a child, some years ago. How easy at that early period to have silenced her by indifference, to have wounded her by a careless epithet, perhaps even to have crushed her as one puts his heel on a weed! A very little encouragement kept her from despondency, and brought back one of those overflows of gratitude which make one more ashamed of himself for being so overpaid, than he would be for having committed any of the lesser sins. But what pleased me most in the paper lately received was to see how far the writer had outgrown the need of any encouragement of mine; that she had strengthened out of her tremulous questionings into a self-reliance and self-poise which I had hardly dared to anticipate for her. Some of my readers who are also writers have very probably had more numerous experiences of this kind than I can lay claim to; self-revelations from unknown and sometimes nameless friends, who write from strange corners where the winds have wafted some stray

words of theirs which have lighted in the minds and reached the hearts of those to whom they were as the angel that stirred the pool of Bethesda. Perhaps this is the best reward authorship brings; it may not imply much talent or literary excellence, but it means that your way of thinking and feeling is just what some one of your fellow-creatures needed.

— I have been putting into shape, according to his request, some further passages from the young Astronomer's manuscript, some of which the reader will have a chance to read if he is so disposed. The conflict in the young man's mind between the desire for fame and the sense of its emptiness as compared with nobler aims has set me thinking about the subject from a somewhat humbler point of view. As I am in the habit of telling you, Beloved, many of my thoughts, as well as of repeating what was said at our table, you may read what follows as if it were addressed to you in the course of an ordinary conversation, where I claimed rather more than my share, as I am afraid I am a little in the habit of doing.

I suppose we all, those of us who write in verse or prose, have the habitual feeling that we should like to be remembered. It is to be awake when all of those who were round us have been long wrapped in slumber. It is a pleasant thought enough that the name by which we have been called shall be familiar on the lips of those who come after us, and the thoughts that wrought themselves out in our intelligence, the emotions that trembled through our frames, shall live themselves over again in the minds and hearts of others.

But is there not something of rest, of calm, in the thought of gently and gradually fading away out of human remembrance? What line have we written that was on a level with our conceptions? What page of ours that does not betray some weakness we would fain have left unrecorded? To become a classic and share the life of a language is to be ever open to criticisms, to comparisons, to the caprices of successive generations, to be called into court and stand a trial before a new jury, once or more than once in every century. To be forgotten is to sleep in peace with the undisturbed myriads, no longer subject to the chills and heats, the blasts, the sleet, the dust, which assail in endless succession that shadow of a man which we call his reputation. The line which dying we would wish to blot has been blotted out for us by a hand so tender, so patient, so used to its kindly task, that the page looks as fair as if it had never borne the record of our infirmity or our transgression. And then so few would be wholly content with their legacy of fame. You remember poor Monsieur Jacques's complaint of the favoritism shown to Monsieur Berthier, — it is in that exquisite "Week in a French Country-House." "Have you seen his room? Have you seen how large it is? Twice as large as mine! He has two jugs, a large one and a little one. I have only one small one. And a tea-service and a gilt Cupid on the top of his looking-glass." The famous survivor of himself has had his features preserved in a medallion, and the slice of his countenance seems clouded with the thought that it does not belong to a bust; the bust ought to look happy in its niche, but the statue opposite makes it feel as if it had been cheated out of half its personality, and the statue looks uneasy because another stands on a loftier pedestal. But "Ignotus" and "Miserrimus" are of the great majority in that vast assembly, that House of Commons whose members are all peers, where to be forgotten is the standing rule. The dignity of a silent memory is not to be undervalued. Fame is after all a kind of rude handling, and a name that is often on vulgar lips seems to borrow something not to be desired, as the paper money that passes from hand to hand gains somewhat which is a loss thereby. O sweet, tranquil refuge

of oblivion, so far as earth is concerned, for us poor blundering, stammering, misbehaving creatures who cannot turn over a leaf of our life's diary without feeling thankful that its failure can no longer stare us in the face! Not unwelcome shall be the baptism of dust which hides forever the name that was given in the baptism of water! We shall have good company whose names are left unspoken by posterity. "Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century."

I have my moods about such things, as the young Astronomer has, as we all have. There are times when the thought of becoming utterly nothing to the world we knew so well and loved so much is painful and oppressive; we gasp as if in a vacuum, missing the atmosphere of life we have so long been in the habit of breathing. Not the less are there moments when the aching need of repose comes over us and the *requiescat in pace*, heathen benediction as it is, sounds more sweetly in our ears than all the promises that Fame can hold out to us.

I wonder whether it ever occurred to you to reflect upon another horror there must be in leaving a name behind you. Think what a horrid piece of work the biographers make of a man's private history! Just imagine the subject of one of those extraordinary fictions called biographies coming back and reading the life of himself, written very probably by somebody or other who thought he could turn a penny by doing it, and have the pleasure of seeing

> "His little bark attendant sail,
> Pursue the triumph and partake the gale."

The ghost of the person condemned to walk the earth in a biography glides into a public library, and goes to the shelf where his mummied life lies in its paper cerements. I can see the pale shadow glancing through the pages and hear the comments that shape themselves in the bodiless intelligence as if they were made vocal by living lips.

"Born in *July*, 1776!" And my honored father killed at the battle of Bunker Hill! Atrocious libeller! to slander one's family at the start after such a fashion!

"The death of his parents left him in charge of his Aunt Nancy, whose tender care took the place of those parental attentions which should have guided and protected his infant years, and consoled him for the severity of another relative."

— Aunt *Nancy!* It was Aunt *Betsey*, you fool! Aunt Nancy used to — she has been dead these eighty years, so there is no use in mincing matters — she used to keep a bottle and a stick, and when she had been tasting a drop out of the bottle the stick used to come off of the shelf and I had to taste that. And here she is made a saint of, and poor Aunt Betsey, that did everything for me, is slandered by implication as a horrid tyrant!

"The subject of this commemorative history was remarkable for a precocious development of intelligence. An old nurse who saw him at the very earliest period of his existence is said to have spoken of him as one of the most promising infants she had seen in her long experience. At school he was equally remarkable, and at a tender age he received a paper adorned with a cut, inscribed REWARD OF MERIT."

— I don't doubt the nurse said that, — there were several promising children born about that time. As for *cuts*, I got more from the schoolmaster's rattan than in any other shape. Did n't one of 'em split a Gunter's scale into three pieces over the palm of my hand? And did n't I grin when I saw the pieces fly? No humbug, now, about my boyhood!

"His personal appearance was not singularly prepossessing. Inconspicuous in stature and unattractive in features — "

— You misbegotten son of an ourang and grandson of an ascidian (ghosts keep up with science, you observe), what business have you to be holding up my person to the contempt of my posterity? Have n't I been sleeping for this many a year in quiet, and don't the dandelions and buttercups look as yellow over me as over the best-looking neighbor I have in the dormitory? Why do you want to people the minds of everybody that reads your good-for-nothing libel which you call a "biography" with your impudent caricatures of a man who was a better-looking fellow than yourself, I 'll bet you ten to one, a man whom his Latin tutor called *formosus puer* when he was only a freshman? If that 's what it means to make a reputation, — to leave your character and your person, and the good name of your sainted relatives, and all you were, and all you had and thought and felt, so far as can be gathered by digging you out of your most private records, to be manipulated and bandied about and cheapened in the literary market as a chicken or a turkey or a goose is handled and bargained over at a provision stall, is n't it better to be content with the honest blue slate-stone and its inscription informing posterity that you were a worthy citizen and a respected father of a family?

— I should like to see any man's biography with corrections and emendations by his ghost. We don't know each other's secrets quite so well as we flatter ourselves we do. We don't always know our own secrets as well as we might. You have seen a tree with different grafts upon it, an apple or a pear tree we will say. In the late summer months the fruit on one bough will ripen; I remember just such a tree, and the early ripening fruit was the Jargonelle. By and by the fruit of another bough will begin to come into condition; the lovely Saint Michael, as I remember, grew on the same stock as the Jargonelle in the tree I am thinking of; and then, when these have all fallen or been gathered, another, we will say the Winter Nelis, has its turn, and so, out of the same juices have come in succession fruits of the most varied aspects and flavors. It is the same thing with ourselves, but it takes us a long while to find it out. The various inherited instincts ripen in succession. You may be nine tenths paternal at one period of your life, and nine tenths maternal at another. All at once the traits of some immediate ancestor may come to maturity unexpectedly on one of the branches of your character, just as your features at different periods of your life betray different resemblances to your nearer or more remote relatives.

But I want you to let me go back to the Bunker Hill Monument and the dynasty of twenty or thirty centuries whose successive representatives are to sit in the gate, like the Jewish monarchs, while the people shall come by hundreds and by thousands to visit the memorial shaft until the story of Bunker Hill is as old as that of Marathon.

Would not one like to attend twenty consecutive *soirées*, at each one of which the lion of the party should be the Man of the Monument, at the beginning of each century, all the way, we will say, from Anno Domini 2000 to Ann. Dom. 4000, — or, if you think the style of dating will be changed, say to Ann. Darwinii (we can keep A. D. you see) 1872? Will the Man be of the Indian type, as President Samuel Stanhope Smith and others have supposed the transplanted European will become by and by? Will he have shortened down to four feet and a little more, like the Esquimaux, or will he have been bred up to seven feet by the use of new chemical diets, ozonized and otherwise improved atmospheres, and animal fertilizers? Let us summon him in imagination and ask him a few questions.

Is n't it like splitting a toad out of a

rock to think of this man of nineteen or twenty centuries hence coming out from his stony dwelling-place and speaking with us? What are the questions we should ask him? He has but a few minutes to stay. Make out your own list; I will set down a few that come up to me as I write.

— What is the prevalent religious creed of civilization?

— Has the planet met with any accident of importance?

— How general is the republican form of government?

— Do men fly yet?

— Has the universal language come into use?

— Is there a new fuel since the English coal-mines have given out?

— Is the euthanasia a recognized branch of medical science?

— Is the oldest inhabitant still living?

— Is the Daily Advertiser still published?

— And the Evening Transcript?

— Is there much inquiry for the works of a writer of the nineteenth century (Old Style) by — the — name —— of — of —

My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I cannot imagine the putting of that question without feeling the tremors which shake a wooer as he falters out the words that make him happy or wretched.

Whose works was I going to question him about, do you ask me?

O, the writings of a friend of mine, much esteemed by his relatives and others. But it's of no consequence, after all; I think he says he does not care much for posthumous reputation.

I find something of the same interest in thinking about one of the boarders at our table that I find in my waking dreams concerning the Man of the Monument. This personage is the Register of Deeds. He is an unemotional character, living in his business almost as exclusively as the Scarabee, but without any of that eagerness and enthusiasm which belongs to our scientific specialist. His work is largely, principally, I may say, mechanical. He has developed, however, a certain amount of taste for the antiquities of his department, and once in a while brings out some curious result of his investigations into ancient documents. He too belongs to a dynasty which will last as long as there is such a thing as property in land and dwellings. When that is done away with, and we return to the state of villanage, holding our tenement-houses, all to be of the same pattern, of the State, — that is to say, of the Tammany Ring which is to take the place of the feudal lord, — the office of Register of Deeds will, I presume, become useless, and the dynasty will be deposed.

As we grow older we think more and more of old persons and of old things and places. As to old persons, it seemed as if we never knew how much they had to tell until we are old ourselves and they have been gone twenty or thirty years. Once in a while we come upon some survivor of his or her generation that we have overlooked, and feel as if we had recovered one of the lost books of Livy or fished up the golden candlestick from the ooze of the Tiber. So it was the other day after my reminiscences of the old gambrel-roofed house and its visitors. They found an echo in the recollections of one of the brightest and liveliest of my suburban friends, whose memory is exact about everything except her own age, which, there can be no doubt, she makes out a score or two of years more than it really is. Still she was old enough to touch some lights — and a shadow or two — into the portraits I had drawn, which made me wish that she and not I had been the artist who sketched the pictures. Among the lesser regrets that mingle with graver sorrows for the friends of an earlier generation we have lost, are our omissions to ask them so many questions they could have answered so easily, and would have been so pleased to be asked. There! I say to myself sometimes, in an absent mood, I must ask

her about that. But she of whom I am now thinking has long been beyond the reach of any earthly questioning, and I sigh to think how easily I could have learned some fact which I should have been happy to have transmitted with pious care to those who are to come after me. How many times I have heard her quote the line about blessings brightening as they take their flight, and how true it proves in many little ways that one never thinks of until it is too late!

The Register of Deeds is not himself advanced in years. But he borrows an air of antiquity from the ancient records which are stored in his sepulchral archives. I love to go to his ossuary of dead transactions, as I would visit the catacombs of Rome or Paris. It is like wandering up the Nile to stray among the shelves of his monumental folios. Here stands a series of volumes, extending over a considerable number of years, all which volumes are in his handwriting. But as you go backward there is a break, and you come upon the writing of another person, who was getting old apparently, for it is beginning to be a little shaky, and then you know that you have gone back as far as the last days of his predecessor. Thirty or forty years more carry you to the time when this incumbent began the duties of his office; his hand was steady then; and the next volume beyond it in date betrays the work of a still different writer. All this interests me, but I do not see how it is going to interest my reader. I do not feel very happy about the Register of Deeds. What can I do with him? Of what use is he going to be in my record of what I have seen and heard at the breakfast-table? The fact of his being one of the boarders was not so important that I was obliged to speak of him, and I might just as well have drawn on my imagination and not allowed this dummy to take up the room which another guest might have profitably filled at our breakfast-table.

I suppose he will prove a superfluity, but I have got him on my hands, and I mean that he shall be as little in the way as possible. One always comes across people in actual life who have no particular business to be where we find them, and whose right to be at all is somewhat questionable.

I am not going to get rid of the Register of Deeds by putting him out of the way; but I confess I do not see what service he is going to be of to me in my record. I have often found, however, that the Disposer of men and things understands much better than we do how to place his pawns and other pieces on the chess-board of life. A fish more or less in the ocean does not seem to amount to much. It is not extravagant to say that any one fish may be considered a supernumerary. But when Captain Coram's ship sprung a leak and the carpenter could not stop it, and the passengers had made up their minds that it was all over with them, all at once, without any apparent reason, the pumps began gaining on the leak, and the sinking ship to lift herself out of the abyss which was swallowing her up. And what do you think it was that saved the ship, and Captain Coram, and so in due time gave to London that Foundling Hospital which he endowed, and under the floor of which he lies buried? Why, it was that very supernumerary fish, which we held of so little account, but which had wedged itself into the rent of the yawning planks, and served to keep out the water until the leak was finally stopped.

I am very sure it was Captain Coram, but I almost hope it was somebody else, in order to give some poor fellow who is lying in wait for the periodicals a chance to correct me. That will make him happy for a month, and besides, he will not want to pick a quarrel about anything else if he has that splendid triumph. You remember Alcibiades and his dog's tail.

Here you have the extracts I spoke of from the manuscript placed in my hands for revision and emendation. I can understand these alternations of

feeling in a young person who has been long absorbed in a single pursuit, and in whom the human instincts which have been long silent are now beginning to find expression. I know well what he wants; a great deal better, I think, than he knows himself.

WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

II.

Brief glimpses of the bright celestial spheres,
False lights, false shadows, vague, uncertain gleams,
Pale vaporous mists, wan streaks of lurid flame,
The climbing of the upward-sailing cloud,
The sinking of the downward-falling star, —
All these are pictures of the changing moods
Borne through the midnight stillness of my soul.

Here am I, bound upon this pillared rock,
Prey to the vulture of a vast desire
That feeds upon my life. I burst my bands
And steal a moment's freedom from the beak,
The clinging talons and the shadowing plumes;
Then comes the false enchantress, with her song:
"Thou wouldst not lay thy forehead in the dust
Like the base herd that feeds and breeds and dies!
Lo, the fair garlands that I weave for thee,
Unchanging as the belt Orion wears,
Bright as the jewels of the seven-starred Crown,
The spangled stream of Berenice's hair!"
And so she twines the fetters with the flowers
Around my yielding limbs, and the fierce bird
Stoops to his quarry, — then to feed his rage
Of ravening hunger I must drain my blood
And let the dew-drenched, poison-breeding night
Steal all the freshness from my fading cheek,
And leave its shadows round my caverned eyes.
All for a line in some unheeded scroll;
All for a stone that tells to gaping clowns,
"Here lies a restless wretch beneath a clod
Where squats the jealous nightmare men call Fame!"

I marvel not at him who scorns his kind
And thinks not sadly of the time foretold
When the old hulk we tread shall be a wreck,
A slag, a cinder drifting through the sky
Without its crew of fools! We live too long
And even so are not content to die,
But load the mould that covers up our bones
With stones that stand like beggars by the road
And show death's grievous wound and ask for tears;
Write our great books to teach men who we are,
Sing our fine songs that tell in artful phrase
The secrets of our lives, and plead and pray
For alms of memory with the after time,
Those few swift seasons while the earth shall wear
Its leafy summers, ere its core grows cold
And the moist life of all that breathes shall die;
Or as the new-born seer, perchance more wise,
Would have us deem, before its growing mass,
Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor-balls,
Heats like a hammered anvil, till at last
Man and his works and all that stirred itself
Of its own motion, in the fiery glow
Turns to a flaming vapor, and our orb
Shines a new sun for earths that shall be born.

I am as old as Egypt to myself,
Brother to them that squared the pyramids
By the same stars I watch. I read the page
Where every letter is a glittering world,
With them who looked from Shinar's clay-built towers,
Ere yet the wanderer of the Midland sea
Had missed the fallen sister of the seven.
I dwell in spaces vague, remote, unknown,
Save to the silent few, who, leaving earth,
Quit all communion with their living time.
I lose myself in that ethereal void,
Till I have tired my wings and long to fill
My breast with denser air, to stand, to walk
With eyes not raised above my fellow-men.
Sick of my unwalled, solitary realm,
I ask to change the myriad lifeless worlds
I visit as mine own for one poor patch
Of this dull spheroid and a little breath
To shape in word or deed to serve my kind.

Was ever giant's dungeon dug so deep,
Was ever tyrant's fetter forged so strong,
Was e'er such deadly poison in the draught
The false wife mingles for the trusting fool,
As he whose willing victim is himself,
Digs, forges, mingles, for his captive soul?

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SIMPLES AND SIMPLERS.

WHEN chemistry had become elevated to an equal rank with the other exact sciences, physicians, who in the days of alchemy and astrology had dealt almost exclusively in simples, discarded from their practice the greater part of the herbs of the old pharmacopœias, and used in the place of them the more certain and efficacious preparations of the laboratory. The metals, in the various forms of oxides, carbonates, chlorides, sulphurets, and other chemical compositions, were proved to be more decided and commensurable in their action upon the human system than roots and herbs. Chemistry took the place of botany to a great extent in the healing art, and caused a gradual separation of the practice from the dispensation of medicine. The apothecary assumed the department of preparing and compounding the drugs used by the physician; and as the medical faculty dropped the general use of simples, the dispensation of them naturally fell into the hands of certain individuals of the female sex. They became the conservators of ancient medical notions which science had rejected, and gradually introduced a sort of domestic practice which is not yet entirely discontinued.

They were indeed the traditional followers of the practice of the early physicians, when they were simplers and astrologers, and administered to the wants of those people who believed the herbs of the field to be the only safe remedies for disease. Their botanical knowledge was confined to the mere identification of plants, and to certain ancient classifications of medical herbs made on a somewhat arbitrary principle, and dictated by a love of formal arrangement that distinguished the learned of the Middle Ages. They knew the "Four Great Carminative Hot Seeds, and the Four Lesser Hot Seeds; the Four Cold Seeds, and the Four Lesser Cold Seeds; the Five Opening Roots, and the Five Lesser Opening Roots; the Five Emollient Herbs; the Five Capillary Herbs; the Four Sudorific Woods; the Four Cordial Flowers; the Four Carminative Flowers, and the Four Resolvent Meals." Here was a botanical arrangement of plants precisely like that of the Five Orders of Architecture. Though extremely artificial, it was founded on the real or supposed properties of the plants included in it. Its formality suited the taste and assisted the memory of the simplers. They could understand it, and they were proud of their knowledge, because they derived from it an important consideration in their own village.

There was no danger in trusting one's health to the judgment and mercy of these honest women. They were not guilty, like our modern inventors of patent medicines, of furnishing a powerful drug disguised in a decoction of some popular herb. Their teas, syrups, and fomentations; their lotions, quilts, diet drinks, and electuaries were made from the herbs which were specified among their ingredients, and were safe even when injudiciously applied. They dealt in no dangerous remedies; some were only cordial beverages, some were mild emetics, tonics, and refrigerants, and very many of them were entirely inert, but like an amulet soothing to the mind. In the days of our grandmothers, almost every garden contained the herbs of their simple dispensatory; and every neighborhood was graced by a goodly number of housewives who were versed in all details in the administration of them. In these old gardens were mints of every sort, basil, rosemary, fennel, tansy, spikenard, blessed thistle, and saffron. No garden was considered properly furnished if it were wanting in any of the herbs that might be required by the sick of the

neighborhood. Flowers cultivated for their beauty were also the occupants of these gardens; roses, in particular, which were as needful in their dispensation as the chief of the cordial herbs.

The mints were held in great esteem by these charitable dames. They paid special attention to spearmint, — regarded as the mint of mints, — the smell of which was believed to "corroborate the brain and increase and preserve the memory," and it was venerated like one of the holy herbs. Hardly less value was affixed to the basil, once considered a "royal plant," on account of its excellent properties. It is remarkable that in the time of the ancient Romans, the basil was believed to possess the power of breeding serpents. Hence when they sowed the seeds of this plant they bestowed curses upon it, that it might be dispossessed of its nefarious properties by their maledictions. This notion did not descend to the English people. By them and by our simplers it was cherished for its sweet smell, which was "good for the heart and the head"; also for its "seed that cureth the infirmities of the heart, and taketh away sorrowfulness which cometh of melancholy, and maketh a man merry and glad." The sweet-marjoram, which still retains its popularity as a savory herb, was famous in these old gardens, and then known as the celebrated "Dittany of Crete." At present it is not used as a medicine in any form; but the simplers believed it to be efficacious in restoring the sense of smell when it was lost, and it was noted for its vulnerary powers.

Many of the herbs of their dispensatory were formerly dedicated to the Virgin or to some worshipful saint, and were considered holy. Probably in some cases their supposed medical virtues were deduced from their sanctity; in other cases their real virtues may have caused them to be religiously consecrated. It does not appear that sectarian prejudice caused any distrust, in their Protestant minds, of the merits of a plant which had derived its sanctity from Roman-Catholic usages. Among the early Romans plants were supposed to derive their virtues from some rural deity to whom they were dedicated; and the curative powers of mineral waters were attributed to the nymph who presided over the spring; and those who drank at the fountain worshipped the beautiful goddess from whose divine qualities its virtues emanated. When the heathen world was converted to the religion of Christ, these superstitions changed their character, but were not cast aside. Holy wells and fountains still retained the veneration of men; but their virtues were ascribed to saints, and not to water-nymphs.

A savor of romance still adheres to many of the holy plants, derived from the incidents that led to their consecration. The costmary, an Italian plant not uncommon in our gardens, having a very agreeable aromatic odor and some peculiar balsamic properties, was, on account of the purity of its fragrance, dedicated to the Virgin. In its sensible qualities it unites the balm and the tansy. The blessed thistle, another of the holy herbs, is one of those plants that may be compared to certain good people whose virtues are all of a passive sort, and who are chiefly remarkable for the odor of sanctity that distinguishes them. Some other herbs have won their reputation from their supposed identity with certain plants mentioned in Scripture. There are likewise holy shrubs, as the waybread and the wayfaring-tree, — names highly suggestive and romantic. Others, like the witch-elm and the witch-hazel, are associated with divination and magic. In Great Britain, where the habits of the people are still under traditional influences in a much greater degree than those of the same classes in this country, a profound respect is still paid to the holy herbs; and bands of simplers — believers in the panaceas of the field and garden — still continue their avocation and are in popular repute in many old English towns.

During the infancy of modern sci-

ence, when theology was mingled with all the exercises of the mind, and when it was believed that everything was created for man's especial use, all plants were supposed, as a doctrine of religious faith, to contain some qualities, discovered or undiscovered, which were intended by Providence for the sustenance, protection, and clothing of man, or for the cure of his diseases. The flowerless plants, now known to be without any curative properties, were then extensively used in medicine, from the pious supposition that, as they are useless for food or for employment in the practical arts, they must be intended by Divine Providence for medicines. In that romantic era, pillows were filled with the substance of a kind of moss which was supposed to be useful for procuring sleep. The family of mosses from which this substance was obtained, in accordance with the use made of it, received from the early botanists the name of *hypnum*, from a Greek word that signifies "sleep." This was afterwards combined with other products, such as poppy leaves, wormwood, the petals of the peony, and the flowers of hops, and used for similar purposes in the form of quilts. These substances were placed between two pieces of cotton or linen, and quilted into a cap to be worn on the head for the headache. They were made also in other forms, to be laid upon any part affected with inflammation or nervous pains. Dr. Fuller, in his "One Thousand Receipts," gives directions for preparing more than a dozen different quilts for the cure of certain local diseases.

The doctrine of signatures, believed by the whole Christian world in the Middle Ages, was a theory of religious philosophy, and shows the intimate connection existing in that era between theology and medicine. According to this theory every natural substance that possesses any curative power indicates by its external appearance the disease for which it is a remedy. The partisans of this doctrine affirmed that, since man is the lord of creation, all creatures are designed for his use; and that therefore their properties must be designated by such a character as every one can understand. Hence turmeric, or Indian saffron, which has a brilliant yellow color, indicates thereby its power of curing the jaundice. By the same rule poppies were believed to be a cure for diseases of the head, because both their seeds and flowers form a head. A beautiful flower called *euphrasia*, or eye-bright, resembling a dandelion with a dark, velvety centre, was used for diseases of the eye, because this dark round centre bears a likeness to the pupil of the eye. In this doctrine we find an anticipation of the homœopathic theory of "like cures like." Nettle-tea in England still continues to be a popular remedy for nettle-rash. When the son of Edward I. was attacked with the small-pox, he was, by order of his (homœopathic) physicians, wrapped in scarlet cloth, and his attendants were clothed in the same manner, from an idea that a scarlet-colored disease would yield to scarlet remedies. The historians of the day affirm that he recovered without so much as a mark left upon him, owing to this extraordinary remedy.

The flowers of saffron, of a bright scarlet color, which are administered in the form of tea for scarlet-fever and other eruptive diseases, derived all their reputation from the homœopathic doctrine of signatures, expressed in the words *similia similibus curantur*. Hence likewise the celebrated botanical cure of hot-drops administered in fevers, on the supposition that a hot disease requires a hot remedy; and the ancient notion that the hair of a mad dog will cure the disease caused by his bite. These analogies have been indefinitely extended. The common plantains — herbaceous plants very frequent in fallow lands — have always been credited with the power of curing the bites of serpents. Who would suppose that there is not the least foundation for this belief, except

that the seeds of the plantain are borne on the extremity of a long stem, so as to resemble the rattles of a rattlesnake? The bloodroot is another of the signature plants. Its clusters of delicate white flowers appear in April in damp shady places. It avoids the deep woods and seeks the protection of clumps of trees near a brookside, where the soil is deep, and the situation defended by a natural wall or embankment. Its tuberous root is full of red sap resembling blood. Hence it was considered the natural remedy for all blood diseases. It is seldom used in modern legitimate practice, and then used only as an emetic. The liverwort (*Hepatica triloba*), a beautiful early flowering anemone, not uncommon in our woods, was used as a cure for liver complaints, from the resemblance of its leaf, which is lobed, to the folds of the liver, and of its mottled hues of green and purple to the outward colors of the liver. This plant is still in use by our modern simplers.

In the use of the five capillary herbs we trace the influence of the doctrine of signatures. All these herbs were ferns: the hartstongue, black, white, and golden maidenhair, and spleenwort. These plants, when they first appear above the ground, are covered with hairy down. This appearance caused them to be credited with efficacy in improving the growth of the hair, hence named capillary herbs. There are three distinct species of maidenhair in this catalogue, the black, white, and golden, representing the colors of the human hair in childhood, manhood, and old age. The stems of these beautiful ferns are also nearly as slender as hairs; another signification of their proper medical use, according to this religious doctrine of the Middle Ages.

The fern called *Lunaria*, or moonwort, was held in great estimation, from a peculiar cresent shape of the *pinnæ* of its fronds, as a cure for lunacy and all diseases of a periodical character, especially for intermittent fevers. This crescent shape won it some astrological repute; and in order to preserve its virtues, it was to be gathered with a sacred observance of days. The moonwort was collected at the time of the full moon, and by the light of it, or its powers would be of no avail. Astrology was intimately blended with the practice of medicine in the Middle Ages, no less than theology, and many an herb was supposed to derive its healing powers from some tutelary planet. The most of the herbs in use by the ancient simplers were mere cordials. There were others of an entirely inert character that became famous from certain marvellous powers attributed to them by astrology. One of the most remarkable of these was the blue vervain, a conspicuous plant in fallow grounds and by-ways, flowering in August. So great was the reputation of this plant as a cure, that it bore the name of "simpler's joy," though now excluded as worthless from all standard pharmacopœias. The vervain was tied with a yard of satin ribbon around the neck, where it was to remain until the patient was cured. It was to be gathered at the rising of the dog-star, when neither the sun nor the moon shone, and with the left hand only. When thus collected it would vanquish fevers and other distempers, was an antidote to the bite of serpents, and a charm to conciliate friends after estrangement.

The healing virtues of many other herbs were ascribed to the planet under whose ascendency they were to be collected, and not to any intrinsic properties belonging to them. It was this belief in planetary influences that gave rise to the custom, among physicians, of prefixing to their recipes a symbol of the planet under whose light the ingredients were to be collected. A mistake in attending to the planetary hour would render these substances entirely inert. This fact may account for the vast number of inert remedies which have been popular in all ages. There was hardly a plant in medicinal use that was not believed to be under the auspices of some planet, and which

must be gathered in strict accordance with the prescriptions of medical astrology.

While astrology brought a great number of plants into medical use, there were others which were introduced into practice by witchcraft. The enchanter's nightshade was famous for its magical virtues, and was named circæa, from Circe, a goddess who used it in her incantations. This plant inhabits our woods, bearing its pale reddish flowers in terminal racemes. It probably gained its first reputation in magic from its *habitats* in Great Britain among ruinous vaults in old cemeteries, and was called nightshade from its preference of shaded places to the open fields.

In medical history nothing is more remarkable than the pertinacity with which mankind, through hundreds of ages, will cling to a supposed remedy, after it has been repeatedly tried and condemned as worthless by physicians. Men hug their medical notions in as close an embrace as the doctrines of their religious faith, and exercise their reason in regard to the one no more than in regard to the other. Indeed, the ancient union of prophet and physician in one profession caused medicine and religion to be intimately associated in the minds of the people. Hence the sanctity of an herb, caused by its consecration in certain religious ceremonies, was often considered better proof of its efficacy in the cure of diseases than any practical experience of its virtues. The remedial reputation of precious stones had a religious origin. They were supposed, on account of their purity and splendor, to be the residence of good spirits, and consequently useful as amulets to expel disease. These follies of human reason have not been wholly confined to the ignorant. The celebrated John Wesley, being worn down by excessive apostolic labors, visits the country, and after a few months' rustication is greatly relieved. He records this fact in his journal as the triumph of "sulphur and supplication" over his infirmities, and attributes his cure to daily prayers and a plaster of egg and brimstone, rather than to Dr. Fothergill's prescription of "country air, rest, milk diet, and horse exercise."

I am a believer in medicines and in medical science; and though quackery is a fated appendage of the healing art, as swindling and counterfeiting are the inevitable accompaniments of trade, and though it continues to cause great destruction of life, the loss of life would be still greater if medicines were entirely unknown and unemployed. But, as if intended as a safeguard to the dangerous arts of quacks, Providence has benevolently supplied the fields with thousands of innocuous herbs, and mercifully endowed mankind with faith in their remedial power, that they may amuse themselves, when sick, with harmless decoctions containing the semblance of physic in the guise of a cordial beverage. Many an honest person who was too ignorant to believe in medicine as a science — considering it but a supernatural gift bestowed exclusively upon the uneducated — has been saved from the malpractice of some charlatan by his faith in whiteweed and marigold, or in some equally harmless herb gathered at the rising of Sirius or under the waning light of the moon.

But there was no charlatanry among these charitable dames who brought balm to the sick, and dispensed their healing gifts without price. Some jealousy would occasionally arise between them and the learned faculty, from their interference in each other's jurisdiction; but they were seldom placed in direct antagonism. The balm, the mint, and the sage, brought to the patient by the considerate nurse, were often favorable accompaniments to the medicines presented by the physician. The simplers made the study of plants more of a utilitarian exercise than our present students, who admire flowers as beautiful objects, and study them as connected with taste and poetry. The modern student learns their technical characters, and examines their different

parts as aids to the understanding of science. He pays but little regard to their medical virtues, which, in most cases, are but a part of the romance of their history. The experiments made and repeated, for the purpose of ascertaining the virtues of plants, thousands of times during several centuries, have enlightened the physician concerning their qualities, which are now very well understood. The simplers, however, supposed almost every plant to possess some quality designed for the sanitary welfare of the human race. Some old legend was associated with one, and some holy tradition with another, each pointing to the medical and magical virtues attributed to the plant and to certain benefits to be derived from it.

The herbalists among the early emigrants of Great Britain must have been greatly bewildered, when they went out into our American forest to seek the wild plants of their own native isle, and occasional unhappy accidents arose from false identification. When they discovered a plant that resembled any well-known English herb, they speedily declared the identity of the two, founding their judgment chiefly on the sensible qualities of the plants. It was by experiments of this class of botanists that the virtues of many of our indigenous herbs were determined. Not a few of our plants, however, owe their medical reputation to Indian traditions.

Among the recollections of my early life is that of the annual appearance of the herb-women, — vestiges of the ancient class of simplers, — who earned a livelihood, in part, by gathering and carrying to market herbs, roots, and flowers, to be used chiefly in the preparation of "diet-drink," a kind of small beer, of which the bitter and aromatic herbs were the principal ingredients. In these packages were strips of white-pine bark, which in its dried state gives out the flavor of nutmegs, — slightly bitter and fragrant. The pitch-pine was also plundered of its recent shoots, before they were hardened into wood, and tied up with sweet-fern, the spicy leaves of the bayberry, and the root of sassafras. The umbelled pyrola, or rheumatism-weed, a plant that bears several whorls of bright evergreen leaves, surmounted with an umbel of beautiful nodding flowers of purple and white, also the yarrow and the roots of the yellow dock, were favorite ingredients, combined with the aromatic leaves of the checkerberry and St. John's wort. These careful dames, in the latter part of summer, employed themselves in collecting cordial herbs for winter's needs.

The herbs formerly gathered by the simplers are now cultivated in gardens devoted to this special purpose, belonging chiefly to the Shakers. All the romance attending the occupation is destroyed by this change. The herbs are now pressed into cakes and sold in the apothecary's shop.

I have never opened a package in which the slender, cordlike roots of the *Aralia nudicaulis* were wanting. The roots of the aralia closely resemble those of the true sarsaparilla, not only in their cordlike shape, but in their entire want of any medical virtue. It is remarkable that this entirely inert and tasteless root should be the only ingredient that is never omitted, and proves that any plant in use among popular remedies maintains its repute in proportion as it is destitute of medical properties of any kind. The same habits prevail among the semicivilized nations. The ginseng, for example, which is as inert as so much white paper, is regarded in China as a medicine that will cure all diseases. Tons of the roots of this plant are annually imported into that country. The ginseng is the popular panacea among the Celestials, and is held by them in the same estimation as sarsaparilla by the Americans. People will sometimes take efficacious remedies, when prescribed by their physicians; but no substance is mentioned in history which has acquired and maintained general popularity for any number of years, if it possessed any medical virtue at all. All curative drugs are unsafe, and if combined in a popular

nostrum, soon excite mistrust, on account of accidents that happen from its maladministration. Many a patient, however, has been cured by mercury disguised by his physician in a preparation of sarsaparilla, without suspecting the cause of his cure.

A love of the marvellous also increases the popular faith in inert remedies. This innate propensity of the human mind formerly obtained gratification in mythological and magical superstitions. At present it finds more delight in mere abstractions that take no definite shape. In the early ages the supposed marvellous effects of nihility were attributed to some planet, deity, or saint. Now they are equally credited, but referred abstractly to some hidden and mysterious power of nature. All the laws of nature are inexplicable; but nothing satisfies the general craving for the wonderful, unless it be impossible. It is not considered marvellous that a few grains of a poisonous substance should cause death, or that a smaller quantity of it should cure disease; but if it should be affirmed that an infinitesimal quantity of the juice of a plant, whose juices can be swallowed by the pint without any effects upon the system, will cure disease, the assertion gratifies the popular appetite for the marvellous, and is believed.

It must be confessed that these old superstitions have spread the charm of romance over a great part of the vegetable kingdom. From these poetic illusions originated the ancient floral games and the use of plants in the ceremonies of religion, which is the great fountain of pure romance. The supernatural dangers that seemed to attend botanizing excursions of old enveloped all the wood in the charm of mystery. The mandrake was a plant whose destruction would be a forewarning of death to the person who should injure it. But as the mandrake was believed to possess some excellent properties for purifying the blood, which were indicated by its red sap, it was very desirable to be obtained as a medicine. An expedient was therefore adopted by the people to obtain possession of the plant, without implicating themselves. Its roots were fastened by a cord to some animal, usually a dog, who was compelled by whipping to pull them up from the earth. The dog was afterwards supposed to die, as a punishment for his involuntary act.

In these days we admire the peony as a splendid flower, and cultivate it in our gardens for its beauty. But the ancients imputed supernatural virtues to its roots; and as no medical property could be discovered in them, they were naturally supposed to be intended for a charm. Dr. Darwin writes, that even in his time bits of the dried roots of the peony were rubbed smooth and tied round the necks of children, to hasten the growth of their teeth. They were sold at the shops under the name of "anodyne necklaces." An ancient physician highly commends this necklace of the peony root for the cure of epilepsy.

In the days of the Pythian oracles, when the priestess who delivered them was made drunk with an infusion of laurel-leaves before she prophesied, the sacred regard for the laurel in the popular mind must have equalled the reverence of the modern devotee for the shrine of the Virgin. The use of this decoction in the temple of Apollo, who was the god of music, poetry, and the arts, probably gave the laurel-tree its reputation as a crown for men of genius, and still later as a general crown of honor. The laurel, which is a dangerous narcotic, was never much employed as a medical remedy; and when it ceased to be used in the temples for purposes of divination, it was adopted as an evergreen for the brows of poets and heroes. But the age of romance has departed with the age of mythology, and the reverence that now attaches to these ancient superstitions is but the lingering twilight of a beauty that has passed away forever.

Wilson Flagg.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

WE believe that the principal American poem of the past month is Mr. Taylor's "Masque of the Gods," which, if not perfectly satisfactory to the average church-goer, seems fairly expressive of the hope-in-doubt animating very many earnest thinkers, or dreamers, about the Divine. The Sea, the Mountains, Rivers, Trees, Serpents, Wolves, Caverns, Rocks, homes and parents of eldest superstition, lament their vanished empire over the fear and imagination of man; and the great gods of all the old pagan world reason together of what they are and have been, with a misgiving (very comfortable to humanity similarly perplexed) as to their own origin, and an avowed sense of somewhat yet more supernal. They wonder if man, who has adored, did not also make them, in his dim effort towards the highest, and from time to time A Voice from Space breaks in upon their discourse, recognizing the use and truth in each of them, while man as chorus comments upon all. Last, after Odin, Baal, Perun, and Manito, whom God permitted; Jove, who was his mighty servant; Ormuzd, the good that came from him; Ahriman, the evil he suffered; Apollo, the beauty he bids live, — last appears Immanuel, and him the Voice owns for Son, and Man cries: —

"We hearken to the words
We cannot understand. If we look up
Beyond the shining form wherein Thy Love
Made holiest revelation, we must shade
Our eyes beneath the broadening wing of Doubt,
To save us from Thy splendor. All we learn
From delving in the marrow of the Earth,
From scattering thought among the timeless stars,
From slow-deciphered hieroglyphs of power
In chemic forces, planetary paths,
Or primal cells whence all Thy worlds are born,
But lifts Thee higher, seats Thee more august,
Till Thou art grown so vast and wonderful,
We dare not name Thee, scarce dare pray to Thee.
Yet what Thou art Thyself hast taught us: Thou
Didst plant the ladders which we seek to climb,
Didst satisfy the heart, yet leave the brain
To work its own new miracles, and read
Thy thoughts, and stretch its agonizing hands
To grasp Thee. Chide us not: be patient: we
Are children still, we were mistaken oft,
Yet we believe that in some riper time
Thy perfect Truth shall come.

A VOICE FROM SPACE.

Wait! Ye shall know."

The design of the poem is vast, and something less fulfilling than Mr. Taylor's effort might very well have been forgiven. There are many noble and beautiful lines, and a deep sense of the majesty of the theme. If we shrink a little from the classification of Christianity with the other religions, even as the first of them, — and we confess we do not like it, — we must recognize nevertheless a devout and reverent spirit throughout the poem. The accents of the gods are difficult; perhaps Mr. Taylor does not always interpret them aright; but — which is also important — he has not erred in writing such passage as this for poetry: —

"APOLLO.

I come, your shepherd of the sunny hills
In Thessaly, who from the reedy pipe
Allured the hidden sweetness of your breath,
And made a music of your empty lives.
I taught ye beauty, harmony, and grace;
I lifted and ennobled ye; I clothed
Your limbs with glory and your brows with song.
Nature, the hard, unfriendly mother, gave
Her sweetest milk to nourish ye anew,
And all her forms, as lovers or as friends,
Moved in your life, and led your shining march
Of ages, as a triumph! Still I walk,
Though unacknowledged, filling hungry ears
With purer sound, and brightening weary eyes
With visions of the beauty that may be.
For Beauty is the order of the Gods,
The ether breathed alone by souls uplift
In aspiration, and the crown of all,
Save whom dumb darkness and the bestial life
Tread out of being. Reaching her, ye live."

* *The Masque of the Gods.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Beauty and the Beast: and Tales of Home. By BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1872.

Out-of-Door Rhymes. By ELIZA SPROAT TURNER. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

June on the Miami, and other Poems. By W. H. VENABLE. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 1872.

Imogen, and other Poems. Boston: B. B. Russell.

Black Robes; or, Sketches of Missions and Ministers in the Wilderness and on the Border. By ROBERT P. NEVIN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

The Life of John J. Crittenden. By MRS. CHAPMAN COLEMAN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

Roughing It. By MARK TWAIN. (SAMUEL T. CLEMENS.) Fully illustrated by eminent artists. [Published by Subscription.] Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Company. 1872.

Yet though there is poetry and thought and a fine music in the "Masque of the Gods," we are not sure after all that we have not had greater pleasure in renewing our acquaintance with some of the stories which Mr. Taylor has lately collected in a volume. Our readers will remember that vivid Russian tale of "Beauty and the Beast," and those Pennsylvanian romances, "The Strange Friend," "Jacob Flint's Journey," "Twin Love," and "Friend Eli's Daughter." Here are also "Can a Life hide Itself?" "Mrs. Strongitharm's Report," a burlesque of woman's-rights affairs, for which we do not care; and a well-enough-done mockery of sentimental vegetarian communism, "The Experiences of the A. C.," for which we do not care much; but in the four stories we have named, and especially in "Jacob Flint's Journey," and "Friend Eli's Daughter," we find a native charm and a fine local flavor that we should not know where to match outside of Auerbach's tales. There is, with an utter difference of material, a natural similarity of atmosphere in these Pennsylvanian and German stories. They are alike in rusticity of event and character, and in the country sweetness that hangs about them like an odor of fields and woods, as well as the unpatronizing spirit in which simple people's life is regarded.

For other poetry we have Mrs. Turner's book of "Out-of-Door Rhymes," in which there is a good deal of the freshness of the open air and something of its sweetness. But there is want of finish in most of the pieces, and, where this has been striven for, want of compression. Many of them afford little or no clew to the author's motive in writing them; but this is so common a reticence in fugitive poetry, that it is not strictly characteristic of Mrs. Turner's, and should not be specially urged against it. They have sometimes a humorous quality, as in "A Housekeeper's Tragedy" (which, however, is pushed a little too far), and "A Little Goose," which all the children know; and there is real life and vigor in such pieces. The most carefully wrought poem — or of that effect — is the one we shall give: it is very pretty and has a sweet archness; we are not certain whether the lingering of the poem and the delaying of the climax helps or hurts it.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"REQUEST.

"The red day is melting into even,
And the even looks on you and me alone,
As you stand tall and clear against the westward,
With heaven's glory added to your own.

"The sun creeps ablaze among your tresses,
The winds press unchidden to your brow;
If you ever mean to give me what you promised,
I am ready for it now: — give it now.

"The sun greets the earth before his parting,
The waves kiss the shore and trip away,
And cloud leans to cloud across the heaven,
And I wonder you can dare to answer nay.

"By the brown stars that bend in mocking o'er me,
By the brown clouds that loosen on your brow,
By the wreathed lips that taunt me with their redness,
I am sworn to have it now: — give it now."

"REFUSAL.

"The last words I gave you when we parted,
My last words forevermore shall be: —
You may borrow all the sweets of all the summer,
But you 'll never borrow kisses, sir, from me.

"I lend not, I sell not, I give not;
And yet they are to me as little worth,
As the common drops of rain, before the sun-god
Has spanned with them the heaven and the earth.

"The young moon is weaving spells around us;
The sweet darkness witches us to stay;
The late darkness creeping all around us
Is warning us away: — come away.

"You would surely never take what I deny you,
And yet it were a sin to break a vow:
But if you *meant* to steal it, as I fear me,
You had better do it now: — take it now."

There are some touches in Mr. Venable's poems which would make us hopeful or despondent for him, according as we knew him to be a young poet or not. There is pleasant music and love of nature in the verse which appears rather to glove its grasp in conventional epithets and phrases, and to hold aloof from its actual business in the formal attitudes of a worn-out school of poetry. We shall best enforce our meaning by giving some lines from his principal poem, "June on the Miami," where the reader will see how with great good-will towards the modern facts, Mr. Venable's poetry embraces them with a certain genteel reluctance: —

"Ere morn grows old, brown Thrift and Toil
Lead forth the tillers of the soil;
Along his corn-field's rustling rows
The whistling ploughman careful goes;
Blithe harvesters betimes begin
The bearded barley gathering in;
Aloft their polished pitchforks gleam,
They deftly toss the sheaves about;
Resounds the frequent lusty shout
Controlling the obedient team;
Conspicuous on the adjoining plain
The clatt'ring reaper moves amain,
And, ready for the binder's hand,
The prone swath strews the stubble land.

"Pursuing crooked country roads,
Strong wagons bear their bulky loads;
Along the valley's gradual bend
The railway's level bars extend,
And trains impetuous thunder by
And hoarsely shriek their warning cry,
Or, freight-retarded, moving slow,
Clank harshly as they rumbling go."

Yet we must recognize the delicate truth of some little pictures in this poem, and own the tempered pleasure which its perusal had given us. Of the shorter poems, we think "Child Lost" the simplest and best; the "Welcome to Boz" is very lively and ingenious.

The Preface to "Imogen and other Poems" gives its "excuse for being" in so straight-forward and simple a fashion, that one who has a feeling for youth, or a memory however faint of his own callow period, would hardly cast the book aside without looking farther into it. Universally condemned by his own "little circle" as the author's venture appears to have been, the reader will feel by this declaration half provoked to examine the book, yet half repelled by this announcement of youthful obstinacy. The author will perhaps learn later in life that the machinery of a true poem, like that of a fine engine, by means of complex subtleties alone, obtains a perfect unity. Aspiration, desire, love itself, cannot produce this miracle, though either of these powers may reveal to a sympathetic observer the ardent spirit of the writer. Our author is not destitute of expression, as when he writes, —

"Thou wert the sweet disorder of my mind,"

but his efforts want harmony and form; and we are bound to say that he has not many lines like that we have quoted. However, the valuable and poetic quality of sincerity pervades the volume. We take some verses from it, which, if they had been written by William Blake, would be doubtless admired with others no better: —

"SUCCESS.

"The apple of ambition's eye;
The crooked prop of tyranny;
The wind that puffs the changeful sail,
That fills the tuneful pipe;
That gives a color to the pale,
A plumpness to the ripe;
Desire's counterpart
That most men have at heart."

Mr. Nevin (whose name our readers will recall as that of the author of a very agreeable sketch, printed in these pages, of Stephen C. Foster and the rise of Negro Minstrelsy) has in his "Black Robes" made a very entertaining little book about the missionary efforts of the Jesuits and the Moravians among the Indians, and the ministerial labors of the Methodists and the Presbyterians among the backwoodsmen and early settlers of a now-vanished West. In his chapters on the Jesuits he goes over ground which Mr. Parkman had already made thoroughly his own in "The Jesuits in North America," and he can scarcely do more than restate the well-known facts. In philosophizing or sentimentalizing them, he scarcely adds to their force. He is allured by the picturesqueness of the Jesuit self-sacrifice, and writes like their advocate rather than their historian; but then he does the same for the Moravians, and perhaps the balance is dressed by this counter-admiration of a sect which the good Jesuit Fathers might not have helped to extirpate by fire if they had encountered its members in the wilderness, but which was certainly not commended to the propaganda at Rome by its kindred spirit of heroism and martyrdom. In writing of the Moravians, too, Mr. Nevin is again on ground more or less well trodden; but when he comes to the Methodists, and especially the Presbyterians, he makes the field his own. No one else, we believe, has written so well of the labors of these two great churches among the pioneers of the West; and though the character of the backwoods Methodist apostles, the revivals, the camp-meetings, and so forth, have often been treated of before, no one but Mr. Nevin seems to have presented the history so vividly and succinctly. It is done in a wholly secular spirit, however, and with an unsympathetic mind which takes a tinge of bitterness when the Presbyterians are to be dealt with. Not Boston and not Hartford, but Mr. Nevin's own Pittsburgh, has been (in theology at least) for seventy years the most Puritanical city of the Union; and it is as if the early Presbyterian success among the hard-fibred Scotch-Irish fathers of the place still rankled as a personal displeasure in him. The sect did a great and good work, doubtless, but it was not lovely in doctrine, and it made life as gloomy as possible in a wilderness where people might naturally have been glad of a little hope or mercy in their creed. The population with which Calvinism wrought there, the typical backwoods minister, a Presbyterian Sabbath, a revival, and biographical notices of "early laborers in the border vineyard," form the subjects of different chapters, among which

that on "the Sabbath day, and how it was sanctified," is best. It is a complete study of the dreary day, — dreariest, of course, in summer, by contrast with the cheerfulness of heaven and earth, — and we wish that we might transfer it bodily to this place. Mr. Nevin describes the log-built meeting-house in a clearing of the woods, the procession of the people thither on foot and on horseback, the minister, the singing, the half-hour prayer, the deadly two or three hours' sermon, the intermission, the afternoon service, and finally the weary dispersion, with a graphic felicity to which we could not hope to do justice at second-hand. All the less, therefore, can we deny ourselves the pleasure of reproducing this picture of the congregation during intermission, though we are not sure that, good as it is, it is the best example of his singularly faithful art: —

"Some went to look after their horses, to see that they had not slipped their head-stall, and that their fastenings were secure; or, perhaps, to 'piece' them on nubbins of corn, brought along in their pockets for that purpose, just as on the same grain, ground, and baked into 'dodgers,' did the mothers their children, and from the same tenderly considerate motive. Some withdrew in pairs, or groups of three and four, and, seeking the shade of a tree, whittled with their heavy-bladed, horn-handled jack-knives at the tough knots on their walking-sticks, talking the while of the weather and the crops; of the flocks and herds that filled their pastures, — their hogs, their cattle, and their horses, — and, as likely as not, going through the preliminary negotiations of a 'swap,' which to-morrow or next day would see consummated, before all was over. Some retired to the graveyard, picking their course along pathless ways, wading knee-deep in heavy rank grasses, and forcing a passage through thickets of thorn and patches of blackberry-bushes to the spot of their search, where, pausing and leaning over the rough stone planted to mark the place, they paid their tribute of sorrow to the memory of some loved one, — husband, or wife, or child, — whose all of what once had been left — and that was its ashes — lay buried there. Women in couples wandered off, slowly strolling, and pausing often on various trifling pretences, — to reach a leaf, standing on tiptoe to do it, or stooping to pluck a flower, — but quickening their paces as the straggling bushes intervened to veil their retreat, until the utmost limits of the clearing were passed, and themselves, hid from view, were lost amid the cover of the copses. But the centre of general attraction was the 'Spring.' Thither, sooner or later during the 'intermission,' all were accustomed to repair. Those that thirsted drank of the water, the more attentive youths of the flock standing, gourd or earthern bowl in hand, in turn at the fountain, and dispensing the element to the rest in waiting, — blushing to the brows when the customer happened to be one, young and fair, of the opposite sex, herself crimsoning to the bosom in return as she tremblingly received the proffered vessel from his hand. Lingering as they came and drank, the visitors tarried, so that erelong quite a large proportion of the congregation was assembled at the spot. Seated on stones or reclined on the grass rested the elders, puffing their pipes, and through the smoke looking dreamily on, while their sons and daughters, in separate companies that would not mingle, and yet could not keep apart, found pastime, the former in delving amid the soil for roots of sassafras and calamus, and the latter, perchance, in gathering sprays of spearmint, tramping the beds in which it grew, and crushing the plants as they did so, till all the air around was odorous with their perfume."

The Life of John J. Crittenden, by his daughter, is of the same useful and interesting class of books as the Life of Seaton, which we noticed last year. Born in the last century in the early years of the Republic, Crittenden lived to witness great and unforeseen changes, but died too soon to see the successful termination of the civil war which he so earnestly deplored and endeavored to avert. A warmly devoted Kentuckian, he had large sympathies and could embrace the whole Union with his patriotic nature. He received his education at the William and Mary College, commencing the practice of law in his native county, Woodford, Kentucky, in 1807. He early inspired his fellow-citizens with confidence and esteem, became Attorney-General of the Territory of Illinois, and afterwards member of the Kentucky Legislature. He acted as *aide-de-camp* to Governor Shelby, and creditably made the campaign into Canada in the War of 1812. For more than forty years Mr. Crittenden was one of the prominent leaders in the Senate, and held at different times the office of Attorney-General for his native State;

he was also Attorney-General under Presidents Tyler's and Millard Fillmore's administrations, but he only accepted the position from a sense of duty and gladly resigned it.

It is not, however, as Cabinet officer, legal adviser, special pleader, political leader, and Speaker of the Senate, that Crittenden will live in men's hearts and memory. It is his admirable, consistent, and honorable course during the opening years of the Rebellion which will give him his best fame. Though a Kentuckian and a slave-owner, he was a warm lover of his country; his patriotism was of the sterling kind that recoiled from any sectional or partisan feeling. He did not at first realize all the treachery and disloyalty of the South, but he never wavered in his own allegiance, and used all his influence for the good work of promoting harmony.

His speeches and public efforts are known. He wrote also an admirable letter to his son George, who held the position of colonel of the Regular troops, counselling him to remain firm in his allegiance to the national flag: "Be true to the government that has trusted in you, and stand fast to your nation's flag, the stars and stripes"; and terrible was the mortification of the father when his son entered the Confederate service. In 1862, enfeebled with age and disease, so earnest was he, that he made a journey to West Point from Washington, that he might personally influence the cadets of his own State, and perhaps others, from leaving the academy and entering the Confederate service, as too many had done. Of this striking instance of Mr. Crittenden's devotion to country and his duty, we have a pleasant account in a letter of the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, who was an eye-witness of the scene: "He spoke, as he always spoke best, from the inspiration of the moment, and out of the fulness of his noble and patriotic heart." That done the veteran statesman left West Point as quietly as he came there, but having done what he felt was simply a matter of duty.

Patriotic, honest, and sincere in his convictions of duty, he yet could not wholly divest himself of some prejudices, and was greatly opposed to the enlistment of the negroes. He said of it in his last speech in Congress: "Instead of being a source of power, negroes in your army would be a source of weakness, and their presence would drive men from the field a thousand times more capable of defending the country than they can be made. A negro army unnerves the white man's hand, the white man's heart." Had he been spared a few more years he would probably have been among the first to acknowledge the possibility and hope for the negro under the changes wrought by the war. This is a faithful and pleasant sketch of a good and useful life; that of a man beloved by his family and honored by his countrymen.

We can fancy the reader of Mr. Clemens's book finding at the end of it (and its six hundred pages of fun are none too many) that, while he has been merely enjoying himself, as he supposes, he has been surreptitiously acquiring a better idea of the flush times in Nevada, and of the adventurous life generally of the recent West, than he could possibly have got elsewhere. The grotesque exaggeration and broad irony with which the life is described are conjecturably the truest colors that could have been used, for all existence there must have looked like an extravagant joke, the humor of which was only deepened by its nether-side of tragedy. The plan of the book is very simple indeed, for it is merely the personal history of Mr. Clemens during a certain number of years, in which he crossed the Plains in the overland stage to Carson City, to be private secretary to the Secretary of Nevada; took the silver-mining fever, and with a friend struck "a blind lead" worth millions; lost it by failing to comply with the mining laws; became local reporter to a Virginia City newspaper; went to San Francisco and suffered extreme poverty in the cause of abstract literature and elegant leisure; was sent to the Sandwich Islands as newspaper correspondent; returned to California, and began lecturing and that career of humorist, which we should all be sorry to have ended. The "moral" which the author draws from the whole is: "If you are of any account, stay at home and make your way by faithful diligence; but if you are of 'no account,' go away from home, and then you will *have* to work, whether you want to or not."

A thousand anecdotes, relevant and irrelevant, embroider the work; excursions and digressions of all kinds are the very woof of it, as it were; everything far-fetched or near at hand is interwoven, and yet the complex is a sort of "harmony of colors" which is not less than triumphant. The stage-drivers and desperadoes of the Plains;

the Mormons and their city; the capital of Nevada, and its government and people; the mines and miners; the social, speculative, and financial life of Virginia City; the climate and characteristics of San Francisco; the amusing and startling traits of Sandwich Island civilization, — appear in kaleidoscopic succession. Probably an encyclopædia could not be constructed from the book; the work of a human being, it is not unbrokenly nor infallibly funny; nor is it to be always praised for all the literary virtues; but it is singularly entertaining, and its humor is always amiable, manly, and generous.

French and German.*

It will be with sincere regret that our readers will add this, the thirteenth and last volume of Sainte-Beuve's *Nouveaux Lundis* to the long series of his essays. In him the present generation has enjoyed the best fruits of civilization, at least of those literary merits which are more especially dependent upon the culture which is real civilization. Taste, scholarship, a charming style, were the aids that served to render more attractive his wonderful reading of character, his general critical insight. He has been for us not only a wise guide in judging the present, but also, without pedantry or tiresome detail, as well as without shallowness, he has set before us vivid pictures of the past. In this narrow space it is impossible to do him justice. Those who are familiar with him will not need the stammering praise of our faded adjectives, but to those to whom he is a stranger we can do no better service than to recommend the study of his writings. Without him one cannot know French literature. In this volume we find his long articles on Jomini and on Ampère, and one might easily do worse that to begin his reading of Sainte-Beuve with this volume. There is the same happy guess at character, the same groping for the truth, the well-known picturesque representation of the person under discussion, that make him the most charming of writers. His artful hesitation makes all assertion seem thick-headed and blundering, he guides us towards the point he wishes to reach as if he too were lost and uncertain. A critic is pretty sure not to be a popular man, for he has to correct readers as well as writers, and both classes are large, but Sainte-Beuve suavely seems to humor every prejudice, never to contradict, but at the end we find that he has done more service with his delicate wit than would a thousand Boanerges railing from the house-top. Besides a bit of autobiography in this volume, we have a book upon him by M. Jules Levallois, his former secretary. This is a volume that need not be sought with avidity. The writer makes a haughty distinction between books that give us facts and those that "are destined to complete what one knows about Sainte-Beuve," like his own, and hence he crams into a couple of lines of a foot-note a few dates of Sainte-Beuve's life. But, nothwithstanding, he manages, in spite of himself, to tell us more of the facts than he at first proposed, although the greater part of the book is taken up with an account of his opinion of the eminent critic. He gives us a few of Sainte-Beuve's letters, but almost entirely those praising M. Levallois's writings. What he says, although by no means the best that could be said, is often interesting. He shows us Sainte-Beuve's manner of work, he tells us of his enthusiastic, sudden, short-lived admirations, his self-corrections, and, moreover, considerable light is thrown upon his changes of view in politics, the hostility that so frequently met him in the world. Besides the political opposition and the enmity of those whom he had exposed with his pen, his style, his critical manner, must have been a point of severance from many who, with Gallic art, arranged the world into compartments and then adapted all they saw to fit the pigeon-holes they had already made. His manner was different, more genuine; every person about whom he wrote he treated as we do our friends. We do not divide them into warriors, all powder and war-paint, lawyers, all red-tape and point-making, or into travellers, philosophers, and humorists; each one has his own separate judgment, and so it is with his criticism, a thousand times better because a thousand times more difficult than the en-

* All books mentioned under this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Sainte-Beuve's Nouveaux Lundis. Tome 13me. Paris. 1872.

* *Sainte-Beuve.* Par Jules Levallois. Paris. 1872.

W. Goethe. Les œuvres expliquées par la vie. Par A. Mézieres. Paris. 1872.

Molière. Eine Ergänzung der Biographie des Dichters aus seinen Werken. Von Paul Lindau. Leipzig. 1872.

Hartmann's Philosophie. Ein Schmerzensschrei des gesunden Menschenverstandes von J. C. Fischer. Leipzig. 1872.

rolling of men into regiments to be treated collectively as a unit, as is done by certain other French critics.

M. Mézières's Goethe is a very interesting book, and promises to be the best of the biographies of this great man. This first volume carries us down to the year 1795, treating very fully of his earlier life, discussing his various writings up to that time. The method that M. Mézières has adopted is to get his information about Goethe from his writings to a much greater extent than has ever been done before. That Goethe half hid and half gave himself in his books has been well known. There has probably never been a writer who was so personal in his choice of a subject, so impersonal in his treatment. The writer of this life has sought to unravel the real in the writings of Goethe from what was the work of his imagination, and it can be said that he has succeeded well. Moreover, he discusses fully Goethe's relations to women, a very important element in his life, but one that for one reason or another is strangely slurred over in a most unsatisfactory way by Lewes in his Life of Goethe. It is possible that English prudery may have had something to do with this. Goethe's scientific work, too, generally a sealed book for the merely literary reader, is lucidly interpreted. On the whole, this is a book that can be most heartily recommended for its thoroughness and wise method and appreciation. That it should say all that can be said about Goethe it is too much to expect of any one book, but every reader will find here a great deal that is new and nothing that is not good. It may be worth while to notice that Goethe's admiration of France has brought him much admiration in return. Since the time of the "Globe," he has never lacked appreciating readers in that country; and if Germans plume themselves overmuch on their appreciation of Shakespeare, it might not be amiss for the puzzled foreigner to point to the books of Lewes and Mézières on Goethe, — the best that have yet appeared in any language.

In the same line of international civilities we have Mr. Paul Lindau's essay on Molière. By a somewhat odd coincidence he, too, gathers information about Molière's life from his writings. His book, however, is but a brief sketch. We are glad to see that he promises us a longer and more thorough work on the same subject, for which he has been a long time preparing, and, judging from this that we have before us, is well fitted. In a brief compass he sets before us the tragic side of Molière's life, the bitter sadness of his comedies. The main facts of his life are more or less known to us all, but we are confident that every one of his readers will find here some new light thrown upon his plays. Indeed, it is an invaluable commentary upon "Le Misanthrope," for instance. The book is beautifully printed, and, it will be heard with pleasure, in Latin type.

If any have been lured by the melancholy charm of our quotations from Schopenhauer and the warmth of our words about Hartmann to read those writers, and now no longer enjoy their meals, nor the advancing spring; if to any such life seems suddenly a dreary void, religion gross superstition, love a hideous mockery, we hope that their friends will buy and leave at their bedside — for they have probably taken to their beds for more uninterrupted moping — the little war-cry of Dr. J. C. Fischer. This writer has no patience with Hartmann. He shouts out his contempt in every line; he calls him names; he hoots after him; he makes fun of his so-called philosophy; he knows no mercy. He is a good old-fashioned critic, whom Dr. Johnson would have fondled on his lap. He shows up his contradictions, his mistakes, his lack of sequence, logic, grammar, indeed, he would add, of sense. He is a terrible foe. Meanwhile the third edition of Hartmann has appeared. Perhaps a specimen of his criticism might not be amiss. We quote from page 137: "Is it not as if one heard a chorus of 'a hundred thousand fools' speaking? Heine says somewhere of somebody, that he is as stupid as ten asses. What Hartmann says is as mad as the words of ten fools. Hartmann acknowledges the possibility that the majority of mankind will determine to wish nothing more. The last wish will be to wish nothing more. Again, to a — I will be polite — to a cloister with such philosophy." We have not yet heard that Dr. Fischer's arguments have made an optimist of Hartmann.

ART.

The Dutch and Flemish Pictures in New York.

THE collection of pictures forming the germ of what it is so agreeable to have the *Revue des Deux Mondes* talking of currently as the *Musée de New York*, has recently been lodged in a handsome and convenient gallery, masked by one of the residential brown-stone fronts of the Fifth Avenue. These pictures, one hundred and seventy-five in number, are, as we may remind our readers, with some dozen exceptions, of the Dutch and Flemish schools. They consist for the most part of the substance of two private collections, purchased in Paris and Brussels respectively, in the summer of 1870. Their authenticity has in each case been attested by proper evidence and by the judgment of experts, and in possessing them the Metropolitan Museum of Art has an enviably solid foundation for future acquisition and development. It is not indeed to be termed a brilliant collection, for it contains no first-rate example of a first-rate genius; but it may claim within its limits a unity and continuity which cannot fail to make it a source of profit to students debarred from European opportunities. If it has no gems of the first magnitude, it has few specimens that are decidedly valueless. We shall by no means attempt a full enumeration of its contents, but we shall make a few remarks on the more important works, — a task rendered more easy by the altogether exemplary and artistic Catalogue.

In a corner of the gallery are ranged half a dozen indifferent examples of archaic masters, which will be hardly more than glanced at as an overture to the main spectacle. The visitor will turn with little delay to the Rubens; he will turn from it perhaps with some disappointment. The picture has a fair share of the Rubens mass and breadth, but it lacks the Rubens lustre, — the glowing relief which we demand as the token of a consummate Rubens. The subject is a "Return from Egypt," and contains four figures, — Mary and Joseph leading the Child between them, and the Deity watching them benignantly from the clouds. It is brown and dull in tone, and the figures have not the full-blooded aspect of most of the Rubens progeny; but like all emanations, however slight, of a great talent, it improves vastly on acquaintance and puts forth a dozen reminders of its distinguished kinship. The real success of the picture is in the free and sweeping contour of Mary, and in her extremely handsome head, the outline and relief of which, with her hair and its falling drapery, seems to us vividly characteristic of the master. Rubens alone, too, could have made his Virgin so gracefully huge and preserved the air of mild maternity in such massive bulk. His Mary is a gentle giantess. The picture altogether, though inadequate as an example, is a powerful and delightful reminder. The great Flemish master is represented by a second piece, of large dimensions but limited interest, — a couple of lions chasing an antelope. His lions are of the same mock-heroic order as the pictorial charger of that period, but they bound forward with a fine ferocious glare and spring. The name next in importance to that of Rubens is that of Van Dyck, who contributes two imperfect, but interesting works, of which more anon. Jacob Jordaens, a smaller name, is represented by a work of larger substance than either of these. His "Visit of Saint John to the Infant Jesus," falls very little short of being a masterpiece; it would have needed only to be pitched a note or so higher in the scale of the ideal to challenge comparison with Rubens at his best. But these high notes, we take it, Jordaens never struck, and he remains simply one of the first of the secondary masters. He has been happily called "a plebeian Rubens"; which possibly signifies that, if he was a duller and narrower genius, he had a stronger grasp of much of the more immediate detail of nature. What he lacks on the side of Rubens he shows a tendency to recover on the side of Rembrandt. He seems oppressed and sobered by that sense of reality which sat so lightly on the buoyant spirit of his master. The present composition represents the infant Jesus, — a tall, lusty, ugly baby, with his feet planted on a terrestrial globe and trampling a serpent, leaning with a sort of sturdy shyness against his mother's side, looking in childish surprise — with an air even of timid

envy of his toy — at the little Saint John who rides toward him on a lamb. The Virgin is a sweet-faced young woman whom the painter evidently meant to make pretty within the limits of Flemish probability, and the child has an odd look of having just waked up the least bit cross from a nap. Above these figures are distributed Joseph and the parents of John, looking on with homely tenderness, the pious concentration of which is deepened by the sombre vertical light in which the group is steeped. The Joseph, as we take him to be, leaning his grave and furrowed face on his big brown hand, is a triumph of expression and of execution. A plebeian genius, we repeat with emphasis. We doubt that there has ever been a more spontaneous reflection of the hard-handed lowliness of the *entourage* of Christ. A work classified by its dimensions, if not quite by its merit, with this finely sober Jordaens, is the large and brilliant Gaspard de Crayer which hangs in the place of honor in the gallery. This "Diogenes and Alexander" figured for some time in the collection of the Empress Josephine at Malmaison. It is a pleasing, almost a charming composition; for although it is an attempt at the heroic-historical, it is treated with a frank good faith which keeps it within the range of one's immediate sympathies. The frank, boyish surprise of Alexander, with his steel-clad chest and his comely head, is very happy and natural, and recalls, at a distance, the superb modern physiognomy of the generous youth who stands for the hero in Paul Veronese's great "Alexander" in London. Crayer was not a Paul Veronese, but he was a rich and agreeable colorist, and he diffused through his work an indefinable geniality which reproduces, in an infinitely lower key, the opulent serenity of Rubens. This picture, with its slight vulgarity and want of mystery, of tone, is perhaps the "loudest" piece of coloring in the gallery. We ought not to omit mention of the little page who holds Alexander's red cloak and peers from behind at the recumbent Diogenes. His head has charming vivacity and relief, and is almost a compensation for that of the dappled Bucephalus who prances officially in the rear. An immense "Jason" by Van Diepenbeck, a pupil of Rubens, is rather a vacant production.

These three fine works share their supremacy with half a dozen strong portraits, to which, as scources of instruction, we feel tempted to offer an even more emphatic welcome. The "Miss De Christyn" of Van Dyck stands first among them, and is perhaps the most delicate of the stronger pictures. This portrait is, oddly, the more interesting for being hardly more than a third-rate specimen of the master; for it seems that, if we are to have first-rate names, we are, yet awhile, to have them with abatements. The abatement here is a poverty of coloring, possibly aggravated by time, which the Catalogue but imperfectly disguises under the designation of "extreme delicacy in the tones." This delicacy the picture possesses, but the spectator unfamiliar with Van Dyck may judge of what it lacks by turning to the smaller example, the "Saint Martha interceding for the Cessation of the Plague at Tarascon," and noting the lovely flesh-glow of the tumbling cherubs who uplift the pretty postulant into the blue, and who form, with the warm purple of her robe, the main success of the picture. The subject of the portrait perhaps is half its merit, — a pale, plain-faced, bright-eyed young gentlewoman carrying her ruff and fan with peculiar distinction. The physiognomy is excessively, almost morbidly, refined, and the painter has touched it with proportionate acuteness. Close beside this elegant work hangs a masterpiece of inelegant vigor, "Hille Bobbe of Haarlem," by Franz Hals, — a broadly grinning street-wench dashed upon the canvas by a brush superbly confident of saving science in the midst of its hit-or-miss rapidity. The picture is in hardly more than two or three gradations of brown, but it is instinct with energy and a certain gross truth. The face is a miracle of ugliness; but it is noticeable how little of fantasy, of imaginative irony, there is in the painter's touch. It needed a Dutch Franz Hals — sturdy artist that he was — to attribute to woman such hideousness as a plain matter of course.

Two portraits of equal vigor and of greater delicacy are a "Burgomaster," by Van der Helst, and a "Gentleman," — a perfect gentleman, — by Aadrian de Vries. In the former picture the subject and the artist are rarely well matched, and the result is a work of the most harmonious completeness, — the perfect prose of portraiture. We doubt that the mouth and chin of small local authority were ever more inexorably fixed in their pursy identity than these comfortable attributes of this most respectable Dutchman. It seems almost hyperbolical to talk of Van der Helst as an *artist;* genuine

painter as he was, his process is not so much the common, leisurely, critical return upon reality and truth as a bonded and indissoluble union with it; so that in all his unmitigated verity you detect no faintest throb of invention blossoming into style and straggling across the line which separates a fine likeness from a fine portrait. But it sounds like arrant frivolity to breathe a word of disparagement against this richly literal genius, and we can easily fancy that, if Nature were to give her voice, and appoint once for all her painter-in-ordinary, she would lay a kindly hand on the sturdy shoulder of Van der Helst, and say, "One must choose for the long run: this man I can *trust*." And yet the really beautiful De Vries proves that a little style spoils nothing. Just a little, this portrait contains; but that little is of the best quality, as may be inferred from the fact that this painter's works were habitually made to pass by the dealers for productions of Rembrandt, to the great curtailment of the author's proper fame. Rembrandt, of whom the Museum contains no specimen, need not have disowned this mellow and vigorous head. It is taking rather a harsh tone, in general, to refer our young painters offhand to the prime masters, and to expect in their labors a direct and undiluted reflection of Rembrandt and Titian; but here is an artist modes enough to be approached as a peer, and yet of substantial attributes as a teacher. The unpretending firmness of this work gives it a value rarely possessed by clever modern portraits, and sets us wondering once more what mystic and forgotten influence it was that governed the art of portraiture during the happy span of years in which this master and his precursors flourished, and kept success a solemn rule and usage. We are inclined to think that our modern degenerescence — we assume it to be incontestable — is less a loss of skill than a defect of original vision. We know more about human character, and we have less respect for human faces. We take more liberties with those that are offered us; we analyze and theorize and rub off the bloom of their mystery, and when we attempt to reproduce them, are obliged to resolve a swarm of fine conflicting impressions back into the unity and gravity of fact. A painter like this quietly wise De Vries (and *a fortiori* a painter like Van Dyck or like Titian) seems to have received and retained a single massive yet flexible impression, which was part and parcel, somehow, of a certain natural deference for his subject. There is little in the remaining works of this order, however, that we need despair of equalling. An exceptionally large Terburg (a likeness of the painter) has lost in interest what it has gained in magnitude. The famous white satin dress of Terburg, however, is represented with almost equal brilliancy in a charming Netscher. The head of a "Lady," by Lely, is fairly pleasing and unwontedly decent and *collet-monté;* and a "Duchess of Mazarin, by Nicholas Maas, is worth comparing with the "Miss De Christyn" for an illustration of the difference between factitious and sincere elegance. This portrait, with the Lely in a less degree, has a poverty and impurity of coloring which almost denotes moral turpitude in the painter. The unlovely cadaverous tones of the Nicholas Maas are, for that matter, in perfect harmony with the sinister flimsiness of his Duchess. Portraiture is once more strongly exemplified in the one important Italian work in the collection, a Paris Bordone; a fine-eyed, sweet-mouthed lad in armor, with a scarf of genuine Venetian purple. This is a noble piece of coloring, and stands out in agreeably vivid Venetianism. The picture gains by juxtaposition. We know what it is to have turned with a sort of moral relief, in the galleries of Italy, to some small stray specimen of Dutch patience and conscience, and we have now a chance to repair our discourtesy and do homage to Italian "style." An Italian master, whatever his individual worth, possesses this grace as a matter of course; with the Dutch painters and the smaller Flemings it is a happy accident. With how little genuine strength it may occasionally be allied, may be seen in the three small specimens of that tardy fruit of the Venetian efflorescence, G. B. Tiepolo. Sincerity, and even sense, with this florid master of breezy drapery and fastidious *pose*, is on its last legs; but he retains the instinct of brilliant and elegant arrangement. He offers a desperately faint but not unmusical echo from the azure-hearted ceilings of Paul Veronese. Elegance for elegance, however, we prefer that of the small Sassoferrato, the usual Sanctissima Virgo, breathless with adoration, with her usual hard high polish of creamy white and chilly blue. We confess to a sneaking relish for a good Sassoferrato. It may have but a pinch of sentiment, but it is certain to be a pretty

piece of work. The artist had nothing to offer but "finish," but he offers this in elegant profusion. The French school is adequately represented only by a small Greuze, which, however, is indubitably French in manner, — a finished sketch for the head of one of the daughters in the well-known "Malediction Paternelle." It represents a rustic *minois chiffonné*, as the French say, in tears and dishevelment, and includes the usual gaping kerchief which marks the master and the time. It is at once solid and charming; with a charm owing partly to the skilful clearness of those whitish-gray tones which mark the dawn of the sober coloring of modern French art. The great name of Velasquez is attached to a composition characteristic only in its rugged breadth of touch, — a map of mighty Spanish pomegranates, grapes, and figs, blocked into shape by a masterly brush, upon that gloomy ground-tone which we associate with the Spanish genius in general, and which, in the works of this, with Cervantes, as we suppose, its greatest representative, oppresses and troubles the spectator's soul. This picture may be said to express the roughly imaginative view of fruit; for a most brilliantly literal treatment of the same subject the observer may turn with profit to a noble piece by Franz Snyder, the great Flemish animal-painter. The comparatively modern Spaniard, Goya, contributes a little "Jewess of Tangier," — a sketch, by a cunning hand, of a doll-like damsel, bundled up in stiff brocade and hung about with jewels. The picture is slight, but salient. The remaining strangers in the gallery demand little notice, and consist chiefly of an indifferent Sir Joshua Reynolds and several questionable specimens of Albani, the painter of allegorical infancy.

The chief strength of the collection resides in a number of those works which we especially associate with the Dutch school, — *genre* subjects, rustic groups, and landscapes. In this line figure several excellent specimens of eminent names, — a superb Teniers, a good example of each of the Van Ostades, a fine Jan Steen, three capital Solomon Ruysdaels, a lovely Berghem, an interesting Hobbema. The little Teniers — the "Lendemain des Noces" — is not only a masterpiece of its kind, but may almost be termed the gem of the Museum. It presents, in remarkable purity, every merit which we commonly attribute to those vivid portrayals of rustic conviviality which Louis XIV. dismissed with a "Take away those *magots*, — those little monsters": elaborate finish, humor tempered by grace, charm of color, and mingled minuteness and amplitude of design. It swarms with figures, of indescribable vivacity and variety, and glows with an undimmed clearness of tone which promises a long enjoyment of its perfections. May it speak to our children's children with the same silvery accent, and help them to live for an hour, in this alien modern world, the life of old bucolic Flanders! To drink and to dance, to dance and to drink again, was for the imagination of Teniers the great formula of human life; and his little *bonshommes* — picked out in the tenderest tints of gray and blue, russet and yellow — lift their elbows and lock their hands and shake their heels with a rich hilarity which makes each miniature clown of them, whether in jacket or in kerchief, seem a distinct and complete creation. They are assembled here in a great audible swarm before a meadow-side tavern, at a couple of tables spread beneath the trees, and in scattered groups and couples of dancers in the foreground. Genuine boors as they are, however, and full of rustic breadth and roundness, they yet have a touch of grace and *finesse* which separates them widely from the grotesque creations of the two other noted interpreters of similar scenes here present, Jan Steen and Isaac Van Ostade. They pay a certain tribute to elegance. The painter is very far from partaking of the *naïveté* of his figures; he is a humorist, and he observes them from without; and while he pulls the strings which set them dancing, he keeps an eye on the spectator, and cunningly modulates and qualifies his realism. It is an audacious thing to say, doubtless, but we cannot help thinking that Louis XIV. took a narrower view of the matter than befitted his exalted position, when he pronounced the artist capable of producing the little man in the scarlet cap to the right of the present picture a mere painter of *magots*. Teniers has taken the measure of this sturdy reveller, as he falls into step with arms akimbo and eyes askance, with an acuteness which has the advantage of not being blunted by contempt. Isaac Van Ostade, however, with his "Fiddler at the Cottage Door," treats us to *magots* with a vengeance. Never was human hideousness embalmed in a richer medium than the precious atmosphere of this composition. In its lumi-

nous centre is seen the front of a hovel, before which a decrepit fiddler is scraping his instrument for the delectation of a horrible crone who leans over the low half-door, and of several children who come sniffing round him with the motion of so many blind puppies. To the right, in the dark brown foreground, overarched with an equal duskiness, three or four drinkers are gathered round a barrel. The poor little peasants, fixed in this mellow *impasto* as helplessly as flies in amber, with their huge pendulous noses and their groping and bungling gestures, seem stultified with facial deformity. It is impossible to conceive a more unprotestingly sordid view of humanity; and it takes its final stamp from the pitiless ugliness of the innocent children. We can only repeat of this singular genius what we had occasion to say of Franz Hals; that it is a marvel to see the artistic faculty so vigorous, and yet so limited; dealing so freely with the pictorial idea, and yet so servile to base fact. Teniers, beside him, is a Veronese of low life. A work of much greater charm, indeed of the greatest, is the little picture by Aadrian Van Ostade, elder brother and master of Isaac. In this delicious cabinet-piece sits a "Smoker," filling his pipe amid a wealth of mellow shadows. His figure is full of homely truth and finish, but the only bit of detail is a door vaguely opening in the brown gloom behind, to admit a person whom you hardly discern. This work, a veritable gem, is almost misplaced in a general collection. It ought to hang on the library-wall of the most fastidious of amateurs, and be shown solemnly to a chosen friend, who holds his breath for fear of tarnishing its lucid bloom. Of Jan Steen, noted for his vigor and his crudity, there are two strong specimens. One of these, a Dutch "Kermesse," with the usual boors footing it before the usual tavern, is chiefly remarkable for the figure of a buoyant wench, with flying cap-strings, tossing her head to the music, and shaking her skirts with admirable spirit and glee; the other, No. 127, a finer piece of painting, offers as frank a treatment of a coarse subject as often finds its way upon canvas. Mainly noteworthy are the strong handling of the mass of tumbled bedclothes which occupies the foreground, and the broad realization of the face, such as it is, of the Dutch Molly Seagrim, who figures as heroine in the episode. Never was a certain redeeming grace more brutally dispensed with. This is more than an ugly picture; it is an offensive act. It makes one think more meanly of the human imagination.

The three noble little Solomon Ruysdaels may at once close our enumeration of the important group-pieces and open the list of the landscapes. There are pictures in the collection of a far more exquisite touch than these, but none of a franker and more wholesome veracity; none that help the spectator so effectively to feel the breath of the level and broad-skied landscape of Holland. "A Kermesse," the largest of these three subjects, represents a crowd of country folks collected under a wintry morning sky before a little tavern, beside a broad frozen stream. The festival is apparently not yet under way, for there is little movement in the crowd and certainly no great outlay of invention; yet consisting simply of these stolid little mannikins, — well-wadded burghers, mounted on sturdy nags with buxom wives and sweethearts *en croupe*, and of a roughly brushed effect of clear winter light, the picture has an indefinable fascination. The scene is specialized, as it were, by a dozen coarsely happy touches; it seems timed, to an hour. The huge cold sky, with its diffused light, its streaks of pale blue, and the chill-stiffened drag and stretch of its thin clouds, are admirably rendered, and with a want of what we may call the coquetry of the brush and the palette, which leaves us wondering that any degree of illusion should result from such bald simplicity of means. The painter's means, however, were of course not so simple as they look. The same solid singleness of effect gives his little "Marine" a peculiar charm. A sloop tumbles across a bay; and the toss of the boat, the pulse of the water, the whistle of the breeze, the moist gray light, seem to generate a kind of saline aroma. Never was landscape painted in such prosaic good faith. We should perhaps have given precedence to the great "Italian Landscape," by Cornelis Huysmans, — a work of infinite gravity and amplitude, and fit to hang in the council chamber of a prince. It looks as if it had been lifted straight from the walls of the Doria Gallery at Rome, so full is it of all romantic Italian tradition and allusion. Forests, rivers, crags and vales, castles and temples, shepherds and flocks, — everything finds a place in it and only adds to its academic spaciousness and serenity. Such a work as this is to a clever modern landscape what a fine piece of

descriptive blank-verse of antique rhythm and savor is to a knowing lyric in a magazine. We know nothing of Cornelis Huysmans; but he too was a painter, and he could handle an immense *donnée* in truly heroic style. He has handled a smaller one most charmingly in a picture with the same title (No. 12), to whose absurdly azure cliff, rising in the lovely, bosky distance, we confess to having altogether lost our heart. These works are full to overflowing of style and tone; they would form an inexhaustible fund for our own artistic neophytes to draw upon,—sons of an age which has somehow lost the secret of dignity. The small Hobbema, representing a road through a wood, is pleasing but not brilliant. Hobbema ranks in the Dutch landscape school second only to Jacob Ruysdael, but we doubt if he is ever strictly brilliant. A discreet and chastened grasp of local verisimiltude is his peculiar characteristic. This is achieved in the present case with a notably small expenditure of color. It is a very sober view of nature, though not without a hint of poetry. The little subject is somehow sad,—sad as some sunless hour of the world's youth. A picture in which poetry is to our sense very much more than hinted at is the veritable pearl of a Nicholas Berghem entitled "Rest." We strongly suspect that we overestimate this charming little piece, for we confess that, though it is composed of elements more slender, possibly, than any of its companions, none of these have given us a more unmixed and tranquil pleasure. Surely, if human repose were ever to lose its precarious footing in our Western world, the idea would be tenderly embalmed in this delicious fragment of a pastoral. A bare-legged shepherd, leaning on his staff under a sketchy tree, his wife on the ground nursing her baby, and a couple of meagre sheep, blinking at the noonday light, form the sum of its attractions; but it lives, it smiles, it glows through the chill of time. Its sentiment is hardly more than a graceful trick; but the trick, performed for the hundredth time, still draws tears from the eyes. A picture which has yielded us an almost equal degree of contemplative pleasure, and a far more solid piece of work, is the marvellous representation by Jan Van der Heyden of a "Quay in Leyden." We doubt whether "touch" has ever achieved a more signal victory than in this compact pictorial sonnet, as we may call it, to the homely charms of brick-work. A narrow canal divides the picture; on each side of it rise a row of plain high-gabled dwellings. On the left, in the shade, stretches a footway, along which a woman in a ruff and hoop leads a little girl; opposite, the tall red houses dip their feet into the sluggish moat. A sort of antique, palpable stillness seems to pervade the scene; the perspective is so delicate and perfect that you fancy the very genius of geometry having retired thither from the academic hum near by, to revolve a proposition. The poetic strain resides in a ruddy golden exhalation from the plumbed and measured surfaces of brick, and in the infinite patience of the handiwork. The picture tells more of Dutch conscience than all its neighbors together. Each individual brick is laid with a sort of mathematical tenderness, squared and nicked and enriched with its proper particle of damp from the canal; and yet in this aggregation of minute touches, space and unity and harmony are cunningly preserved. A tree stands blooming on the edge of the canal, to the elaborate delicacy of whose foliage a microscope alone could do justice. It contains, we confess, more art than nature, and more fine hair-strokes than verdure. Enthusiasm seems almost profane over this exhibition of the very piety of high finish; but scrupulosity has no business to be so charming. The collection contains a very pretty show of examples of this precious refinement of touch. A couple of exquisite Velvet Breughels, with a brace of David Vinckeboons, and a small J. L. DeMarne, a later Flemish master (the latter, "A Gust of Wind," is especially noticeable for the skill with which movement has been combined with fastidious over-finish), represent the supreme of the finical, the sublime of the microscopic. Their air of brittle loveliness suggests that the only proper service for them in the plebeian crush of this world would be to adorn the teacups and chimney-vases of some such exalted personage as that princess of anecdote who conceived cake to be the natural diet of the proletariat during the high bread-rates. It should be distinctly noted, however, that in all these little pictures a large sentiment of landscape survives this excessive condensation. In none of them is there any chance for breadth of color; but the two Breughels have in their degree an amount of "style" not unworthy of the great Cornelis Huysmans. Their miniature skies and hills and woods are quite in the grand

manner. An equally forcible claim to distinction in this line is made by two elegant works by feminine hands; large and brilliant flower-pieces, signed respectively Rachel Ruysch and Margaret Haverman. They exhibit a magnificent elaboration of detail, an almost masculine grasp of the resources of high finish; but they offer, too, but the mechanical view of the subject. The poetry, the atmosphere, the metaphysics, as we may say, of flowers, have been better expressed by certain modern talents who, compared with these clever Dutch ladies, are sad bunglers with the brush, but who have at least read Keats and Shelley. We have it at heart to subjoin mention, in another sense — in the way of a "moral" — of two small examples of that forlorn straggler in the march of Venetian art, Francesco Guardi. A Tiepolo of landscape we may call this gentleman. A comparison of his cold, colorless, sceptical reflections of Venetian splendor with the glowing fidelity and sincerity of such a picture as the little "Quay at Leyden" is really a theme for the philosopher. It vividly suggests that painfully frequent phenomenon in mental history, the demoralizing influence of lavish opportunity. The Italian, born amid lovely circumstance, and debauched, as it were, by the very grace of his daily visions, dispenses with effort and insight, and trusts to mere artifice and manner, — and a very light manner at that. He has some shallow faith that the charm of his subjects will save him. The Dutchman, familiar with a meaner and duskier range of effect, feels that, unless he is faithful, he is nothing. He must confer a charm as well as borrow one; he must bring his grist to the mill and grind it with his own strength; and his little picture, therefore, lives and speaks and tells of perfection; while those of Guardi are as torpid and silent as decay. We can, perhaps, not close our review more aptly than with the wholesome text that half the battle in art is won in the artist's conscience, that there are no easy triumphs, and that genuine charm is one of the deepest things in the world. We have neglected mention of many still noteworthy pictures; but we may pay them the compliment of saying that they, for the most part, preach some such sermon as this in good round terms. If we have seemed to exaggerate the merit of their salient companions, our excuse is in our sense of this wholesome moral eloquence. We confess we should be sorry to forget that not an humble masterpiece of them all has anything that one may call imagination. But this makes us none the less willing to hold them up as examples. Imagination is not a quality to recommend; we bow low to it when we meet it, but we are wary of introducing it into well-regulated intellects. We prefer to assume that our generous young art students possess it, and content ourselves with directing them to the charming little academy in the Fifth Avenue for lessons in observation and execution.

MUSIC.

IN considering the almost innumerable songs and ballads that are continually appearing in sheet form, we find that in one respect, at least, there is a marked improvement upon similar publications that were popular some fifteen or twenty years ago, namely, in the great attention that composers of this class of music now pay to the instrumental accompaniment. Passing over, as not worthy of note, the vast amount of music of the *sentimental* negro-minstrel stamp, music which is about as faithful an exponent of the true negro musical spirit as our sensation dramas, like "Under the Gaslight" and "Across the Continent" are of the manners and customs of so-called fashionable American society, this feature in the vocal sheet music of to-day seems worthy of notice as indicative of an advance in musical taste and appreciation in our as yet not highly cultivated musical community. Before the songs of Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann, and Robert Franz, and the operas of Meyerbeer and Gounod, had become as generally known as they are now, the popular songs and ballads both of English and American composers were generally modelled upon the Dempster ballads, — songs which, if not of any great musical signifi-

cance, were, at least, thoroughly respectable compositions, — or upon the Italian operatic music of Bellini and Donnizetti. Old Scotch ballads like "Auld Robin Gray" were not without their imitators; and reflections of the national Scotch and Irish spirit might be found in many songs written both here and in England some years ago. As the star of Dempster's popularity began to wane, the songs of Franz Abt, a composer who has caught much of the Suabian and Tyrolese spirit, came into vogue, and at one time "When the Swallows homeward fly," and a few others of the same stamp, bade fair to banish even such standard favorites as "Auld Robin Gray" and "Comin' thro' the Rye" from the music-racks of our singing amateurs. Although the models after which these various songs were fashioned were naturally widely different in character, they had one great family resemblance. They were all more or less perfect representatives of the national folk-song of their respective countries, and their most striking feature was their purely melodic character. They were as simply harmonized as possible, and the accompaniment acted as little more than the barest support to the voice. The same three or four simple modulations from tonic to dominant or subdominant, with some few minor chords, were to be found in them all; and anything like an accompaniment in itself musically interesting, much less an instrumental *obbligato* standing in contrapuntal relations to the principal theme, was not to be thought of. This simplicity of harmony was not in itself anything derogatory to the musical spirit of the time. Neither the Scotch, Irish, nor German folk-song demanded anything more than the simplest harmonic progressions, and the brilliant and finished vocal writing of the Italian operatic school would have been rather embarrassed than helped by any so-called *learned* harmonizing, or contrapuntal elaboration in the instrumental part. But as the old saw has it, "Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi." The many imitations of national folk-songs and Italian opera came in time to be so much alike that at last their similarity amounted to the dreariest sameness. Sometimes a song-writer would imitate all the different schools at once, and not unfrequently Scotch, Irish, German, English, and Italian characteristics would be huddled together in the same song in most artless confusion, and always with the same old tonic, dominant, subdominant, — subdominant, dominant, tonic, in the accompaniment. It soon became difficult to tell one song from another. One would begin Scotch, then pass through a phase of Suabian or Tyrolese lightheartedness, and end off with a burst of Italian fire; while another, beginning in the depths of Italian sentimentality, would, by a consoling transition through Scotch or Irish quaintness, come to a happy ending with a reminiscence of the Tyrolese *Jodel*. The result of this curious mixing of styles was that, from being a conglomeration of the melodic characteristics of many countries, the popular ballad came to be a thoroughly characterless form of art which embodied the musical spirit of no country. The vigorous people's-song and the artistically finished Italian opera melody, which were the prime sources of the ballad of to-day, became so diluted and vulgarized that all artistic merit vanished with their distinctive national characteristics, and instead of having a genuine hold upon the popular taste, these feeble imitations of an imitation were forced to content themselves with a mere fashionable notoriety. Real popularity must have some firm foundation in the sincere sympathy and applause of the people, but anything may become *fashionable* if it only have the suffrage, either real or apparent, of some prominent popular favorite. A practice that has always existed to a greater or less degree became unpleasantly prevalent some years ago, namely, the custom for composers and publishers to pay prominent singers to bring certain songs before the public. The *éclat* which a brilliant performer can give even to the flattest piece of music rarely fails to result in the happy publisher's pecuniary benefit; and people are never wanting who are incapable of distinguishing between a good composition and an effective performance, and when they have heard anything at a concert that particularly pleases them, forthwith rush to the nearest music-seller to buy a copy. Thus hosts of songs have successively become fashionable from no merit of their own, but because some popular singer has chanced to make *a hit* with them. Such a system cannot but have the worst effects upon general musical education, and we are daily feeling its evils to a most lamentable extent in the performances of the various miscellaneous concert-troops that wander about our country.

We have tried to show how the popular ballad of the day is the degenerate, mon-

grel offspring of the old Scotch and Irish ballad, the English ballad through the Dempster songs, the German *Volkslied* through Franz Abt and others, and finally, of the Italian opera melody. But even before Franz Abt's star appeared above our horizon, another influence was at work which was destined sooner or later to have its effect upon popular vocal music in this country. Two or three songs by Franz Schubert became not only widely known, but almost universally popular. The few Schubert songs that were first heard here were, as far as form is concerned, hardly different from the Abt songs that soon followed them; in fact, Abt may be said to have founded his style upon Schubert. But the older composer handled his musical materials with a firm, masterly grasp that was not so easy to imitate as the sentimental mannerisms of his weaker follower. Where Abt daintily appropriated certain naïve turns and peculiarities caught from the national *Volkslied*, and arranged them, not unskilfully, we must admit, to suit the public taste, much as a Parisian milliner copies forms from peasant costumes and catches hints among the mountains for those triumphs of her skill that show themselves on the boulevard, Schubert reproduced with all the added brilliancy with which his fertile genius could surround it the very people's song itself. To the vigorous, sincere melody, drawn from that purest spring of musical inspiration, the heart of the people, he added a richness of harmony and a variety in modulation that place many of his songs in the very first rank among compositions in that form. After we had become acquainted with a few, and by no means the greatest of Schubert's songs, it was some time before the public taste in vocal music made any further advance, and the popular ballad ran its gradual down-hill course unimpeded. But in a few years a new light began to dawn upon us; Robert Schumann, more introspective and moody than Schubert and at times more obscure, in a certain sense more romantic, full of the divine fire, and with such an unconquerable determination to give form to the musico-poetical idea that was strong within him that he was of necessity great, if only from the very violence of his victorious struggle after expression. Next came to us the Robert Franz songs, in which the artistic form of the German *Lied* has attained its highest perfection. These influences, all of them good, worked quietly, and if slowly all the more surely upon the popular taste. Another influence which we will only hint at in passing has been the public performance of the best orchestral works of the great masters, as well as of the oratorios of Händel, Mendelssohn, and others. But great and good as this influence has been upon the popular taste, it has only indirectly affected our song composers. The good seed sown by the Schubert, Schumann, and Franz songs is already beginning to bear fruit; fruit of rather questionable quality sometimes, for the soil has often been none too congenial, but fruit that shows that efforts are making in the right direction, however faulty they may as yet be. Instead of the old rum-ti-tum guitar chords, we now find songs written with something that deserves the name of an accompaniment. No doubt the passion for abstruse and unexpected modulation will have to run a little wild here as elsewhere, and all manner of violence will be done to musical grammar and form before a reaction sets in which shall bring matters into the proper channel. The great popularity of Gounod's *Faust* has probably given an additional impulse in the direction of reckless modulation, and we doubt whether its influence has been entirely good in this respect. Young composers sometimes seem to think that keys were made to be modulated into much as the school-boy thought that door-knobs were made to be wrenched off, and in the shortest song they will skip from C Major to F♯ Minor with an easy nonchalance quite wonderful to behold. But even this very extravagance has had one good effect. Fifteen or twenty years ago, it was next to impossible to go to a musical party without having one's ears scorched by hearing some sweet-voiced amateur, generally, we regret to say, of the female sex, sing a popular ditty while her fair fingers went through some mysterious evolutions upon the keyboard, producing a series of distressing sounds which she fondly imagined were the *accompaniment* to her song. Almost all singers have found out a certain simple series of chords in several keys, and in accompanying themselves are too prone to forget that the proper efficacy of a chord, like that of the decimal point, depends in a great measure upon its coming in the right place. But we doubt whether any singer would be adventurous enough to attempt to accompany "by ear" many of the songs that are written nowa-

days. Thank heaven, singers have at last begun to *learn* their accompaniments, or, still better, to let some competent pianist play for them. In spite of all the unnatural harmony, forced modulation, and bad counterpoint with which many of the modern attempts at song-writing abound, we hail these very blunders as indications of improvement, inasmuch as they prove that composers at least take pains. Musically considered, one of Bishop's old ballads with its beautifully finished simple harmony is worth scores of these modern vagaries, and can, as far as form is concerned, be placed beside many Schubert, Schumann, or Franz songs without suffering by the comparison. But we nevertheless hold that the German and even the modern French song-composers, such as Gounod and J. Massenet, unfold to us a wealth of harmony which will in the end better repay study and imitation than Bishop's simple perfection of style.

Among recently published songs* we notice especially Charles Gounod's "Nazareth," with which Mr. Santley made such a marked impression last winter. This is perhaps one of the very best of the composer's songs, written from beginning to end with wonderfully well-sustained *verve*, the ever-increasing figuration of the accompaniment adding renewed brilliancy and power to each successive verse. It is one of the best examples we know of in modern song-writing of a simple theme being gradually and effectively worked up to a really grand climax. Another song by the same composer, published with Charles Kingsley's words, "O that we Two were Maying," is very beautiful, and well expresses the somewhat morbid sadness of the poetry, although in some passages the composer has allowed himself to be led into harmonies rather too sensuous to be quite in keeping with the words. For instance, the music to the words, —

> "O, that we two were sleeping
> Under the churchyard sod," *et. seq.*,

expresses anything but a desire for so cold a place as the grave. Two songs to Jean Ingelow's "O fair Dove, O fond Dove," — one by Arthur Sullivan and the other by Alfred Scott Gatty, — are not without merit. Of the two songs Mr. Sullivan's is the more artistically written, though in many places the harmony sounds forced and unnatural. Mr. Gatty's song seems to have been written more spontaneously, though it is at best commonplace in character. "Forevermore" and "Ay!" by Alfred H. Pease, are both pleasing and carefully written. The piano-forte is particularly well treated in both, and the sprightly little refrain of the second is quite taking. "Lay thy weary Head to rest," by Irving Emerson, is a most thoroughly charming lullaby. To a really fascinating melody the composer has united an unusually well-written and quite original accompaniment. In Baumbach's Collection of Sacred Music there is much to praise, although we think it high time that the line of demarcation between secular and church music should be more definitely drawn than it hitherto has been in our churches. All good music is to a certain extent sacred, but we must protest against such barbarisms as the setting of "*Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen*," from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, to the words "Thou art, O God, the life and light." Papageno and Papagena seem hardly in place in the church choir, however charming we may find them on the stage. Nevertheless there is much in the collection that is valuable, especially some very interesting selections from Orlando Gibbons. As we cannot well imagine anything in a book of this character to be intended as a joke, we suppose that the manner in which the words "Shout the glad tidings," etc., have been set to the March from *Tannhäuser* is not meant irreverently; but we confess to having seen nothing more absurdly ludicrous since the appearance of the famous Portuguese English phrase-book.

* *Nazareth.* By Charles Gounod. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

O that we Two were Maying! By Charles Gounod. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.; also Oliver Ditson & Co.

O fair Dove! O fond Dove! By Arthur Sullivan. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

O fair Dove! O fond Dove. By Alfred Scott Gatty. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Forevermore. By Alfred H. Pease. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Ay! By Alfred H. Pease. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Lay thy weary Head to rest. By Irving Emerson. Boston: White, Smith, and Perry.

Baumbach's New Collection of Sacred Music. Composed, arranged, and selected by Adolph Baumbach Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

SCIENCE.

THE theory of natural selection by no means affords the only instance in which the advance of science has been opposed on sentimental grounds. When Galileo, Scheiner, and Fabricius discovered the spots on the sun, the Aristotelians indignantly insisted that the thing was impossible; the appearances must be due to defects in the lens of the telescope or in the eye of the observer. For, said they, it is incompatible with the dignity of the Eye of the Universe that it should be afflicted with vulgar ophthalmia!

Nevertheless, the spots are there, and this "solar ophthalmia" is turning out to be a fact of some consequence in its bearings upon the mutual relations of the members of the solar system, to say nothing of the significance which it may have with reference to the constitution of the sun itself. In 1826 Schwabe began a series of observations which, for patient accuracy and persevering thoroughness, have rarely been matched in the history of astronomy. During more than forty years Schwabe has watched the sun on every day on which it has been visible, counting, describing, and tabulating the spots. The result at which he arrived after a dozen years, and which after another dozen years began to be generally accepted by astronomers, was the discovery of a marked periodicity in the numbers of the spots. During a period of rather more than eleven years, the spots increase steadily, though not quite uniformly in number, until they have attained a maximum at about the middle of the period, after which they steadily decrease to a minimum. But now a remarkable parallelism to this periodicity was observed in the case of certain terrestrial phenomena. The magnetized compass-needle oscillates daily upon its pivot with great uniformity, "the oscillation corresponding to a very slight tendency on the part of that end of the needle which lies nearest to the sun to direct itself towards his place." But every now and then there are sudden disturbances in the regularity of this motion, indicating that a magnetic storm is taking place over a considerable part of the earth's surface. These disturbances of the magnetic needle regularly increase and diminish in frequency through periods corresponding with the periods of maximum and minimum frequency of the solar spots. When the spots are most numerous, the magnetic disturbance is greatest; when the spots are least numerous, the magnetic disturbance is at its minimum; and in the various degrees between maximum and minimum there is a similar close correspondence. To complete the parallelism, a sudden or extraordinary outbreak of solar spots is accompanied by sudden and unusual magnetic disturbance on the earth. For example, on September 1, 1859, the appearance of two great spots which travelled over the solar surface at the rate of seven thousand miles per minute was immediately followed by the greatest magnetic storm on record. Auroras of extraordinary brilliancy were seen in all parts of the earth, compass-needles were turned quite out of place, and telegraph-wires sent forth severe electric shocks, and in one or two cases set fire to the apparatus attached to them.

From numberless such correspondences it is concluded that some causal connection exists between the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism and the atmospheric disturbances on the sun of which the spots are the indication. Without entering upon the various theories which have been propounded concerning the physical character of the solar spots, we may observe that it is conceded on all hands that they are appearances due to violent tornadoes or cyclones in the gaseous matter surrounding the sun. In view of this admitted fact it becomes interesting to note that there is a second curious parallelism between the behavior of sun-spots and the positions of sundry planets, — notably of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn. Several years ago Professor Wolf observed that, superposed upon the well-marked periods of eleven years, there are minor periods of variation in the spots. These secondary maxima and minima succeed each other at intervals of 7.65 months, or 0.637 of one year, an interval which almost exactly corresponds with the annual period of Venus. But recent careful investigations, conducted by Messrs. Balfour Stewart, De la Rue, and Loewy, have elicited the fact that the average size of a spot is greatest on the side of the sun which is turned away from

Venus or Mercury, and smallest on the side nearest one of these planets. And further, as any spot traverses the central longitude of the disk, its average area is greatest when Venus and the Earth are 180 degrees apart, and least when the two planets are together; and the same order is preserved when Mercury and Jupiter are taken into the account. Mr. Carrington has moreover shown that spots increase in frequency as Jupiter recedes from the sun; and, lastly, M. Wolf has detected a longer period of fifty-six years of spot-variation, in which the maximum answers to the epoch at which the aphelion of Jupiter coincides with that of Saturn.

Putting together these various conclusions, it seems clear that those planets which, either from size or from proximity, exert the greatest gravitative force upon the sun, also affect in a marked degree the phenomena of spots. That no effects have as yet been attributable to the small and distant Mars, or to the large but enormously distant Uranus and Neptune, is a signficant item of evidence in favor of the view that it is through simple gravitation, and not through any more mysterious kind of influence, that the other planets produce their notable effects upon the sun's surface. The conclusion seems plainly brought before us, that the variations of the spots are due to tidal movements of the solar atmosphere, caused by planetary gravitation.

An admirable scientific work for popular perusal is Dr. Schellen's "Spectrum Analysis," * though, when we say "popular perusal," we do not mean to imply that the book can be comfortably or intelligently read by persons ignorant of the rudiments of chemistry, physics, and astronomy. That there is no royal road to the understanding of a subject like spectrum analysis, however simple and beautiful the principle on which it depends, must appear to every one moderately acquainted with physical science. In Dr. Schellen's work the subject gets the fullest and most lucid treatment which it has yet received at the hands of any one, and it is thus the best exposition for general reading, though its intrinsic superiority to the excellent treatise of Professor Roscoe is probably no greater than is due to its more recent date and the increased number of observations contained in it.

* *Spectrum Analysis in its Application to Terrestrial Substances and the Physical Constitution of the Heavenly Bodies.* Familiarly explained by Dr. H. Schellen; translated from the second enlarged and revised German edition by Jane and Caroline Lassell; edited with Notes by William Higgins, LL. D., D. C. L., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

The names of Professors Huxley, Roscoe, and Balfour Stewart are a sufficient guaranty of the excellence of the series of "Science Primers" which are edited by these gentlemen and published by D. Appleton & Co. We have received two of the series, — the "Chemistry" by Roscoe, and the "Physics" by Balfour Stewart. They are little volumes, containing each from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pages; yet the amount of matter got into this small space is somewhat surprising. In the "Physics," for example, we get not only a general account of gravity, cohesion, and chemism, of the three states of matter, of the properties of solids, liquids, and gases, but also an admirably clear exposition of the principles of energy, of bodies in motion and in undulation, of sound, light, heat, and electricity, and of the transformation of motion. It is to be hoped that the series will be continued. The willingness of such eminent inquirers to write popular books on science, to take the place of the wretched trash with which we were till lately obliged to content ourselves, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times.

"The Popular Science Monthly," conducted by E. L. Youmans and published by D. Appleton & Co., meets a real popular want, and, if one may judge from the opening number, it is likely to be highly satisfactory. The articles, indeed, are chiefly by English writers, but that is, in a measure, a necessity which time will do away with. The satisfactory point is that the articles are all good; the weakest one in the number being probably that of M. de Quatrefages, with its antiquated Cuvierian views of species. The leading article, on "The Study of Sociology," is by Herbert Spencer, and it is needless to say that it is both sensible and profound; but it may be well enough to remark that it is very easy and entertaining reading, being designedly written in a popular style. Unlike many epoch-making philosophers, Mr. Spencer's power of lucid exposition fully equals his power of original thinking; and difficult as his more elaborate works are, by reason of the very profundity of the inquiry, no one knows better how to be easy and entertaining when occasion is offered. The publication of this article is an earnest

of the progress which Mr. Spencer is making in his colossal work. That work is about half finished, the division on psychology wanting but one or two more numbers, while the division on sociology will doubtless soon begin to appear. As a sort of by-play while engaged upon his greater work, Mr. Spencer writes this series of ten or a dozen articles on sociology, which are to appear in Dr. Youmans's journal and will form one of its most attractive features.

Having spoken of popular scientific books which are good, we may for contrast call attention to one which is bad. "The World before the Deluge,"* is one of the many sensational romances which M. Louis Figuier has seen fit to publish under the guise of science. Not that there is no science in the book, or that what science is found there is not sometimes well presented. No doubt there is much which to many readers would be instructive as well as agreeable. But M. Figuier is a thoroughly careless, untrained, and untrustworthy writer. Of scientific method, and of the exigencies of scientific proof, he has no more conception than a young-lady novelist; and he possesses very little of that useful common sense which sometimes renders good service in lieu of rigorous scientific training. Along with an extensive smattering of other men's scientific knowledge, M. Figuier combines more or less of original vagary, and the result is such a book as the one before us, the very title of which is, in the present state of geology, an amusing anachronism.

"How the World was peopled" is the title of a book by the Rev. Edward Fontaine, in which it is maintained that all existing races are the descendants of Adam and Eve. We have not had time to examine this book thoroughly, but we hope the following is not a fair specimen of its accuracy: "The absurdity of the idea that the progenitors of *men* were *monkeys*, or inferior mammalia of some sort, has been exposed sufficiently by Lyell, Agassiz, Mivart, and other naturalists. They have thought the subject worthy of a serious scientific discussion. I *therefore* (!) mention it," etc., etc. Now since Lyell and Mivart both accept the idea that "the progenitors of men were monkeys," we cannot but think that Mr. Fontaine has too carelessly studied a subject which cannot safely be slighted in treating the question, how the world was peopled. For the benefit of those whose ideas on this point may perhaps partake of the cloudiness of Mr. Fontaine's, we may as well indicate the source of the error. Before 1859 Lyell opposed the development theory of man's origin, as did the majority of naturalists; but after the publication of Mr. Darwin's researches, Lyell changed his opinion, as did the majority of naturalists, and in 1863 he declared himself a Darwinian. Probably Mr. Fontaine has consulted only some old edition of Lyell's "Geology"; but that is a very dangerous thing to do when one is writing about scientific matters. As for Mr. Mivart, he is not a Darwinian; that is, he does not accept the theory of the origin of species by means of natural selection; nevertheless, he is very careful to inform his readers that he does accept the development theory, that is, he does believe that the human organism is physically derived from the organism of an ancient ape. It should be better understood than it seems to be, that the essentially Darwinian part of "Darwinism" is not the theory that man has been evolved from a lower form of mammalian life. Whether true or not, this theory was held by a large proportion of the ablest naturalists during the fifty years preceding the publication of Mr. Darwin's views. What Mr. Darwin did was not to originate the theory, but to give it a scientific character by means of his discovery of natural selection. What Mr. Mivart has done has been to adopt the theory, while seeking to deprive it of its scientific character by rejecting or subordinating the agency of natural selection, and leaving open as large a field as possible for the play of mythologic fancies. It is quite possible, therefore, for a writer to attack Mr. Darwin and still to hold that his grandfather was a monkey; and this, doubtless, did not occur to Mr. Fontaine.

We ought not to conclude without a reference to the republication, by D. Appleton & Co., of Sir John Lubbock's standard treatise on "Pre-historic Times." The excellence of the work is so well known that any praise we could give it would be superfluous.

* *The World before the Deluge.* By Louis Figuier. Newly edited and revised by H. W. Bristow, F. R. S., F. G. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

POLITICS.

THE fourteen investigation committees of Congress have developed no facts half so damaging to the administration as the results of an investigation which has lately been prosecuted at Washington, before a tribunal composed of very different materials from those of which Congressional committees are made up, — we mean the Supreme Court of the United States. The proceedings of the administration in Utah have at last been thoroughly exposed. And we must say that, looking at them from any point of view, they are to our minds the most extraordinary of the many extraordinary acts in which it has been implicated. The facts, stated without either aggravating or extenuating circumstances, were these. A judge was sent from Washington to Utah to prosecute the Mormons. This judge, having arrived in Utah, began to execute his commision by creating a court of his own, and in it trying, under a code of his own, men over whom he had no jurisdiction. By sitting as a Territorial judge when he needed the support of the Territorial laws, and as a United States judge when the Territorial laws failed him, he managed in a short time to make such confusion in Utah, that, had it not been for the certainty of final redress by the Supreme Court, the Mormons would undoubtedly have taken the law into their own hands and attempted to right themselves by violence. But the illegality of all the proceedings was quite evident from the first. Judge McKean knew quite as well as the Mormons that his proceedings would be upset by the Supreme Court, and that the administration did not know it also is to suppose not only that the President, but that the Attorney-General knows no law.

Judge Hoar has recently written a letter, in which he has shown that the prevailing impression that the appointments of Judges Strong and Bradley to the Supreme Court were political appointments, and that the court was packed to secure a reversal of the legal tender decision, is erroneous. But the lawlessness of Judge McKean's court, the selection of such a man in so delicate a case, and the complete indifference of the administration to his proceedings, show precisely the same spirit which such appointments as these were supposed to indicate.

IT has not been difficult at any time to foresee how, if the Alabama claims were to be settled at all, our government would probably extricate itself from the ridiculous position in which our "case" has placed us. It was evident from the first that a foolish sense of national pride and a weak sensitiveness to domestic opinion would prevent the government from withdrawing the indirect claims. There was no reason why these feelings should stand in the way, but it was clear that they did. We had said that we should make a demand, and a demand we would make. To be sure, we knew, and every one knew, that there was nothing in the demand. But what of that? What America had said America would maintain, true or false, reasonable or unreasonable, honorable or dishonorable. Besides, with the Presidential election coming off in the fall, it would never do for the administration to give the opposition such a weapon as the confession of a mistake would be. On the other hand, it would be equally unfortunate for the administration if the English government withdrew from the Geneva arbitration on account of our buncombe demands. It was therefore apparent from the first that the policy of our government would be a policy of makeshifts. To maintain stoutly the integrity of our case, and at the same time to let it be quietly known that part of it was merely put in for the sake of appearances; to insist that everything should go before the Geneva tribunal, but at the same time to allow it to leak out that we should be better pleased to see certain portions of our case fail than succeed; — this was the policy which timidity, and what is amusingly known as a sense of national honor, suggested to the administration; and thus far it has been successfully carried out. England has had the sagacity to read between the lines of our public declarations, and has not withdrawn from the arbitration. Meanwhile a well-meant attempt has been made to fasten upon Mr. Bancroft Davis the responsibility for the American case. It would certainly be very convenient for our government if this attempt could succeed. A better scapegoat could hardly be found. It would be fortunate indeed for the administration if it could say to the world, The

case is indeed preposterous; but it is entirely the production of Mr. Davis, a sharp lawyer with a reputation much clouded by a former connection with a swindling railroad. What can you expect of such a man? But the government can say nothing of the kind. Every line of the case prepared by Mr. Davis was sanctioned by those whom he served, and the case which he wrote was laid before the Geneva tribunal as the case of the American government. The responsibility cannot be shifted upon the shoulders of a subaltern.

It is not likely now, unless some sudden convulsion of politics takes place, that England will withdraw from Geneva. The arbitration will probably end in a decorous manner, and both countries will renew their professions of eternal amity. But does any one suppose that, after all the mismanagement and hypocrisy and chicane that there has been on both sides, the two countries will really love each other? With cries of broken faith still ringing in the air, does any one believe that a few suave diplomatic assurances will pacify the feelings of either England or America? It will require many long years for that, and it will require many long years, too, for us to forget that it was our own government which poured the latest poison into the still gaping wound.

Two years ago twelve thousand votes were cast in Massachusetts for the workingmen's candidate for the governorship. The size of the vote caused a good deal of wonder, as no one had supposed that Labor Reform, as an independent political movement, could muster so many supporters. An analysis of the vote showed, however, that the greater part of it came from the manufacturing district which General Butler represents in Congress, a shoe-making district, the head-quarters of the Crispin society. This of itself seemed enough to explain the unexpected support which the ticket had received. The "Knights of St. Crispin" had just been before the Legislature of the State, asking for a charter to enable them to hold property, and their application had been refused. The reason why their application had been refused was a provision of the constitution that no member should "take any person to work at any part or parts of the boot and shoe trade who has never worked at any branch of the trade at least twelve calendar months, without the permission of the lodge of which he is a member; provided that this shall not be construed to prevent a father learning his own son." The effect of this article, if given a legal operation, would have been to establish an hereditary caste of shoemakers, and this the members of the society themselves avowed in different words to be their object. The Legislature very properly refused to grant their monstrous petition. The Labor-Reform agitation then began, and it was in great measure to the discontent of the Crispins with the treatment they had received from the dominant party that the heavy vote thrown by the Labor-Reformers was at the time attributed. Subsequent events have shown that this explanation was the correct one. The Massachusetts Labor-Reform vote of the succeeding year showed a marked diminution in the strength of the party, and the recent votes of the same party in New Hampshire and Connecticut seem to foreshadow its speedy extinction. There are, no doubt, some people who think that because the International Society is apparently increasing in activity in Europe, some movement of the same kind must be developed here. But there is no similarity between the two cases. The European workingman and the American workingman are two entirely distinct creatures; and because the one is a socialist or a communist, there is no reason that the other should be. The labor agitation of Europe is the agitation of class against class. But there is no true working class in this country. When we begin to have a population too large for the country, when it is no longer possible for every American to earn an honest livelihood for himself, and the poor find starvation on one hand and crime on the other staring them in the face, then we may have our Internationals and Communes. But that day is as yet far off.

Meanwhile, it is important to observe that in the proposals of those who are engaged in the Labor-Reform movement, whether in Mrs. Woodhull's late section of the International in New York, or in the European councils, the most marked quality which is displayed is a complete ignorance of the fundamental truths of economical and political science. The abolition of the wages system is a thing that may be brought about, and no doubt the world will have made a vast step in advance when it shall have been accomplished. But what shall we say to "the abolition of all industrial corporations which refuse to adopt the co-operative principle"? The Interna-

tional proposes that interest on money shall cease, and a large party among the Labor-Reformers desire that the institution of private property shall be abolished. The Knights of St. Crispin, with the most childlike simplicity, propose to return at once to the Dark Ages, and establish an hereditary caste, — the very thing which in another walk in life most of them emigrated to America to escape. Every one who has any acquaintance with the laws governing the distribution of wealth and the history of government knows that the interest on money is a natural product which cannot be prevented from accumulating, any more than government can prevent the sun's rays from warming, or the cold of winter from chilling, the earth. The attempt has been made by many governments to interfere with the laws which govern the accumulation of interest, and they have always failed. So, too, of the institution of private property; governments have over and over again tried to prevent certain classes of their subjects from acquiring property, but in the long run these attempts have always failed. The declaration of principles promulgated by the Labor-Reformers are usually a farrago of absurdities such as those we have quoted, mix[illegible] hazard with sound and wise max[illegible] probably mean for the majo[illegible]e who hold them no more than [illegible]ties which are paraded in their [illegible]. The leaders, too, whom they place at their head, whatever they may be in Europe,— and we have yet to see any reason to believe that Tolain, Fribourg, or even Karl Marx are men of profundity, — are in this country men and women in whom it is impossible for any but the very ignorant to place much confidence. A party headed by Wendell Phillips and Mrs. Woodhull cannot persuade people that it has any very good right to exist. Indeed, the most sensible thing yet done by the International has been to suspend Mrs. Woodhull's lodge for attempting to introduce free-love among the principles of the society. Though for all we see, free-love might really prove the key of the labor mystery, just as well as the abolition of all corporations which refuse to introduce the co-operative principle. Who can tell? In certain parts of the world, there are tribes of men who have for many ages practised free-love, and they have no labor question. To be sure, they did not introduce free-love for the purpose of getting rid of the labor difficulty. But we might.

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